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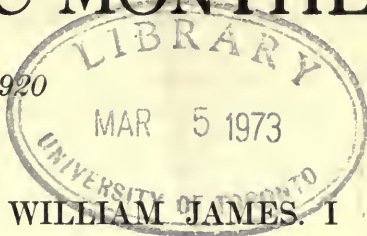
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FAMILIAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. I

EDITED BY HIS SON, HENRY JAMES

[WILLIAM JAMES corresponded with many people of many sorts. Sometimes he communicated by post-cards, or short notes; at others he wrote copious letters. Whether he was compressing his correspondence into the briefest messages, or allowing it to expand into letters of friendly badinage and extended comment, he was incapable of writing a half page that was not characteristic, free, and vivid. But in the short space available here it will be impossible to do more than give a few letters, and accordingly a small number which illustrate different traits of his character and correspondence have been selected.

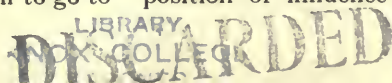
A brief preliminary reminder of certain biographical facts will help the reader to follow them.

William James was born in 1842, had an irregular education in New York, Newport, and Europe, and entered the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge in 1861. His tastes and inclinations defined themselves but slowly, and during the ten years that followed he was frequently compelled to interrupt or abandon his work on account of illness. He studied chemistry for a while, and then comparative anatomy under Jeffries Wyman; entered the Harvard Medical School; broke off to go to

Brazil with Louis Agassiz's expedition; went to Germany for a year and a half in pursuit of physiology and health without making much progress in either pursuit; returned to Cambridge and, after taking his medical degree at Harvard, spent three years under his father's roof without any definite occupation. He passed through distressing periods of mental depression during these years of frustration. This first phase of his manhood may be considered to have lasted until his appointment to teach physiology at Harvard in 1872.

During the next seven years he had regular and stimulating responsibilities. His health improved, his powers of work developed; he 'found himself.' He turned definitely to psychology as his immediate chief interest, and started the first psychological laboratory in America.

His life, during the thirteen years between 1878 and 1891, was laborious and productive. It was during these years that he prepared the chapters of the *Principles of Psychology* and published them in *Mind* and other journals. Toward the end of the 'eighties (which is also the end of the time covered by the letters selected for this number of the *Atlantic*) he had not only attained to a position of influence in the Harvard



world, but was known on both sides of the Atlantic as a brilliant and original contributor to psychological science.

The student days and the following period of uncertainty and enforced idleness in which there was more time for sociability than there ever was later, may first be illustrated by four letters.]

To his Mother

CAMBRIDGE [circa September, 1863.]

MY DEAREST MOTHER, —

To answer the weighty questions which you propound: I am glad to leave Newport because I am tired of the place itself, and because of the reason which you have very well expressed in your letter, the necessity of the whole family being near the arena of the future activity of us young men. I recommend Cambridge on account of its own pleasantness (though I don't wish to be invidious towards Brookline, Longwood, and other places), and because of its economy if I or Harry continue to study here much longer. . . . I feel very much the importance of making soon a final choice of my business in life. I stand now at the place where the road forks. One branch leads to material comfort, the flesh-pots, but it seems a kind of selling of one's soul. The other to mental dignity and independence, combined, however, with physical penury.

If I myself were the only one concerned, I should not hesitate an instant in my choice. But it seems hard on Mrs. W. J., 'that not impossible she,' to ask her to share an empty purse and a cold hearth. On one side is *science*, upon the other *business* (the honorable, honored and productive business of printing seems most attractive), with *medicine*, which partakes of [the] advantages of both between them, but which has drawbacks of its own.

I confess I hesitate. I fancy there is a fond maternal cowardice which would make you and every other mother contemplate with complacency the worldly fatness of a son, even if obtained by some sacrifice of his 'higher nature.' But I fear there might be some anguish in looking back from the pinnacle of prosperity (*necessarily* reached, if not by eating dirt, at least by renouncing some divine ambrosia) over the life you might have led in the pure pursuit of truth. It seems as if one *could* not afford to give that up for any bribe, however great. Still, I am undecided. The medical term opens to-morrow, and between this and the end of the term here, I shall have an opportunity of seeing a little into medical business. I shall confer with Wyman about the prospects of a naturalist and finally decide.

I want you to become familiar with the notion that I *may* stick to science, however, and drain away at your property for a few years more. If I can get into Agassiz's museum I think it not improbable I may receive a salary of \$400 to \$500 in a couple of years. I know some stupider than I who have done so. You see in that case how desirable it would be to have a home in Cambridge. Anyhow I am convinced that *somewhere* in this neighborhood is the place for us to rest. These matters have been a good deal on my mind lately, and I am very glad to get this chance of pouring them into yours. As for the other boys, I don't know. And that idle and useless young female, Alice, too, whom we shall have to feed and clothe! Cambridge is all right for business in Boston. Living in Boston or Brookline, etc., would be as expensive as Newport, if Harry or I stayed here, for we could not easily go home every day.

Give my warmest love to Aunt Kate, Father, who I hope will not tumble

again, and all of them over the way. Recess in three weeks, till then, my dearest and best of old mothers, good-bye.

Your loving son,

W. J.

Give my best love to Kitty and give *cette petite* humbug of a Minny¹ a hint about writing to me. I hope you liked your shawl.

To his sister Alice

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 14, 1866.

Chérie de Jeune Balle, —

I am just in from town in the keen, cold and eke beauteous moonlight, which by the above qualities makes me think of thee, to whom, nor to whose aunt, have I (not) yet written. (I don't understand the grammar of the not.) Your first question is, 'where have I been?' 'To C. S. Peirce's lecture, which I could not understand a word of but rather enjoyed the sensation of listening to for an hour. I then turned to O. W. Holmes's,² and wrangled with him for another hour. You may thank your stars that you are not in a place where you have to ride in such full horse-cars as these. I rode half way out with my 'form' entirely out of the car overhanging the road, my feet alone being on the same vertical line as any part of the car, there being just room for them on the step. Aunt Kate may and probably *will* have shoot through her prolific mind the supposish: 'How wrong in him to do sich! for if, while in that posish, he should have a sudden stroke of paralysis, or faint, his nerveless fingers relaxing their grasp of the rail, he would fall prostrate to the ground and bust.' To which I reply that when I go so far as to have a stroke of paralysis, I shall not mind going a step farther and getting bruised.

¹ His cousin Katherine Temple, later Mrs. Richard Emmet, and her younger sister.

² O. W. Holmes, Jr., now Mr. Justice Holmes.

Your next question probably is *how* are and *where* are father and mother? . . . I think father seems more lively for a few days past and cracks jokes with Harry, etc. Mother is recovering from one of her indispositions, which she bears like an angel, doing any amount of work at the same time, putting up cornices and raking out the garret room like a little buffalo.

Your next question is, wherever is Harry? I answer: 'He is to Ashburner's, to a tea-squall in favor of Miss Haggerty.' I declined. He is well; we have had nothing but invitations — six in three or four days. One, a painted one, from 'Mrs. L——,' whoever she may be. I replied that domestic affliction prevented me from going, but I would take a pecuniary equivalent instead, *viz.*, To 1 oyster stew — 30 cts.; 1 chicken salad — 0.50; 1 roll — 0.02; 3 ice creams at 20 cts. — 0.60; 6 small cakes at 0.05 — 0.30; 1 pear — \$1.50; 1 lb. confectionery — 0.50.

6 glasses hock at 0.50	\$3.00
3 glasses sherry at .30	0.90
Salad spilt on floor	5.00
Dish of do., broken	3.00
Damage to carpet & Miss L——'s dress frm. do.	75.00
3 glasses broken	1.20
Curtains set fire to in dressing-room	40.00
Other injury frm. fire in room	250.00
Injury to house frm. water pumped upon it by steam fire engine come to put out fire	5000.00
Miscellaneous	0.35
	<hr/> 5300.00

I expect momentarily her reply with a check, and when it comes will take you and Aunt Kate on a tour in Europe and have you examined by the leading physicians and surgeons of that country.

M—— L—— came out here and dined with us yesterday of her own ac-

cord. I no longer doubt what I always suspected, her *penchant* for me, and I don't blame her for it. Elly Temple stayed here two days, too. She scratched, smote, beat, and kicked me so that I shall dread to meet her again. What an awful time Bob & Co. must have had at sea! and how anxious you must have been about them! With best love to Aunt Kate and yourself, believe me

Your af. bro.

WM. JAMES.

To O. W. Holmes, Jr.

[BERLIN] *Jany.* 3, 1868.

MY DEAR WENDLE, —

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin, to-night. The ghosts of the past all start from their unquiet graves and keep dancing a senseless whirligig around me, so that, after trying in vain to read three books, to sleep or to think, I clutch the pen and ink and resolve to work off the fit by a few lines to one of the most obtrusive ghosts of all — namely the tall and lank one of Charles Street. Good golly! how I would prefer to have about twenty-four hours talk with you up in that whitely lit-up room — without the sun rising or the firmament revolving so as to put the gas out, without sleep, food, clothing or shelter except your whiskey bottle — of which or the like of which I have not partaken since I have been in these longitudes! I should like to have you opposite me in any mood, whether the facetiously excursive, the metaphysically discursive, the personally confidential, or the jadedly *cursive* and argumentative — so that the oyster-shells which enclose my being might slowly turn open on their rigid hinges under the radiation, and the critter within loll out his dried-up gills into the circumfused ichor of life, till they grow so fat as not to know themselves again. I feel as if a talk

with you of any kind could not fail to set me on my legs again for three weeks at least. I have been chewing on two or three dried-up old cuds of ideas I brought from America with me, till they have disappeared, and the nudity of the cosmos has got beyond anything I have as yet experienced. I have not succeeded in finding any companion yet and I feel the want of some outward stimulus to my Soul. There is a man named Grimm¹ here, whom my soul loves, but in the way Emerson speaks of, *i.e.*, like those people we meet on staircases, etc., and who always ignore our feelings towards them. I don't think we shall ever be able to establish a straight line of communication between us.

I don't know how it is I am able to take so little interest in reading this winter. I marked out a number of books when I first came here, to finish. What with their heaviness, and the damnable slowness with which the Dutch still goes, they weigh on me like a haystack. I loathe the thought of them; and yet they have poisoned my slave of a conscience so that I can't enjoy anything else. I have reached an age when practical work of some kind clamors to be done — and I must still wait!

There! Having worked off that pent-up gall of six weeks' accumulation I feel more genial. I wish I could have some news of you — now that the postage is lowered to such a ridiculous figure (and no letter is double) there remains no *shadow* of an excuse for not writing — but still I don't expect anything from you. I suppose you are sinking ever deeper into the sloughs of the law — yet I ween the Eternal Mystery still from time to time gives her goad an-

¹ Hermann Grimm, a son of the younger of the universally beloved brothers of the Fairy Tales, a philologist and Professor of the History of Art in Berlin.

other turn in the raw she once established between your ribs. Don't let it heal over yet. When I get home let's establish a philosophical society to have regular meetings and discuss none but the very tallest and broadest questions — to be composed of none but the very topmost cream of Boston manhood. It will give each one a chance to air his own opinion in a grammatical form, and to sneer and chuckle when he goes home at what damned fools all the other members are — and may grow into something very important after a sufficient number of years.

The German character is without mountains or valleys; its favorite food is roast veal; and in other lines it prefers whatever may be the analogue thereof — all which gives life here a certain flatness to the high-tuned American taste. I don't think any one need care much about coming here unless he wants to dig very deeply into some exclusive specialty. I have been reading nothing of any interest but some chapters of physiology. There has a good deal been doing here of late on the physiology of the senses, overlapping perception, and consequently, in a measure, the psychological field. I am wading my way towards it, and if in course of time I strike on anything exhilarating, I'll let you know.

I'll now pull up. I don't know whether you take it as a compliment that I should only write to you when in the dismalest of dumps — perhaps you ought to — you, the one emergent peak to which I cling when all the rest of the world has sunk beneath the wave. Believe me, my Wendly boy, what poor possibility of friendship abides in the crazy frame of W. J. meanders about thy neighborhood. Good-bye! Keep the same bold front as ever to the Common Enemy — and don't forget your ally.

W. J.

That is, after all, all I wanted to write you and it may float the rest of the letter. Pray give my warm regards to your father, mother and sister; and my love to the honest Gray and to Jim Higginson.

[*Written on the outside of the envelope.*]

Jan. 4. By a strange coincidence, after writing this last night, I received yours this morning. Not to sacrifice the postage-stamps which are already on the envelope (Economical W.!) I don't reopen it. But I will write you again soon. Meanwhile, bless your heart! thank you! Vide Shakespeare: sonnet XXXIX.

To O. W. Holmes, Jr., and J. C. Gray, Jr.

[*Winter of 1868-69.*]

Gents! entry-thieves — chevaliers d'industrie — well-dressed swindlers — confidence men — wolves in sheep's clothing — asses in lions' skin — gentlemanly pickpockets — beware! The hand of the law is already on your throats and waits but a wink to be tightened. All the resources of the immensely powerful corporation of Harvard University have been set in motion, and concealment of your miserable selves or of the almost equally miserable (though not *as such* miserable) goloshes which you stole from our entry on Sunday night is as impossible as would be the concealment of the State House. The motive of your precipitate departure from the house became immediately evident to the remaining guests. But they resolved to *ignore* the matter provided the overshoes were replaced within a week; if not, no *considerations whatever* will prevent Messrs. Gurney & Perry¹ from proceeding to treat you with the utmost severity of the law. It is high time that some of these genteel ad-

¹ Ephraim W. Gurney and T. S. Perry.

venturers should be made an example of, and your offense just comes in time to make the cup of public and private forbearance overflow. My father and self have pledged our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to see the thing through with Gurney and Perry, as the credit of our house is involved and we might ourselves have been losers, not only from you but from the aforesaid G. and P., who have been heard to go about openly declaring that 'if they had known the party was going to be *that* kind of an affair, d——d if they would not have started off earlier themselves with some of those aristocratic James overcoats, hats, gloves and canes!'

So let me as a friend advise you to send the swag back. No questions will be asked — Mum's the word.

WM. JAMES.

[The next four letters may be taken from the late 'seventies and early 'eighties — after James had become absorbed in teaching and while he was at work upon his Psychology and upon his first philosophic papers. It should be explained with reference to two of them, that he then considered Charles Renouvier and Shadworth Hodgson to be the most important contributors to contemporary philosophic discussion. They were both somewhat older men than himself, Renouvier being, in fact, twenty-seven years older, and Hodgson his senior by ten years. He had exchanged letters with Renouvier as early as 1872. In 1881-82 he met and became warmly attached to both men during a winter that he then spent in visiting European universities and in making the acquaintance of a number of the British and Continental colleagues whose writings had interested him.

Before he made this particular European trip James had undoubtedly been in a very modest frame of mind

about his own equipment for teaching philosophy and psychology, and had also been uncomfortably conscious of the inadequate way in which those subjects were then dealt with in most American colleges. But closer contact with men and methods on the other side of the Atlantic, far from discouraging him or confirming his misgivings, led him, as will appear in the next letter but one, to certain comforting conclusions and confirmed him in his fondness for the liberal atmosphere of Cambridge, and for his place in the brilliant little group who were then building up the Harvard philosophical department.]

To Charles Renouvier

CAMBRIDGE, July 29, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR, —

I am quite overcome by your appreciation of my poor little article in the *Nation*. It gratifies me extremely to hear from your own lips that my apprehension of your thoughts is accurate. In so despicably brief a space as that which a newspaper affords, I could hardly hope to attain any other quality than that, and perhaps clearness. I had written another paragraph of pure eulogy of your powers, which the editor suppressed, to my great regret, for want of room. I need not repeat to you again how grateful I feel to you for all I have learned from your admirable writings.

I do what lies in my feeble power to assist the propagation of your works here; but *students* of philosophy are rare here as everywhere. It astonishes me nevertheless that you have had to wait so long for general recognition. Only a few months ago I had the pleasure of introducing to your *Essais* two *professors* of philosophy, able and learned men, who hardly knew your name!! But I am perfectly convinced that it is a

mere affair of time, and that you will take your place in the general History of Speculation as the classical and finished representative of the tendency which was begun by Hume, and to which writers before you had made only fragmentary contributions, whilst you have fused the whole matter into a solid, elegant and definitive system, perfectly consistent, and capable, by reason of its moral vitality, of becoming popular, so far as that is permitted to philosophic systems. After your Essays, it seems to me that the only important question is the deepest one of all, the one between the principle of contradiction, and the *Sein und Nichts*.¹ You have brought it to that clear issue; and extremely as I value your logical attitude, it would be uncandid of me (after what I have said) not to confess that there are certain psychological and moral facts, which make me, as I stand to-day, unable wholly to commit myself to your position, to burn my ships behind me, and proclaim the belief in the *one* and the many to be the Original Sin of the mind.

I long for leisure to study up these questions. I have been teaching anatomy and physiology in Harvard College here. Next year, I add a course of physiological psychology, using, for certain practical reasons, Spencer's *Psychology* as a textbook. My health is not strong, I find that laboratory work and study too are more than I can attend to. It is therefore not impossible that I may in 1877-8 be transferred to the philosophical department, in which there is likely to be a vacancy. If so, you may depend upon it that the name of Renouvier will be as familiar as that of Descartes to the Bachelors of Arts who leave these walls. Believe me with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Faithfully yours,

WM. JAMES.

¹ Being and non-being.

I must add a *vivat* to your *Critique Philosophique*, which keeps up so ably and bravely. And although it is probably an entirely superfluous recommendation, I cannot refrain from calling your attention to the most robust of English philosophic writers, Hodgson, whose *Time and Space* was published in 1865 by Longmans, and whose *Theory of Practice* in two volumes followed it in 1870.

To Henry James

PARIS, Nov. 22, 1882.

DEAR H., —

Found at Hottinguer's this A.M. your letter with all the enclosures — and a wail you had sent to Berlin. Also six letters from my wife and seven or eight others, not counting papers and magazines. I will mail you back yours and Father's letter to me. Alice speaks of Father's indubitable improvement in strength, but our sister Alice apparently is somewhat run down. Paris looks delicious. I shall try to get settled as soon as possible, and meanwhile feel as if the confusion of life was recommending. I saw in Germany all the men I cared to see and talked with most of them. With three or four I had a really nutritious time. The trip has amply paid for itself. I found 3rd class '*Nicht-raucher*' almost always empty and perfectly comfortable. The great use of such experiences is less the definite information you gain from any one, than a sort of solidification of your own foothold on life. Nowhere did I see a university which seems to do for *all* its students anything like what Harvard does. Our methods throughout are better. It is only in the select '*Seminaria*' (private classes) that a few German students, making researches with the professor, gain something from him personally which his genius alone can give. I certainly got a most distinct impression of

my own information in regard to modern philosophic matters being broader than that of any one I met, and of our Harvard post of observation being more cosmopolitan. Delbœuf in Liège was an angel and much the best teacher I've seen. . . .

The *Century*, with your very good portrait, etc., was at Hottinguer's this A.M., sent by my wife. I shall read it presently. I'm off now to see if I can get your leather trunk, sent from London, arrested by inundations and ordered to be returned to Paris. I never needed its contents a second. And in your little American valise, and my flabby black hand-bag and shawl-straps and a small satchel, I carried not only everything I used, but collected a whole library of books in Leipsig, some pieces of Venetian glass in their balky bolsters of seaweed, a quart bottle of eau de Cologne, and a lot of other acquisitions. I feel remarkably tough now and fairly ravenous for my psychologic work. Address Hottinguer's.

W. J.

To Shadworth Hodgson

NEWPORT, Dec. 30, 1885.

MY DEAR HODGSON, —

I have just read your 'Philosophy and Experience' address, and re-read with much care your 'Dialogue on Free Will' in the last *Mind*. I thank you kindly for the address. But is n't philosophy a sad mistress, estranging the more intimately those who in all other respects are most intimately united — although 't is true she unites them afresh by their very estrangement! I feel for the first time now, after these readings, as if I might be catching sight of your foundations. Always hitherto has there been something elusive, a sense that what I caught could not be all. Now I feel as if it might be all, and yet for me 't is not enough. Your

'method' (which surely after *this* needs no additional expository touch) I seem at last to understand, but it shrinks in the understanding. . . .

As for the Free Will article, I have very little to say; for it leaves entirely untouched what seems to me the only living issue involved. The paper is an exquisite piece of literary goldsmith's work, — nothing like it in that respect since Berkeley, — but it hangs in the air of speculation and touches not the earth of life, and the beautiful distinctions it keeps making gratify only the understanding which has no end in view but to exercise its eyes by the way. The distinctions between *vis impressa* and *vis insita*, and compulsion and 'reaction' mean nothing in a monistic world; and any world is a monism in which the parts to come are, as they are in your world, absolutely involved and presupposed in the parts that are already given. Were such a monism a palpable optimism, no man would be so foolish as to care whether it was predetermined or not, or to ask whether he was or was not what you call a 'real agent.' He would acquiesce in the flow and drift of things, of which he found himself a part, and rejoice that it was such a whole. The question of free will owes its entire being to a difficulty you disdain to notice, namely that we *cannot* rejoice in such a whole, for it is *not* a palpable optimism, and yet, if it be predetermined, we *must treat* it as a whole. Indeterminism is the only way to *break* the world into good parts and into bad, and to stand by the former as against the latter.

I can understand the determinism of the mere mechanical intellect which will not hear of a moral dimension to existence. I can understand that of mystical monism, shutting its eyes on the concretes of life for the sake of its abstract rapture. I can understand that of mental defeat and despair say-

ing, 'It's all a muddle, and here I go, along with it.' I can *not* understand a determinism like yours, which rejoices in clearness and distinctions, and which is at the same time alive to moral ones — unless it be that the latter are purely speculative for it, and have little to do with its real feeling of the way life *is* made up.

For life *is* evil. Two souls are in my breast; I see the better, and in the very act of seeing it I do the worse. To say that the molecules of the nebula implied this and *shall have implied it* to all eternity, so often as it recurs, is to condemn me to that 'dilemma' of pessimism or subjectivism of which I once wrote, and which seems to have so little urgency to you, and to which all talk about abstractions erected into entities, and compulsion *vs.* 'freedom' is simply irrelevant. What living man cares for such niceties when the real problem stares him in the face, of how practically to meet a world foredone, with no possibilities left in it?

What a mockery then seems your distinction between determination and compulsion, between passivity and an 'activity' every minutest feature of which is preappointed, both as to its whatness and as to its thatness, by what went before? What an insignificant difference then the difference between 'impediments from within' and 'impediments from without!' — between being fated to do the thing *willingly* or not! The point is not as to how it is done, but as to its being done at all. It seems a wrong complement to the rest of life, which rest of life (according to your precious 'free-will determinism,' as to any other fatalism), whilst shrieking aloud at its *whatness*, nevertheless exacts rigorously its *thatness* then and there. Is that a reasonable world from the moral point of view? And is it made more reasonable by the fact that when I brought about the

thatness of the evil *whatness* decreed to come by the thatness of all else beside, I did so consentingly and aware of no 'impediments outside of my own nature'? With what can I *side* in such a world as this? this monstrous indifferentism which brings forth everything *eodem jure*? Our nature demands something *objective* to take sides with. If the world is a Unit of this sort there *are* no sides — there's the moral rub! And you don't see it!

Ah, Hodgson! Hodgson *mio!* from whom I hoped so much! Most spirited, most clean, most thoroughbred of philosophers! *Perchè di tanto inganni i figlii tuoi?* If you want to reconcile us rationally to Determinism, write a Theodicy, reconcile us to *Evil*, but don't talk of the distinction between impediments from within and without when the within and the without of which you speak are both within that *Whole* which is the only real agent in your philosophy. There is no such superstition as the idolatry of the *Whole*.

I originally finished this letter on sheet number one; but it occurred to me afterwards that the end was too short, so I scratched out the first lines of the crossed writing, and refer you now to what follows them. — [*Lines from sheet number 1*] It makes me sick at heart, this discord among the only men who ought to agree. I am the more sick this moment as I must write to your ancient foe (at least the stimulus to an old *Mind* article of yours), one F. E. Abbot, who recently gave me his little book *Scientific Theism* — the burden of his life — which makes me groan that I cannot digest a word of it. Farewell! Heaven bless you all the same, and enable you to forgive me. We are well and I hope you are the same.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. J.

[*From the final sheet.*] Let me add a wish for a happy New Year and the

expression of my undying regard. You are tenfold more precious to me now that I have braved you thus! Adieu!

[Professor Carl Stumpf of Prague and later of Berlin, to whom the following letter was addressed, will be recognized by all readers of psychology. James had met both him and Professor Wundt in 1881-82, had established the most cordial relations with Stumpf, and always cherished a warm regard for him.]

To Carl Stumpf

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 6, 1887.

MY DEAR STUMPF, —

Your two letters, from Rügen of Sept. 8th, and from Halle of Jan. 2, came duly, and I can assure you that their contents were most heartily appreciated, and not by me alone. I fairly squealed with pleasure over the first one and its rich combination of good counsel and humorous commentary, and read the greater part of it to my friend Royce, assistant professor of philosophy here, who enjoyed it almost as much as I. There is a heartiness and solidity about your letters which is truly German, and makes them as nutritious as they are refreshing to receive.

Your *Kater-Gefühl*, however, in your second letter, about your *Auslassungen*¹ on the subject of Wundt, amused me by its speedy evolution into *Auslassungen* more animated still. I can well understand why Wundt should make his compatriots impatient. Foreigners can afford to be indifferent, for he does n't crowd them so much. He aims at being a sort of Napoleon of the intellectual world. Unfortunately he will never have a Waterloo, for he is a Napoleon without genius and with no central idea

which, if defeated, brings down the whole fabric in ruin. You remember what Victor Hugo says of Napoleon, in the *Misérables* — 'Il gênait Dieu'; Wundt only *gênés* his *confrères*; and whilst they make mincemeat of some one of his views by their criticism, he is meanwhile writing a book on an entirely different subject. Cut him up like a worm, and each fragment crawls; there is no *nœud vital* in his mental medulla oblongata, so that you can't kill him all at once.

But surely you must admit that, since there must be professors in the world, Wundt is the most praise-worthy and never-too-much-to-be-respected type of the species. He is n't a genius, he is a *professor* — a being whose duty is to know everything, and have his own opinion about everything, connected with his *Fach*.² Wundt has the most prodigious faculty of appropriating and preserving knowledge, and as for opinions, he takes *au grand sérieux* his duties there. He says of each possible subject, 'Here I must have an opinion. Let's see! what shall it be? How many possible opinions are there? three? four? Yes! just four! Shall I take one of these? It will seem more original to take a higher position, a sort of *Vermittelungs-ansicht*³ between them all. That I will do,' etc., etc.

So he acquires a complete assortment of opinions of his own; and, as his memory is so good, he seldom forgets which they are. But this is not reprehensible; it is admirable — from the professorial point of view. To be sure, one gets tired of that point of view after a while. But was there ever, since Christian Wolff's time, such a model of the German Professor? He has utilized to the uttermost fibre every gift that Heaven endowed him with at his birth, and made of it all that mortal pertinacity

¹ The state of irritation described by *Kater-Gefühl* cannot be justly rendered by any English word. 'Outbursts' approximates the meaning of *Auslassungen*.

² Field.

³ Mediating attitude.

could make. He is the finished example of how much mere *education* can do for a man. Beside him, Spencer is an ignoramus as well as a charlatan. I admit that Spencer is occasionally more *amusing* than Wundt. His *Data of Ethics* seems to me incomparably his best book, because it is a more or less frank expression of the man's personal *ideal of living* — which has of course little to do with science, and which, in Spencer's case, is full of definiteness and vigor. Wundt's *Ethics* I have not yet seen, and probably shall not 'tackle' it for a good while to come.

I was much entertained by your account of F——, of whom you have seen much more than I have. I am eager to see him, to hear about his visit to Halle, and to get his account of you. But [F——'s place of abode] and Boston are ten hours asunder by rail, and I never go there and he never comes here. He seems a very promising fellow, with a good deal of independence of character; and if you knew the conditions of education in this country, and of preparation to fill chairs of philosophy in colleges, you would not express any surprise at his, or mine, or any other American's, small amount of 'Information über die Philosophische Literatur.' Times are mending, however, and within the past six or eight years it has been possible, in three or four of our colleges, to get really educated for philosophy as a profession.

The most promising man we have in this country is, in my opinion, the above-mentioned Royce, a young Californian of thirty, who is really built for a metaphysician, and who is besides that a very complete human being, alive at every point. He wrote a novel last summer, which is now going through the press, and which I am very curious to see. He has just been in here, interrupting this letter, and I have told him he must send a copy of

his book, the *Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, to you, promising to urge you to read it when you had time. The first half is ethical, and very readable and full of profound and witty details, but to my mind not of vast importance philosophically. The second half is a new argument for monistic idealism, an argument based on the possibility of truth and error in knowledge, subtle in itself, and rather lengthily expounded, but seeming to me to be one of the few big original suggestions of recent philosophical writing. I have vainly tried to escape from it, I still suspect it of inconclusiveness, but I frankly confess that I am *unable* to overthrow it. Since you too are an anti-idealist, I wish very much you would try your critical teeth upon it. I can assure you that, if you come to close quarters with it, you will say its author belongs to the genuine philosophic breed.

I am myself doing very well this year, rather light work, etc., but still troubled with bad sleep so as to advance very slowly with private study and writing. However, few days without a line at least. I found to my surprise and pleasure that Robertson was willing to print my chapter on Space, in *Mind*, even though it should run through all four numbers of the year. So I sent it to him. Most of it was written six or even seven years ago. To tell the truth, I am *off* of Space now, and can probably carry my little private ingenuity concerning it no farther than I have already done in this essay; and fearing that some evil fiend might put it into Helmholtz's mind to correct all his errors and tell the full truth in the new edition of his *Optics*, I felt it was high time that what I had written should see the light and not be lost. It is dry stuff to read, and I hardly dare to recommend it to you; but if you do read it, there is no one whose favorable opinion I should more rejoice to hear;

for, as you know, you seem to me, of all writers on Space, the one who, on the whole, has thought out the subject most *philosophically*. Of course, the experimental patience, and skill and freshness of observation of the Helmholtzes and Herings are altogether admirable, and perhaps at bottom *worth* more than philosophic ability. Space is really a direfully difficult subject! The third dimension bothers me very much still. . . .

[During the very hard-working period of the 'eighties James had little time for long letters, but the short notes and the post-cards which he threw off daily were perhaps the more vivid for that fact. He was almost certain to respond with a word of comment to whatever interested him, and a book which he had enjoyed often called forth what Mr. Howells once called 'a whoop of blessing' to its author.]

To W. D. Howells

JAFFEY, N.H., July 21, 1886.

MY DEAR HOWELLS, —

I 'snatch' a moment from the limitless vacation peace and leisure in which I lie embedded and which does n't leave me 'time' for anything, to tell you that I have been reading your *Indian Summer*, and that it has given me about as exquisite a kind of delight as anything I ever read in my life, in the line to which it belongs. How you tread the narrow line of nature's truth so infallibly is more than I can understand. Then the profanity, the humor, the humanity, the morality — the everything! In short, 't is cubical, and set it up any way you please, 't will stand. That blessed young female made me squeal at every page. How *can* you have got back to the conversations of your prime?

But I won't discriminate or analyze.

This is only meant for an inarticulate cry of *viva Howells*. I repeat it: long live Howells! God grant you may do as good things again! I don't believe you can do better.

With warmest congratulations to Mrs. Howells that you *and* she were born, I am ever yours,

WM. JAMES.

To Miss Grace Norton

[Post-card] [CHOCORUA], Aug. 12, '88.

It would take G[uy] de M[aupassant] himself to just fill a post-card chock-full, and yet leave naught to be desired, with an account of *Pierre et Jean*. It is a little cube of bronze; or, like the body of the Capitaine Beausire, 'plein comme un œuf, dur comme une balle' — *dur surtout!* Fifteen years ago, I might have been *enthused* by such art; but I'm growing weak-minded, and the charm of this admirable precision and adequacy of art to subject leaves me too cold. It is like these modern tools and instruments, so admirably compact, and strong, and reduced to their fighting weight — one of those little metallic pumps, *e.g.*, so oily & powerful, with a handle about two feet long, which will throw a column of water about 4 inches thick 100 feet. Unfortunately G. de M.'s pump only throws dirty water — and I am *beginning* to be old foggy eno' to like even an old, shackly, wooden pump-handle, if the water it fetches only carries all the sweetness of the mountain-side. Yrs. ever, W. J.

The dying fish on p[in]s stick most in my memory. Is that right in a novel of human life?

To W. D. Howells

CAMBRIDGE, June 12, 1891.

MY DEAR HOWELLS, —

You are a sublime and immortal genius! I have just read *Silas Lapham* and

Lemuel Barker, — strange that I should not have read them before, after hearing my wife rave about them so, — and of all the perfect works of fiction they are the perfectest. The truth, in gross and in detail; the concreteness and solidity; the geniality, humanity, and unflagging humor; the steady way in which it keeps up without a dead paragraph; and especially the fidelity with which you stick to the ways of human nature, with the ideal and the unideal inseparably beaten up together so that you never give them 'clear' — all make them a feast of delight, which, if I mistake not, will last for all future time, or as long as novels *can* last. Silas is the bigger total success because it deals with a more important story. I think you ought to have made young Corey *angrier* about Irene's mistake and its consequences, but the *work* on the much obstructed Lemuel surely was never surpassed. I hope his later life was happy!

Altogether *you* ought to be happy — you can fold your arms and write no more if you like. I've just got your *Criticism and Fiction*, which shall speedily be read. And whilst in the midst of this note have received from the postman your clipping from Kate Field's *Washington*, the author of which I can't divine, but she's a blessed creature whoever she is. Yours ever,

WM. JAMES.

[No picture of James's life would be fair which ignored its domestic side. He married in 1878, and his marriage was happy in the fullest sense. By 1891, the date which these letters have reached, four children were growing up; he had built himself a house in Cambridge, and had also acquired a little place at Chocorua, where he spent most of each summer with his family. This bundle of letters may fittingly close with three which were addressed

to his sister and his two little boys. It need only be explained that the sister was living in England and had consequently never seen the Chocorua place. 'Mrs. Gibbens' and 'Margaret' were his mother-in-law and sister-in-law.]

To his sister, Alice James

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5, 1887.

. . . We are getting along very well, on the whole, I keeping very continuously occupied, but not seeming to get ahead much, *for the days grow so short* with each advancing year. A day is now about a minute — hardly time to turn round in. Mrs. Gibbens arrived from Chicago last night, and in ten days she and Margaret will start, with our little Billy, for Aiken, S.C., to be gone till May. B. is asthmatic, she is glad to go south for her own sake, and the open-air life all day long will be much better for him than our arduous winter and spring. He is the most utterly charming little piece of human nature you ever saw, so packed with life, impatience, and feeling, that I think father must have been just like him at his age. . . .

I have been paying ten or eleven visits to a mind-cure doctress, a sterling creature, resembling the Venus of Medicine, Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham, made solid and veracious-looking. I sit down beside her and presently drop asleep, whilst she disentangles the snarls out of my mind. She says she never saw a mind with so many, so agitated, so restless, etc. She said my *eyes*, mentally speaking, kept revolving like wheels in front of each other and in front of my face, and it was four or five sittings ere she could get them *fixed*. I am now, *unconsciously to myself*, much better than when I first went, etc. I thought it might please you to hear an opinion of my mind so similar to your own. Meanwhile what

boots it to be made unconsciously better, yet all the while consciously to lie awake o' nights as I still do? —

Lectures are temporarily stopped and examinations begun. I seized the opportunity to go to my Chocorua place and see just what was needed to make it habitable for the summer. It is a goodly little spot, but we may not, after all, fit up the buildings till we have spent a summer in the place and 'studied' the problem a little more closely. The snow was between two and three feet deep on a level, in spite of the recent thaws. The day after I arrived was one of the most crystalline purity, and the mountain simply exquisite in gradations of tint. I have a tenant in the house, one Sanborn, who owes me a dollar and a half a month, but can't pay it, being of a poetic and contemplative rather than of an active nature, and consequently excessively poor. He has a sign out, 'Attorney and Pension Agent,' and writes and talks like one of the greatest of men. He was working the sewing-machine when I was there, and talking of his share in the war, and why he did n't go to live in Boston, etc., — namely that he was n't known, — and my heart was heavy in my breast that so rich a nature, fitted to inhabit a tropical dreamland, should have nothing but that furnitureless cabin within and snow and sky without to live upon. For, however spotlessly pure and dazzlingly lustrous snow may be, pure snow, always snow, and naught but snow, for four months on end, is, it must be confessed, a rather lean diet for the human soul — deficient in variety, chiaroscuro, and oleaginous and mediæval elements. I felt as I was returning home that some intellectual inferiority *ought* to accrue to all populations whose environment for many months in the year consisted of pure snow. You are better off, — better off than you know, — in that great, black-

earthed dunghill of an England. I say naught of politics, wars, strikes, railroad accidents or public events, unless the departure of C. W. Eliot and his wife for a year in Europe, be a public event. . . .

[The next year the children were taken to Aiken for the worst months of the winter and spring by Mrs. James. A pet dog remained in Cambridge and will be recognized under the name 'Jap.']

To his son Henry (ætat 8)

CAMBRIDGE, Mar. 1, 1888.

BELOVED HEINRICH, —

You lazy old scoundrel, why don't you write a letter to your old Dad? Tell me how you enjoy your riding on horseback, what Billy does for a living, and which things you like best of all the new kinds of things you have to do with in Aiken. How do you like the darkeys being so numerous? Everything goes on quietly here. The house so still that you can hear a pin drop, and so clean that everything makes a mark on it. All because there are no brats and kids around. Jap is my only companion, and he sneezes all over me whenever I pick him up. Mrs. Hildreth and the children are gone to Florida. The Emmets seem very happy. I will close with a fable. A donkey felt badly because he was not so great a favorite as a lap-dog. He said, I must act like the lap-dog, and then my mistress will like me. So he came into the house and began to lick his mistress, and put his paws on her, and tried to get into her lap. Instead of kissing him for this, she screamed for the servants, who beat him and put him out of the house. Moral: It's no use to try to be anything but a donkey if you are one. But neither you nor Billy are one. Good-night! you blessed boy. Stick to your three R's and your riding, so as to get on *fast*.

The ancient Persians only taught their boys to ride, to shoot the bow and to tell the truth. Good-night!

Kiss your dear old Mammy and that belly-ache of a Billy, and little Margaret Mary for her Dad. Good-night.

YOUR FATHER.

To his son William (ætat 5)

18 Garden Street,
Apr. 29, 1888, 9:30 A.M.

BELOVED WILLIAMSON, —

This is Sunday, the sabbath of the Lord, and it has been very hot for two days. I think of you and Harry with such longing, and of that infant whom I know so little, that I cannot help writing you some words. Your Mammy writes me that she can't get *you* to *work* much, though Harry works. You *must* work a little this summer in our own place. How nice it will be! I have wished that both you and Harry were by my side in some amusements which I have had lately. First, the learned seals in a big tank of water in Boston. The loveliest beasts, with big black eyes, poking their heads up and down in the water, and then scrambling out on their bellies like boys tied up in bags. They play the guitar and banjo and organ, and one of them saves the life of a child who tumbles in the water, catching him by the collar with its teeth, and swimming him ashore. They are both, child and seal, trained to do it. When they have done well, their master gives them a lot of fish. They eat an awful lot,—scales, and fins, and bones and all, without chewing. That is the worst thing about them. He says he never beats them. They are full of curiosity —

more so than a dog for far-off things; for when a man went round the room with a pole pulling down the windows at the top, all their heads bobbed out of the water and followed him about with their eyes *aus lauter* curiosity. Dogs would hardly have noticed him, I think.

Now, speaking of dogs, Jap was *nauseated* two days ago. I thought, from his licking his nose, that he was going to be sick, and got him out of doors just in time. He vomited most awfully on the grass. He then acted as if he thought I was going to punish him, poor thing. He can't discriminate between sickness and sin. He leads a dull life, without you and Margaret Mary. I tell him if it lasts much longer, he'll grow into a common beast; he hates to be a beast, but unless he has human companionship, he will sink to the level of one. So you must hasten back and make much of him.

I also went to the panorama of the battle of Bunker Hill, which is as good as that of Gettysburg. I wished Harry had been there because he knows the story of it. You and he shall go soon after your return. It makes you feel just as if you lived there.

Well, I will now stop. On Monday morning the 14th, or Sunday night the 13th of May, I will take you into my arms; that is, I will meet you with a carriage on the wharf, when the boat comes in. And I tell you I shall be glad to see the whole lot of you come roaring home. Give my love to your Mammy, to Aunt Margaret, to Fräulein, to Harry, to Margaret Mary, and to yourself.

Your loving Dad,

WM. JAMES.

(To be continued)

THE DEVIL: A MODERN VIEW OF HIM

I

I WRITE this statement, not as a scientist or a theologian, but as a human being who has experienced one of the visitations which our mediæval forefathers called the Devil. There would be no excuse for my confession unless I thought it could help others, but this I do believe. And I address myself, humbly, because I write from no pedestal of official knowledge or special training, but very earnestly, because I describe *real* events, to the doctors and alienists who deal with 'sick souls,' and to the sick souls themselves, to those who have known, as I have, the abysses of spiritual despair.

I am a woman, not yet forty, happily married. I have several children. In the past I have had more or less illness, but I am, I think, a healthy person.

I believe in God — not tamely, as one believes in a proposition that cannot be disproved, but actively and ardently. God, and especially God as revealed to us by Jesus Christ, I know to be the central reality apart from whom all other realities are myths and mistiness.

So much creed is a necessary preface to my statement that, despite all the conditions for happiness in my private life, and despite a deep religious conviction, I am often attacked by extreme melancholy.

This is not a novelty. Over a period of many years I have been familiar with varied forms of severe depression; and familiarity alone has not made them easy to bear. This depression is not a mild general *malaise*: it is an acute horror and distaste for life, often an

acute desire for death. Sometimes the term of the depression is short; usually it lasts more or less continuously for weeks. There have been moments when I did not dare turn over in bed because 'The Thing' waited for me near the wall. Recently I have experienced depression to a rather violent degree, and under conditions of particular happiness and well-being. And in the meditation necessary to cope with this absurd misery, I decided that it was not enough to fight the Devil in myself: I must, if I could, help other people to fight him. For it seems clear to me that depression, melancholy, recurrent despair, and neurasthenia, are a sort of devil's work, and must be met as such.

Is there a Devil at all? Not in a philosophic sense, of course. The world cannot be a fundamental dualism. And on the question of good and bad angels hovering between the Creator and the human souls He created, ready to aid or to maim, I am an agnostic, though I have been strongly tempted to believe in good ones! But the Devil that I do recognize, and wish to illustrate here, is that tendency in human nature to split, or incomplete, forms of consciousness in which the less desirable group of passions claims control of the whole machine. That is a commonplace but not inaccurate description of sin, and I believe that causeless unhappiness of the soul-swamping kind has the same make-up.

In my own case it has been, perhaps, peculiarly easy to recognize the nature of this trouble, because my depression,

my Devil, has never succeeded in making me suppose that anyone else, or any particular circumstances, were responsible for my distress. So far my intellect has stayed clear. It has been clouded sometimes on the matter of self-reproach. I have had a tendency to exaggerated and futile remorse for rather slight offenses, but almost always with a half-humorous realization that 'it war n't so.' Again, my depression has often been clearly personified, which, although startling, has helped me to know it for an alien thing. Yesterday I was sitting by my husband, motoring through beautiful country. Apart from my own slight fatigue, every condition of the day and hour was delightful. Suddenly a voice inside me, the voice of my entire self, it seemed, repeated, 'I do not want to live. I do not want to live.' Now that was a lie and I knew it to be a lie. I went on talking to my husband, cursed the Devil inside me, and said some silent prayers; and after a while the voice ceased.

At other things and for other people, the Devil's ways are subtler. But in every case of depression as apart from sorrow (and though we dignify many trivial moods under that name, true sorrow is a rare and holy thing), there is, according to my thesis, a like process. The Devil, the partial mood, the lesser self, claims to speak as the 'whole man.' And the frequent success of the imposture lies in the fact that the 'whole man' may be for the time a lost ideal. As doctors and the mothers of naughty children know, you often cannot find and address the true self. 'The good little boy has gone away.'

So far I have said nothing new, and I suppose many psychiatrists would accept this bungling statement of their problem. But what I now wish to add, though not new either, is too little prac-

tised. I believe that, in either medicine or friendship, *if depression is caused by the Devil, it must be cured by the Presence of God!* And the value of this rather crudely mediæval nomenclature is that it suggests, by so naming the adversary, the only possible ally who can triumph against him. Perhaps also the doctor or friend who will accept my terms may find that they shed illumination on the always difficult question of an outsider's relation to a sick and despairing soul.

People suffering from neurotic melancholy are apt to be tormented by one of several forms of false self-consciousness in regard to other people; or they sometimes alternate from one of these moods to another. Either the sufferer believes that no one can understand his pain, and so has a feeling of nervous hostility toward those about him who pretend to sympathize, but who are really, as he believes, half indifferent; or he is ashamed of his misery, afraid others will guess and try to share it, and so locks himself away from intimate contacts. (I have often experienced the latter mood.) In either case the invalid is separated from his kind: an isolation is set up, and the soul, walled off from free human intercourse, becomes more and more the prey of its controlling disease, its demon of unhappiness.

There is a third false relation possible between the sick soul and its would-be adviser, which is perhaps more disastrous than either of these — that in which the afflicted spirit tries to sustain himself by the mortal bread of human sympathy. This attempt, in the spiritual realm, is akin to sex unchastity. It is an effort to use what should be a symbol, a signal, and an inspiration, as if it were a possession and a mere gratification. The doctor or friend who permits himself to be made a substitute for God will meet catastrophe, unless the sick soul, finding itself ill nourished

and ill contented, rescues itself from false dependence.

In recognizing, however, the absolute limits of human sympathy in the cure of neurasthenic melancholy, I do not at all wish to disallow what the helper may indeed accomplish. To say to a tormented spirit, 'I am incapable of saving you,' may not be encouraging; but to continue by saying, 'I know Who can and will save you,'—to say this with such ardor and authority that the sick soul is convinced, — that is indeed to act as a priest. And the service so rendered may be the greatest which doctor or friend shall ever render.

You cannot give what you have not got. The doctor or friend who does not believe in the Lord's active and jealous love for every created soul, cannot exorcise the Devil by any formal shibboleth. I speak, not to the total disbelievers, of whom, even among doctors, there are few, but to the average human being — to the majority, who really believe in God, but who are a little afraid to trust Him in so serious a business.

I am not a Christian Scientist; I deny neither sin nor suffering; I am not skeptical of experienced and detailed care in relation to mental disease. Indeed, I believe more heartily in a physical regimen as applied to neurotic states than do many of the physicians I have known. Order in daily living, an order applied from outside for young, tired, or puzzled people, is sanifying and useful. Accurate intellectual work, regular hours for food and sleep (possibly fasting, carefully practised), sunlight, exercise in the fresh air, — especially exercise that induces violent sweat, — swimming, mountain-climbing, gardening, housework, all these things seem to me to have their place in the complex task of reassembling and reëducating split and disordered natures. But these forms of action

deal with the periphery of disturbance. Some message may travel back from them to the centre, and they may all be tried as secondary measures of help, with a good-tempered interest in their result. But if it is the centre which is disturbed, it is the centre, first of all, which must be reëstablished. And to re-create a shattered soul, only large measures will suffice.

We talk of split personality, of an unbalanced nature, of partial and moody people, as if a fused personality, a balanced nature, a unified and orbic character were a common phenomenon. There is nothing rarer. Being a whole soul, having all one's memories, faculties, and powers in full play, is equivalent to genius. The man whose slightest action proceeds from the deep places of his central faith is always a leader among men, and most lives are attended by an inner chorus of such reflexions as 'But I knew better.' 'Why did n't I think of that?' 'I was n't quite all there that time.' So feebly do most of us fulfill that mystery we are sent here to perform, the mystery of being ourselves!

Most honest people — if they have any gift of self-analysis — will confess that but a few times during their whole lives have they been lifted on a flood of love, grief, or personal danger, to the exhilarating sense of unity. And at its best this is not a mere sensation of increased vitality. It is a metaphysical reality, a synthesis and fusion of all the too-often scattered aspects of personality, a genuine 'wholeness.' Alas, the absence of this wholeness is far commoner than its presence, and the neurotic, melancholy, or desperately depressed people are not, it must be remembered, the only 'split personalities.' They are merely a group who, perhaps for largely physical reasons, suffer more than their fellows from this division.

II

What is the remedy? 'To get fat and take things more easily' is the usual advice of those who, though incomplete themselves, live comfortably and do good work. And there is common sense in that view, if it will work! Life, after all, often tends to swing the timid or disorganized spirit into pleasant or dangerous and stimulating situations, where his troubles cure themselves. A visit from a fascinating sister, or a play of Bernard Shaw's, even a timely household crisis, demanding unselfish action, may be of more use than much taking of pains. But, at the very last, the thing is not a joking matter; and great souls as well as little ones have suffered intensely, and often been paralyzed for their life's work, by that uncaused anguish which is harder to bear than grief. No one can read the story of mediæval saints (or of modern ones, like Tolstoi) without recognizing in their 'night of the soul,' their aridities, and their 'abandonments,' the counterpart of our modern melancholies. The long literature of mysticism is scattered with canny knowledge about bitter mental states, and the Devil's use of them to tempt us away from sane living; knowledge that would shame some of our alienists. And it was One, long ago, who said of a sick soul whom He was about to deliver, 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.'

Fasting is something we at present understand little. It certainly has its uses in producing mental states at once intense and simplified, and I cannot think Christ's fasting was accidental or unimportant. No generation interested in the discipline of the soul ought to ignore this subject. My own conclusions beyond this, however, are not worth offering.

As to prayer, it is the single greatest need of man; and though its neglect

may to all appearance go unpunished in many instances (think of our unselfish public characters in America — doctors, writers, and social workers — who never to our knowledge use formal worship), yet this is not the case with sick souls.

'But how is prayer possible to anyone so tormented and darkened as I, and whose faith is after all so weak?' the sick soul cries out. The answer must be in terms, not of possibility, but of necessity. It is never possible to pray as we ought to pray. Our mere weakness of body, our more humiliating weakness of purpose, make almost all human prayers a travesty on that intense and extended communion with God which is the goal of our frail desires. But the wise doctor, to whom a sick soul says, 'I do not know how to pray,' will no more stop to argue that question than he would if a tired invalid said, 'I do not know how to eat well.'

'You do not know how, but you must,' he would retort to the dyspeptic; and to the sick soul he must answer, 'You do not know how to pray, but you can. You do not need any art or wisdom. You must simply turn to God. You say you do not know Him, but I say He knows you. There is no credible God except the God whom Jesus Christ proclaimed, who has counted every hair of your head and every tear from your eyes. All your pain is his pain. Offer it to Him, then. If for the moment you have no talent, no joy, no vision, no virtue, to offer your Father, offer Him your suffering and offer it completely. Cast away all reserves and all courage. Let your whole trouble be poured out, like water on the ground.'

Such advice, such a command, is, I hold, the physician's duty and the friend's privilege to give, whenever the spectacle of a spirit twisted with causeless pain is presented to them. Prayer is varied and infinite as the manifesta-

tions of man's life on earth, and no formula for it, not even Christ's spoken words, can predetermine the shape and habit which any individual's prayer should assume. But if our diagnosis of the sick soul is correct, if such a nature is a spirit community in which the members know not each other, and where an alien spirit or trivial mood controls, unity can and must first be achieved in any sort of immediate and sincere confession to God. And in such a first abandonment, profound, instinctive, and helpless as a child's sobbing, there is healing beyond expression. The process demands no effort, hardly an intention, perhaps not even hope; for those who suffer above a certain degree do not live in the future: the moment's ordeal is all that consciousness can hold. The only duty, the only necessity, for spirits, if the demon of melancholy has brought them to that experience, is to share it absolutely, unreservedly with God.

But this confession must indeed be to God and not to man, and to God with no man hearing it, if a real cure is to be assured. And here at once is the physician's dilemma and his deliverance. He must in some way speak with authority as an accredited priest, demanding this supreme sacrifice of every inhibition and restraint. And he must also make himself of no account and take himself away, out of the mind of the sick spirit altogether. He must leave the sufferer alone with the Lord.

For both friends and doctors this is sometimes a difficult deed. We trust God so feebly. We tend, if our affections are once stirred, so to overestimate the value of those little talents apart from that Stern Husbandman who lent them to us. But the sick soul is a burden which no other soul on earth can bear alone. And the doctor or friend who believes that the sufferer has really gone from his presence into

the comfort of a divine interview, will know a rare and perfect happiness.

Moreover, there is still work for the ministering friend or medical expert. Conversion for the depressed soul in a single prayer is indeed possible. And in the habit of prayer that may at once be set up if the first attempt has reality, the invalid will soon learn to cure himself, and dismiss or exhort his helpers. Yet the later prayers will change their form. This immense burden of pain once delivered over to God, the Devil abolished, the quondam sick soul then asks orders for a new life. At the moment of extreme depression, he could not believe that the world offered him any further opportunity for usefulness.

And may I say here, that I do not think it wise always to try to pierce such depression with a description of the sources needed from the sick soul? The 'work-cure' type of treatment for neurasthenia will always fail, I think, in the deeper-seated cases of depression, because it tries to enlist the enthusiasm of a partial being. Three quarters of a soul may be stirred to get up and behave like a real person, and occasionally (here is the strength of the work-cure theory) does become one in action. If, however, there is a part of him forever unconvinced, waiting apart in chains of affliction and iron, that rebel will some day break loose and destroy the whole artificially ordered programme. But the soul that has once become whole in an abandonment to God, that has been delivered from the control of its 'malicious minority,' its Devil, that soul can truly begin a new life. Such a nature may, indeed, because of its new reliance on its Creator, be capable of such labors, as before its 'fall' into despair it never dared dream of. And a doctor or friend may help during the stages of the soul's reëducation, not so much by practical advice or superior wisdom, as by a reinforcing faith in his chosen path.

When he looks back to them for guidance or comment, they can repeat, out of the fulness of this belief, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

May I now be allowed to add to these rather loose remarks, some distinctly personal ones?

For my own case I have talked with four doctors. Each of them gave me kindness and sympathy. All except one took pains to assure me that my depression was not alarming, that I was not 'abnormal.' That assurance, by the way, reminds me of a friend of mine, a famous painter, one of whose pictures was lost on a railway journey. The picture was an important one. The United States government was interested in finding it, and a young government clerk, trying to soothe my irate and not at all plaintive friend, explained that the delay was not unusual. 'There is really no need to worry.' — 'Silly boy,' the painter commented to me; 'he did n't understand at all. I don't in the least mind worrying so long as I get my picture.' And I might honestly have told the three kind doctors that I did n't a bit care whether I was normal or insane, if only it would please stop! The fourth doctor was agnostic on that point, but he minded my suffering too much to give me any comfort. I spoke with him only a few times (once each with the others), because, though at first I got the impression that I could shift my pain to him, as soon as I saw any chance of success, I was dismayed: first, by the selfishness of that process,

and second, by its uselessness. For I wanted not to share the evil thing or shift it, but to have it taken out of the world.

Among the other doctors was one who was not an alienist but a surgeon. We talked for twenty minutes once when I had been seriously ill. I told him the trouble and said, 'Only religion will help.' He answered, 'That is perfectly true'; and nothing that any doctor said about the depression—very severe at that time—ever helped me so much. He could have said more; but he was shy, and I had already chosen my own way. Nevertheless, I tell the story, unpicturesque as it is, and I am grateful to him.

This article has been written partly while I was suffering from extreme depression and partly while I was perfectly free from it. The faith I express stands firm in both stages. I have often believed that I had, 'with the Lord's help, conquered the demon melancholy forever. After six months or a year I have, so far, always learned that I was mistaken. At this moment, I cannot tell what the years have in store for me. But it is possible that just my uncertainty may be of use to those I address. For I am perfectly confident about the future—not that this visitation of darkness, this machination of the Devil, is surely exorcised, but that, if it comes, the Lord will be ready to fight on my side, and that I am not afraid of the battle.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

II. THE BOY AND THE HALF-CROWN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE old gentleman and I often walk abroad in a rural district where there is a taciturn blacksmith. The old gentleman always maintains an illusion of a chat with this man. 'I'll be having a word with the smith,' he tells me, 'while you wait outside.'

I sit upon a fence near that open door where the tinkle and the clank of the smithy is audible, but never a word from the blacksmith or his guest. Presently out comes the old gentleman, very bland and entirely satisfied with his social adventure. There is nothing so uplifts him as a chat with a blacksmith. And this is because, long ago, when his name was Rubie, he being then about thirteen years of age, the old gentleman worked in a smithy.

This was in a village near Cromarty among the East Highlands of Scotland. It was a kind of three corners of a village full of important houses, and the smithy, at the time Rubie was at work there, was really most important. Everyone used to call upon the blacksmith. This is the origin doubtless of the old gentleman's sense that the least you can do for a smith, if you pass his way, is to call upon him.

The youth of Rubie's day, in making these calls in the village of three corners, invariably hung about and made itself handy, holding horses' feet for the shoeing, or taking a turn at the anvil. And this for the many pleasures of that delicious atmosphere there was in the

smithy — of a deliberate and deft business going forward there, and the blooming and the fading of the flame and of the glowing metal. But Rubie, besides his share in these unparalleled pleasures, received a shilling a day for what he did. And this is what he did: he was salesman, and he took shoes off the horses' feet. He would take the horse's hoof upon his knee, declares the old gentleman, looking at us with eyes in which we seem to see how big was the horse with his hoof on the knee of little Rubie. And he would pry off the shoe. And there was a mate of Rubie's, little like himself, and about the same business of shoeing horses, on whom the horse, growing restless, planted his hoof, and the boy died. This tale, never told us but once, seems to emphasize the enormous size of the horses treated by little Rubie; seems to account for the shadow of their size which is in the old gentleman's eyes when this phase of blacksmithing is dwelt upon. But in the main you feel, in his account of this epoch, the thrilling sense of the dusk of that interior, smitten with the erratic light from the forge and peopled with young visitors.

The shilling, of course, says the old gentleman, was given to his mother. Now there is nothing to us 'of course' in this monotony of deposit. We think, and we say so, that a shilling should have bought his way into other of the important houses in the three corners.

And in a second-hand way, he agrees, it did. There was the grocer's house — he would be sent there for bread and for fruit. Oranges from Spain were there at threepence, nuts were there from Brazil, Zante currants, and sticks of black sugar. 'Boys bought sticks of black sugar, you know, flattened with a seal at one end.' We don't know; we think it very thrilling, and are much disillusioned when we learn that black sugar stamped with a seal is just nothing but licorice. We think it not at all exotic, but the old gentleman thinks as Rubie thought of black sugar.

The grocer, we infer, was nothing much to remember. He was just a creature behind a counter, who took your pennies and gave you in return currants dried in southern suns. The butcher, too, was another featureless man from whom you bought meat twice a week. Fishwives, now, were more real, because you tormented them, for all your mother chid you. They were of another tribe, coming to the village from Cromarty with their creels strapped to their backs, and with a sailor's superstition that, if they were counted, one would be lost. With this dreadful fate hanging about them, they yet walked single file. They were always counted. And they had a fishwives' dialect especially fitted to this crisis. These tormented and violent creatures were important as a kind of foreign spectacle and a diversion — not as fellow humans, certainly not as individuals.

The keeper of the public house was important as an individual. And his house, on the west side of the post road, was important. But Rubie was never, in the whole course of his life, under the roof of the public house, because at the most tender years this little lad became a teetotaler — and this to the great disgust of the more conservative of his relatives, who could not abide a taste so fancy or a will so weak that it

must sign a pledge. Terrible proud it was, to be a teetotaler, a thing of the south entirely, brought up to the Highlands by the Big Beggar Man, as Thomas Guthrie was called in those parts. And Rubie was his victim. Under this taboo he missed all the fine talk of the men from the hills who would be visiting the public house for a dram. Yes, there would be fine talk in that house, which was a kind of exchange for the news of the countryside. The missing of it was a great loss, and is still to be regretted.

As for the publican himself, he could be seen in church — the Free Kirk, that was at the other end of the village from the Established Kirk. Rubie, sucking a peppermint in the pew beside his mother, saw him every Sunday. He was the precentor. He had a wart on the top of his head. There is a high note in the tune of Dundee, and in other lofty tunes, which he could not reach and to which he pointed in the upper air, clearing his own throat and leaving the commoners to climb. Little Rubie saw the wart and the uplifted hand and heard the coincident cough, sitting by his dear, dear mother in the pew, on all the Sundays of his youth.

For nine months of the year he worked on the six week-days from six to six, and in the three winter months he went to school. We worm this out of him. Rubie kneeling under the bellies of horses in the smithy is much to the fore; he crowds little Rubie at school. And yet, now that you mention it, Rubie at school had adventures, too. There was a teacher, of course — you would guess as much; and he was a 'stickit minister,' of course, and you would guess that, too. He wore a white cravat and a silk hat. The boys called him 'Ability.' He was not married. He taught forty or fifty children the three R's, and algebra, history, Latin, and geography — 'all those things, you

know,' says the old gentleman rather casually. And Rubie was never touched by the tawse. That was a five-fingered leathered thong. Once, indeed, he was rapped by the bamboo cane that was always at hand. If you will believe it, that blow was not deserved; the old gentleman says so himself. He claims that he felt on that day his first keen sense of injustice. We are terribly pleased with this tale: it seems to discover for us the origin of certain inhibitions on the part of the old gentleman in his relation to his own children.

In those days, he claims, he had high marks. And dwell upon this, — he drives us to it, — he was a terrible little fighter! Aye, that he was. New boys of his own age must have horribly regretted their rash entry to that school, where the invincible Rubie must be met. Not only with both hands, mark you, but with his left hand tied, yes, or with his right hand tied — with any or all of the classical handicaps, the battle could have but one issue, and — 'Well, they seemed to have a good deal of enthusiasm about me,' says the old gentleman, in whom the enthusiasm obviously survives.

It will never do to let him go in this uplifted mood with his face of false humility, — you see that for yourself, — and we make him tell us about the murder of the witch in the West Highlands. We know the power of that tale to bring him down. For it seems that on a day like another day the teacher rapped upon his desk, and when all those little ruddy faces looked his way, he blanched them with news. He had had a letter from his brother who was a minister in the West Highlands, and in that savage country they had accused a poor body of witchcraft; they had dug a hole in the ground in which they had then buried the poor woman to her neck. She died. It was a dreadful thing, the master had told his children, to have

come about in a Christian country. And little Rubie felt a shadow fall upon him and a tribal shame. And to this day he will urge that such doings were unknown in the East Highlands.

There was in that school a girl called Euphemia. This was her name, her little indestructible name, not worn away or dimmed at all by the sixty-odd years that it has jingled in the pocket of the old gentleman's memory. And she was the first girl ever he kissed. He remembers that, too; it is a brilliant little memory not dimmed. All old gentlemen — don't doubt it — have these bright names and these little bright first kisses perfectly preserved in the vest-pocket of their memories. This first kiss of which I am telling you was stolen, though Rubie thought that he had bought it with a turnip. He gave her a turnip and he took the kiss, thinking it was understood. But no, it was not understood: Euphemia struck him for his daring, with the very turnip, between the shoulders, and he saw stars. We think the fault was in the bribe — that it was inadequate; but the old gentleman says, indeed not. A sweet turnip right out of the field — and they together on the way from school, and hungry, too — was a perfectly adequate bribe. And there was a farmer's boy in school who was competing for a prize that went by vote of the pupils, and he used dried peas for his bribes. He was always bidding for votes with peas, and Rubie voted for him entirely on the basis of peas.

We think this very low of Rubie; but perhaps, we think, it would have been different had the peas been money. Rubie then would have detected the vice of bribery. 'If it had been money,' we ask him, 'how would it have affected you?' and are much relieved when he claims that money must be earned. Peas, he says, are different.

Well, there you have him, and are

prepared for the following tale. From a blacksmith Rubie has become a ticket-agent in a railway station. This is what he was next. And from fourteen or so, he has become sixteen or seventeen. He sits on a high stool, and that is a good way to be taller than you are. And he sells tickets out of an office-window, for the North Shore and Western. Very important. Everybody knows him. And one day the agent, whose character never quite emerges to us, is speaking with a youth of the gentry about a young lady, also gentry, who is seen by them and by Rubie to go into the waiting-room. And the young buck of the gentry then told Rubie that he could win a half-crown if he would kiss that young lady.

'I got immediately off my stool,' says the old gentleman, 'and I went to where she stood, where they could see her as she stood, and I said to her, would she excuse me, but that I had been told that I could win two-and-sixpence if she would permit me to kiss her. Immediately she stooped down,' — Ah, Rubie, that she had to stoop! — 'and she laid her arms about my neck and kissed me. And so I got the two-and-six.'

We gape at the old gentleman with his 'immediately.' It is to us the most bald, incredible tale. How could it be? But it was, says he, and is about to remember her name, when we tell him not to. 'Did you feel hot or anything?' we ask. But he says no, not at all, and that it was for him purely a matter of business, of two-and-sixpence — a half-week's wages!

'How about her,' we ask; 'how could she?'

'Oh, well,' says the old gentleman, 'they all bought their tickets of me, they all knew me!'

The logic of this consequence of habitual ticket-buying is confusing to us, but not to him: he looks at us out of the

old ruddy face that was once the young ruddy face of Rubie, with Rubie's bland calm. It begins to be evident that for a half-crown Rubie might go far. And yet — there is the affair of the penknife.

An important person is known to have offered Rubie the ticket-seller a tip of two-and-six. Rubie refused it. And the important person then asked a favor of Rubie. You know how, when strong characters refuse our favors, we are impelled to lean upon that strength. This important person yielded to that impulse. He gave two-and-six to Rubie, begging him to buy for him a knife which he would claim on his return journey. Rubie bought the knife; he carried it in his pocket as a trust until one day, long after, when he guessed that the knife was his, and that he had been tipped.

There was a reason why it was truly noble of Rubie to have refused a half-crown from whatever source, for he began about this time to be heavily burdened with family cares, having contracted his first family. And this was Alec.

Alec was the first family ever Rubie had, and we know him for that because upon his advent Rubie is beset by financial care. Yes, in the person of that little brother the incubus of family is first settled upon Rubie. And this is to dismiss as not material the family that was established for him in the letter from London. We never entertained that family, though Rubie did. He had paid a half-crown for it, in answer to an advertisement in a long-forgotten newspaper. 'The name and the photograph of your future wife, and the number of your children, revealed for two-and-six.' And there, sure enough, in the first letter Rubie remembers ever to have received, and brought all the way from London in a mail-pouch, the picture of 'Amy' and the sum of three children!

Indeed, he did not at all dismiss them; he was perfectly agreeable to them. But he was resigned to an interval, with the photograph of Amy for solace. And in the interval there was Alec.

This little boy must have stolen very softly upon Rubie, who cannot remember the day that he was born, or anything about him very compelling, until he was a year old or thereabouts. 'Our mother cared for him at first, of course,' says the old gentleman, in excuse of Rubie's long indifference to Alec. But once assumed, how complete was his devotion to his family! It must have been then that Rubie and his two brothers recognized Alec for a minister — nothing less. Yes, there were they, just common bodies altogether, one a farm-hand and one a carpenter's apprentice and one a ticket-seller, who received upon a given day some sure token — and we wonder what it can have been — that little Alec was to be a minister.

With this illumination, began for Jimmie and Murdo and Rubie those financial anxieties which are the true mark of the family state, and for which Rubie had so complete a vocation. 'Between-us we were to care for him, to dress him, to teach him and to send him to college,' says the old gentleman, of the only partnership he ever entered. Rubie was to teach him! Oh, the Highland pride of it, to be keeping a minister! And oh, the terrible cost of it, with wages what they were! It just could n't be done in the village of three corners. One of them must just go away! Rubie it was who must go away. He, who could never let his darling out of his sight, must go away. Terrible it was, and thrilling too, to go away. Other boys went away, to America and to Australia. News came back of them that they prospered, but they never came back. They were too young to come back, that was why. An old man

came back after forty years in America. Forty years in America he was, and came back loving to talk and to answer questions. The old gentleman says that he can see him still among a group of lads all asking questions about the Indians, according to Cooper, and about slavery, based upon *Lena Rivers*.

We cannot conceal our surprise at *Lena Rivers*. We are so snobbish that we cannot conceal it. But the old gentleman is ready to retail that story by Mary Holmes with an imperishable appreciation. To evade *Lena Rivers* we have to acknowledge that we have met her before. No need, we say, to repeat the introduction; it is only that we had never thought to meet her here — Egeria to a flock of Highland lads, and pointing them to America.

The three of them, says the old gentleman, of his brothers and himself, turned this way and that to establish the future of their little minister, and Rubie was for running away to enlist. Or it was Rannie Fraser made the plan, for he was a genius; and it was Rubie bought the tickets, this being in his line; and it was Rubie's mother spoked the wheel of Rubie's escape, that being in the maternal line. The way she did it was this, and the way of it was so simple that we are dazzled by it: she took Rubie for a walk. On the very day of the flight, and at the very hour for which Rubie had a ticket, she took him for a walk. They just walked and walked, with never a word to the point, until the train was gone, and the other lads were gone with it. And that is why Rannie Fraser is buried in Egypt, and Rubie is still catching trains.

That was the day of his mother's great success. But she could n't keep it up — you must guess as much, and that one day you will find her putting Rubie's little oddments — terribly quaint they are, too — in a box of his father's making; and that Rubie would be buy-

ing a ticket of himself for a world far wider and far stranger than the world we know.

I understand from the old gentleman that it is an uncanny thing to leave home. There is a day that you need not look for on any kindly calendar. They could never bear to print the date of that day. And there is an hour that is neither morning nor afternoon nor any known hour, and that is the hour they see you off. You had not known that the hour was to be as it is. You wonder what you can have been thinking of, to have contracted on such a day to meet such an hour. But there you are, and you are in the train. You who have sold tickets for so long, thinking light of it, are now bound by a ticket to an unlooked-for adventure — you are to say good-bye.

The family is there and the neighbors are there. They make you little presents. You look at them from the open window of the carriage, and oh, you see them! You begin to bleed internally, and you look at your mother, and you know that a sword has pierced her own soul also. You look at little Alec, and he takes his little white cravat off his neck. He holds it up to you from the platform. He is making you a present. It is his little present to you. And then a curious thing happens: the train begins to move. They all slip away.

And you have Alec's cravat in your hand.

Yes, that was little Alec. We know the sort of child he was. He was of those immortal children who die and who live forever. And nothing will appease them. You may name ships for them and hospitals for them and rescue homes for them and orphanages for them, and still they will be pushing their lovers with their little phantom hands, to climb by ladders of human endeavor to fetch the moon for them. Before they die, they are so tender that you never guess the strength of them; only by some little gesture or an aspect they warn you while they live, of all they mean to drive you to. In their lives they buy you with some unforgettable light grace, and in their deaths they use the thing they have bought. There was Rubie leaning out of a car-window and Alec buying him forever with a little white cravat. And Rubie thinking himself so free and all, going away so brave, so wealthy, with five pounds in his pocket, thinking to meet Indians in a great level forest, never guessing yet that a postman was so soon to trace him along a new way to a new door, and to tell him that Alec was dead and had bought him for the cravat. No, Rubie did not think at all as yet of the wonder and the anguish of letters, or of the feet of postmen.

IN OUR OWN BEHALF

BY H. C. KITTREDGE

THIS title is a misnomer; it should have been 'Educational Methods in the A.E.F.,' and would have been if schoolmasters were allowed to flirt with theory or to devise educational methods, or were even thought to *know* anything about educational methods. But that is the domain of the theorist, who, hampered by no happy obstacles like boys and classes, can wander along as Fancy dictates, testing his wings on all the tangents in geometry. Such is his privilege. Let us leave him, to do a little soaring on our own account. For there was, first and last, a tremendous amount of education being given in the A.E.F., and whether it seemed so or not, there was usually considerable method connected with it. If, before we finish, we find ourselves in the only semi-respectable domain of educational jingoism, all the better. Why should not the schoolteacher toot his horn as loudly as the fishmonger? Both are dealing in food for brains.

First, then, let us see what there is, of educational value, that we can learn from our army experience, and then glance as leniently as we may at the methods employed by our charming brothers, the French. And be it clearly understood that the statements which follow apply only to war conditions. No one is more ignorant than I of the way things are taught in France in peace-time.

The first glimpse that we had of this Yankee educating was when we were ourselves subjected to it at Fort de Peigney near Langres, where we were

taught about the Chauchat automatic rifle; and the sensation was one of pure joy. The author of the immortal lines,

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night,

would have had her prayer answered; for at de Peigney we were schoolboys once more, sitting around a table in a Napoleonic fort and trying to guess right when our Jew sergeant-instructor shoved fantastically shaped bits of metal under our noses and asked whether they were shuttle-roller grooves, or barrel-stop-lever notches. It was really very fine sport. I wonder if we are not sometimes in danger of forgetting what a tremendous lot of fun there *is* for the boy in the mere process of a recitation. It is fun for us teachers, of course, but it is also fun for him, though tradition has made him ashamed to admit it, even to himself. He may cordially dislike a subject; he may (and usually does) sincerely loathe the external aspect of his book; he may heartily begrudge the golden hours spent in dull preparation; yet the recitation itself has some charm for him, if it be only the excitement of gambling. It is fun to be kept awake in a classroom, instead of having to keep yourself awake in a study. It is very amusing to watch the antics and acrobatics of a teacher, who paces about in front of your class, unburdening himself of chemical formulas or ethical datives, or confronting you with queerly shaped bits of metal that require names. There is nothing at all dull in any of this. It is, in fact, quite

the pleasantest part of the operation of being educated.

If some of you feel skeptical about this, listen and be convinced. The other day I asked one of the boys in my class whether he would rather study the subject he most cordially hates, by himself, for an hour, or sit through an hour's recitation in the same subject. He said, without a moment's hesitation, 'I would rather study it by myself for an hour, because then I could put my mind on it and not be annoyed by the teacher!' How true to form our boys are, to be sure.

Now that we are all agreed that recitations are keenly enjoyed by our boys, what a chance we have in our classrooms several times a day! What wonder that we are able to perform miracles on mediocre minds; to strike, with the steel of our opportunity, bright sparks of intelligence from the flinty clay of the commonplace. If we could all of us sit once in a while as pupils in a classroom, and be entertained, instead of always ourselves furnishing the entertainment, we should cease to marvel that our pupils get ninety per cents and sundry scholarships.

Another thing, likewise taught from sitting at the table of the Jew sergeant-instructor, must be mentioned. For it is a great solace to him whose job is the teaching of the intangible languages, instead of the practical and concrete sciences. Not that we poor disseminators of ancient languages, who are ourselves as lifeless as the wares we peddle, intend for a moment to launch an attack against the glittering camp of science; our delving into the mysteries of the second periphrastic has made us too broad-minded for that: and besides, quite frankly, we wonder sometimes, in rare moments of professional candor, whether our envy of the scientists is not due to our own inability to master the intricacies of valences and

atomic weights! So, I repeat, it is not because we wish to take any credit from our scientific brethren, but merely because it is some solace to us, that we mention this second point: namely, the immeasurable advantage of dealing with concrete, physical, tangible subjects when teaching Young America.

We, at Fort de Peigney, could put our fingers on the barrel-stop-lever of the Chauchat auto rifle; we could pick it up, look at it, drop it on the table, and hear it ring when it landed; it was a real, true object, unchangeable and definite; it had substance and weight and size, and, star-gazing disciples of the theoretical that we are, it appealed to us vastly. How much more, then, does it appeal to our boys, and how much more do the definite realities of the laboratory appeal to them, than the elusive, changeable, and colorless paradigms contained between the covers of Allen and Greenough! You see the difficulties under which we struggle, when even we feel the appeal of the concrete — we whose business is the abstract. Could we carve our gerundives from marble, or forge-periphrastics in steel, what end or limit would there be to our accomplishments? So let us, as we read in the catalogue that some fifty-five boys in this school are taking Greek, and that a high percentage of passes was recorded last year in French and English, pin a rose in our own buttonholes, and reflect with Longfellow and a cheery smile that things are not what they seem.

All this is by the way. And now that Catullus and Archimedes have shaken hands, each comfortably conscious of his own superiority, let us proceed to take a very brief glance at the way the Americans taught in France, and the way the French did.

It is, of course, inevitable that any nation which, like ourselves, produces such citizens as Hurry-Up Yost and

Speedy Rush, and such settlements as Dynamic Detroit, should regard its education as it regards its lunch, as something to be got through with as quickly as possible.

When we begin, for example, the study of arithmetic, we do not hark back to the beginning of time and trace the history and development of the science of numbers from the time of the Ptolemies to the present. It seems to us, on the whole, more sensible to begin with the multiplication-tables. The former would, no doubt, be the ideal method; but we Americans are the greatest idealists in the world only in certain respects, and continue to believe that time is money.

So when we went to France, we took with us our own style of education. The same methods that had been employed to produce officers in three months were used to produce machine-gunners in as many weeks. Everything hummed. Not an hour was lost. Not an unnecessary detail was taught. The mechanism of the weapon we were studying, its tactical use, and some few days shooting it — those were the essential points to be mastered. Everything else was regarded as unimportant; and I must say that this turned out to be a thoroughly satisfactory method of procedure. But we did not think very highly of it at the time. In fact, the one thing we Americans are sometimes modest about is our method of education. We took it for granted that the French were better at it than we, which is natural enough, for we have somehow got the idea that as a nation we are the worst in the world at teaching our youth. How we sigh for the thoroughness of Eton! And how we are aghast at the rumors afloat in our midst that English lads have read all the Latin in the world, and while away their Sundays with Thucydides. And we supposed that the

French were as far ahead of us as our English brothers.

Come with me, my friends, into a French centre of instruction, and be cheered. For with the French, who spend two hours over their lunch, and a lifetime over their education, business is not always business, and time is certainly not money. We found ourselves — another American and I — sidetracked into one of these French schools, to teach technical American military terms to successive groups of French officers who already knew some English and were destined to become instructors in the art of war to Yankee outfits. But these gentlemen had far more to do than merely to learn our war-time vocabulary — a small matter, after all, which they could easily have absorbed in a week. They came fresh from the lines, where they had been spending anywhere from a month to three years dodging machine-gun bullets, or sending them for Fritz to dodge. Therefore, it was thought proper by the elderly French major in charge to deliver to them lectures concerning the history and development of machine-guns; to trot them two miles in the broiling sun to a range, that they might take a few shots at a lifeless and uninspiring bull's-eye; and in the afternoon to give them a demonstration of the functioning of the gun, by having a sergeant or lieutenant strip and assemble it for their benefit at a sort of bloodless clinic. All this in the interest of thoroughness, and while they were panting to escape from that with which they were as familiar as they were with the palms of their own hands, to that with which they were unfamiliar — the vocabulary that they would need when they should join the Americans.

Many of the lieutenants and nearly all the captains among them had, at one time or another, commanded bat-

talions in action. So they were forced to listen to lectures on the theory of attack for the battalion of the first, second, and third lines — enormously long harangues, delivered on three successive days. All this in the interest of thoroughness!

The youngest among them had repeatedly taken his platoon over the top, and so manœuvres were held in which they were given command of platoons, that they might learn the correct arrangement of their men before jumping off. This, too, in the interest of thoroughness.

A distinguished architect, who was disguised in the uniform of a lieutenant of engineers, arrived one day to give us a lecture on field fortifications, dug-outs, trench-systems, and the like. The essay was a scholarly and masterly one, and lasted for two and a half hours. In it we were led from the cave-man, squatting behind a boulder to avoid a stone hurled at his head by a neighbor, up through the wars of Joshua, sojourning a delightfully long time with Julius Cæsar and his ditches and mounds, through the layout of the Russo-Japanese trench-systems (happily the chap had never heard of Bunker Hill), to August, 1914. Then the lecturer wiped his brow, took three long breaths, moistened his lips, and began on what was really his subject.

Meanwhile, the Germans were pushing the front into ugly salients — the Soissons-Château Thierry-Reims triangle, for example; the Americans were sending soldiers into France at the rate of ten thousand a day; the British were getting ready for their final big attack, and the French were calling for reserves out of one side of their mouths, and lecturing about the development of gunpowder out of the other. It did n't look good to men of the same nationality as Barney Oldfield, and we began to wonder whether,

after all, there was not some virtue in our hurry-up American methods of educating. We were not prepared to quarrel with the French way in peace-time, but it did seem as if the exigencies of the case might warrant the temporary cashiering of their scholastic tradition.

But, you will say, it is not fair to judge a nation's educational methods by the teaching that is done by her army officers. Quite true. So let us take a brief look at the class in English, conducted by a French lieutenant, who had a consummate knowledge of English, and had been, before the war, a teacher of English in a French lycée. We two Americans attended these classes regularly, in the capacities of Umpire and Referee for the continuous series of squabbles that arose between pupils and professor; and we were both kept busy. I give you my word that on one occasion there arose a tremendously heated discussion, quite beyond our united efforts to quell, on the difference in meaning between the English words *brook*, *stream*, and *rivulet*. The argument lasted for fifteen minutes, and the end was due only to the complete exhaustion of all parties concerned.

In the course of an hour's recitation translating the Manual for Leaders of Infantry Platoons from French into English, this professional teacher called on four men to recite, correcting them in the most absurdly meticulous fashion for mistakes like split infinitives; the rest, being quite human, and not very old, watched the flies crawl along the ceiling, or penciled amazingly clever sketches of the instructor on the benches. Such methods, even in peace-time, failed to appeal to us, and in time of war seemed criminal. We were still more strongly persuaded of the excellence of American education; but the crowning tribute came later.

By good luck, this French professor

of English fell sick with a slight attack of influenza. Here was the chance that we had been waiting for, for the major directed us to take charge of this class on alternate days. We embarked upon the enterprise with one idea, — SPEED, — and hustled these amazed gentlemen through a prodigious number of pages, more or less correctly, but, at all events, giving every man a chance to translate during the period. By the end of the hour they were dripping with perspiration, limp from exhaustion, and speechless in their admiration.

They crowded around our desks, and asked whether this was the way we usually taught school in the United States. And we answered, 'Certainly!'

Notice, please, what was happening: a Frenchman was expressing admiration for American education. Perhaps, then, all is not lost. Who knows but that our traditional modesty on this point has been a bit excessive? It may, after all, be as profitable to stride wakefully through the question at hand as to roam dreamily through the whole history of the world.

THE RAVEN'S NEST

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

AFTER all, the Rosicrucians were an ignorant lot. They spent their days over alembics, cucurbits, and crucibles; yet they grew old. In our days many men — and a few women — have discovered the Elixir of Youth, but never indoors. The prescription is a simple one. Mix a hobby with plenty of sky-air, shake well, and take twice a week. I know a railroad official who retired when he was seventy. 'He'll die soon,' observed his friends kindly. Instead, he began to collect native orchids from all points of the compass. Now he is too busy tramping over mountains and through woods and marshes even to think of dying. At any rate, he will not have time until he has found the ram's head and the crane's-bill orchids and has finished his monograph on the *Habenaria*. He will never grow old.

Neither will that other friend of mine who collects fresh-water pearls, or the one who makes me visit black-snake and rattlesnake dens with him every spring, or those others who spend their time in collecting butterflies, beetles, wasps, and similar bric-à-brac. As for the four abandoned oölogists who have hunted with me for years, they will be young at a hundred. They rank high in their respective callings. Yet from February, when the great horned owl begins its nest, until the goldfinch lays her white eggs in July, the four spend every holiday and vacation hunting bird's nests.

Personally I collect only notes, out-of-door secrets, and little everyday adventures. Bird-songs, flower-fields, and friendships with the wild-folk mean far more to me than cabinets of

pierced eggs, dried flowers, stuffed birds, and tanned skins. Nor am I much of a hunter. When it comes to slaughtering defenseless animals with high-powered guns, I prefer a position in an abattoir. One can kill more animals in a day, and with less exertion. Yet my collecting and sporting friends make allowances for my vagaries, and take me along with them on their journeyings. Wherefore it happened that in early March I received a telegram: 'Raven's nest located. Come if you are man enough.'

Now a middle-aged lawyer and the father of a family has no business ravening along the icy and inaccessible cliffs which that gifted fowl prefers for nursery purposes. I have, however, a maxim of Thoreau which I furbish up for just such occasions. 'A man sits as many risks as he runs,' wrote that wanderer in the woods. Accordingly the next morning found me two hundred miles to the north, plodding through a driving snowstorm toward Seven Mountains, with the only man in recent years who has found the nest of a northern raven in Pennsylvania.

For fifteen freezing miles we clambered over and around three of the Seven. By the middle of the afternoon we reached a cliff hidden behind thickets of rhododendron. In the meantime the snow had changed to a lashing rain, probably the coldest that has ever fallen on the North American continent. As we ploughed through the slush, the black rhododendron stems twisted around us like wet rubber, and the hollow green leaves funneled ice-water down our backs and into our ears.

Breaking through the last of the thickets, we at length reached a little brook which ran along the foot of the cliff. A hundred feet above, out from the middle of the cliff, stretched a long tongue of rock. Over this the cliff arched like a roof, with a space between

which widened toward the tip of the tongue. In a niche above this cleft a dark mass showed dimly through the rain.

'The nest!' muttered the Collector hoarsely, pouring a pint or so of rain-water down my neck from his hat-brim as he bent toward me.

I stared with all my eyes, at last one of the chosen few to see the nest of a Pennsylvania raven. It was made of large sticks. The fresh-broken ends and the droppings on the cliff-side showed that it was a recent one. There were no signs of either of the birds. We solemnly removed our coats and sweaters and prepared for the worst. To me the cliffs looked much like the Matterhorn, only slipperier. The Collector, however, was most reassuring. He told me that the going looked worse than it really was, and that anyway, if I did fall, death would be so nearly instantaneous as to involve little if any suffering.

Thus encouraged, I followed him gruntingly up a path which had evidently been made by a chamois or an ibex. At last I found myself perched on a shelf of stone about the width of my hand. The Collector, who was above me on an even smaller foothold, took this opportunity to tell me that the rare Allegheny cave-rat was found on this cliff, and nearly fell off his perch trying to point out to me a crevice where he had once seen the mass of sticks, stones, leaves, feathers, and bones with which these versatile animals barricade their passageways.

I refused to turn my head. That day I was risking my life for ravens, not rats. Above us was the long, rough tongue of rock. Below, a far hundred feet, the brook wound its way through snow-covered boulders. Again the Collector led the way. Hooking both arms over the tongue of rock above him, he drew himself up until his chest

rested on the edge, and then, sliding toward the precipice, managed to wriggle up in some miraculous way without slipping off. From the top of the tongue he clambered up to the niche where the nest was, calling down to me to follow. Accordingly, I left my shelf and hung sprawlingly on the tongue; but there was no room to push my way up between it and the rock-roof above.

'Throw your legs straight out,' counseled the Collector from above, 'and let yourself slide.'

I tried conscientiously, but it was impossible. My sedentary, unadventurous legs simply would not whirl out into space. At last, under the jeers of my friend, I shut my eyes and, kicking out mightily, found myself sliding toward eternity. Just before I reached it, under the Collector's bellowed instructions, I thrust my left arm up as far as I could — and found a hand-hold on the slippery rock. After getting my breath, I managed to wriggle up through the crevice and lay safe on the top of the tongue. The niche above was not large enough for us both, so the Collector came down while I took his place. I was lashed by a freezing rain, my numb hands were cut and bleeding, and there were ten weary miles still ahead. Yet that moment was worth all that it cost. There is an indescribable fascination and triumph in sharing a secret with the wild-folk, which can be understood only by the initiate. The living naturalists who had looked into the home of the northern raven in Pennsylvania could be counted on the thumb and first three fingers of one hand. At last the little finger belonged to me.

The deep cup of the nest was about one foot in diameter and over a yard across on the outside. It was firmly anchored on the shelf of rock, the structure being built into the crevices, and made entirely of dead oak branches, some of them fully three quarters of an

inch in diameter. It looked from a distance like an enormous crow's nest. The cup itself was some six inches deep, and lined with red and white deer-hair and some long black hairs which were probably those of a skunk. Inside, it had a little damp green moss, while the rim was made of green birch twigs bruised and hackled by the beaks of the builders. On this day, March 9, 1918, there were no eggs, although in a previous year the Collector had found two as early as February 25, when the cliffs were covered with snow; and on March 5 of another year he collected a full set of five fresh ones which I afterwards examined in his collection. The birds had built a nest the year before without laying. This fact, with the absence of eggs this year, convinced the Collector that the birds were sterile from age. During the last years of their long life, which is supposed to approach a century, a pair of ravens will sometimes with pathetic pains build nest after nest which is never occupied by eggs. The Collector promised to show me a set, however, the next day in another nest.

At last, it was time to start down. The Collector, who was waiting on his shelf, warned me that the descent was more difficult than the climb which I had just lived through, as it was necessary to slide some six feet backwards to the shelf from which we started. As I looked down the cliff-side, I decided to remain with the ravens. It was not until the Collector promised most solemnly to catch me, that I at last let go and found myself back on the shelf with him. Then came another wonderful moment. 'Crruck, crruck, crruck,' sounded hoarsely from the valley below — a note like that of a deep-voiced crow with a bad cold.

'Hurry!' urged the Collector, 'it's one of the old birds coming back.'

I claimed to have hurried as much as

any man of my age could be expected to do; but by the time I had reached the path, the wary raven had disappeared. I clambered down the cliff while the Collector reproached me for my senile slowness. We stopped to rest at the foot of the cliff, and I was just telling him that Cornishmen hate the raven because to their ears he always cries, 'Corpse, corpse,' when suddenly the bird itself came back again. It flew across the valley and alighted on a treetop by the opposite cliff, looking like a monster crow, being about one third longer. One might mistake a crow for a raven, but never a raven for a crow. If there be any doubt about the bird, it is always safe to set it down as a crow.

The flight of the raven, which consisted of two flaps and a soar, and its long tail resembling that of an enormous grackle, were its most evident field-marks.

For long we sat and watched the wary birds, until, chilled through by the driving rain, we started to cover the ten miles that lay between us and the house of Squire McMahon, a mountain friend of the Collector, where we planned to pass the night. On the way the Collector told me that he saw his first raven while wandering through the mountains in the spring of 1909, and how he trailed and hunted and watched, until, in 1910, he found the first nest. Since then he had found twelve. His system was a simple one. Selecting from a gazetteer a list of mountain villages with wild names, such as Bear Creek, Paddy's Mountain, and Panther Run, he would write to the postmasters for the names of noted hunters and woodsmen. From them he would secure more or less accurate information about the haunts of ravens, which usually frequent only the loneliest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains.

The trail led through deep forests and up and across mountains, and was

so covered with ice and snow as to be difficult going. At one point the Collector showed me a place where he had been walking years ago when he became suddenly conscious that he was being followed by something or somebody. At a point where the trail doubled on itself, he ran back swiftly and silently, just in time to see a bay-lynx, which had been trailing him as those big cats sometimes will, dive into a nearby thicket. Anon he cheered the way with snake-stories, for Seven Mountains in summer swarm with rattlesnakes and copperheads.

By the time he had finished it was dark, and I thought with a great longing of food and fire — especially fire. It did not seem possible to be so cold and still live. In the very nick of time, for me at least, we caught sight of the lamplight streaming from the windows of the Squire's house. Dripping, chilled, tired, and starving, we burst into Mrs. McMahon's immaculate kitchen and were treated by the old couple like a pair of long-lost sons. In less than two minutes our waterlogged shoes were off, our wet coats and sogged sweaters spread out to dry, and we sat huddled over a glowing stove while Mrs. McMahon fried fish, made griddle-cakes, and brewed hot tea simultaneously, and with a swiftness that just saved two lives. We ate and ate and ate and ate, and then in a huge feather-bed we slept and slept and slept and slept. Long after I have forgotten the difference between a tort and a contract, or whether A. Edward Newton or Marie Corelli wrote the *Amenities*, that dinner and that sleep will stand out in my memory.

II

The next morning we started off again in a driving snowstorm, to look at another nest some ten miles farther on. The first bird we met was a prairie

horned-lark flying over the valley with its curious tossing, mounting flight, like a bunch of thistledown. It differs from the more common horned or shore lark by having a white instead of a yellow throat and eye-line; and it nests in the mountain meadows in upper Pennsylvania, while its larger brother breeds in the far north.

Noon found us at a deer-camp. Through the uncurtained windows we could see the mounted body of a golden eagle which, after stalking and destroying one by one a whole flock of wild turkeys, had come to an ignoble end while gorged on the carcass of a dead deer. The man who captured it by throwing his coat over its head thought at first that it was a turkey buzzard, which southern bird, curiously enough, finds its way through the valleys up to these northern mountains. In fact, the Collector once found a buzzard's nest just across a ravine from the nest of a raven.

Beyond the camp, on the other side of a rushing torrent, we found another raven's nest swaying in the gale in the very top of a slender forty-foot white pine, the only raven's nest the Collector had ever found in a tree. It was deserted; and we reached home late that night with frost-bitten faces and ears, nor any sight of the eggs of the northern raven.

The next day we took a train and traveled forty miles down stream, to where, on a cliff overhanging the river, a pair of ravens had nested for the last fifty years. There we found numerous old nests, but never a trace of any that were fresh. There too we found a magnificent wild turkey hanging dead in a little apple tree; it had come to a miserable end by catching the toes of one foot between two twigs in such a way that it could not release itself. The bright red color of its legs distinguished it from a tame turkey. The Collector

confided to me that the ambition of his life was to find the nest of a wild turkey, which is the rarest of all Pennsylvania nests. Next to it from a collecting standpoint come the nests of the northern raven, pileated woodpecker, and Blackburnian warbler, in the order named.

III

March 12, 1919, found me on another raven-hunt with the Collector. Before sunrise I was dropped from a sleeper at a little mountain station set in a hill-country full of broad fields, swift streams, and leafless trees, flanked with dark belts of pines and hemlocks. Beyond the hills was raven-land, lonely, wind-swept, full of lavender and misty purple mountains, with now and then a gap showing in their ramparts. It was in these gaps that the ravens nested, always on the north side, farthest from the sun.

Near by was Treaster's Valley, which old Dan Treaster won from a pack of black wolves before the Revolution. When he lay a-dying three quarters of a century later, the wailing howl of a wolf-pack sounded outside his cabin, although wolves had been gone from the Valley for fifty years. Old Dan sat up with the death-sweat on his forehead and grinned. 'They've come to see me off,' he whispered, and fell back dead.

They bred hunters in that Valley. Peter Penz the Indian fighter, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday by killing a red bear, came from there. So did Jacob Quiggle, who killed a maned panther one winter night, under the light of a wind-swept moon, with his famous gun, Black Sam. Over on Panther's Run not ten miles away lived Solomon Miller, who shot the last wood-bison, and died at the age of eighty-eight, clapping his hands and shouting the chorus of a hunting-song.

As the light began to show in the eastern sky came the first bird-notes of the day. The caw of a crow, a snatch of song-sparrow melody, the chirp of a robin, the fluted alto notes of a blue-bird, and the squeal of a red-tailed hawk sounded before the sun came up.

A change of trains, and I met the Collector, as enthusiastic as ever. Already that year he had found six ravens' nests with eggs in them; but the one he had promised to show me was the best of the lot. It was located in Poe's Gap, where local tradition hath it that the poet wooed, not unsuccessfully, a mountain girl, and wrote 'The Raven' in her cabin.

On the way to the Gap we heard and saw nineteen different kinds of birds, including siskin, fox-sparrows, and killdeer, and saw a buzzard sail on black-fringed wings over the peaks. On a farmer's barn we saw a goshawk nailed, its blue-gray back and finely penciled breast unmistakable even after the winter storms.

As we entered the Gap, patches of snow showed here and there, and a mad mountain-brook of foaming gray water came frothing and raging to meet us. When we were full two hundred and fifty yards away from the nest, the female raven flapped and soared away. The nest itself was only thirty feet from the ground, on a shelf protected by a protruding ledge, some ten feet down from the top of the cliffs. Rigging a rope to a tree, I managed to swarm up and look at last on the eggs of a northern raven. They were three in number, a full clutch. The number ranges from three to five, very rarely six. The eggs themselves were half as large again as those of a crow and all different in coloration. One was light blue flecked and speckled with brown and lavender; another was heavily marked with lavender and greenish-brown; while

the last was of a solid greenish-brown color.

The nest itself faced the Gap, and from it one could look clear across the forest to the settled country beyond, while behind the cliff stretched a range of low, unexplored mountains. The nest itself was made of smaller sticks than the one I had seen over at Seven Mountains, and had a double lining of brown and white deer-hair, a fresh lining having been laid over that of the year before. As we climbed to the nest the ravens soared near, giving only the hoarse 'Crruck.' They have also a soft love-note, which cannot be heard fifty yards away and sounds something like the syllables 'Ga-gl-gli.' As they soared near us, their plumage shone like black glass, and we could see the long tapered feathers of the neck swell whenever either of them croaked. They had a peculiar trick of gliding side by side and suddenly touching wings, overlapping each other for an instant.

While we watched them, a red-tailed hawk unwarily approached the Gap. In an instant the male raven was upon him, and there was a sharp fight. The Buteo was not to be driven away easily, but made brave play with beak and talons; but he never had a chance. The raven glided round and round him with wonderful speed and smoothness, driving in blow after blow with his heavy, punishing beak, until the hawk was glad to escape.

For long and long I watched the dark, wise mysterious birds circle through the blue sky. As I sat in their eyrie, I could look far, far across the forests and the ranges of hills, to where the ploughed fields began. Perhaps the poet had looked from that same raven-cliff before he went back to break his heart among the tame folk, and wished that he could stay in wild-folk land, where he belonged.

A SPRING POEM

BY THE JAPANESE EMPEROR GŌSENJŌ

THE lingering hours of the dark are passing,
And in the fire of incense Spring is born,
For in the dawn it is burning in a censer.
I know that the Spring is near
For the Spring mist spreads her heavenly sleeves,
And the range of the Yoshino Mountains is dim,
Though still they are white with snow.
The Spring, stealing along the boughs,
Makes the eyes of the willow tree blue.
The Spring sends first the mild winds as her herald,
And the singing birds follow to preach her doctrine.
The blossoms of the southern boughs
Differ in their season of bloom
From those of the northern boughs.
The shadowy haze and the languor of the snake-root
Make the soul of man peaceful.
Under the blue and shining sky the cold reeds are thin.
The breeze strokes the young hair of the willow,
And the warm ripples that melt the ice
Wash the dry curls of the moss.
The Spring is coming — is coming!
The snake-root is budding on the rocks
Where the water of Spring is dripping.
The first flower of Spring is the white foam of water
That rushes forth when the ice melts beneath the mountain wind.
See the high range of Hira, where the ancient snow has vanished,
And the fields prepare for our snake-root harvest!

O YOU XENOPHON!

BY S. H. KEMPER

THE car was swooping along the white causeway, across limitless bright-green marshes. Ahead, miles and miles away, the faint blue line of the sea began to show against the paler blue of the sky. The lusty wind strode past, inconceivably clean and keen and free. The motor sang a sturdy and resolute song.

Goodall sat slumped low and comfortable beside the colored gentleman who drove his car. Under the low-drawn visor of his cap his eyes were drowsily half closed. But his jaw was set, and, as always during these Saturday afternoon runs down to the shore, while his body relaxed into soothed inertia, his mind perked up and pursued with fresh nimbleness and persistence the plans and efforts that had filled the business week. His thought never really left the office. He would be vaguely aware of the physical refreshment of the cool sea air, just as he was vaguely aware of the luxurious ease of the car, conscious of the capable, benevolent, unobtrusive human presence beside him.

At the house there would be the bright clatter of greeting. The Saturday evening and the long summer Sunday would be filled with a gay coming and going. The house was lively with his half-grown children and their friends: vigorous, sunburned youths and maidens, white-clad, white-shod, with a flashing of brilliant sweaters. And Mat, his wife, handsome and youthful and beautifully dressed, would occupy herself ceaselessly, her activ-

ities aided and abetted by other handsome, youthful, and beautifully dressed women. But Goodall himself always sat and lounged apart, silent, abstracted, his teeth set on his cigar, and planned and figured out deals; and they all said, 'Don't disturb dad; he's resting.'

On this particular afternoon somehow the first faint glimpse of the sea caught his attention. It stirred an indistinct memory of a brave dramatic climax to some long effort coming with the sight of the sea. He seemed to remember—Oh, yes: it was that fellow Xenophon, with the ten thousand Greeks. Goodness! How many years had passed since he thought of Xenophon; and once that frank Attic spirit had been his constant companion. With the *Anabasis* he had walked straight into Xenophon's mind and looked out through its windows across a mighty interesting foreign country. The main events of the narrative were all blurred now, but he remembered that incident, their first sight of the sea, their enthusiasm and joy. Reaching the coast, they felt that their troubles were over.

Back in Goodall's bookish boyhood the sea had meant a great deal to him. He recalled now an endless day-dream in which he, an inland lad, used to live. It was a dream made largely of the stuff of *The Wrecker*. He was crazy about the sea then. And he still liked it. Yes, by George! it meant a lot to him; only he had been so busy all these years, that he had had no time to think about it. He breathed deep, opened his

eyes wide, and stared at the far blue rim of the ocean.

'When you would shout with the Ten Thousand, "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*" again!'

The words formed themselves in his mind to the steady song of the engine. That was sort of like poetry, he thought. Only he wanted another line somewhere with a rhyme to 'again.' In a minute he had it. It was as if someone had dictated it to him; as easy as that.

The restless and mighty sea-longing, the love of the inquiet main:

And always the ancient deep shall call to the deeps of your spirit,

'When you would shout with the Ten Thousand —'

Goodall sat up straight, thrilled with a keen excitement. It was poetry, or something. And he had never written a line of verse in his life. It had been years and years since he had even read any poetry, except occasionally Uncle Walt's. Where did these long and somewhat limber lines come from, emerging almost complete into his mind, rhymed and more or less footed? They seemed charming to him. He felt that they were truly related to the clear afternoon, the sky, the lusty wind, the sea that showed always a stronger and deeper blue, stretching north and south as far as the eye could reach, bending with the solemn great curve of the planet.

There came more lines, a beginning.

How did you see it again, after long times that detained you

Inland and far from the sight, from the sound and the scent of the sea?

How was it with you, shaking off all the poor landward cares that had chained you

With the thrill of a primal emotion, the leap of the spirit made free?

It went on with an astonishing facility, till he had three complete stanzas in his mind. Then somehow they failed. He wanted another stanza to come in before that final one, the

one that had come to him first of all. Mentally he pawed around, at first excitedly confident that he would have it in a minute; but he found nothing. Then he began to be afraid that he would forget the stanzas he already had.

'I say, Jim,' he said to the chauffeur, 'please stop the car for a few minutes, will you? I want to write down some notes.'

(Mat wanted him to call the chauffeur James, but when she was not along he was likely to forget, and nothing could be more remote from the traditional, 'Home, James,' than his cheerful, chummy, 'All right, Jim; let's go!')

With his fountain-pen he scribbled the verses in his pocket memorandum-book. Seeing the words written out gave him a fresh thrill. It was real poetry. He would say it was! How on earth had he done it! Contemplating the written words, he fell into a fatuous absorption of delight, till Jim stirred slightly, settling his cap, moving his gloved hand on the wheel as if he expected the word to start.

'All right, Jim; let's go!' Goodall said hastily, feeling a little abashed, and slipping his memorandum-book back into his pocket.

The car surged forward with massive smoothness, gathering momentum.

Goodall, staring at the sea, wondered to think how dull he had been all these years, how little he had cared about the ocean. He had built the summer home when he was able to do it, at the resort that Mat selected. Mat had managed everything. And always he had looked at the sea with uninterested eyes. It was an adjunct of the place. It satisfied Mat, just as all the summer city's environment satisfied her.

He had n't thought about the ocean at all, or really enjoyed it. He had n't really thought about anything but his work all these years and years. He

had always felt a species of contempt for men of his age and general way of life, who deliberately cultivated some obsession as a relaxation from their work — golf or picture-collecting, and all that sort of rot. But maybe there was something after all in having some interest on the side. Look at Mat. She had made her share of their big partnership, the children and the house, her one thought through all the lean years. But as soon as they could afford diversion, she had hurled herself joyously into many things — society, charities, clubs, suffrage, war-work. She was always after something with head down and heels in the air. Maybe the number and variety of her interests had helped to keep her so amazingly youthful. She might easily be mistaken for his daughter, and there was a difference of only six years between his age and hers.

The big car sweeping into its stride, the steady, purposeful song of the engine, the rush of the air, brought back the exhilaration and the creative excitement of catching and arranging the lines of his stanzas. But the poem remained incomplete. He must have one more stanza to make it sort of symmetrical. But somehow he could not get it. It was as if somewhere in his mind a door had shut. Oh, well: if it would n't come to him like the others, he would make it up by main strength and awkwardness.

That evening Mat thought Goodall seemed more preoccupied than usual. She divined some obscure surcharge of excitement in him. There was a gleam in his profoundly meditative eye. Next day she did not, as was her custom, make him go to church with her. He cuddled down in his pet angle of the verandah immediately after breakfast, and she went off to church without him. Then, after luncheon and all through the afternoon, she shooed the children

and their friends away from his corner. Benevolently regarding him where he sat in his deep reed chair, with his feet on the railing and a dead cigar clamped between his teeth, Mat noted that it was his fighting face that he kept so steadfastly fixed toward the glittering edge of the world. It meant business, she reflected. It might mean a new limousine in the winter, or it might mean very much more than that.

Goodall had not moved when the blazing splendor of the summer afternoon had cooled and freshened into evening, the hot blue of the sky turned to faint rose and purple, arching the violet sea. Twilight was flowing over the world when he stirred and sighed and stretched, as if just waking. He had done the extra stanza by sheer determination and concentration, and it seemed to him nearly as good as the others.

Or in a strange city at noonday, in thunderous ways where you drifted,
You saw, where the smoke-blackened sky came down at the end of the street,
Tall spars and the intricate, orderly mazes of rigging uplifted,
With stir of a splendid excitement, with quickening of pulses and feet.

This was to be the third stanza, to come in just before that final one, the one that had come to him first of all. It matched the others pretty well, he thought. The lines had about the same length, seemed to hump along in the same way, and rhymed at the ends. He wrote it out with the others in his memorandum-book, sitting there alone in the cool evening. The house was silent and deserted. He wondered where everybody had gone. He contemplated his poetry with complete satisfaction. Four stanzas — sixteen long lines; real poetry, and not a single word about flowers or brooks or falling in love. No, there was nothing sissy in his poem. It had hair on its chest. He would say it had.

At dinner that evening he ate with a better appetite than he had had for years. He felt spent, but elated, as if he had exerted himself physically to the limit of strength, but healthily, with enjoyment and success. He took little part in the talk and laughter round the table, but he listened, pleased and amiably attentive. Mat decided that he must have solved some complicated business problem very much to his own satisfaction. She did not know when she had seen him look so cheerful and animated, so young. As a matter of fact the problem under which Goodall's mind had been bending when he got into the car beside Jim on Saturday afternoon had, so far as Goodall himself was concerned, fallen off the edge of the world. That Sunday night he fell asleep as soon as he was in bed, and slept like a stone knight on a tomb.

On Monday morning he snapped back to his work with what felt like a brand-new mind. He had had a perfect holiday, a great deal of intensive recreation. He had been refreshed by the very dews of Parnassus. He wondered whether those golf-playing and picture-collecting chaps derived anything like as much benefit from their diversions as he had from his. He guessed not, because no human being could possibly get so completely absorbed in a silly game or a lot of messed-up canvas as he had got in his poem. There were better ways to rest and relax your mind than by walking yourself off your legs after a rotten little ball, or by throwing good money away on pictures that for the most part could never be called pretty even by their best friends. Of course, it took a mind of a certain quality to find relaxation in what was really a creative effort!

To-day the question whether or not he should go along with those Middle Western people on their startling proposition no longer staggered him. It

was big business, certainly, and might mean almost anything; but when the pompous Middle Western representative called, he found a different Goodall from the worn-out and worried individual to whom on Saturday he had announced terms of treaty and league. This Monday morning Goodall was clear-eyed, decided, and incisive, humorous and commanding. He pointed smilingly to the one nigger innocently camouflaged in the Middle Western woodpile, and finally sent the awed representative away with impressive counter-proposals.

Goodall remained at the office when all his people were gone, and with his two forefingers laboriously picked out his poem on his secretary's typewriter. He became completely absorbed. He was entirely happy. He made a great many copies before he succeeded in producing one that had not a single error, that satisfied him in every way. The stanzas presented a fascinating appearance in the business-like neatness and deftness of the typewritten copy. It gave them a certain dignity. They looked like something real. When he had fairly satisfied himself with contemplation of their clean-cut symmetry, their serious, authoritative aspect, he placed them in an envelope, inclosing with them a stamped envelope addressed to himself. With innocent confidence he addressed his manuscript to a leading magazine, the first one of which he happened to think. He carefully gathered up all the unsuccessful copies he had made. He would take them to the house, he thought, planning like a sagacious criminal destroying evidence, and burn them in the grate in his bedroom. A measureless bashfulness possessed him.

It was on Monday morning a week later. Goodall always looked over the early mail while eating his lonely

breakfast there in the dim and silent town house, where he lived alone during the summer, with only the cook to care for him. It was a very polite envelope, square and creamily thick and white, and the name of the magazine was engraved in small letters on the flap; but to Goodall's inexperience these facts carried no significance. He did not know till he had opened it and was reading the letter.

'... appreciate the poetic power shown in your verses, "The Sea-Lover." ... Accept with pleasure. ... Shall be pleased to consider other contributions from you as you may care to submit them.' The words danced dizzily before Goodall's excited eyes.

'Gad!' he said to himself; 'what do you know about that? And a check for thirty bucks!'

He was prodigiously elated, but not surprised. He had always considered his verses bully. He had a robust respect for them. Any magazine ought to be glad to have them, he thought.

It was only with a great effort that Goodall was able to buckle down to work that day. A high and happy excitement sang through his heart and mind; yet in spite of his honest pride in his exploit, he shrank coyly from telling anyone what he had done. Weeks passed, and on several occasions he came near telling Mat; but at the minute, the big jump his heart gave always checked him and bashfulness submerged him. The fact of his having dallied with the muse remained a secret.

It was at the end of the summer. In a few days Mat and the children would be coming home from the shore. In Goodall's morning mail there were two copies of the magazine wrapped up together. He enjoyed fresh thrills. He had not thought of this. They must have a custom, then, of sending copies of the magazine to contributors as their

work appeared. It was uncommonly polite of them, he thought.

That day was perhaps the greatest day of all. Goodall's spirit soared. His bashfulness fell from him. He was smugly confident, anxious to tell everybody and to show off. He carried the magazine to the office with him. He would tell his secretary first. He had had a warm impulse to take the cook into his confidence when she came into the dining-room with a fresh relay of cakes; but a sudden fastidiousness warned him that poetry meant nothing in her life. She was too fat. Now Miss Jones, the secretary, was thin as anything — spirituelle. It was not that he was shy again — he was only a little particular.

The day's business began to get under way. When Goodall felt that the moment had come, he took the magazine from the desk where he had laid it and swung round in his chair beginning breezily, 'By the way, Miss Jones' — And then the alert, steady, efficient prose of Miss Jones's spectacles overcame him. 'Oh — er — uh — nothing!' he stuttered, drowned in hot blushes. 'That is — er — uh — never mind!'

He replaced the magazine on his desk and feverishly covered it with business papers. He thought as he wiped his forehead, that this thing of writing a poem, the way it got you worked up and flustered, was more like falling in love than anything he knew.

That evening he furtively carried the magazine home without having shown it to anyone.

By Saturday, however, he was established in the determination to make a clean breast to Mat. He certainly would tell the girl, he thought, and show her the poem so beautifully printed, bearing his name.

The cares of the week fell off the edge of the world as he got into the car

beside Jim. The magazine was in the pocket of his motor-coat: he felt it solid and precious against him. It was a fine high-spirited afternoon, with a tonic feeling of autumn in the air. Weaving through the handsome and animated city, crossing the ferry, sweeping into the powerful car's long, unflagging rush toward the coast, Goodall dramatized to himself the disclosure of his literary achievement to Mat. He went over it again and again: what he would say, what she would say, her incredulous delight, her sweet applause.

It was when hills and tall woods were left behind and the land was flattening and baring itself toward the sea, that a horrid thought struck icily through his glowing content.

Suppose Mat should make him read his poem before one of her clubs!

Mat's clubs continually hunted poets and other writers, and had them read their own stuff out loud. Goodall had an old habit of teasing Mat by making fun of the complaisant intellectuals. Mat's goat was not generally an easily accessible goat, but Goodall had found that he could always capture the little animal by fleering at the lions who performed before her clubs. In this connection an incident of perhaps sinister significance now rose in his mind. During the preceding winter a Hindu poet-philosopher had infested the United States of America, obtaining great wealth and renown. Mat roped him for one of her clubs. She also gave a distinguished luncheon in honor of Sir Abdallahbhoy Lal, for such was the pundit's unusual name; and before the event Goodall remarked with assumed innocence that he supposed Sir Abdallahbhoy would eat with Jim. Then,

while Mat fervently explained just how exalted Sir Abdallahbhoy's social standing was, Goodall, pretending to listen respectfully, began to whistle under his breath, 'All coons look alike to me.'

Mat was much embittered. What if the incident still rankled? What if she should make him read his poem, not only because it was the proper thing to do, but as a punitive measure?

Never do to take a risk like that. Not in this world. No, the delicious scandal of his flirtation with the lyric muse must never be exposed! There was no danger of Mat's coming across the poem and his name accidentally, because Goodall knew she never had time to glance at a literary magazine. No, as long as he kept his mouth shut he was pretty safe.

He shuddered as he contemplated the hideous peril into which a fatuous ambition to show off had nearly led him. He took off his cap and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

'Jim,' he said with a kind of exhausted sigh, 'did you ever write any poetry?'

Jim turned on his friend and employer lenient eyes and a superb dental display.

'Who, me? Naw, suh!' he said.

'Well, you just try it, Jim, if you like excitement in your life. If you like a good deal of excitement in your life, just turn to and write a little poetry!'

Jim looked rather puzzled for a moment, but affected to consider the suggestion with respectful seriousness. Then, racially and ineradicably amiable and acquiescent, he said, —

'Well, suh, I'll do it. I'll cert'nly do it soon as I git time!'

THE EDUCATION OF JOHN MARSHALL

BY S. E. MORISON

A man is bound to be parochial in his practice — to give his life, and if necessary his death, for the place where he has had his roots. But his thinking should be cosmopolitan and detached.
—MR. JUSTICE HOLMES.

HISTORICAL biography is a form of literature in which Americans have never excelled. Not because of failure to cultivate the field. A comprehensive collection of American historical biography will outbulk that of any other country, and the curve of production is steadily rising.

Politicians have discovered that a good biography is the easiest step into history. Two generations later one's vices will be forgotten, but one's virtues will live in the printed page. A wise statesman picks his biographer as carefully as he makes a will; and the burial of a politician follows rather than precedes the announcement of a definitive *Life and Letters*.

Publishers have discovered that the dear public will read history only in the form of biography. A new life of Napoleon is snapped up, while a sound and readable *History of France, 1795–1815*, clogs the counters. The young Ph.D. who submits his thesis on the 'History of the Loco-foco Movement in Alabama' is requested to rewrite it as 'The Public Career of the Hon. Jefferson Scattering Batkins, American.' The history of any state in the Union for the last fifty years must be picked out from several dozen political biographies. American historical biography is no declining industry.

Quality is not up to quantity. We

have a fair number of excellent brief biographies and *genre* portraits, such as Paul Leicester Ford's *Many-sided Franklin*, Owen Wister's *Grant*, and Barrett Wendell's *Cotton Mather*. But even this class is headed by Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln*. Our conspicuous deficiency is in comprehensive biographies of both historical and literary value: works such as Morley's *Gladstone*, Carlyle's *Fredrick*, and Trevelyan's trilogy on Charles James Fox. Few will deny membership in this class to Irving's *Washington*, and Nicolay and Hay's *Lincoln*. But the eligible list is practically exhausted after mentioning Henry Adams's *Gallatin*, John Spencer Bassett's *Jackson*, and Carl Schurz's *Clay*. Definitive biographies of Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and Calhoun are still lacking.

One outstanding figure among the 'fathers' has received his full due. Ten years ago, James Bradley Thayer wrote one of the most brilliant of our biographical essays — a diminutive life of John Marshall. Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana has now completed a monumental life of the great Chief Justice, that will rank with the best historical biographies of American statesmen.¹

I

No American save Washington and Lincoln has been more universally appreciated than John Marshall. To the bench and the bar he has become a

¹ *The Life of John Marshall*, by ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1919. Four volumes. Illustrated.

patron saint. 'Every schoolboy' must learn at least the titles of his great constitutional decisions — of *Marbury vs. Madison*, *McCulloch vs. Maryland*, *Cohens vs. Virginia*, and the Dartmouth College case. He is rightly taught that, but for these decisions, American nationalism must have succumbed to sectionalism and state rights, before a sword could be drawn in its defense. Yet to the rank and file of laymen, Marshall has remained rather a wooden figure. His new biographer, without neglecting the solid aspects of his subject, has given us a complete picture of Marshall the frontiersman, revolutionary soldier, and struggling lawyer; Marshall the jovial host of a thousand diners, the champion of the Richmond Quoit club, and the tender husband of an invalid wife.

Beveridge's *Marshall* is not preëminent for literary quality. The author has hidden himself too modestly behind his subject. In his anxiety to be sound and accurate he has sacrificed smooth narrative to quotation and excerpt. But the book is sound, honest, and readable. The author has exhausted the sources, sifted the evidence with the meticulous care of a professional historian, and culled with the experience of one who knows men and women and politicians. He has not hesitated to sacrifice his dearest prepossessions in face of the facts. His descriptions of persons and incidents are lively, incisive, and just, throughout the four volumes.

John Marshall was not predestined to Federalism, like an Otis of Boston or a Pinckney of Charleston. He was a child of the frontier. But his mind was not a mirror of this frontier, like Jackson's or Benton's. No American statesman of that generation knew his people so intimately; few trusted them less; none was so utterly devoid of local prejudice. Marshall began his educa-

tion in the Virginia forest, and his political training in the Virginia capital; but he grew out of and beyond his environment. The surging tides of history were his teachers. The War of Independence, the period of debt and disillusion, the struggle for federal union, and the French Revolution, were the forces that moulded the man who, as Chief Justice, moulded our Constitution.

The education of John Marshall, then, is the outstanding contribution of this biography. To the growth of Marshall's mind, Senator Beveridge has properly allotted more than half his space.

II

The Marshalls belonged to the class of lesser planters, younger sons of the 'F.F.V.'s' who were pushed westward by the exhaustion of tidewater tobacco-fields. John's paternal ancestry cannot be traced with certainty beyond his grandfather, a poor planter 'of the forest.' His mother was of gentle blood: Scots-Jacobite Keith on her father's, Randolph of Turkey Island on her mother's side. Through the latter, she was second cousin to Thomas Jefferson.

Historians have explained Jefferson in terms of the western frontier. The same equation will not solve John Marshall. Born of the same stock, reared under like conditions, these two cousins developed radically contrasting characters and opinions. It was, in fact, the same section of Virginia, and the same class of lesser planters, that produced George Mason, James Madison, Patrick Henry, and George Washington, who, with Jefferson and Marshall, form the most remarkable and most dissimilar group of statesmen ever concentrated within one region and generation in our country, perhaps in any country. Some future historian may well explain the stormy politics of our

Federal period as a family quarrel in Virginia!

John Marshall was born in a log-cabin on the fringe of the Virginia frontier three months after Braddock's defeat in 1755. He was the eldest of fifteen children, all of whom lived to be married. When he was ten years old, the entire family moved westward again into the Great Valley, where conditions were even more primitive, although a one-story frame house, The Hollow, was substituted for the usual cabin. A few years later, his father built Oak Hill, the first frame house with glazed windows in that section of Virginia.

Game and fish were the principal food of the family; even 'hog and hominy' were luxuries. Chief Justice Marshall remembered the shout of joy that went up from the hungry brood when hasty pudding was announced for dinner. He and the swarm of younger brothers were clothed as the traditional frontiersmen — buckskin moccasins and breeches, coarse linen shirt, and coonskin cap; even homespun woolens were luxuries on this hunting, fur-trading frontier, and the mothers used thorns for lack of pins. The boys grew up in the same rough-and-tumble environment as Abraham Lincoln.

These material conditions of his childhood left no trace on the opinions of John Marshall. But they stamped his character with a fundamental simplicity, and left an indelible mark on his appearance, taste, and habits. Like Washington, he was of powerful physique, but unmilitary in his carriage and ungraceful in his movements. With every attribute of a Virginia gentleman, — honor, truth, chivalry, courtesy, and sociability, — Marshall combined a total lack of exterior polish. His manners and his appearance were never conventional. The first time he visited Philadelphia, his scarecrow aspect re-

fused him entrance to a common tavern; and at the height of his career he was notorious for shabby, outworn garments. In Richmond to-day one may still hear anecdotes of the Chief Justice being mistaken for a porter or a butcher; of the Chief Justice riding out to his country place, holding to the pommel a whiskey-jug stopped by his thumb.

Marshall never lost the common touch. He remained simple and unpretentious to the end. He preferred the gossip of Richmond market, or the fireside circle of a roadside tavern, to a diplomatic dinner in Washington. Opportunities to indulge his tastes were not lacking. Every judge of the Supreme Court of the United States had to preside over a Federal circuit court twice a year, and the Southern Circuit fell to the Chief Justice. Marshall was accustomed to make the week's journey from Richmond to Raleigh, alone, in a primitive sort of sulky, over terrible roads. He passed the nights at the poorest log-cabins, mingling with the people on terms of perfect equality, and at Raleigh seemed to prefer the worst tavern in the place. When court adjourned, the Chief Justice played quoits in the street with anyone who would give him a good game.

This game of pitching quoits at a peg was Marshall's chief recreation. At Richmond he was the leading spirit of a jovial Quoit Club, which met in a grove on the outskirts. When past three-score years and ten, he would toss off a tumbler of mint julep, pitch quoits with the best players, and lose himself completely in the game. A jocose deference to his judicial office was paid by his fellow members, in making him the arbiter of disputed points. The Chief Justice was frequently to be seen on his knees in the dust, measuring with a straw the distance from a quoit to the peg, and biting off the straw for greater accuracy. When one quoit fell neatly

on top of another, Marshall decided for the bottom one on the principle *cuius solum, eius usque ad cælum*.

Marshall's formal schooling was very slight: a few months at a primitive academy in Westmoreland County, and occasional tutoring from the parish minister. His parents were his best teachers. Thomas and Mary Marshall were no ordinary frontier people. Thomas had been assistant to George Washington when surveyor of the Fairfax estate, and with him used the well-stocked library of Lord Fairfax. He subscribed to the first American edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, in 1722. Mary had been educated by her clergyman father.

The Marshalls brought few books to their mountain home, but they retained a firm grip on everything they had learned, and passed it on to their children. John Marshall inherited a taste for good literature, but he was never in any sense a bookish, or even, in the usual sense, a cultured man. Knowing no foreign language, not even Latin, he missed the broadening effect of the classics, and fell into the easy Virginia habit of relying on conversation rather than on books for general knowledge.

From his sixth to his twenty-sixth year the American Revolution entered vitally into Marshall's education. His father represented Fauquier County almost every year in the Virginia Assembly. The frontier household was kept in touch with a legislative body where Patrick Henry, George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson were winning their first laurels in the patriot cause. John could probably discuss taxation and representation as intelligently as any boy in Boston or Philadelphia.

When the news of Lexington and Concord trickled into the Virginia wilderness, every young frontiersman was ready and willing to fight. John Marshall was elected lieutenant of a back-

woods militia company. We have a pleasant description of him drilling and exhorting his troops — nineteen years old, over six feet tall, with raven-black hair and piercing dark eyes; armed with tomahawk and scalping-knife as well as rifle; 'Liberty or Death' (the only military insignia of officers and men) embroidered on his hunting-shirt. John and his father took part in the Battle of Great Bridge, the Virginia Bunker Hill. In July, 1776, they were commissioned lieutenant and major in the Third Virginia Regiment of the Continental Army.

When John Marshall received his commission, the ink was scarcely dry on the Declaration of Independence. Nationalism was still at white heat. Patrick Henry had exclaimed in the Continental Congress, 'The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American.' Democracy was in the air. Thomas Jefferson had declared it 'self-evident' that 'all men are created equal.'

Marshall entered the army a nationalist. Contact with officers from all parts of the Continent strengthened his nationalism. 'I was confirmed,' he afterwards wrote, 'in the habit of considering America as my country, and Congress as my government.' He also entered the army a frontiersman and a democrat. 'I recollect,' he wrote in later life, 'the wild and enthusiastic notions with which my political opinions of that day were tinctured.'

But his democracy evaporated with the spirit of '76. The weakness and inefficiency of Congress, the perverse unpreparedness and frequent cowardice of the militia, the obstructiveness and indifference of state politicians, was apparent to every thinking officer in the army. Marshall fought under Washington at the Brandywine, German-

town, and Monmouth, with bad equipment, scanty stores, and depleted ranks. He endured under Washington the privations of Valley Forge. All the time he was thinking, reflecting. What was the matter with America? Why did not people and politicians give adequate support to the noblest cause in human history? Army experience put the question. Political experience furnished the answer.

His active military career closed in 1779. The reduction of the Continental Army, following the arrival of Rochambeau's expeditionary force, left such an excess of officers that an honorable discharge came before another opportunity for active service. His furlough gave him an opportunity to visit his father, now promoted to colonel and stationed at Yorktown. The young officer's praises had so often been sung by his father and brothers, that the belles of Yorktown were all of a twitter to meet him. Expecting a young Adonis faultlessly attired in the blue and red uniform of the Virginia line, the older girls were disappointed to find an awkward, shy, loose-jointed frontiersman, whose shabby and ill-fitting uniform hung on him as on a clothes-rack. But fourteen-year-old Mary Ambler, blessed with more penetration than her elders, calmly announced that she intended to win Captain Marshall. She already had won him!

Fourteen was too young for marriage, even in eighteenth-century Virginia, and Captain Marshall had his way to make. The spring of 1790 found him at William and Mary College, taking the law lectures of George Wythe. That was the only legal education, in the modern sense of the word, that the great Chief Justice ever received. But, such as it was, no better could be had in America. Wythe's lectures antedated by at least two years the first law school in America — Judge Reeve's at Litch-

field, Connecticut; and the first permanent chair of law — at the University of Pennsylvania — was founded ten years later. All the great lawyers of the Revolutionary, and most of those of the Federalist, period were trained by reading law in the office of a successful practitioner.

A few months after this brief course, John Marshall was admitted to the bar of Fauquier County. For over a year he waited at his old home for clients who never came. The county then elected him to the House of Delegates at Richmond. There in 1783 he wedded Mary Ambler. She was seventeen; and her twenty-seven-year-old husband had only one guinea left to his name after paying the parson's fee!

III

Richmond at the close of the Revolution had no suggestion of the respectable, well-built capital of the Southern Confederacy. One four-room tavern accommodated the legislators, and a barn-like wooden capitol housed their deliberations. Most of the white inhabitants were Scots merchants, men who had monopolized Virginia business before the Revolution, lost all their gains through the confiscatory acts, and returned hopefully for more. Their flimsy wooden houses straggled up the hill as if (Colonel Marshall suggested) they had been brought over by the Scots on their backs, and dropped at whatever point the owner's strength gave out. In one of these two-room tenements the young couple set up housekeeping, with one slave presented by the colonel.

But young Marshall, with his usual sound judgment, had chosen the very place to make his living and reputation: a rapidly growing capital, where the best legal talent of the state was concentrated, and where a Wythe, a Car-

rington, and a Pendleton sat on the Supreme bench. 'Great bars make great judges,' observed the late John Chipman Gray. 'Chief Justice Marshall would never have reached his summit alone, nor if his early legal associates had been a company of ignorant and pettifogging attorneys.'

The next fifteen years were the formative period of Marshall's life, when the ideas suggested by his war experience became settled convictions. His immediate entrance into the State Legislature, he afterward wrote, revealed a slackness in administration, and conditions approaching anarchy in the organization of the government, which explained our inefficiency in the conduct of the war. 'The general tendency of State politics convinced me that no sage and permanent remedy could be found but in a more efficient and better organized General Government.'

Another young officer and lawyer, Alexander Hamilton, was making similar observations in the North, and reached the same conclusion. Thousands of propertied Americans were being taught in the same school of experience. But some startling event was necessary to spur them to action. That event was a popular uprising in Massachusetts.

Shays's Rebellion proved an acid test of radical and conservative. The lifelong conflict of Jefferson and Marshall is foretold by their 'reactions.' Jefferson hoped we should never be twenty years without such a rebellion — and Jefferson almost had his wish. 'What country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? . . . The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.'

Marshall's comment is equally significant. 'These violent, I fear bloody,

dissensions in a state I had thought inferior in wisdom and virtue to no one in the union, added to the strong tendency which the politics of many eminent characters among ourselves have to promote private and public dishonesty, cast a deep shade over the bright prospect which the revolution in America and the establishment of our free governments had opened to the votaries of liberty throughout the globe. I fear, and there is no opinion more degrading to the dignity of man, that these have truth on their side who say that man is incapable of governing himself.'

These words were written at the age of thirty-one, and to General James Wilkinson, of all people! Marshall thereby announces his enrollment with the Federalists, the men who made it their task to bridle and tame the wild forces let loose by a revolution begun in the name of the rights of man.

The next year found Marshall a delegate to the Virginia Convention called to pass upon the new Federal Constitution. Already enough states had ratified to put it into effect; but an American Union without Virginia would have been like a League of Nations without America. In what are perhaps the most fascinating chapters in his book, Senator Beveridge describes at length the debates of the Convention; and seldom if ever in our history has debate been of such high quality and character. Virginia was suspicious of the Constitution. A snap vote at the opening session would have brought certain rejection. 'Had the influence of character been removed, the intrinsic merits of the instrument would not have secured its adoption,' Marshall afterwards wrote. The influence of Washington and Randolph, the patient arguments of Madison and Marshall, and, it must be added, some rather questionable manipulation, finally secured a majority of ten for the Union.

IV

When Washington was inaugurated, Marshall was in his thirty-fourth year. His mind was like an etcher's plate ready for the acid bath. The lines were already scratched. Time and experience acted as a mordant to bite them in. Elsewhere, the waxy 'ground' of prejudice repelled new impressions. Belief in government for the people; distrust in government of or by the people; hatred of slackness, dishonesty, and disloyalty; love of orderly and efficient administration; belief in the sanctity of property rights and of contracts; a profound conviction that only a strong national government could curb the democratic and anarchical tendencies of the states — these were the principles that John Marshall held from the seventeen-eighties to the eighteen-thirties. His political education was complete, for he was now receptive only to those teachings that confirmed and strengthened his opinions.

The next few years brought many such lessons. First the French Revolution, driving a 'red-hot plowshare through our history.' News of the great *journées* of 1792, and the war of all peoples against all kings, produced a hysterical enthusiasm which confirmed Marshall's low opinion of popular wisdom. Then came word that made the Revolution a dividing line in American politics. War had begun between England and France, and Citizen Genet arrived to demand full execution of the treaty of alliance.

To one side of the furrow moved Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, and all who wished peace and ordered liberty; to the other moved Jefferson, Madison, the State of Virginia, and all who feared government more than they did anarchy. The party alignment which stood until 1815 was completed. To Marshall, as to all Federalists,

French Jacobinism seemed dangerous to liberty and property in the same measure that Bolshevism threatens the standing order of to-day. Thomas Jefferson, on the contrary, 'would have seen half the earth desolated' rather than the failure of the Revolution. For him, the great danger to America was the financial *entente* with Britain, which he believed Hamilton had concluded. As Jefferson thought, so thought most plain Americans.

On Marshall, mainly, fell the hopeless task of defending Washington's policy of neutrality in Washington's native state. One would think that French equality, after the horrors of Santo Domingo, would have found few partisans in Virginia; but Virginia still deemed her social system invulnerable. Those 'enthusiastic notions' which Marshall had shed in the army were still prevalent. Virginia still owed more than two million pounds to British capitalists, and suspected the efforts of Hamilton to create an Amercian moneyed power. Consequently 'our distinguished anarchists,' as Colonel Carrington called Jefferson and Madison, were able to swing a slave-owning aristocracy to the Jacobin cause. Jay's treaty of 1794 completed their work. Washington reluctantly signed that humiliating document, as the alternative to war; but Virginia concluded, with Jefferson, that the hair of our American Samson had been 'shorn by the harlot England.'

Here, again, Virginia's opinion ran counter to her true interests. Jay's treaty shifted the pre-war indebtedness of her planters onto the United States. Marshall was disgusted by this perverse attitude of his native state, and exasperated by the personal abuse to which his support of Washington exposed him. 'Seriously,' he writes a friend in 1794, 'there appears to me every day to be more folly, envy, malice, and damn rascality in the world

than there was the day before, and I do verily begin to think that plain downright honesty and unintriguing integrity will be kicked out of doors.'

The defense of Washington's administration in Virginia was not wholly an ungrateful task. The President offered Marshall in succession the attorney-generalship, the War Department, and the State Department. But Marshall's family was growing, his law practice brought in the then enormous income of five thousand dollars a year, and his environment was congenial. Social ostracism was the penalty for political heresy in Federalist New England, but Virginia politics were not conducted with that fierce Puritan intolerance. Despite his Federalism, Marshall's social and professional preëminence in Richmond was unquestioned. He occupied a comfortable brick house, entertained hosts of friends, and had no temptation to leave.

This formative period in Marshall's opinions was also the acquisitive period in his education. During his active career at Richmond he gathered the knowledge from which his wisdom was expressed. For I wish, with a layman's rashness, to put forth the opinion that Marshall was learned as well as brilliant in the law. Tradition has it otherwise, and Senator Beveridge accepts tradition. Marshall's formal legal education amounted, as we have seen, to very little. But his hundred-page note to the case of *Mandeville vs. Riddle*, in 1803, for instance, shows a profound knowledge of both common and civil law. His great decisions on international law could not have been made without a thorough study of such books and precedents as existed. President Adams, after an interview with Marshall on the eve of his French mission, in 1797, wrote that his appointee was 'learned in the law of nations.' Senator Beveridge, who does not accept this

opinion, imagines Marshall acquiring a cheap reputation by listening politely while the President expounded. But John Adams was never known to overrate the ability of anyone but an Adams. That a young Virginian, in particular, could have bluffed him on international law is unthinkable!

Marshall did not parade his learning. He acquired knowledge easily and quickly, digested everything that he read or heard, and by disciplined and systematic thinking was able to reach conclusions from data stored in the recesses of his memory, instead of having to consult indexes and the reports. As William Wirt wrote in 1806, his mind was an 'inexhaustible quarry from which he draws his materials and builds his fabrics.' His arguments and decisions flowed smoothly, without effort. Only the results appear. It is true that Marshall does not belong with his younger colleague, Story, in the first rank of legal scholars. His strongest intellectual points were his power of analysis, his faculty of close and logical reasoning, and his intuitive perception of justice. But these qualities alone would not have made him great. Men of intellect without knowledge have occasionally reached a higher place than Marshall's. They have always been found out, sooner or later.

It was a mission to Paris that tested Marshall's combination of sound knowledge and keen intellect. He was forty-two years old when he accepted a commission from President Adams for the difficult and delicate task of adjusting our relations with the French Republic. Save for his army service and two brief visits to Philadelphia, he had never been out of Virginia. In contrast, the other two commissioners were older men, of wealth and wide experience. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of the famous Charleston family, had been educated at Westminster, Oxford, the

Inns of Court, and Caen. Elbridge Gerry was a Harvard graduate, a political pupil of Samuel Adams, and an officer-holder since 1772. Yet the provincial Virginian not only eclipsed his colleagues, but carried off the honors in a clash with Talleyrand, the keenest diplomat of Europe.

Marshall kept the records of the negotiation, and drafted all the formal notes. These fully justify the President's estimate of his ability. But, as John Quincy Adams remarked, European governments are 'accustomed to reason so little, and so much to force, that a victory over them of mere logic is as easy as it is insignificant.' The French Directory, irremovable at home and invincible abroad, was in no mood to negotiate on equal terms. Talleyrand believed that he could avoid an issue until the French spoliations destroyed our merchant marine, and Spain was forced to retrocede Louisiana. To gain time, he refused to receive the Americans officially.

In the meantime, Talleyrand sent the dubious trio best known as Messrs. X., Y., and Z., to play upon the fears of the envoys, and to sound their pockets. A bribe, a loan, and an apology for President Adams's patriotism were demanded as prerequisites for the privilege of negotiating with Talleyrand. Pressed for an alternative, Monsieur Y. hinted at the power of the French party in America, and lightly touched upon the fate of sundry small nations which had defied or resisted the French Republic.

These importunities and threats made a deep impression on Elbridge Gerry, who had come to Paris obsessed with the idea of peace at any price. They did not in the least disturb Marshall. 'Our case is different from that of the minor nations of Europe,' he told Monsieur Y. 'They were unable to maintain their independence and did not ex-

pect to do so. America is a great, and, so far as concerns her self-defense, a powerful nation.'

It was Marshall, moreover, who discovered the weak spot in his adversary's armor. France could not afford to risk a war which would force America into the arms of England. 'No consideration would be sufficiently powerful to check the extremities to which the temper of this government will carry it, *but an apprehension that we may be thrown into the arms of Britain*,' wrote Marshall to General Washington at Mount Vernon.

Through the mist of language and intrigue, he had detected the vital spot of Talleyrand's American policy. Talleyrand would go far, but not so far as to risk an alliance of America's potential with Britain's actual sea-power.

On this assumption, Marshall and Pinckney acted. After obtaining official assurance that an unneutral loan must precede any negotiation, they left Paris. Gerry, who fondly believed his presence necessary to prevent war, remained behind.

V

On his return to America, in June, 1798, John Marshall found himself a national figure. President Adams had published the X. Y. Z. despatches. Preparedness measures were being rushed through Congress, naval reprisals on French warships had already begun, a national spirit was fast growing. Marshall was escorted into Philadelphia by three troops of cavalry, and given a banquet at which 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute,' was first uttered. The President offered him a seat in the Supreme Court; but he preferred to return to his law practice.

The X. Y. Z. papers were the heaviest blows that were ever dealt Thomas Jefferson. From the moment of their

disclosure dates his implacable enmity to Marshall. Jefferson, to be sure, had already condescended to note the dangerous abilities of his young cousin. He had once attempted to kick Marshall upstairs, into a seat on the Supreme Bench of Virginia; and, that failing, had attacked his character in private letters.

But the diplomacy of Marshall discredited the party which had based its foreign policy on the virtues of the French Republic. Jefferson was able to retrieve himself through the folly of the Federalists; but he never forgave Marshall those dark days of 1798, when his ablest lieutenants in Congress, shunned and despised like pro-Germans of 1918, had to slink home and kindle a back-fire of State Rights. Marshall in return considered Jefferson a demagogue, a hypocrite, and a traitor. We must read Mr. Beveridge's careful account of the Marbury case and the Burr Conspiracy to appreciate the influence of this mutual distrust on American history.

It now remained to be seen how the Federalists would use their diplomatic victory. They began by a costly war programme, based on the expectation that France would not only declare war, but attempt an invasion. Marshall, strangely enough, was partially responsible for this false assumption. Forgetting his Paris inspiration, he expressed the opinion, on his return, that France would declare war upon the publication of the despatches.¹ France, of course, did nothing of the sort. Talleyrand, fearing an Anglo-American *entente*, at once began conciliatory overtures which made an impression of sincerity on

President Adams. In the meantime, the heavy taxes required to meet an invasion which never came furnished Jefferson with much-needed campaign material.

The X. Y. Z. mission deepened Marshall's distrust of the French Revolution and of democracy. But, unlike most Federalist leaders, he did not let himself be stampeded into an anti-Jacobin crusade. He opposed a fatal move in political strategy, the Alien and Sedition acts of 1798. That attempt to deal with Jacobinism seems puny and half-hearted, in the light of the present anti-Bolshevist crusade. President Adams never expelled an alien. Less than a dozen offenders were brought to trial under the Sedition Act. The sentences were mild in comparison with those meted out by the Federal judiciary to-day. But the American Revolution was then too close for an American government to suppress free speech with impunity. Hamilton and Marshall both realized this, and the latter voted for the repeal of the acts. This brought him the abuse of the Essex Junto — the 'hundred per-cent Americans' of 1798. 'The Virginia Federalists are little better than half-way Jacobins,' wrote Benjamin Goodhue of Massachusetts.

A few months later John Adams made the discovery that Hamilton was jockeying for an opportunity to become the Bonaparte of America. The President dared to take upon himself the responsibility of peace with France, dared further to dismiss Hamilton's supporters from the Cabinet, and to appoint Marshall, the 'half-way Jacobin,' Chief Justice of the United States. Through that appointment Adams intrenched in the Federal government the one enduring principle of the Federal party — the supremacy of national over local interests.

With his long and remarkable incum-

¹ *Life and Correspondence of Rufus King*, II, 543. George Cabot is our authority for the statement. He was astonished that Marshall 'should have attributed to the French such miserable policy.' The sage of Brookline had in some respects a more penetrating intellect than John Marshall's; but he refused to place it at his country's service. — THE AUTHOR.

bency of the supreme judicial office we are not here concerned. We would only remind the student of his judicial career that there is no such thing as an abstract justice, insulated from the social conceptions of the judge. Underlying Marshall's constitutional decisions were the settled beliefs matured by twenty years' contact with men and revolutions. To the Supreme Bench he carried opinions which, until the end of his life, were at variance with those of the American people as a whole, and

he did not hesitate to impose those opinions when he believed them to be consistent with law and justice.

Marshall considered himself a trustee of Washington's nationalism, until such time as the popular heart should beat in harmony with the Farewell Address. The years have justified his steadfastness. Will they deal as gently with the efforts of his successors to embalm mid-nineteenth-century conceptions of property in our fundamental law?

SONNET

BY ROBERT NATHAN

I AM no stranger in the house of pain;
 I am familiar with its every part,
 From the low stile, then up the crooked lane
 To the dark doorway, intimate to my heart.
 Here did I sit with grief and eat his bread,
 Here was I welcomed as misfortune's guest,
 And there's no room but where I've laid my head
 On misery's accommodating breast.
 So, sorrow, does my knocking rouse you up?
 Open the door, old mother; it is I.
 Bring grief's good goblet out, the sad, sweet cup;
 Fill it with wine of silence, strong and dry.
 For I've a story to amuse your ears,
 Of youth and hope, of middle age and tears.

THE GOING-AWAY OF THE GIRL WHO HAS NO SEEING

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of this Chapter of the Journal

Brave HORATIUS, the shepherd dog.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a cow.
MATHILDE PLANTAGENET, a pet calf.
LARS PORSENA OF CLUSIUM, a crow.
THOMAS CHATTERTON JUPITER ZEUS, a
most dear wood-rat.
LUCIAN HORACE OVID VIRGIL, a toad.
APHRODITE, the mother-pig.
SOLOMON GRUNDY, a pet pig.
ANTHONYA MUNDY, his sister.

CLEMENTINE, the Plymouth Rock hen.
ANDROMEDA, her sister hen.
NAPOLEON, the Rhode Island Red Rooster.
MENANDER EURIPIDES THEOCRITUS THUCYDIDES, a pet lamb.
LOUIS II, LE GRAND CONDÉ }
FELIX MENDELSSOHN } wood-mice.
NANNERL MOZART }
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, a little
bird.

Seven Years Old

Now is the fourth day come. And we are going goes to the house of the girl who has no seeing. All the morning hours there was works to do to help the mamma. Afternoon is now come, and we go.

We did. First I did make begins to get us all together. Brave Horatius was waiting by the back steps. Lars Porsena of Clusium was near unto him. Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil was under the front doorstep. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus was back of the house in his home of sticks that he does have likes for. I did help Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to build that home. I had sees in the woods of how other wood-rats do have their houses builded of sticks and some sticks and some more sticks. To-day, when I did squeak calls for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to come out of his house, he did come out, and he did crawl upon my shoulder and cuddle his nose up close to my curls.

We made a start. We went by the

nursery to get Nannerl Mozart. We went on. Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides was playing close by the pasture-bars. He is a very jumpy lamb. He did jump a long jump to meet us to-day, and his tail did wiggle more wiggles. We went adown the lane. We made a stop to get Solomon Grundy and his little sister Anthonya Mundy that has not got as much curl in her tail as Solomon Grundy. We went out along the road. They was a sweet picture. I made a stop to look at them all — some running ahead and some behind. They all did wear their pink ribbons that the fairies did bring. Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy and Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides all did wear divides of the ribbon that was the ribbon that dear William Shakespeare used to wear. And they all did have joy feels as they had knows they was going on a visit to visit the girl that has no seeing. She has love for them. And we did go in a hurry on. I did feel a big amount of satisfaction that I have such a nice family.

Lars Porsena of Clusium did ride most of the way on the back of Brave Horatius. His appears are not what they was before he did lose his tail-feathers. I am praying prayers every day for him to get a new tail soon. When we were all come near to the house of the girl that has no seeing, we did walk right up to the door, and I stepped three steps back and three hops over and three steps up to the door, so she would have knows we was come. We had knows only she would be there because this day is the going-to-town day of her people. I stepped more steps. Brave Horatius barked more barks for her coming. And Solomon Grundy squealed his most nice baby-pig squeal. We did listen listens. She had not coming to the door. I sat on the steps to wait waits. I so did for some time long. While we did have waits I did sing to Brave Horatius and Solomon Grundy and all of them songs of Nonette and Iraouaddy and more songs Angel Father did teach me to sing. All my pets do have likes for those songs. To-day Brave Horatius did bark a bark when I was done and Solomon Grundy did squeal his baby-pig squeal again. I had wonders why she did not come.

After by-and-by I did go sit on the gate-post to wait waits. It was a long time. A man on a horse went by. Another man went by. He had asks what for was I sitting on the gate-post. I did tell him I was waiting waits for the coming of the girl that has no seeing. He did look away off to the hills. Then he started to say something but he swallowed it. He looked off to the hills again. Then he did say, 'Child, she won't come back. She is gone to the graveyard.' I did smile a sorry smile upon him, because I had knows he did n't know what he was talking about when he did say she won't come back. It is not often she goes anywhere, and

when she does, she always does come back. I told him I knew she would come back. I waited some more waits. Then it was time for my pets to be going back, because it would not do for the chore boy not to find Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy in the pig-pen. I will go goes again to-morrow to see the girl that has no seeing, for I have knows she will come again home to-night in starlight-time.

When Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy did have their pink ribbons off and was again in the pig-pen, the rest of us did have going to the cathedral for songs and prayers. I did pray that the girl that has no seeing may not stub her toe and fall when she comes home to-night by starlight-time. And Brave Horatius did bark Amen.

Early on this morning I went again to the house of the girl who has no seeing. There were little singings everywhere—sky and hills and the willows were whispering little whispers by Nonette. I went in a quick way down along the lane and in along the fields until I was come near unto her house. I cuddled Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus more close in my arms, and I tiptoed on the grass. Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides did make little jumps beside me. And Brave Horatius come a-following after. I made a stop by the window that I always do make stops by, and I rapped six raps on the window-pane. Six raps means, 'Come on out — we are come.' I had no hears of her steps a-coming like they always do. I put my hands above my eyes so I could see inside the window. She was not there. Nobody was. I did tap six more raps. She did not come.

I went on around by the lilac bush. I crawled in under it to wait waits for her coming. Two men were talking by the fence. One did say, 'It is better so.'

I had wonders what did he mean. The other man did say, 'A pit tea it was she could n't have had a little sight to see that brush fire ahead.' And I had hears of the other one say, 'Prob able lea the smell of the smoke caused her worry about the fire coming to the house, and prob able lea she was trying to find out where it was when she walked right into it.' And the other man did have asks if she was con chus after. And the other one did say, 'Yes.'

I listened more listens to their queer talk. I had wonders what did it all mean. Another man did come in the gate. He came to where they was. He put his hand on a fence-post. There was a green caterpillar close by him on a bush, but he had not seeing of it. He did begin to talk. First thing he said was, 'When Jim went by here last even, that child was sitting on the gate-post. She was waiting for her to come back.' He said more — he said, 'Jim told her she was gone to the graveyard, but she said she knew she would come back.'

Why, that was what I told that man. It all did sound queer. I heard them say some more. Then I had understanding. I had knows then it was the girl that has no seeing they was having talks about, because I was waiting waits for her on yesterday when the man did tell me that. I felt queerness in my throat and I could n't see, either. I could n't see the green caterpillar on the leaf by the man that said it. And Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus had looks like a gray cloud in my arms. More the men said. They talked it all over again. They said she smelled the smoke of the brush fire, and not having sees of it, she did walk right into it and all her clothes did have fire — and then she ran — and her running did make the fire to burn her more — and she stubbed her toe and fell. She fell in a place where there was mud and water. She was rolling in it when they found

her. And all the fire-pains that was did make her moan moans until hours after, when she died. They said she died. And I could not see Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus or Brave Horatius or anything then.

When after while I did come again in the way that goes to the house we live in, I did have sees of the little fleurs along the way that she so did love. I have thinks they were having longings for her presence. And I so was, too. But I do have thinks her soul will come again to the woods. And she will have sees of the blooming of the fleurs in the field she has loves for. I go now to write a message on a leaf for her like I do to Angel Father and Angel Mother. I will put one by the ferns and I will tie one to a branch of the singing fir tree. And I will pray that the angels may find them when they come a-walking in the woods. Then they will carry them up to her in heaven there.

In the morning of to-day, being as I could not get the fence down about the pig-pen so Aphrodite could get out to go to service in the cathedral, I did have decides to have cathedral service in the pig-pen.

I brought large pieces of moss and lovely ferns. I got a wood-box so Brave Horatius could get in. After he was in the pig-pen I did use the box for an altar. I lay moss upon it and ferns about it. While I was fixing it, Lars Porsena did perch on my shoulder and he stayed there for service. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus nestled by my side. Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy, who has n't as much curl in her tail as Solomon Grundy, these lay by their mother Aphrodite and me and all the other little pigs. I sat on a board and Clementine did perch on the edge of the feeding trough. In its middle was her sister hen Andromeda. Felix Mendelssohn did snuggle up in my right apron pocket. And in the left apron

pocket was that lovely toad, Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil.

After some long time, when we all did get settled down to quietness, I did start service. It took a long time to get quietness because the dear folks were n't use to having cathedral service in the pig-pen. After the third hymn I did preach the morning sermon. I did choose for my text: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' I had to peek through the pig-pen fence to do it, for it did have more tallness than I did have. I lifted most all the congregation up to have a peek. I did lift them one at a time. And so they saw and lifted up their eyes unto the hills, but most of them did n't. They looked in different ways. Some saw God's goodness in the grass, and some did see it in the trees, and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did not have seeing for more than for the piece of cheese I did have hid in my sleeve for him. He gave his cheese squeak. I gave him a nibble. Then we had prayers.

Very early in the morning of to-day I did get out of my bed, and I did get dressed in a quick way. Then I climbed out the window of the house we live in. The sun was up and the birds were singing. I went my way. I did have hearing of many voices. They were the voices of earth glad for the spring. They did say what they had to say in the growing grass and in the leaves just growing out from tips of branches. The birds did have knowing, and sang what the grasses and leaves did say of the gladness of living. I, too, did feel glad feels from my toes to my curls.

I went down by the swamp — I went there to get reeds. There I saw a black bird with red upon his wings. He was going in among the rushes. I made a stop to watch him. I have thinks tomorrow I must be going in among the rushes where he did go. I shall pull off

my shoes and stockings first, for mud is there and there is water. I like to go in among the rushes, where the black birds with red upon their wings do go. I like to touch finger-tips with the rushes. I like to listen to the voices that whisper in the swamp, and I do so like to feel the mud ooze up between my toes. Mud has so much of interest in it — slippery feels, and sometimes little seeds that some day will grow into plant-folk if they do get the right chance. And some were so growing this morning. And more were making begins. I did have seeing of them while I was looking looks about for reeds.

With the reeds I did find there I did go a-piping. I went adown the creek and out across the field and in along the lane. Every stump I did come to I did climb upon. By-and-by I was come near unto the house we live in. I thought it would be nice to go adown the path and pipe a forest song to the mamma of the gladness of the spring. When the mamma met me piping in the path, she did turn me about to the way that does lead to the house we live in. She so did with switches. She made me to stop piping the song of the forest, but it did n't go out of my heart.

When we was come into the house, the mamma did tell me works to do, and then she went with the little girl and the baby and some lace she was making for a skirt for the baby, all to the house of Elsie. I did make begins on the works. I like to be helps to the mamma. I like to sing while I have works to do. It does so help. After I did scrub the steps and empty the ashes and fill the wood-box and give the baby's clothes some washes, — all as the mamma did say for me to do, — then I made prepares to take Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to visit Dear Love. She has kind thoughts of him, and it is four whole days since she has seen him. First I brought out his nice

pink ribbon that the fairies did bring to him. I hung it on a branch of willow. Then I did sit down. I had only a half a Castoria bottle full of warm water, so I did have needs to be careful in the use of it. First I did wash his beautiful white paws. I dried them on my apron as I did forget to bring his little towel. Dear Love made that little towel for him. It is like her big bath-towel. And she marked his initials on it with red ink, like big Judd has a bottle of at school. She put a dot after each letter. It is T. C. J. Z. on his bath-towel. When I do have thinks about that nice little bath-towel of his, I do give his paws a wash, and if I have not the towel with me, I do dry them with my apron. So I did to-day, and we did go our way to the little house of Dear Love, by the mill by the far woods. In our going we went among the great trees, along little paths between tall ferns, and we went over logs.

When we were come near unto the house of Dear Love, she did come to meet us. She gave me two kisses, one on each cheek, and one on the nose. She so does every time now since that day when she did give me one on each cheek and I did tell her Sadie McKinzie does give me one on the nose, too. She was so glad to see Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. We had a very nice visit. We did sit on an old log under a big tree, and there was some vines growing by that log, and we did have talks. I did tell her how I was praying on every day for her baby to come real soon. And we did see a chipmunk that has some nice stripes on its back, and I told her I was putting it into my prayer for the angels to bring a baby brush with blue fleurs on it, and a cradle-quilt with a blue bow on it, when they do bring her baby; because I did have thinks a blue fleur on its baby brush and a blue bow on its cradle-quilt would look nicer with its red hair than pink ones would

look. And she had thinks like my thinks, and we saw a caterpillar. Some caterpillars grow into butterflies. All caterpillars do not. Some grow into moths.

When I was coming my way home through the far woods from the house of Dear Love, I saw more chipmunks and I saw her husband. He was fixing a log. His hat — it was not on him. It was on a stump a little way away. He was most busy. His sleeves were up in a roll unto his arms' middle. He made bends over as he did work at that log. A little fern by his foot had its growing up to the fringes on the legs of his overalls. The sun did come in between the grand trees, and it did shine upon his head. I so do like to see the sun shine upon the hair of the husband of Dear Love. I kept most still as I did go along, and I did look looks back. The sunbeams yet did shine upon his head.

When I did come more near unto the house we do live in, I did see a squirrel in a *chêne* tree. He was a lovely gray squirrel. I came more near unto the tree. I looked more looks at that gray squirrel sitting out on a limb. His tail was very bushy. It has many, many hairs on it. I did look at his tail, and I did look at the tail of my beautiful Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. The hairs he does have on his tail, they are not so many as are the hairs on the tail of that big gray squirrel. When I did look looks from his tail to the tail of my dear Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, I did have some wishes that there was as many hairs on his tail as are on the tail of that gray squirrel.

While I so did think, Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did nestle more close in my arms, and I was glad for him as he is. He is so lovely and his ways are ways of gentleness. We went on along the dim trail. There by the dim trail grow the honeysuckles. I nod to them as I go that way. In the day-

time I hear them talk with sunbeams and the wind. They talk in shadows with the little people of the sun. And this I have learned — grown-ups do not know the language of shadows. Angel Mother and Angel Father did know, and they taught me. I wish they were here now — here to listen with me. I do so want them. Sometimes they do seem near. I have thinks sometimes kind God just opens the gates of heaven and lets them come out to be guardian angels for a little while. I wonder if honeysuckles grow about the gates of heaven. I've heard they are made of precious jewels. I have thinks there will be flowers growing all about. Probably God brought the seed from heaven when he did plant the flowers here on earth. Too, I do think when angels bring babies from heaven to folks that live here below, they do also bring seeds of flowers and do scatter them about. I have thinks that they do this so the babies may hear the voices of the loving flowers and grow in the way of God.

To-day I did n't get to finish the exploration trip over the river because, just as I was starting around the house-corner after I did do my morning work early, the mamma grabbed me. She did tie me to the wood-shed corner with a piece of clothes-line. So we could n't play together, she did tie to another corner that very wise crow Lars Porsena of Clusium. To the corner beyond the next corner, to the corner that was the most long ways off, she did tie him. But we played peek-a-boo around the middle corner. I'd lean just as far over as I could, with the rope a-pulling back my arms. Real quick, I'd stretch my neck and peek and nod to Lars Porsena of Clusium. Then he of Clusium would flutter and say, 'How-do-you-do,' in squeaky crow-tones.

The day was growing warm. When

it grew awful hot, my arms did have feelings too sore to lean over any more. I sat down by the wood-shed wall and I did watch the passers-by. First went along Clementine, the Plymouth Rock hen. Then along stepped Napoleon, the Rhode Island red rooster. By-and-by I did hear Solomon Grundy squeaking in the pig-pen. Then a butterfly did rest on the handle of the pump where I did have longings to be. The wee mother hummingbird never left her nest on the lower oak limb. I could see her bill. I did have hopes Brave Horatius would come marching by. I called and I did hear his whine afar off. Then I knew he was tied up, too.

Another Plymouth Rock hen came walking by. Over in the shade by the old root was a *canard*. He did have a sleepy look. And I did have a sleepy feel. I looked a short look at the sky. A *merle* was flying over. I looked looks afar off, then I did look near. The old black cat sat on the doorstep. He had a saucer of milk, and then he did wash his face. I would have been glad if he did come over to see me. But I have n't made up with him since he did catch the baby robin.

I forgot the cat when a snake did crawl around the stump — one with stripes on it. I did have thinks it might at least have come nearer that I might count the stripes on its back. But it did go under the house. A grasshopper came hopping along. I stuck out my foot and he did hop over it. Through the slats of the chicken-coop I could see the mother hen with her young ducklings. I did have longings to cuddle them in my apron, and I did want to take them down to the brook. I was having very sad feels.

The sun got hotter and hotter. And pretty soon I did have queer feels in the head and the middle. Then my nose did begin to bleed. I felt all choked up and sticky. And every time I gave my

head a shake to get a good breath, my curls did get mixed up with the nose-bleed. Pretty soon the mamma passing by did see my apron with blood upon it and she untied me. After she did souse me in the tub under the pump, I felt better. My arms did tingle where the rope was tied.

After that I went to bed, and near supper-time the mamma did call me to wash the stockings of the baby and the stockings of the other little girl. I had needs to climb upon a stump to hang the stockings out to dry. Then I set the table. While I was carrying in the wood, I did crawl under the house to find the snake with the stripes on his back; but he was n't there, so I don't know how many stripes he did have on his back. When the wood was all stacked up in the wood-box and the kindling under the stove, the mamma did say I might take the ducklings to the brook. That did make me very happy. All the way to the brook I did sing 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus, Te Deum laudamus.

There was *rosée* on the verdure everywhere this morning, and the sunbeams made all the drops to shine. And there was glory and gladness everywhere. When I did look upon it, I did have thinks to go explores down along Nonette and into forêt de Chantilly. But the mamma had not thinks like my thinks. She did tell me of the many works she did have for me to do, and I did go to do them. But as I did go about to do them, I did have thinks about the appears with *rosée* on them of the things that grow where Nonette flows. After morning works was done, the mamma did have me to mind the baby while she was making it a dress. I made out of the piece what was left a christening robe. I made it for a young rooster. It is n't the first one I have made for him. But the others he has got too big to wear, and

I have n't been able to catch him yet.

Before noontime the mamma did take the little girl and the baby and the dress she was making for the baby, and they all did go to the house of her mother. She did have me to help her to take them, and when they were come to the door of the house of her mother, I did come again home.

When I did eat my bowl of bread and milk, I did have thinks I would make portraits of the folks in the pasture and pig-pen this afternoon. I put more wood in the wood-box so it would be full when the mamma came home. Then I put four white poker chips in my apron pocket — one is for the portrait of the gentle Jersey cow. I will have to draw her head in a small way so the horns can go in the picture too. I have thinks that the people who made poker chips ought to have made them with more bigness, so there would be more room to put horns on the cows' pictures that one does draw on poker chips. One of the other three poker chips I did put into my apron pocket is to draw Aphrodite's portrait on. And one of them is to draw Elizabeth Barrett Browning's picture on. Now I go.

When I did get these pictures made, I did take them to a log in the near woods that has got a hollow place in it. There is room in this log for me to take naps in on rainy days, and in this log I do keep the white poker chips with pictures on them. In this log I do have a goodly number of white poker chips in rows, with portraits on them of the animal folks that do dwell here about. All my chums' pictures are there. There are five of Mathilde Plantagenet on three poker chips. And there are seven of William Shakespeare that I did draw in *automne* and *hiver* time. And, too, there are six of dear Peter Paul Rubens that was. Nine more white poker chips in a little pile under the root of a stump are waiting

waits to have portraits made on them. When I do get portraits made on most all the white poker chips I do have, then one of the logging men at the mill by the far woods does give me more white poker chips to draw more pictures of Aphrodite and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all of us on.

The chore boy does have objects to my drawing pictures on his poker chips that he does hide in the barn. One day when I was in the barn singing songs to William Shakespeare, I did find the poker chips of the chore boy where he did hide them away. I had not knows whose they were, but the white ones all did lay there in a heap having askings for pictures to be drawn on them. So I did take some of them, and I did make portraits of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and Brave Horatius. Then I did put them back in their places again. The day that was after that, I did take some more and I did make portraits on them. On them I did make portraits of Lars Porsena of Clusium and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Nannerl Mozart and Felix Mendelssohn. Then I did carry them back to their place in the barn. They did look satisfaction looks there in that corner with portraits on them.

Then next day, when I was going down our lane by the barn, the chore boy did come by the gate. When I came through, he did give my curls a pull. He did say in a cross way, 'What for did you mark up my nice poker chips with your old pictures?' Then I did have knows they was his poker chips there in the barn. I did tell him the white ones had wants to have portraits on them, and it was to give them what they had wants for. I told him he better draw pictures on what white ones was left that did not have pictures on. I had thinks they would be lonesome. But the chore boy did not have thinks like my thinks. He said he had

more knows what poker chips want than I have thinks. He says poker chips want to be on a table in a game with men. I have thinks he has not knows what he is talking about. I have knows white poker chips do have wants for portraits to be drawn on them — portraits of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and all the rest.

After I did put the four new portraits in the old log, I did follow a path that leads to a path that leads to a path that goes to the house of Elsie. I so went because I did have a little longing to rock again the baby's cradle. Elsie was making for her young husband a whipped cream cake. He has such a fondness for them. And she does make them for him as often as there is cream enough. She was stirring things together in the most big yellow bowl. She did stir them in a quick way. While she so did, the baby did have a wake-up. She said I might rock it in its cradle. I went in a quick way to do so. I did give its cradle little touches on its corner with my fingers, and it did rock in a gentle way. As the cradle so did rock back and forth in that gentle way, I did sing to the dear baby in it a little song. I did sing to it *le chant de fleurs* that Angel Father did teach me to sing, of *hyacinthe, éclaïre, nenufar, rose, iris et dauphinelle et oleandre et romarin, lis, eglantier, anemone, narcisse, et souci*. I did sing it four times over, and the baby did go to sleeps again. I do so love to watch it in its cradle.

Afterwards I went to look for thoughts. Every day now I do look for thoughts in flowers. Sometimes they are hidden away in the flower-bell, and sometimes I find them on a wild rose, and sometimes they are among the ferns, and sometimes I climb away up in the trees to look looks for them. So many thoughts do abide near unto us. They come from heaven and live among

the flowers and the ferns, and often I find them in the trees. I do so love to go on searches for the thoughts that do dwell near about.

Lola has got her white silk dress that she did have so much wants for, and it has a little ruffle around the neck and one around each sleeve like she had wants for it to have. It is nice she is a great lady now. She so did say at school she would be a great lady when she did have her white silk dress on. And too at school she did say the children would gather around her and sing, and they did. And she did say at school, when the children would gather around her and sing when she does have her white silk dress on — she did say then she would stand up and stretch out her arms and bestow her blessing on all of them like the deacon does to the people in the church in the mill town — but she did n't. She did n't even raise up her hands. She stayed asleep in that long box the whole time the children was marching around her and singing, 'Nearer My God to Thee,' and more songs. She did just lay there in that long box with her white silk dress on and her eyes shut and her hands folded and she was very still all the time.

Her sister did cry. I did walk up to her and touch her hand where she did sit in the rocking-chair. I did have asks if it was a white silk dress she was having wants for, too. And she patted my hand and I told her, maybe she would get a white silk dress soon too, and how nice it was Lola did have hers, what she had wants for, and the ruffles in its neck and sleeves. And Lola's sister did pat me on the head and went out to her kitchen, and I did go out of doors again.

And there was Brave Horatius by the steps, and I saw a yellow butterfly, and a little way away there was a mud-puddle. By the mud-puddle was a *guêpe*. She came. She went. Every

time she did come she did take a bit of mud. I did watch. When she was gone away a little hole was where she did take the mud. She did make comes again. It was for mud she did come every time. Last time I did follow after. It was a difficulty — the following after. She was so little a person and the way she did go — it was a quick way. And I had seeing she was making a cradle of mud for a baby *guêpe* to be. Then I went a little way back. I saw a white butterfly. I have wonders if Lola will wear her white silk dress to school when fall-time is come. I saw one more white butterfly. I looked more looks about. Among the grasses on a little bush there was a katydid. And its green was a pretty greenness. Its wings — they were folded close. And it was washing its front feet. I have thinks katydids do keep their feet most clean. They do wash them again and more times. I so do like to keep watches of the way the katydid does clean its face with its front foot. I have thinks to be a katydid would be an interest life.

When morning works was done, then I did go calling on the folks that wear sun-bonnets. I thought I better keep my sun-bonnet on my head being as I was going calling on sun-bonnet folks. First I went to the garden to visit the pea family. I shook hands all down the row and back up the other row. Then I went to call on their neighbors the beans. I did tell them about this day being the crowning day of Louis XIV in 1654 and the going-away day of Robert de Bruce in 1329. Then I did go out across the fields to have talks with Aphrodite and Solomon Grundy and Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. Then it was I saw the chore boy near unto the barn. He had a long stick. He was knocking down the homes of the swallows. There were broken cradles on the ground and there were grown-up swal-

lows about with distresses in their flying. That did make me to have so sad feels. I did tell him how dear are swallows, but he would have no listens.

Afterwards I did go goes to the house of Sadie McKinzie. As I did go along, I did have seeing of a little thing in the road ahead. It was a very little thing and it made little moves. They were only flutterings. It went not away from where it was. I did go in a hurry on. When I was come to it, I did have seeing it was a little bird. It was a little bird that was hurt by the step of a cow. I have thinks it was making a try to make a go across the road. I cuddled it up and I felt feels in my apron pocket and there was some mentholatum. And I gave it some applys and we went to the hospital. And I put it there on moss in a little soap-box room where nothing can come and bring it more hurts. And it did have likes for the water I gave it to drink in a thimble, and more likes it did have for the food I gave it to eat. I named it William Makepeace Thackeray.

Then I did go goes on to the house of Sadie McKinzie, and Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium went goes with me. Lars Porsena of Clusium did ride part ways on the back of Brave Horatius. When we was come to the house of Sadie McKinzie, she was having troubles. Just when she did have her clothes all hung out, then the clothes-line did break and they all had falls on the ground. While she did gather them up, she did have talks to herself. She did say, "T is a folly to fret; grief's no comfort." When her bread gets burns in the oven and the chickens bother on the porch and the clothes boil over on the stove and everything seems to go wrong, Sadie McKinzie has a way of saying, "T is a folly to fret; grief's no comfort."

While she was giving more washouts to them clothes that did have a fall

while the clothes-line did break, she did sing. She sings on days when sunshine is. She sings on days when rain is. Sadie McKinzie always sings before the summer rain as does the robin.

To-day when she did have them clothes part hung on the line again, then it was the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice did come by on his way to the mill town. He had asks if there was anything she was having needs of that he could bring back. And she did say bacon and some soda and some more things what she had needs of for to cook with. While she told him, he did write it down. I breathed a big breathe when I did see him write it down, for he does write in the way that the fairies write. I said, 'Oh!' He did turn himself around. He did say, 'What is it, little one?' And I did tell him all in one breath. I did tell him, 'Oh, it's that you write in the way the fairies write that put things for me by the old log where the moss-box is.' Then he did smile and he looked a long look out the door. I have thinks he was thinking of the long-ago time when the fairies did teach him to write their way.

When he did start to go, I heard him say to Sadie McKinzie, 'I guess I will have to change my writing.' I most slipped off the chair I was sitting on the edge of. I had feels I better speak to him about it. I had feels of the sorry feels the fairies would feel when they had knowing he was not going to write in the way they did teach him to write. When he did tell me good-bye I did say, 'Please don't change your writing because you write the way the fairies do. I have thinks the way they write is lovely.' And he did smile his gentle smile. Then I did tell him how sorry I knowed the fairies would feel if he wrote not on in their way. Then he did say he guessed it would be a pretty hard thing — trying to write another way from that the fairies did teach him

to write. I have thinks it would so be. And to-night in my prayers I will thank God the fairies did teach the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice to write in their way. It is a very beautiful way. Some of the letters are like ripples on the water. I have longings to write as the fairies write.

The waters of the brook lap and lap. They come in little ripples over gray stones. They are rippling a song. It is a gentle song. It is a good-bye song to Lars Porsena of Clusium. The time now is when there is no Lars Porsena of Clusium. It was only on yesterday. It was near eventime when the mamma was gone to the house of her mother. I was making a go across the cornfield to see the tree-folks in the lane. Brave Horatius did follow after me. Lars Porsena of Clusium was going on a way ahead. His movements did look queer with his tail-fathers not growed out yet. He went on. He came a little way back to see if we was coming. Then he started on in a hurry way. I was watching him with joy feels in my heart. I was having thinks how nice it would be when he does get his new tail-feathers all growed out.

Brave Horatius did give a queer bark, and he pulled the corner of my apron. I looked looks about. There the chore boy was in a corner of the cornfield with a gun. He was pointing it out on the field. I had thinks he had not seeing of my dear Lars Porsena out there. I run a quick run to keep him from pulling that thing on the gun that makes the noise and pains. I hollered hollers at him about Lars Porsena of Clusium crossing the cornfield. When I was come to where the chore boy was, I did tell him he must not shoot that old gun — a ball in it might go so far as my dear Lars Porsena of Clusium.

He just laughed a laugh and he said — he did — that Lars Porsena was

nothing but a crow. And then he pointed that gun right at my own dear Lars Porsena of Clusium. The noise was a big awful cal lamb of tea. I had feels I was killed dead when I saw him fall. I ran a quick run. When I was come to him I found he was making little flutterings. When I did go to pick him up he was wet with much blood. I felt the shivers of his pains. I wrapped my apron around him so he would not have cold feels. There was much wetness upon my apron as I did go along. It was wetness of blood. The sky was more gray, and before I was come to the house we live in, the raindrops were coming down in a slow, sad way. I have thinks the sky was crying tears for the hurts of Lars Porsena of Clusium. And I was too.

I had longs for the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice to be come back again. He and other mill folks and Dear Love and her husband and Sadie McKinzie and her husband are all away gone until to-morrow eventime. I had not knows what to do for Lars Porsena of Clusium. This was not like that time he lost his tail. I did cuddle him up close in my arms and I washed off some of the blood, but more and more came. And sleepy feels were upon him. I wrapped my apron more close around him and I did sing songs to him about Ave Maria and 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.'

After the mamma was gone to bed and sleeps, I did take Lars Porsena of Clusium to bed with me. He was so sleepy. I cuddled him up in my arms and we both did go to sleep, for tired feels was upon us. When I had wake-ups early on this morning, my own dear Lars Porsena was very cold, and he was very dead, and stiffness was upon him. I did have queer feels in my throat and pains feels all up and down me. I so did want him alive again to go explores.

When the mamma was most awake I

climbed out the bedroom window with him in a quick way. I went on. I did go until I was come to the lane. And I did go on down our lane until I was come to the tall fir tree, Good King Edward I. I lay Lars Porsena of Clusium near unto King Good Edward I, and I said a little prayer and I covered him over with moss. I now go to have his funer-

al at Dreux. Brave Horatius too does wait waits, and quiet is upon him. He has longs for Lars Porsena of Clusium to come perch on his back. And the winds are calling, and between the callings of the wind the willows do call down by the creek. They beckon and call to the soul of Lars Porsena of Clusium.

(To be concluded)

THE GOLD-PIECE

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

MISS ISA RANN laid the little jeweler's box on the table beside a battered Noah's Ark, and smiled slowly.

'Yes,' Mollie Braden answered her, 'the flood is n't a circumstance compared to life in the Braden family. They're out tearing up their father's stone-pile now, making an Alps out of it.' She nodded toward the bright-sweated little figures who could just be seen through the open window tugging at some gray rocks.

Her visitor fingered the lean, humpless camel absently, and turned to go.

'We're much obliged, Mollie. I was telling mother you're a real benefactor to Green Valley. Only I think you ought to charge interest.'

'Pish!' the younger woman returned briskly, not without a trace of satisfaction in her tones. 'I'm glad if it helped you out.'

'They were a bargain,' Miss Isa continued, stepping toward the door and getting her sentence and herself off together; 'three quarters morocco and an awful lot of gilt; and they certainly do

look nice there between that blue set of Foreign Short Stories and the brown Shakespeares. You must come over to see them —'

But at that point a little gust of wind hurried her off the porch sooner than she had meant, and only the thin sound of her voice fluttered behind.

Mollie Braden opened the box for the sheer joy of seeing the round gold-piece snuggled in its wisp of pink cotton. Then she tucked it carefully away in her sewing-table drawer beyond the box of hooks and eyes. She could never decide whether it was a greater pleasure to lend it, with that little feeling of increased importance and self-respect rising within her as the grateful borrower accepted it, or to see its counterpart returning, and taste the flavor of a gracious deed pleasantly performed.

It had come to her a year before, labeled, 'For something you and the children need'; and had been spent a dozen times the first few days. What did n't they need? More shoes and less disreputable hats, and a pair of warm

blankets, and screens for the upstairs windows! So much for the physical needs, which Mollie Braden rather sniffed at. Unpleasant necessities they were, which could be managed some way. But her mind dwelt long on the possibility of a charmingly tender Madonna in a dull gilt frame, which should hang above the clock and prove a joy and an inspiration to them all. Children were touched by such things, she believed; and as she dragged them apart after some hand-to-hand encounter, with bloody noses and bumped heads, or marshaled them in at night to the evening rite of feet-washing, she felt that they had need of a softening influence. But before the week was out, Mrs. Bessey hurried in one evening to borrow ten dollars. Her husband had to catch the night train on a sudden errand, and the bank was closed, of course.

Dave Braden had looked embarrassed, remembering the quarter and ten-cent piece that jingled lonesomely in his trousers pocket.

'I—I don't have much money around,' he explained, reddening.

'I've got it right here,' his wife interposed; and then with sudden inspiration she added, 'I always keep a little on hand.'

It was the most heartening of moments, and kept her in a glow the whole evening. What did darned stockings and patched underwear matter when you had money that could be lent to anyone in need? The consciousness added so immensely to her self-respect that she hummed a merry little tune as she tucked the children in, and came downstairs with a comfortable feeling of superiority.

And presently all Green Valley had borrowed the gold-piece that Mollie Braden 'kept on hand.' The only stipulation was that it must come back in kind; for no greasy paper money was suffered to lie on the pink cotton. Jabe

Miller bought his seed-potatoes with it, being a 'trifle short'; and Abbie Barnes took advantage of a bargain in sugar before her rent came in. Mrs. Hooker paid it down as a first installment on a seal muff which her husband would finish buying at Christmas time; and Emma Taylor bought a new willow chair, reckoning confidently on her birthday money from her mother, still two months due.

The gold-piece became a comfortable margin for Green Valley's speculations, and really put life into business. Once it finished buying an engagement ring—alas, too late! for the lady had accepted a larger stone the evening before arrangements were completed. The unhappy purchaser, however, had the stone reset for himself, and wore it defiantly until he lost it down the bathroom plumbing where all the fishing in the world could never locate it.

That was the nearest to romance that the gold-piece had come; but one never knew what might turn up next in a town like Green Valley, where interesting and unusual things were always happening. Once Mollie almost made up her mind to offer it to her sister-in-law, who had been engaged five years. She had thought that a new hat tilted over Fannie's pretty nose might hurry things up a bit; but she had a horror of seeming to play Destiny, and the wedding came off of itself a little later.

After the coming of the gold-piece Mollie felt herself closer to all the life in Green Valley; it was a little shuttle that ran back and forth among them, and connected her with all the funny and intimate and tender happenings in town. Two months before, it had bought the finest batiste for the Crawford baby's dresses. The poor little thing had worn only one of them, and that in her tiny coffin; but Mary Crawford, returning the blue box, first wept out her grief in Mrs. Braden's sitting-room.

The return of the gold-piece to-day made imminent the solving of a knotty little problem, and Mollie sat down to it, tasting a luxurious sense of freedom from pressing necessities now that the dinner dishes were done and the berries cleaned for supper. Old Snyder had asked for the money next, but she had not promised, for there was an abstract question of justice to be decided first. Old Snyder lived on the outskirts of Green Valley and of civilization, in a gray, bulging, shed-like house which rumor declared housed both man and beast without discrimination, in the winter months. He was a disreputable object, spitting tobacco-juice from side to side as he stamped down the dusty road to town, his white beard waving in the wind. Mollie's children were afraid of him, but she herself had known him since the time he had plucked her out of a gnarled old apple tree by the side of the road, where she was hanging inverted, suspended between earth and heaven by her tiny skirts, like a pink hollyhock. Since then there had always been greetings between them, and Mollie often felt a conscious altruism as she bowed to this battered old son of Adam from the heights of respectability and a clean gingham dress. Now he wanted ten dollars to buy a calf. The calf would grow and become a source of profit, and Mollie should be repaid with 'entrist.' He had looked down at her as she hesitated, with a certain respect which only the possession of money earned; and Mollie realized that to him she was a financier and not a woman. As he spat at a big dandelion and turned for her answer, she was inspired to say, 'The gold-piece has n't come back yet. When it does, I'll think about it and let you know.'

So she was thinking about it. The possession of wealth, even ever so little wealth, entailed far-reaching responsibilities, she found. She wondered if so

dirty and altogether unregenerate a specimen of humanity deserved financial recognition along with the town's sober and conscientious citizens. Was it *right* to lend money to old Snyder, who never washed his face, just as you would to Abbie Barnes and Harvey Hooker? The same money too, so to speak! Would n't such a course encourage shiftlessness and a general letting-down of the bars of decency and proper conduct? What encouragement was there to right living if the credit of the clean and the church-going was no better than that of a man who slept and ate with his cattle?

A year before, Mollie would have stopped at this point; but since she had been lending money, she had had curious and baffling glimpses into other lives which had made her uncertain where she had formerly been sure in judgment. A shifting of her scale of values often left her bewildered and wondering. Sometimes, too, she thought herself a heartless woman, remembering that Evelyn was going without the gay hair-ribbons the other girls were wearing, and that George was teasing daily for a new Indian suit. Even Dave, her own Dave, was hankering for a peculiarly wonderful new tool which could be many things at almost one and the same time by a simple turn of the wrist. As for Old Snyder — she would like to know — there might have been reasons.

When Mollie started herself on a train of might-have-beens she knew she was lost. So she got up hurriedly and looked at the clock. She would have time before supper to walk over to his place and see for herself. She would go. She dropped the box in her pocket, seized her sun-hat, and stole quietly around the house in the soft grass, to escape the eyes of the busy workers in the stone-pile, and the hue and cry that would follow her detection.

The path to Old Snyder's lay through

a maple grove, where the shadows lay heavy and thick, and for a mile or two beside a tiny thread-like river. She and Dave Braden had canoed here so often before she was Dave Braden's wife that they knew every grotesque knotted old tree-root that crinkled to meet them in the still water by the bank. Once they had paddled to Colton, the county seat, and been so late that all Green Valley was burning anxious lights for them when they returned.

She laughed at the memory as she turned out of the grove and into the cleared space where Old Snyder's shanty hid itself behind a second growth of young saplings — a thin gray house, bulging at the end where the storms struck it, with staring windows whose broken panes were stuffed with limp and colorless rags. Old Snyder was sitting beside the door, on a box that stood like an island in the midst of a sea of mud, throwing corn at some ragged roosters; he still sat stolidly looking at Mollie as she picked her way among the heaps of compost and pools of slimy water toward him. A stillness hung about the dilapidated house and its dilapidated owner, like the stillness of slow decay; and when Old Snyder became animate at last, Mollie heard him speak with surprise.

'T ain't like walking on the bouly-vard, coming to see me,' he said.

'Not exactly,' Mollie responded, with a lightness of manner she was far from feeling; for now that she had come she had a foolish sense of unpreparedness.

She walked past him, and peered through the open door at the sodden interior, where a hen or two clucked disconsolately among a heap of ragged quilts at the foot of a rusty cot.

'Hev you brought the money?' Old Snyder inquired, rising stiffly and following her.

'It's a dreadful place in there,' she exclaimed, half to herself.

'Some might think so,' — the old man's tone held a note of defiance, — 'but it's home to me.' Then he raised his voice as one speaking to the deaf or the deficient. 'Hev you brought the money?'

'Yes, I have.' Mollie faced him like an impeccable judge. 'But I don't think I'm going to lend it to you. I came to find out if there's any reason why I should.'

She was a long time finding out, and the trail led back and back forty years to the time when 'Ma' died. 'Ma' seemed to be responsible for it all — the dirt, the heedlessness, the neglect. 'We was a-getting along,' Old Snyder wound up every chapter of his narrative with querulous accusation, 'when Ma up and died.'

Mollie listened, wondering if she looked as much like Justice with the scales as she felt.

'Ma thought we'd get together enough to paint the house in the spring, and then she up and died.'

His usually silent tongue, now loosened through his desire of the gold-piece, wagged on and on, now pleading, now promising. At last they came to an agreement.

'If I come back next week this time, and find this place cleaned up so it's fit for a human being to step in, I'll lend you the money.'

The old man hesitated, but some latent energy, far-buried, spurred him on. 'I'll see what I can do, but it's kind a hard, all alone now, since Ma died.'

Mollie left him shaking his head dolefully, and turned into the cool grove, the pride of the reformer in her heart. It was fine to feel things moving before one, and moving in the right direction. How Green Valley would stare if Old Snyder did clean up! She must n't count too much on it, but still stranger things had happened. Perhaps he only

needed a spur. This was better than hair-ribbons that would soon be worn out, or tools that in the natural course of things must become broken and lost. When one became a wife and mother, one did n't have to lose one's sense of proportion, and be always grabbing at things for one's own. Perhaps there were bigger things than husbands and children. But Mollie's impersonality could not carry her quite that far, and a sudden longing to tell Dave all about it made her quicken her footsteps.

A little wind began to stir now, making shifting light patches on the path, and setting a cluster of blue phlox by the side of the stream in graceful, rhythmic movement. Mollie's eyes followed them lovingly, and then came to a full stop; for among them lay a young man, asleep, like a prince in a fairy tale, and beside him was a small canoe, brown and lissome.

Mollie stopped, blushing like a little girl, and began to walk on tiptoe lest she break the magic spell. But the wind in the flowers was making more noise than she; and almost at the same moment the young man opened large dark eyes and sat up. His hair curled back like that of the Greek gods in plaster, and his nose was straight and thin like theirs.

'I dreamed a nymph, and lo, the damsel came,' he remarked without embarrassment. 'Was it a far journey from the portals of sleep to this green glade? Surely not, for you have not even muddled your sandals.'

Mollie followed his glance to her comfortable oxfords, and her cheeks burned remembering her thirty-odd years and her married state, which for some time had protected her against frivolous masculinity; but she was too overcome to walk on. She shrank against a tree-trunk, looking shy and unmatronly, and feeling very unlike the fierce spirit who had just sat in judgment on Old

Snyder. And the young man remained looking at her so pleasantly and yet so fixedly, that presently she could not tell whether he had spoken at all, or whether these words which she had seemed to hear were only the gibberish of her imagination.

But the young man solved the question by speaking again, in a conversational tone. 'This would be perfect if there were only food. Is n't there — have n't you a loaf of bread and a pot of honey somewhere about you?

'I'm sorry, I have n't,' Mollie Braden said politely, uncertain whether to answer in kind, and not seeming to find the right words, though she was sure they were somewhere around, if she had only time to think. 'Is it a game?'

'A game for you, damsel, but sober earnest for a starving poet.' And leaping to his feet, he bowed in low and exaggerated fashion.

'A poet?' Mollie ejaculated, large-eyed; for in Green Valley poets were scarcer than wild creatures of the jungle, who did occasionally come to town in green and silver cages. Caged or uncaged, a poet had never penetrated into their midst, and Mollie had a great longing to capture this one and carry him back to the Green Valley Reading Circle.

Then, with sudden suspicions, she inquired, 'And do they print your poetry?'

At that the young man laughed long and merrily. 'With the instinct of your sex, damsel, you have indeed come to the point. They print it far too rarely, but they sometimes do.' He pulled out of his pocket a sheaf of leaves torn from magazines, and selected one. 'This has been printed. It is a rondeau. Listen!

'In after years I shall not care
To haunt some dusty mansion bare.
Think not my spirit will be found
Roaming some white-rowed burying-ground,
Startling the good folk unaware.

'I shall not rise to wander where
 Wan willows fan the pensive air,
 An unfixed spirit, sorrow-crowned,
 In after years!

'But when the flute and fiddle rare
 Call to the dance each joyous pair.
 Where cheer and blooming health abound
 And young feet twinkle to the sound,
 Doubt not, my friend, that I'll be there,
 In after years.

'Those are my sentiments exactly.' The young man pirouetted on his heel. 'I don't know what views you hold regarding the immortality of our souls, but I hope you do not disapprove of mine.'

It was impossible not to catch the infection of his spirits, and Mollie gave way and laughed with him till the little grove seemed full of echoing merriment. This lightness so flecked with sober earnest, this earnestness so charged with gayety, was not the jesting of Green Valley, where jokes are jokes, and facts are facts, and there is no difficulty in distinguishing the two. The intellectual excitement of this form of wit went to Mollie's head, and made her a little fizzy, as if she had been drinking too much ginger ale.

'Now, damsel,' the poet suggested, when they had calmed themselves, 'suppose you tell me what you are.'

Mollie's blue eyes twinkled at the young man. 'I, kind poet, am a money-lender'; and she curtsied as she had not done since she was a child in the primary grades.

The young man stared. 'By all the good fates, if it is not better to be a hungry poet and lucky than a rich man at his feast. My troubles are over!' He advanced toward her. 'In the name of Art I command you to lend me — oh, any small sum — ten dollars — or five hundred.'

Mollie jumped. 'What for?' she said.

'What for!' The young man struck an attitude. 'She asks what for! For

art, for life, for melody, for sweetness, for this shimmering river-path at our feet, for the perfectness of these exquisite blue bits,' — he pointed toward the phlox, — 'for grace, and beauty which will save us at last.'

As if moved by some irresistible force, Mollie's hand went slowly toward her pocket and brought up the little blue box. The poet came closer, and as she lifted the cover and disclosed the small bright bit, the moment was tense with expectation.

The young man seized the gold-piece irreverently. 'We'll toss for it.' He sank to his knees on the cool thick grass. 'Come, sit down! Shall I take it? Heads I lose — tails —' It spun down to him like a gleam of sunshine, and he bent his dark head to it on the grass. 'Yes, I take it.'

Mollie did not speak, but her breath came fast and she felt a little dizzy.

He regarded her calmly and inclusively. 'What would you do with it if I did n't take it?' he questioned.

Mollie could hardly think. Green Valley seemed vague and far away, like the merest speck on the landscape. She was held by a strange spell which she could not break; and all the things which she had done with the gold-piece, and all the things she had planned to do, seemed hardly worth the naming. The young man's words were floating all about her, thinly, like a song after it has died — 'for melody, for sweetness —'

'Hair-ribbons,' she breathed faintly.

The young man laughed. 'The snare of the evil one to dazzle the eyes of men! No, it can't be hair-ribbons.'

Then Mollie thought of Old Snyder, and the story tumbled out of itself.

When she had done, the young man reflected a while. 'No, it can't be Old Snyder,' he said slowly. 'Don't you see, he'd be miserable clean, and all to no purpose. How do you know it's better

to be clean than dirty any way? It's a silly convention — being clean.' He tossed up the gold-piece again, and watched it flashing down to him. 'No, I guess it's meant for me,' he murmured dreamily.

Mollie did not reply. The incident seemed ended, and she rose to go.

'Mind you, damsel, I probably won't be returning this — very soon, anyway. I might, but it is n't best to count on it. My journey is a long one, and it's well to be going forward. But wait,' — he pulled from his pocket a carefully scribbled page, — 'I did this to-day, before you came up.' He folded it small and put it on the pink cotton in the small blue box. 'You have it now, a bit of this lovely spot and a bit of me — everlastingly joined. Is n't that worth a gold-piece? When we're both old and wrinkled, and I'm famous, you can take this out and become a bit famous yourself, maybe. Anyway, it will make a pretty story for your grandchildren — your gold-piece and my poem!'

He shut the box and gave it to her, and she walked slowly away over the

soft grass and through the shifting patches of light that seemed to follow and illumine her.

That night, when the children were abed, and Mollie sat on the porch in the cool, waiting for Dave, she realized that the gold-piece had again opened for her a window upon the world. She was almost glad it had gone — it had reversed so many judgments, made her so many kinds of a person, she who had been a proper Green Valley girl, and had been meant to be a proper Green Valley woman, with a husband and children to fill her thoughts. She took the folded slip out of the box and read it carefully by the porch light, and when Dave came, she read it to him as she often read scraps copied from the Colton paper.

'It's pretty,' he rendered judgment. 'Makes a person think of the green shadows on the river toward Colton way. Remember, Mollie, girl?' He was silent a long time, while a soft thud overhead told of a child after another drink. 'They have it on us, those poet folks. Better save that, Mollie.'

BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER!

A SKETCH IN PEASANT RUSSIA

BY EDWIN BONTA

OUR children would term it 'calling names.' Mefódi and Ánnushka would probably call it *rugánie*. But by one name or the other, — or any name at all, — what a safety-valve it is for the relief of overwrought feelings!

If your horse balks at the steep river-bank, or your woman is dilatory about the ploughing, then possibly you beat them — but probably you don't. For what you undertake with those powerful hands of yours you may re-

gret afterwards. Or violence may be returned to you again with interest. But *rugánie* — it is such a harmless thing — and such a relief to pent-up emotions.

Rugánie, to be explicit, consists in making selected remarks about the maternal ancestors (real or imagined) of the offending object — remarks selected neither for their flattering nature nor for their delicacy.

It was n't a holiday, but the day before had been, and anyone knows that the day after a holiday is inviolate as far as working goes. (One day to celebrate — at least — and another to recuperate.) This explains why *Mefódi* and his family found themselves at home — he and his *Ánnushka* and their three: *Grísha* and little *Sónya* and very little *Vanyúshka*.

Grísha sat on the end of the long bench near the four-poster bed, making himself traps to set in the tall fir trees. He worked diligently, and the floor around him, in spite of his mother's protests, was littered with whittlings. His sister *Sónya* was sprawled at full length on the floor, playing with the kitten. Little *Vanyúshka*, for the moment, was sleeping peacefully in the tiny cradle hanging from the supple end of a long sapling close by the stove.

The *samovár* stood on the table, kept hot by the charcoal fire inside; for *Asáf* had dropped in to drink tea and talk along with *Mefódi*. They also sat on the long bench, their glasses on the table in front of them. Across from them sat *Ánnushka* at the *samovár*, the picture of all a housewife should be — and so, apparently, thought *Mefódi*, from the approving glance he cast at her every now and then.

But she could n't sit long at a time — she must be constantly jumping up to look after the fish pies in the oven, or to give the cradle a jog, and send it

gently bobbing up and down, lulling little *Ványa* off to sleep again. Or she must, on one errand or another, run across the narrow passage into the barn; for *Mefódi*, like his neighbors, kept house and barn under the same sheltering roof, and his helpmeet was housewife of it all.

In spite of her apparent serenity, *Ánnushka* was thoroughly tired: tired with days of baking, getting ready for the holiday; tired with the joys of the holiday itself, joys continued far into the night — into the following morning.

And all day to-day *Mefódi* might rest indeed, but who would mix the moss-mash for the cow, and milk her; and feed her and the horse; and all the rest? Any housewife knows why a holiday is n't a holiday.

And then had to come this *Asáf*, with his sharp tongue! Would n't you know the Ungentle One would send him her way on this day of all days?

Now, to digress, we must explain that *Ánnushka* was really a *bába*. Anyone knows that a peasant woman is a *bába*, because that's exactly what a *bába* is. And when *Mefódi* called her by this name, her heart thumped in its roomy breast.

But in *Asáf's* mouth the word turned to wormwood — from him it meant nothing but derision; from him it could not and need not be tolerated — no, not once. And in the end of ends there was no reason — no, not one — why he should quote that old unpleasant proverb. But he did.

'Hen is n't bird-kind: *bába* is n't man-kind,' chanted *Asáf*.

'*Bába* is n't man-kind!' echoed *Grísha* gleefully (her own *Grísha*!). And '*Bába! Bába!*' mimicked little *Sónya* from under the table.

Ánnushka stopped short in her work and confronted *Asáf*. 'What's that you tell?' she cried.

'That is — what did I tell? Anyone knows it's a saying: "Hen is n't bird-kind: bába is n't man-kind."'

'Bába is n't man-kind!' echoed Grísha again. And he and Asáf laughed boisterously.

Ánnushka fumed, and revolved with her sturdy arms. 'Now, devil take you, Asáfka, for a worthless ne'er-do-well! The whole village knows what for a bába you've got under your roof. *Tful!*'

And the rugánie began.

Began, and continued, and increased. Increased in vehemence, in clamor, in ingenuity. Higher and higher rose their voices; lower and lower descended the abuse. Unnumbered generations — running back to Rúrik — were recalled and slandered and besmirched, until one telling thrust by Asáf (apparently containing an element of truth) goaded Ánnushka beyond endurance.

And things began to happen.

Ánnushka reached across, seized him by the hair, and pressed his lean cheek against the samovár.

'*Oy! Satana!*' screamed Asáf. And jumping up from the table, he grabbed at her.

And more things happened.

Ánnushka, dodging his grasp, stumbled over little Sónya and fell against the samovár. This rocked an instant and fell to the floor at Grísha's feet, staving a dent in its shapely side.

'I did n't do it!' cried Sónya, hopping up. 'It's not my fault!'

Grísha jumped and rescued the samovár before the water started to flow out. And then, seizing his sister, he boxed her ears. 'It is your fault, little fool,' he shouted, 'lying there on the floor.'

Grísha had caught up the samovár, true; but not before a live coal, quite unnoticed, had tumbled out, and into his pile of whittlings. Then he had left his corner, and behind his back — be-

hind the backs of all — the glowing coal kindled the litter on the floor.

Meanwhile the clamor went on.

'It's *not* my fault,' repeated Sónya.

'And it's not *my* fault,' cried Ánnushka. 'It's his!'

'It's *not!*' shouted Asáf.

And the rugánie began again.

All were gathered around the table, eyes centred on the antagonists. And behind them the little blaze set fire to the curtains of the bed, and a thin glowing skirmish line crept swiftly up that dry old stuff.

'Tell, please! Who grabbed at me?' continued Ánnushka.

'You tell who pressed my face against the samovár!'

'So!' said Mefódi, willing to see justice done. 'No need to press his face against the samovár.'

Then he sprang up suddenly.

'Look!' he cried. 'Now see what you've done, with your rugánie!'

From the bed-curtains the flames had leaped to the large tissue-paper sunbursts hanging from the ceiling, and these too were now blazing hotly. And the little window-curtains were also alight and charring the boards of the ceiling.

As her man rushed to put out the spreading fire, Ánnushka took in the scene before her. The danger, the folly, the needlessness of it, swept over her.

'Oy, oy, oy, oy!' she moaned, collapsing into a chair. And, burying her head in her hands, she burst into tears.

The flames from the tissue-paper, licking up the side of the chimney, set fire to the wafer-thin shingles of the roof, the blaze creeping rapidly back toward the barn.

'Asáf! blankets!' cried Mefódi, as he glanced hurriedly around for his companion.

But of Asáf there was nothing to be seen. In the excitement he had slipped quietly away.

The paper ornaments soon burned themselves out. And in a short time Mefódi had stifled the smouldering ceiling and trampled out the fire in the whittlings. It looked as if the danger were over.

He put down the blanket and mopped his brow. Ánnushka looked shyly up at him, on her face the most lovable expression of distress and humility.

How could one be angry with a wife like this?

But suddenly from the direction of the barn came a great roaring. Mefódi heard and went sick.

'Little Fathers!' he cried. 'It's the hay — the hay is burning!'

Ánnushka crossed herself limply and sat on, her face blank in the presence of such calamity — till little Ványa waked and started to cry.

Then light gleamed in her eyes; with a swift stride she was at the cradle and had snatched him to her breast.

Scarcely a moment she stood; then, seizing the kitten she thrust it into Grísha's arms. She grasped little Sónya and, driving Grísha before her, hurried them all out of the house. At the doorway she paused and called back, 'Let the beasts out, Fód'ka! while you can,' — and rushed on out into the night.

A strong wind was blowing in the direction of the other houses. Already the roof of the next had caught; and from the roof the fire spread again to the hay. Fanned by the gale, the flames leaped from one building to another; and there was no means of fight-

ing them save buckets of water dipped from the river through holes in the ice.

All night long the fires lit up the sky, and figures darted about rescuing their goods and carrying them across the fields to Páchipolda. As house after house went up, its owners submissively crossed themselves and hurried off to help salvage the belongings from other houses next in the path of the flames.

And when the winter sun rose late the following morning, it looked down on smoking ruins only, where had been the little village of Kófkula.

Mefódi told me of this next day at Páchipolda, whither he and his family had come to us as refugees.

Of course, once the fire had got a start, one could do nothing. (What had bucket-brigades ever accomplished against burning hay?) Prevention — that was the only way out. Queer that they themselves had never thought of this!

'Mefódusha,' I said, 'do you know what? If now, you had each had an extinguisher at home —'

'And what will that be, an extinguisher?'

I explained — how they were made, and how they were used; ending with our time-worn saying (Mefódi liked sayings) about an ounce of prevention and a pound of cure.

My friend listened and considered.

'No, Petrúshka,' he replied, at length; 'not worth while. The kind of fires that we have, no extinguisher would ever put out.'

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN JAIL

BY ARTHUR WALTHAM HOWLETT

I

ALL around the jail there ran a great wall. I used to think it emblematic; a sort of moral circumstance as well as a material barrier; a warning to those without and a reminder to those within. There were men who had not seen the outside of that wall for twenty years. There were men who had come in in the heyday of life and would not leave it before the world — even the unchanging world of the East — had undergone strange changes, perhaps been bereft of all it had held dear for them. When you think of it in this light, the penalty of crime is heavy, is a sort of death in life. But so long as there is crime, it must be so.

The jail stood isolated, some five miles outside the cantonment and the native city. About it spread miles and miles of the flat lands of the United Provinces; here covered with scrub jungle, flaunting the red *bhir* flowers like points of flame; here broken into fields reticulated with the mud-water channels which fed their greenery with life; here raised, like islands at sea, into umbels of foliage where the mud-walled villages slept their century-old dreams of peasant life beneath the shade of the sacred peepul trees; and finally melting into the far blue horizon, in one long vague confusion of trees and fields and villages.

My bungalow stood outside the high wall, and about it there shone a lovely garden sluiced daily from two great wells. So large was it that in England

it would have been a park; but the confines of it were wild bamboo thickets and brakes of tall tiger-grass. In the hot weather, before the rains began, I slept on the lawn, and of all nights I ever knew, — and I have known them on all parts of this globe, — those were the most eerie, the most haunting, the most hushed. With sundown the night guard took up their stations round the inner side of the wall, and all night long I would hear them pass the 'All's Well' from man to man. The huge iron gates clanged to with a final crash, the Subedar of the guard came tramping up the drive, gave me the password for the night, saluted, and tramped off, leaving me alone.

It was two miles round this great wall, and within it ran another, the inner wall, leaving a space of sixty yards between, in which the vegetables for the jail were grown. For the whole place was like a small town, and except for grain, which we brought in once a year and stored in huge pits like swimming-baths, was almost self-supporting. In the Indian climate one gets through all work commonly before breakfast, and at six o'clock I was in my office starting the business of the day. There were new prisoners to be admitted and a dozen or so old ones held for trial for jail offenses.

The newcomers were a motley crowd, sentenced to anything from two years to twenty — rich and poor, dirty and clean, Hindus and Mohammedans,

high caste and low, clad and unclad. Their offenses ranged from murder to cocaine-smuggling, from theft to dacoity. Among them I remember one day a small bright-eyed lad of barely more than a dozen years, who stood up between two stalwart warders with all the aplomb of a tried man of the world, although he hardly came up to their waists. Even the grave Indians broke into gradually widening grins as they realized the incongruity. For myself, as I started to take down particulars of the lad, his parents, his village, caste, tribe, and so forth, I felt my smiles give way to a lump in the throat. The lad was an orphan belonging to one of the quaint wandering tribes, and all the precepts he had ever had had been of adroitness in thieving. This was his third entry into jail. For all his smiling, wide-eyed air of simple childhood, he was an incorrigible little rogue.

It is sad to come across these little orphans in India. A lady I knew once found one while she was out in camp with a party at a Christmas shoot. The little waif, a small girl of ten, approached to within a gunshot of the camp, wistfully eyeing the cooking-pots. We did what we could for her, but she was so starved that her tissues had lost all power to absorb food, and some weeks later, in the cantonment, she died. I can never forget the air of perfect womanliness about the poor little mite—how she pulled her ragged old *sari* round her thin frame, her modesty and self-possession, and her air of grown-up dignity.

No doubt it is the constant iteration of experiences like these that gradually develops in the spirit of Englishmen in India that sense of protection, of would-be godlike beneficence, which, ere long, they surely learn toward the poorer children of the soil, and which has led them step by step, often in the face of malice, jealousy, and intrigue, to build

up that vast machinery of law and order, as well as of more material constituents, such as canals and railways, which is doing all that is humanly possible for the amelioration of a population so vast.

There stands in the gateway before my desk, also, the fat *bunnia*, his oleaginous curves shaking like a jelly as he casts apprehensive glances at the grim warders on either side of him. Next comes a fine bearded fellow, with hard face and muscles, one of the tillers of the soil. He has had the ill luck to be guilty of manslaughter in a village fight over some boundary stones. He is no hardened criminal: it is just a mischance; but the law has swept him into its toils. He will not see his village out yonder under the peepul trees for many a long year. But he is not downcast. His look is brave and high, for he is a Rajput by caste, a son of the Sun, one of the Twice-Born, and wears the sacred thread.

Next stands a poor half-wild fellow who has covered his body with dust in abasement. Probably he has never been inside a building in his life, and he looks with horror at the solid walls about him. The telephone bell behind my chair rings out. He starts and looks around with terror. What magic of the sahib's is this? But when the babu gets up and takes down the instrument and begins to talk to it, he can stand it no longer. He dashes round wildly from between his two warders and makes a bolt for the gate. Trembling all over, he is brought back and, so far as may be, reassured. For him the jail will be an education, at least, and this is true, to some extent, for all. The clean, regular life, the absence of vicious indulgences, the exigent and rigid sanitary organization, the habits of industry, the encouragement of good works and conduct and the sure and speedy punishment of ill, must all be of the nature

of a revelation, and bear some fruit later on in the wider world in all but the most depraved.

Each prisoner is weighed carefully on admission, and thereafter every month. It is found to be the almost invariable rule that he loses weight for the first month, then puts it on rapidly. It may be questioned, indeed, and often has been, wherein lies any hardship in this duress. Except for the loss of liberty, there is none, though that, to be sure, is enough, especially for men whose lives have been passed in the open fields. They miss, too, the quiet palaver in the village in the evening, when their work in the fields is done. How often have I seen it myself when I have been out in the jungle, shooting, and camped close by. A vast hush falls as the sun sinks, and you may hear the deep-toned converse of the men as they sit and smoke before the doors of their huts. From within come the shrill voices of children going to bed — like naughty children the world over — and the soothing murmur of women. It is the ten minutes of the day when the hardy peasant gives himself up to enjoy life and prepares for his hard-won repose. There is no question of a thirty-hour week, or of forty, or fifty. His limit is from the time the sun rises till it sets; and probably four fifths of the population of India do not know the meaning of a square meal. Those who blame the government for what they consider inefficiencies of administration might well remember how poor India is, and that efficiency costs money.

II

And now, the admissions for the day being over, there comes the next business, the trial of offenders in the jail. The head jailer brings them up, one by one. The governor (or, as he is called in Indian jails, the superintendent) sits at

a table in a great open courtyard. Before him in a half circle squats the array of wrongdoers. It is astonishing what a variety of offenses these prisoners contrive to commit, considering the limited chances at their disposal. Most of them are cases of petty crime, such as stealing blankets, failure to perform allotted tasks, feigning illness, quarrelling, abusing warders, stealing vegetables. They are soon disposed of.

Then come more serious cases, and they may take a whole morning. The commonest offense is smoking, which is strictly prohibited. Many prisoners go to extraordinary lengths to tide themselves over this deprivation. For tobacco they will resort to anything that will burn or smoulder, such as grass, straw, sawdust, paper, vegetable peelings, and leaves of trees. I seldom made an inspection without finding someone's bed abbreviated in a ridiculous fashion. Each man was furnished with a mat six feet by two, made of fibre-matting, which he spread at night on the mud couch in his barrack. The fibre of these mats seemed to serve excellently as a tobacco substitute; and when I found a sheepish-looking individual standing by a mat two feet long, I did not have to ask what had happened.

As to pipes, they are easy to make in India, where the soil is all a clayey kind of alluvium commonly known as *mutti*, and is used for everything, from making pots to building houses. All one had to do was to scrape this up with a little water, knead it into a bowl, make a stem with more *mutti*, by moulding it round a stick, and then bake the whole contraption by leaving it in some corner, in the fierce sun. Some of these pipes, or *chillums*, were very crude, but some were quite beautifully made and covered with designs. It often happened that real country tobacco found its way into the jail, being brought in by dishonest warders, and this was

traded to prisoners secretly, or else paid for by rich friends outside. Worse than this was the occasional introduction of hashish, — Indian hemp, — a deadly drug which soon leads to maniacal insanity of a most dangerous type. It was rare, for most of the convicts were themselves afraid of it, and I used to prosecute any warder who was found guilty of trading it.

This system led naturally to the commission of another jail offense — the possession of money. This was regarded as rather serious. In one way or another it led to much evil. You may wonder how men could keep it, as they wore nothing but a loin-cloth. They kept it in their mouths. I have taken from a man's mouth a four-anna silver piece which had become green with verdigris from having been kept so long in that position. The more astute ruffians had a dodge by which they made small pouches in the loose areolar tissue at the back of the throat. In these pouches they could keep three or four four-anna bits and yet swallow food and leave their mouths free for talking. It took months to make the pouches. It was done by tying a button to a bit of string, of such length that, when one end was tied to one of the teeth, the button at the other end rested against the back of the throat. When constantly kept there, night after night, it made this curious *diverticulum*.

I think that numbers of convicts secretly almost enjoyed their life in jail by reason of the perpetual, petty intrigues that they were always planning. They were, indeed, like a class of school-boys, and made the defeat of regulations their hobby. I will say this for them, that, whenever they were discovered, they took their punishments like men, as part of the game. They had had their innings; it was the superintendent's turn to have his. Only rarely, usually in the case of Brahmans

and the better educated, did I find sulkiness and mutterings of revenge.

A flogging was a terrible affair, made more so by the pomp and circumstance with which it was conducted. Sometimes it was a part of the sentence awarded by the judge; in other cases it was awarded by myself for some especially heinous crime. If the latter sort became too numerous and exceeded, say, a half-dozen a year, the government stepped in and made stringent inquiries. There were some desperate cases, however, with whom no other argument counted. In one of the courtyards of the prison the guard was drawn up, standing at attention, with bayonets fixed. With them also was my body-guard, who, armed only with truncheons, accompanied me on all my rounds. In the centre was the grim 'triangle' — a St. Andrew's cross of wood.

The native doctor sounded the victim and certified that he was fit to undergo the punishment. He was then fastened by wrists and ankles to the triangle. Then a great hush fell. The fierce Indian sun was streaming into the court, throwing down the clear-cut shadows of the roofs and towers; the crows were cawing in the trees, the parrots screaming noisily as ever. It was my ordeal to stand there and watch the wretched business through. The jailer stood beside the victim, holding his watch in his hand. The flogger, a burly Indian, stripped naked save for his loin-cloth, picked up a long rattan cane from a bundle beside him. It was long and thin and tapering, a thing that would bend double without a break. All was now ready, and in a dreadful silence the jailer gave the first word.

'*Ek!*' (One!) The long cane swung and hissed in the air; there came the thwack on the naked flesh, a piercing yell, and the punishment had begun. Silence again; then, '*Do!*' and again the cane whistled and fell. So it went on

for the full thirty, with half-minute intervals, which seemed as if they would never end. By the fourth or fifth stroke the miserable victim was reduced to one long whining yell. It was a scene that all were glad to have done with; and to stand there in that blazing sun watching it to the end called for no small endurance.

These ceremonies being over, my jailer and I fell in with the guard and started our round. There was much to see, and one could manage only a portion of it in any one day. There were the factories to visit, where scores of men squatted, weaving matting from fibre. There were the oil mills, where sweating gangs of stark men, their ebony bodies glistening with sweat, ran round and round with the long wooden beams that turned the huge grinding balk of timber. Sweet and bitter was the odor from the crushed seeds, and all the air was redolent with the pungent smell of the mustard. There were the 'mills' — long, narrow buildings where the men stood in a kind of ditch and turned the heavy disks of stone which ground the grain for the flour.

There were the cook-houses, where were great mixing-machines for kneading the dough. All who worked there were Brahmans, men of the highest caste, so that no one in the jail could refuse to eat of their cooking on the ground that it was polluted. The ovens were long slabs of iron, with fierce fires roaring under them. On these were laid the *chupattis* — flat cakes, the size of a large plate, not unlike a pancake in thickness and texture. One by one they were stamped out with a disk and flung onto the hot iron, where they browned, curled up, and sent out a friendly odor of hot meal. And here again was the blacksmith's shop, where all the jail tools were made and repaired, and where the fetters were riveted on all who had to wear them. And here was

the dairy, with its cows and buffaloes to provide milk for those who were sick.

But the chief interest was in the big carpet factories — huge barracks fifty feet high and seventy or eighty yards long. The tall looms on which the carpets were woven ran upright, like gigantic harps, from floor to ceiling. In front of each sat a gang of men, chirruping and singing over the colors of their threads, till the whole place resounded like a parrot-house. Day by day, inch by inch, the splendid textures grew. Some took months to finish. People came from far and wide, from all over the world, to see these wonderful factories. Many American tourists made a point of visiting them, and many left orders for carpets. There is many a floor in the United States, as well as in Great Britain, in which the footsteps fall softened by the nimble fingers of those poor convicts in far-away India. I even, be it whispered, — it was before the war, — received an order from the Kaiser for no less than eighty carpets for the imperial palace at Potsdam. One of them was to be made to a design of his own, a meaningless array of geometrical figures totally devoid of artistry. The groundwork of all was canary yellow, which appeared to be the imperial hue. Among other visitors I had the Crown Princess of Sweden. She told me that every member of the Royal Family of Sweden was obliged to learn a trade, and as her own choice had fallen on carpet-making, she knew not a little of that business.

Only men with long sentences are set to this task; for it takes most of them two years to learn it. All the processes of manufacture are carried out in the jail, beginning with the spinning of the wool. The skeins then go to the dye-works, where they are dyed with native products, mainly indigo. Great care has to be exercised in the disinfection of the raw wool when it enters the jail, as

a protection against anthrax. It all passes through an immense boiler, into which it is run on a trolley; and except through this, none of it is allowed to go inside the walls.

The buying of the wool and of the grain are the two great commercial transactions in the life of the superintendent. He needs be alert to circumvent the crafty native *bunnia*. On an assigned day a dozen of these gentry are waiting in the office, eyeing one another with intense disgust and furtiveness. Each has a bag of sample grain in one hand, and in the other a bag of rupees to be deposited as security. Then it is the business of the superintendent, — who must turn his hand to many things in this land, albeit his trade is a doctor's, — to smell, sift, and examine the grain in the various bags, take aside the anxious bunnias, and inquire their terms. Despite these fellows' distrust of one another, they have generally contrived to make a 'ring' beforehand. Once, having found the price forced up beyond all reason, I affected to haggle with them, but in the meantime sent to another city thirty miles away, to a certain magistrate, begging him to send me, not indeed an honest *bunnia*, but one who knew nothing about the present tendering. I arranged that this man was to see me privately at my bungalow before he had access to the jail, where, I well knew, certain of the native officials were hand-in-glove with the profiteering gang. The result was that I was able to tell the latter very politely next morning that they might all go home, taking their samples and their bags of rupees with them.

IV

The jail was a happy hunting-ground of snakes, for some reason, and they were of all varieties, from the terrible

hooded cobra to the tiny but deadly *karait*. It was within my power to grant up to a month's remission of sentence in any one year to any prisoner for excellence of work or conduct, and, naturally, this was a reward very much coveted. Among the virtues so rewarded, I counted the killing of snakes; and it was surprising to see how the average Indian would risk his religious prejudice against taking life, when three or four days gained toward freedom was the prize offered. It must have been on an average twice a week that some convict paraded before my desk in the morning, holding a defunct and disfigured reptile by the tail. For a cobra I gave four days; for a *karait* three. I do not know why I made this distinction, for the *karait*, though only a few inches long, gives a bite as inevitably fatal as a cobra's, and by reason of its small size and lurking habits is certainly the more deadly of the two. However, it takes less nerve to slay one. A five-foot or six-foot cobra, with his hood erect, is a spectacle to give pause to the most valorous.

I have said that the country outside the jail wall was waste and jungly; it showed numerous pits and depressions where water used to collect after rains, and was strewn with thick tussocks of tall grass. It was from here that the snakes used to enter the jail, making use of the small drain-holes in the wall. I frequently wandered round the wall on the outer side for an evening stroll, taking my gun with me, and often on these occasions put up both snakes and jackals. Once I had an encounter with one of the former which sticks in my memory yet. I disturbed it at a distance of only a few feet. It was a large creature, fully six feet in length, and after one or two writhings of its long folds, it reared its head and gazed at me with a pair of the wickedest eyes I have ever seen. It is the memory of those

eyes that haunts me now. The creature was so close to me that I dared not use my gun; for the shot would have traveled like a bullet at such close range, and I might easily have missed, and something in its malevolent gaze told me that at the least hostile act it would spring at me. It may sound ridiculous to be intimidated by a snake; but unless you have seen them, I do not think you can imagine for a moment the absolute devilishness of the look in those eyes. I could well understand how small creatures would be fascinated by them and hypnotized into utter helplessness. We must have stared at each other for a full minute, and I had just made up my mind to throw up my gun and risk a shot, when the creature, seeming to read my murderous intent in my eyes, suddenly dived into the long grass and vanished.

Such, then, were some of the beasts that shared my domain. Of course, the convicts could not long refrain from exploiting the snake-killing concessions, and I began to have suspicions that one or two of the snakes which were brought to me were uncommonly dead and stiff and had done duty before. One sweltering day, when a slight breeze was blowing through the gateway, my olfactory nerves advised me that a serpent which was being held up for my inspection was more than ripe for honorable burial. I gently admonished the wily convict, who assured me that he killed the reptile only that morning; so I asked the jailer to do a little detective work, and the next day he was able to give me the history of the case. It appeared that I had seen that particular snake some four days before, and had duly given three days' remission for it. The recipient had, thereupon, sold the corpse to a fellow convict, who had kept it in one of the water-jars used for holding drinking water, hoping thereby to preserve it from putrefaction long

enough for me to have forgotten its previous appearance. However, on the fourth day, the decoction of snake having become too pronounced, he was obliged to produce it and try his luck.

As a sequel to this, on entering the jail a few mornings later, I was surprised to see a prisoner squatting by the side of the drive and holding down with the end of a bamboo a snake still alive and writhing. The warder came forward and explained that the man had found the snake that morning but had refused to kill it. He had been sitting there for more than an hour waiting for me to come and see him kill it with my own eyes. There was to be no mistake about it this time. I felt duly rebuked for my hardness of heart and had the wretched reptile despatched forthwith.

They sprang another surprise on me one day by producing a scorpion and claiming a reward for that. I compromised by giving one day, and thereafter gave it out that scorpions would not count, for they could be found in every crack of the wall and I should soon have had the whole jail scorpion-mad. In spite of their numbers, I am glad to say we never had a fatal accident from snakes.

It is not to be imagined that in so large a population of criminals there were never any tragedies. There were many, both major and minor. Sometimes men who had been at bitter feud outside were thrown together by accident in the same barrack, and at such times the peculiar vindictiveness of the easterner was apt to assert itself in all its naked ferocity.

Once, as I was preparing to ride over to the Club in the cool of the evening, I received a report that there was trouble in the jail. I went in and found a great number of warders gathered round one of the barracks. They were holding on to the neck-rings of a number of convicts through the bars of the

gratings. I had the door opened and went inside. At the end I saw a man squatting on his hams and leaning over a bucket. All eyes were directed toward him, and on approaching him I had a terrible shock to see that he was streaming with blood while his nose hung down by a mere thread of skin to his chin. I angrily inquired where the knife was with which the mutilation had been done; but I was told there had been no knife. On taxing others of the convicts, I found out the culprit and also the story of the crime. It appeared that the two men were enemies, and the one of them had, by bribes and, probably, doles of tobacco, got three or four of his fellows to help him in obtaining his revenge. When all had been locked in for the night the gang set on their victim and laid him prostrate on the floor. While he was held there, helpless, his foe bent over him, and with his teeth bit his nose off as cleanly as if he had severed it with a knife. I sewed the nose on again, and it grew into position, leaving only a scar.

I had the perpetrator of this enormity flogged, but it did not prevent a recurrence of the episode. This nose-cutting is a common Indian mode of revenge, and is practised not infrequently on unfaithful wives. A certain medical missionary attained considerable fame on the frontier through his success in restoring noses to errant spouses by the simple operation of using a flap from the forehead. He related how one Pathan chieftain, having brought a favorite wife, whom he had de-nosed in the heat of the moment, to have the organ restored, on being informed that too much was missing, was advised to buy a rubber one. The wily Pathan asked how much this would be, and on being told that it would cost him seventy-five rupees, went away in disgust, explaining that he could buy a new wife for forty.

Some of the most loathsome crimes were those of self-mutilation practised to avoid forced labor in jail. I had two men who deliberately put their eyes out for this purpose. A common method was the creation of huge ulcers on the body, and these were usually made by holding a lump of quicklime between the armpit and the side, or within the hollow of the knee. Another device — the commonest of all — was the inserting of a rusty nail through the calf of the leg. This set up a severe and often dangerous cellulitis. It may, indeed, be asked, and I often ask myself, how such insensate beings could ever be influenced by the punishment of flogging. So far as I could see, many of them were ignorant of the sense of pain. The flogging was, however, as I have explained, done with much formality; and probably it was this, with all the grim preparations preceding it, which affected their brute-like minds.

V

It must not be supposed that all the jail population was of this type. There were many men there of the highest human attributes — men who had, perhaps, been surprised by their own impetuosity or fancied wrongs into the commission of legal offenses such as manslaughter, who had expected no more to spend their years in a prison than you or I, and who, once free, would probably never see the inside of one again. Of this sort of prisoner my body-guard was composed. I had more reliance on them than on the paid warders so far as my bodily safety was concerned. I had more than one clear demonstration that they entertained a real affection for me. In the course of my rounds I was three times attacked, and on each occasion my escort of convicts had 'downed' the man almost before I knew I had been set upon.

Once, as I was passing down the ranks, a man sprang at me with a knife he had made for the purpose out of some old iron, and aimed a blow at the back of my neck. I dodged the blow and felled him with a riding-crop I carried, and in an instant my guard swarmed over him like a pack of wolves. I had literally to fall on them in turn and drag them away, to save the miserable man's life.

The affection which springs up in the hearts of Indians for white men, especially for those whom they call 'Pukka Sahibs,' is often very strange and touching. In most cases it appeared to me to be founded, in the first instance, at any rate, on the Englishman's wonderful sense of justice, and on his determination to see it done to all. Such an attitude in the East is looked on as godlike. When Englishmen cease to care to protect the weak, or begin to pander to the strong; when, in short, an inferior class of Englishmen begins to enter the Indian services, the rule of the English in India will begin to fail.

Once every three months was to be seen one of the saddest sights of all jail-life — a gang of men, as many as forty or fifty, perhaps, all heavily shackled, being conducted by warders to the door of the office in the great gateway. The heavy leg-irons which they all wore made them waddle like ducks. For the most part they were terribly sturdy knaves, often squat of figure, but square-built and muscular, well fitted for the parts they had played in life. They were all desperate criminals, and the scowling ferocity which all bore on their faces told plainly that they would stick at nothing. Most had been implicated in, if not directly guilty of, murder, but had escaped the extreme penalty of the law by reason of some extenuating circumstances, or through some technicality. Their doom was a dreadful one to the Indian mind, and even the European, entering in some

small degree into native habits of thought, could guess at the qualms with which they stood waiting within the gate.

They were all transportees for the convict settlements of the Andamans. They were to cross the 'Black Water,' the 'Kala Pani,' — in other words, the sea, — which till very lately was one of the most serious caste-infractions, redeemable only by heavy penalty prescribed by the priests. It might well be supposed that such villains set little store by their religious scruples; but religion is too often only a name for superstition, and the lawless and ignorant are often as much its dupes as the most chastened of churchgoers. Be that as it may, it may be doubted if even the most hardened of them would look back without pain to the memory of those quiet villages where they had spent their childhood, to the fond hopes of doting parents, to the old idylls of fields and groves which they were never in this life to see again. As I examined them one by one, I seemed to feel how each was drinking in the last of the sights and sounds about him, of which he had daily seen so much with no thought of how dear they might become one day, when they were gone. One could hardly imagine such pervers of humanity entertaining any such tender ideas. But that this vein of sentiment existed somewhere deep down in their hearts was shown by the desperate efforts they made to escape their fate, though toward any other, even death itself, they showed absolute callousness.

But the fateful hour was near. The black prison-van drew up by the gateway, and with their irons clanking like funeral bells, they were herded into it. One last glimpse they had through the prison gateway of the land that had borne them. They might see perhaps the landscape gradually changing as

the heartless train bore them away to Calcutta; but from the moment they left the prison, the land of their birth was to be no more than a dream.

Hard it may be, yet be it remembered that most of them were lucky even to be alive. Many are condemned to transportation, but a very great number escape it in the end. For the selection of those to go is governed strictly by physical fitness and age. They had some trick for causing a derangement of the heart. It must have been done by some drug; but what it was, I could never discover. Only those with rich friends, I observed, were able to suffer from this ailment. But in the end it availed them little, for I had them strictly confined in hospital till the departure of the next batch, by which time I usually found them fit again.

Once on the Andaman Islands, the convicts lead a life of rigorous severity for the first three or four years. After that, if their behavior has been good, they are allowed to marry female convicts and settle down on farms of their own in the rôle of small peasant proprietors. So that life is still not altogether without hope for them. But the scenery of the Andamans is very different from that they are accustomed to, being in the one case tropical jungle, and in the other vast almost illimitable plains; and I know well how sensitive they are to the change. I have heard a regiment in Calcutta made up of men from the Punjab complaining bitterly of homesickness. The magnificent tropical scenery about that city, with its splendid palms and luscious rice-fields, could ill replace the khaki-colored stretches of arid plains and scanty prickly shrubs and trees to which they were accustomed. Incidentally, it shows the vastness of India, that men from one part of it may suffer more severely from nostalgia in another part than a Highlander does in Australia.

I come now to the last dread scene of all, when a man has forfeited life itself to that complex instrument which we call society. In a back part of the jail there stood a plain square whitewashed building, which bore over its doorway the ominous words, 'Condemned Cells.' It contained three cells, and there have been times when I have known it to hold three occupants. The same thought seemed to strike most of them. As one said once, to whom I made some remark, 'Sahib, I am already a dead man.' And with the wondrous Indian resignation to fate, they would wait there the brief three weeks which was all that was left to them of the songs of birds and the sight of blue skies.

One evening I rode over from my bungalow to the jail, bound on the grim mission of making all preparations for the morning. It was a stifling hot evening in April, and my horse went lazily, stumbling often. Beyond the great plains that lay in the west the sun shone with a lurid golden magnificence, and the dust of the highway rose in amber clouds.

I dismounted at the gate, and calling the jailer, went to the remote corner of the jail where the gallows-inclosure had its place. It was the first execution I had been called upon to see through, and I had not much stomach for it. We tested the rope by hanging on it a sack filled with earth of the exact weight of the prisoner and giving it the prescribed drop.

Next morning I was there again. The sun had just shot up above the plain, and all the Indian life was stirring in its fullness. Parrots flying and screaming, crows cawing, minas chirruping — such a medley of sound as only Indians know. We led the poor wretch from his cell and went in solemn procession to the inclosure, where a posse of police was drawn up, with fixed bayonets, all

round the walls. I read the indictment and sentence at the foot of the mound on which the gallows was reared; and having heard it, the victim went up and took his stand on the trap-door. All now passed in a twinkling. He was pinioned by the executioners and the sack drawn over his head, excluding his last view of the sun. I stood at the foot of the mound, holding a handkerchief in my hand; and all the preliminaries being now complete, the executioner laid his hand on the lever and sang out in a high voice, 'Sab chiz taiyar, huzoor.' (All is ready, excellency.) I dropped my hand; he pulled the lever with a sudden great heave; the trap-door flew open with a loud crash, and the murderer dropped like a stone into eternity.

Such was this dreadful ceremony, and to us, even to the stoic natives who stood by, it was full of thought beyond the power of words to express.

For the moment, while he stood there, we felt that the poor murderer was the superior of all of us, about to put to the test that ultimate riddle of life to which later on we should all have to find an answer.

I have known only one man to show signs of fear in this last great ordeal. One youth of twenty, glorying in what he seemed to consider a martyrdom

(though he had been guilty of a most foul murder), said to me insolently at the foot of the gallows, 'Ha! You can only kill me once, but know that I have killed twenty men in my time.'

Another, a brawny little agriculturist named Bhikki, glanced up at the gallows in the most unabashed fashion, and when I had read the sentence exclaimed, 'Teek hai!' (that's right), and strode up as if he were going to take a prize. Of all men that it fell to my lot to put out of the way, this little peasant appealed to me most, and I have often thought of him since. My sympathy was not entirely misplaced, either. As I learned later, there had been a village fight, blood had been shed, and someone had to pay the penalty. Poor Bhikki gave himself up as the chief culprit; and though he died on the gallows, I am not at all sure that his death was not that of a hero. If ever I wanted to save a man, it was he. Though it was not till afterwards that I learned something of his story, I felt in my inner soul, before he died, that there had been some mischance; that he was no ferocious criminal like most whom I had to see standing in his place, but rather one of those victims whom Justice, with a woman's blind cruelty, must sweep into her net, to vindicate her omnipotence.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

BY WILLIAM T. FOSTER

NEHEMIAH appears to have been the first man in recorded history with the true spirit of the West. The fourth chapter of Nehemiah sums up his achievements in laying out a new city: 'Now the city was large and great; but the people were few and the houses were not builded.'

Eloquent and adequate is this description, as applied to many a Pacific Coast city of to-day. Its builders are not greatly concerned over people and houses: they will come rapidly enough. The main point is that the city is large and great. And so the builders cannot be persuaded to stop their work in order to hear wise men of the East explain why it is impossible in such a place to construct a great city. Anyone crossing the deserts of Southern California a generation ago could see that few people would ever live where Los Angeles has since been doubling its population in every decade.

The Bible does not tell us that Nehemiah erected on the walls of his city-to-be a huge electric sign with the words, 'Watch Tacoma Grow.' He did well, however, with the advertising means at his disposal. When Sanballat urged him to stop building and come down from the city wall to the plain of Ono, he replied in words that may still be read, thanks to the Gideons, in any hotel room. 'I am doing a great work,' said he, 'so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?' And when the people threatened him with dire consequences if he went on with

the work, he answered, 'Should such a man as I flee? I will not go.'

Thus have the builders of Pacific Coast cities answered the calamity-howlers, while they sustained their courage with the vision of the future. And to the scoffing world they have declared: 'The city is large and great, though the people are, indeed, few therein, and the houses are not builded.'

I

If you go to Vancouver, British Columbia, over the Canadian Rockies, and thence by boat, *via* Victoria, to Seattle, you will find yourself caught by the spirit of the West — or ridiculing and resisting it — before you reach the dock. For there will be at least one returning citizen of Seattle on board who remembers the last sign he read before leaving his city: 'Do not forget to boost Seattle while you are away.'

Seattle people do not forget. They have heard what is said of them in the Bible: 'Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.' And so they do not light a candle and put it under a bushel. They feel it their duty to set it up where it giveth light unto all those who are still in the darkness of the East. Besides, their bushels are all busy carrying food to the Orient.

Once you are actually in this city you feel the spirit of the West, whether you will or no. Possibly there is no place where the Western spirit of coöperation is more contagious. The

whole sprightly, smiling, hand-clasping population seems engaged in one vast 'Paul Jones' — all hands round and swing together to the right, with no one sitting aloof in the corner, refusing to join the dance, and remarking how much better he could manage the affair if he wanted to. The 'knocker' finds the life of Seattle uncongenial. Somebody is sure to tell him that an automobile knocks going up-hill, and a man knocks going down. And a man going down-hill in Seattle is headed straight for the chilling waters of Puget Sound.

Seattle literally has the faith that moves mountains. When a mountain stood in the way of a business street, the mountain had n't a chance. It was washed into the ocean; and on its site was erected the chief hotel of Seattle. Another opportunity for the city to quote Scripture to its purpose. A Seattle man of the true faith would not be surprised to find a mountain moved overnight.

Such a citizen of Seattle is said to have met some old friends one evening in that little city to the south that has such difficulty in pronouncing the name 'Rainier.'

'You should see how Seattle is growing,' he cried.

'Yes, I was there only yesterday,' replied one of his Tacoma friends.

'Ah,' said he, 'you should have seen Seattle this morning!'

This is youth — the overweening self-confidence of youth, if you like; or, if you prefer, youth with the courage of its emotions. The West still has the buoyant faith of the uncouth college Freshman from the farm. Some time it may enter the sophomore stage, show signs of tired feelings, and convey the mature impression of having experienced all the joy of life and found there is nothing in it.

But is this faith, after all, different

from the faith of many Eastern communities? Men who have lived on the Pacific Coast do not ask that question. They know what they mean by the spirit of the West. Elsewhere, they admit, that same spirit is a driving force in individuals. It is rarely found in entire groups. In the West, the man of boundless faith is typical: he feels at home: he enjoys a consciousness of kind. In the East, he may be lonesome: the crowd is not with him. He must overcome, not only his own inertia, but that of the community as well. Yes, he is sure there is a difference. An inveterate Westerner is a man from the East who has returned once to his old home to see whether that difference is really what it seems to be.

Once in a New England community I felt the spirit of the West; and that was in a section that New England would hardly recognize as itself — Aroostook County, New England's 'farthest east.' Years ago I found everybody in Houlton and Caribou talking Aroostook potato-land as if it were the best in the world, and investing their money as if they believed what they said. Theirs was the eloquence of a Hood River man talking apples, a Fresno man talking raisins, a Redlands man talking oranges.

But when I think of the spirit of rural New England, I do not think of Aroostook: I think rather of the Maine farmer in another county, to whom I applied for a job at the confident age of eleven.

'No,' said he, 'I reckon I won't hire no help. I can't tell how the crops are gonter turn out, and I guess I'd better jest putter along by myself.'

I explained to him that his crops would have much better chances with my help; but he was obdurate. He would not risk the 'ten dollars a month and found' for which I offered myself. Twenty years later, I found him still

puttering along by himself, his apple orchards still overgrown with weeds and caterpillars. And there were fewer people in the whole county than on that fatal day when the putterer rejected my services.

'The glories of the past!' exclaims the man of the East.

'The wonders of the future!' cries the man of the West.

A college student, returning this year to the Pacific Coast, after having spent a year in Boston, summed up his impressions in this way:—

"Visit our forty-two story L. C. Smith Building and look down on our growing city," urges Seattle, in a frenzy of enthusiasm.

"Visit our three-story Fanueil Hall and look up its history," replies Boston, with a deprecating smile.'

In the seventeenth century, a committee of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, appointed to investigate the agricultural possibilities of the country, reported that there was little cultivable land west of Newton, Massachusetts. In a later century, Senator Benton, in an eloquent speech in Congress, proved conclusively that there could never be any successful settlements beyond the Rocky Mountains. Even our universities have failed to see their future large enough. They have planned and located each building as if they thought it would be the last one. In 1820, the regents of the University of Indiana, having spent \$2400 on a building to house the entire university, apologized for their extravagance. 'We are aware,' they admitted, 'that the plan proposed may be opposed on account of its magnitude.' A generation ago, the regents of the University of Illinois, in dedicating one of those monstrosities of the 'Late General Grant' period of architecture, declared that it would meet all the needs of the university for a century to come.

Even west of Boston, it seems, men sometimes lack faith in the possibilities of their country. A Kansan farmer, they say, having ordered and received two windmills, sent one back, fearing that there might not be wind enough for two. And that was in Kansas, where — if Dr. Lindley can be trusted — a man does not run after his hat when the wind takes it away: he merely thrusts his hand into the air and takes another hat.

'O ye of little faith,' we cry, when we consider the failure of our forefathers to see the future 'large and great.' Little do we realize that our own vision may seem to our children's children like the \$2400 extravagance of the University of Indiana.

II

Though faith, in the West as elsewhere, is the substance of things hoped for, it is built in the West on the substance of things already lavishly bestowed by nature. A permanent impression of this abundance remains with anyone who has really seen the Far West. That impression was mine the first time I crossed the Sandy River, a stream that flows into the Columbia River where the Columbia Highway begins. There I saw a man, equipped only with the inverted top of a bird-cage fastened to the end of a long pole, pull out about all the fish he could carry home in his 'flivver.'

If I cannot expect you to believe this story, — which, being Western, a fish story, and a Ford story, is thrice suspect, — or to believe that I looked down, from the same bridge, upon a man in a large dory, who had piled up such a heap of glistening fish that the craft sank with the weight, how can I expect you to believe what is still less credible, that the sight did not seem to me extraordinary, but merely to typify

Western abundance! It made me think of similar sights all the way from Vancouver to San Diego.

Faith in the boundless future greeted me, on my first Thanksgiving Day in the West, in a city-to-be of Southern California. Fate, aided and abetted by the Southern Pacific Railroad, deposited me, a descendant of Pilgrim fathers, in a community that seemed never, outside of a poultry-show, to have heard of Plymouth Rock.

Through the only open door on the only business street, I found my way to Carlos — cook, waiter, and proprietor of the only eating-house. And Carlos, strong in Mexican accent and Western hospitality, served me local color and sour bread. I could have forgiven him the sour bread; but then, came a concoction rolled in corn-husks upon which I was sure he had lavished, with Western *abandon*, an entire bottle of Tabasco sauce.

While I was wondering how to dispose of this fire-brand without the risk of starting another Mexican War, a cowboy, bursting through the door as if rehearsing for a motion-picture, came to my rescue with a dramatic cut-in. No sooner had he whooped upon the scene, — arrayed in red bandanna, pistols and all the other stage properties, — than he noted the absence of Thanksgiving in my face. He took in the whole sad situation at a glance. Whiskey had loosened the strings of his imagination — and of his purse.

'Give the young feller a genu-ine, I say genu-ine, 'Thanksgivin' dinner,' he cried, as he threw a roll of bank-notes around the room. 'Give the young feller the genu-ine thing. Ye get me? Turkey and stuffin' and cranb'ry sauce and all the fixin's. I'll pay the bills.'

After we had twice collected his scattered bank-notes and stuffed them into his pockets, we convinced him that the Carlos shack was no place in which to

celebrate a New England holiday. He then proposed a personally conducted tour of the city.

At the next street corner, he began to point out the objects of local interest. 'This,' he said, 'is Thirty-Second Street.'

'Then where,' I asked, 'can First Street be?'

'Oh, that,' he replied, with a sweep of his arm and a far-away look in his eyes, 'that is way out yonder on the prairie. That ain't been laid out yet.'

Equally amusing is every pioneer settlement where the people are few and the houses not yet builded: the little box of a railroad station, with its plot of 'self-conscious geraniums'; behind it, stretched out on Main Street, the General Emporium with its false front and its Post-Office attachment, the two-story hotel, the three empty saloons, the four real-estate offices; and, beyond these monuments of failure and of hope, regiments of house-lots staked out as far as One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth Street.

'The great West,' exclaimed the incredulous traveler, 'where every hill is a mountain, every cat is a mountain lion, every creek is a river, and every man is a liar!' Some liars have come from the East, no doubt; but while we laugh at the city that is large and great only in imagination, we do well to recall that Portland was such a city only half a century ago. And the surviving pioneers have found that the 'boosters' of those days who told the biggest lies about its future told the most truth. Westerners do not exaggerate their future possibilities. Perhaps, in spite of their modesty, they would lie about the future if they could: they lack sufficient imagination.

On a street corner in the heart of Portland is the Church of Our Father, Unitarian. On the other three corners of that intersection are one of the chief

office buildings, one of the chief theatres, and one of the chief hotels. When the church was located there, the people had to go through the woods to reach it. And there were scoffers even in those days. They laughed at the unpractical young minister, fresh from the Harvard Divinity School, who builded his first meeting-house in the wilderness. But Thomas Lamb Eliot, a worthy descendant of the pioneer apostle to the Indians, and Henrietta Eliot, his wife, with a babe in her arms, had managed to cross the Isthmus of Panama, had found their way, in various ships, from port to port, up to the Columbia River, and had shown at once that truly Western faith in the city that was not yet builded.

Dr. Eliot sometimes tells of a pioneer experience in driving from Olympia to Tenino, in western Washington, to visit an Indian reservation. His guide was Hazard Stevens. Before they got into the buggy, he asked Mr. Stevens about the road.

'Oh, it's good road,' answered Mr. Stevens.

On their journey they frequently had to lift the wagon out of holes and cut-away logs that had fallen across the road. The way was so narrow that, when they met a wagon at one place, they could pass it only by taking their buggy apart, lifting it piece by piece over the wagon, and then putting it together again.

When, after various other struggles, they actually reached Tenino, Dr. Eliot said,—

'There is one question I would like to ask, Mr. Stevens. What is your definition of a good road?'

'Oh,' came the quick reply, 'any road you can get through.'

There you have the spirit of the West. Had men insisted on any other definition of a good road, they would not have crossed the Rockies.

III

Men who have known the pioneers need not be told that Hazard Stevens enjoyed the humor of his remark. Indeed, the characteristic ability of the Westerner to go down in defeat and bob up with his cheerful confidence unshaken is due in part to this sense of humor. It prompts him to publish the following advertisement in his local paper: 'For exchange, two lots in University Park, for anything on earth, except more lots in University Park.' His neighbors do not resent this reference to a blighted land boom. They laugh with him, even though they, too, have lots in University Park that yield nothing but weeds, taxes, and reproaches.

It was the city of Salem, in the state of Oregon, that proposed to a venerable city in the East that, since it is confusing to have two cities of the same name, it might be well for Salem, Massachusetts, to change its name. Shades of all the witches! This bump-tious young upstart proposes that the dignified home of Nathaniel Hawthorne should give up its tradition-hallowed name. How preposterous! How like the West! And at once come protests from the affronted East. Whereupon, the City Fathers of Salem, Oregon, chuckle and look again at the motto on the council chamber walls: 'Never mind what people say, as long as they talk about you.'

Having thus attracted attention to their own little spot in the Willamette Valley, the people of Salem proceed to cash in their free publicity and their loganberries and the prohibition movement by selling several million dollars worth of 'Loju' to the affronted cities of the East.

Mistake not the spirit of the West. It is revealed in much more than ridiculous bragging: it is revealed to the initiated in a sense of humor all its own.

The comic supplements of its daily papers do cast a lurid glow, as Dr. Crothers says, upon our boasted sense of humor. They are often as barren as the sage-brush prairies of Nevada. But they are only one of the many mistakes the frontiersmen have taken from the East, when their own genius would have served them far better.

To one who misses the humor, it seems that our Californians talk about their scenery as if they had made it all. In the high Sierras, an Oxford graduate and his Californian guide gazed on the snow-capped peaks at sunset. 'A beautiful view,' exclaimed the Californian, 'if I do say it myself.' Both men are still chuckling over the remark, each because he thinks the other missed the humor.

IV

To most of us, these are mere incidents, more or less amusing. To the sociologist, they are the stuff the history of human progress is made of. For the Pacific West, to the sociologist, is the last frontier. To him human progress is one long story of the more virile and adventurous members of an older civilization establishing themselves in a new land — the frontier. Thus, driven by drought and famine, the hardiest and most hopeful remnants of Asiatic tribes, centuries before Christ, found their way westward — ever westward — to the Mediterranean, and there built wonderful cities. They were the 'boosters' of their day. Later, in the declining days of Egypt and Babylon, Crete became the new frontier. The eloquent evidence of its flourishing leadership we are now digging up, after it has been buried for thousands of years. 'Watch Crete Grow' — or its classical equivalent — was no doubt the slogan of the time.

To the ancient cities that bordered

the Eastern Mediterranean, Greece became the Far West in the days when the islands of the Ægean were flowering into a higher type of civilization than the wise men of the East had ever conceived. Westward — ever westward — the course of empire took its way: across the continent to the coast of Europe, across the Channel to the British Isles, across the Atlantic to the New World, across the border states to the Valley of the Mississippi, and finally — by means of 'good roads' — across the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. It is the last frontier. The march of progress has circled the globe!

By the roadside, most of the marchers have stopped to rest and have never taken the road again. Others, like Kipling's 'Explorer,' have stopped only

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes

On one everlasting whisper, day and night repeated — so:

'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!'

Men who heard that voice, men of energy and courage, ready to take a chance, left old towns that seemed socially stagnant and sought the freer spirit of border communities.

In Texas they say the best steers are found on the outside of the herd. Natural selection has everywhere done its work. It has sorted out and sent westward some of the most enterprising youth of communities that were growing old, and has left behind most of those averse to change. The left-behinds have frowned upon the new because it is new. They have fallen down and worshiped the God-of-things-as-they-are, and inscribed upon the altar a slogan which the pioneers of all ages have repudiated: 'Whatever has been should continue to be.'

That slogan renounces originality, adaptability, and variability. But change is the immutable law of progress. Whatever resists change is dying; whatever does not change is dead.

From the study of this westward march of civilization, the sociologist believes that he has discovered a law of progress. He believes, with the philosopher Comte, that the preponderating influence of youth in any community is a true cause of progress. He believes that he can arrange communities in the order of their possibilities of progress, if he but knows what proportion of the people of each group is old and rigid, and what proportion is new and flexible. Thus he can determine the degree of success of a city in adjusting itself to the new conditions with which the War has confronted the world.

This is the chief significance of the growth in population of the large cities on the Pacific Coast. Ten years ago more than half the people in these cities had arrived within the previous decade. More than half the people in these cities to-day were not there ten years ago. The great vitality of these cities — shown by the coincidence of a high birth-rate and a low death-rate, by the large numbers of comparatively young people coming from the East, and by the heterogeneity of the population — is a mark of identity of the last frontier with those which, throughout the ages, have led the westward march of civilization.

Yes, it is the younger people as a rule who respond to the call of the West. But that is not all. No sooner are they actually living in the West than they feel younger still. For natural selection not only operates to send the younger people westward, but it

also has the effect of stimulating newcomers to larger capacities for living and loving — and this is youth!

Have you heard from your middle-aged acquaintance who lately left your Eastern city? He has already become one of the older residents of a city beyond the Rockies. Yet he is a boy again. He has taken again to dancing and to camping and to out-of-door games. He is eager to climb every snow-capped peak in sight. He has found out what Dr. Hall meant when he said we do not stop playing because we grow old, but grow old because we stop playing. The rosy visions of boyhood are his again. Romance beckons to him. Nothing seems impossible. He is like the boy who, when asked whether he could play a violin, said he did not know: he had never tried it. The Westerner to-day, like the miner of '49, is ever on the brink of great success. He is thrilled with the adventure, and he looks upon his new discoveries with the big-eyed wonder of a boy at his first circus.

Do not laugh at him: imitate him. He is the Ponce de León of an age of Science. He seeks no magical fountain. He knows that youth is the spirit of youth. And he has found it in the West.

Must you laugh at him still? Very well, he will laugh, too. You cannot discourage him. Nehemiah will not come down from his high wall. He has caught the spirit of the West. Flood and fire, earthquake and panic, war and anarchists, the high cost of living and the scoffer from the East — each is sure to find him smiling, resourceful, confident. He sees his future large and great, though the people who share his visions are few and the castles of his dreams are not yet builded.

THE ALMIGHTY MINUTE

BY PERCIVAL WHITE

EVERY nation has been the slave of some besetting idea. The Egyptians were slaves to the idea of life after death, the Greeks to the idea of beauty, the Romans to that of conquest, the Mediævals to that of the Church, the Germans to that of autocracy, our fathers to that of money.

We are slaves to the idea of time.

Time is the tyrant of our lives. It is the one god we serve implicitly, universally, exclusively. Art we slight, poetry we abandon, religion we pass by. Health we neglect, beauty we disdain, love we mock. But time we worship.

Time prescribes our every act and deed. We dare not move without consulting Time. Our fathers took Time by the forelock; but Time takes us by the forelock, and he spares us very few of its hairs.

Cartoonists still portray Time as a doddering old man, with an hour-glass and a scythe. But cartoonists cling notoriously to the obsolete. Anyone else would paint him in the fulness of his youth, with a stop-watch for keeping tabs on us, and a machine-gun to mow us down.

There are some people, it is true, who grow up with the notion that their time is their own. If there is anything, they argue, which is free, it is time. Time, they aver, is to be had in abundance and without stint. But the maturer they grow, and the further they progress, the more they appreciate that, when it comes to time, they are poverty-stricken. For time is the most precious thing in the world.

Wherever possible, we reduce all things to a time basis. Time is our prime standard of measurement — and, in these days, there is nothing we do not measure. The time-variable has crept into every equation of our existence. We can hardly state a thought or a conclusion without bringing in the element of time. The scientist has recently smuggled the time-factor even into Newton's law of gravitation.

We eat by time, sleep by time, work by time, play by time. We record our accomplishments, not in terms of pleasure, or of permanence, or of satisfaction, but in terms of time. We plan our futures, not according to friends, or happiness, or whim, but with reference to our supply of time.

We even measure the distance from this town to that, not by the number of roses along the wayside, or by the sweet thoughts which have coursed through our minds on the journey. We do not measure distance even in miles. — certainly not: miles to us are as nothing; we measure it in hours, minutes, and seconds.

When we wish to talk about accomplishment without whispering the august name of time, we refer, but with almost equal reverence, to efficiency. Efficiency, being a standard of measurement, in addition to being the high priest of time, is popular. In fact, efficiency is probably the most popular abstract thing we have.

Efficiency is fondly regarded in the American mind as the greatest contribution of this age to civilization. It is

deemed an agency for good, a thing one cannot have too much of. And so, since procrastination is the thief of time, we make efficiency the policeman who catches the thief. Or, to put it into technical phraseology, efficiency is what you did do, divided by what you would have done provided you had grown up smarter than you are.

Efficiency is a lightning calculator, by which you may convert time into anything you like, and read the answer in percentages, to the third decimal place. By its means, for example, you may change minutes into dollars, which is, after all, the thing most of us are trying to do.

Time, indeed, is money, as our forebears were fond of saying. But we have gone a step beyond that: we have learned that money is time.

Yet there is danger in these glib conversions. Money is a tangible thing. The more you save, the more you have. But time is far more subtle stuff. Saving it does not imply having it. As soon as a man seriously starts saving time, make up your mind that he will no longer have a moment to spare.

Time, not money, is our be-all and our end-all. Time is the thing each one of us is working for, praying for, and making his money for. The almighty dollar is giving way to the almighty minute. Doubtless a fitting retribution has overtaken the old lady who declared that the only thing time was good for was to rent houses by.

Ask the man of the hour for anything tangible, and you will find him generous. Ask him for his time, and you will find him a churl.

If the business man sees a device for saving time, he will have it, at all costs. All great inventions of this age have been time-saving inventions. They are great inventions because they save time. These uncanny contrivances machinate to accomplish in minutes

what formerly took us hours, or even days. (Paradoxically, the more time-saving inventions you have about, the less time you have to spare; but that is beside the point.)

We do not call, we telephone. It is so much quicker. We do not travel, we telegraph. It does not take so long. We do not pen our missives, as of yore, polishing, perfecting, and aiming at elegance, spinning each thought into a cunning phrase, weaving each phrase into an intricate pattern, and embroidering the finished fabric with well-turned figures and cadences. Far from it. We spill our half-digested ideas into a rubber spout. This conducts them into a machine. The machine pours them again into the ear of a girl, who lets them run instanter out through her finger-tips into another machine, where they solidify into print at the rate of two words a second.

The letter is sealed by machine, stamped by machine, and addressed by machine. It drops a dozen stories in a mail-chute, is collected by automobile, postmarked automatically, and carried by aeroplane to its destination. It is again postmarked by machine, delivered by machine, and slit open by machine. A machine-like secretary places it on the desk of its recipient, or, to save him quarter of a minute, tosses it into the waste-paper basket, whence it is collected, baled by machine, crushed into pulp by machine, and machined into paper again, ready to start afresh on its endless cycle. The process is infinitely more complicated than in the days of the stage-coach or the pony express; but think of the time that you save!

What becomes of the time you save, no one can tell, not even our new-fangled time-study artists. For, although we have learned a great deal about saving time, we have learned little or nothing about spending it.

Despite its recent origin, the effect upon the world of the Time Idea has been incalculable. More material progress has taken place in the past century than in all the rest of history put together.

This process of progress has the same kaleidoscopic quality observable in the cinematograph, which, by-the-bye, is another of the marvelous time-saving inventions which consume the few free moments still remaining to us. Let us watch this progress of humanity, era after era, each change gradual, lumbering, slow, every accomplishment attained only at the expense of the greatest suffering and travail. But look! Now, as we get toward the end of the nineteenth century, we notice a marked quickening of the *tempo*. All at once, the speed becomes greater and greater, until at last, as the film races past the lens, one can hardly follow the break-neck antics on the screen. It is as if the motion-picture operator, growing weary of the plot, were turning the crank at double-quick, in his anxiety to conclude the performance.

What makes him turn so furiously? Why does he hasten the picture to a close? A discussion of these questions might prove interesting; but time will not permit.

The universe, in these days, is stepping lively, please. The world spins faster than it used to. Into one lifetime we concentrate ten lifetimes. The problem the American sets himself is to see, not how much he can get out of life, but how much he can get into it.

It is a killing pace. It changes boys into men at seventeen, makes men middle-aged at thirty-five, and brings on old age at five-and-fifty. Old age, indeed, like carpet slippers and wooden Indians, has gone out of fashion. There are no old men about you. They, like other obsolete machinery, have been relegated to the scrap-heap.

It is a killing pace, but we must keep it up, or fall and be trampled on. The struggle for self-preservation in America is fierce and merciless. It is a grim struggle. It tingles with electricity. Men revel in it. It stimulates them to the point of intoxication. It spurs them to an effort so intense that it at last becomes an end in itself. It is the thing they live for.

Not satisfied with obtaining a competence for themselves, they aspire to take away the share falling to others, so that the resulting unbalance makes competition keener than before.

This is the thing we know as business. Business is not a part of American life; it *is* American life. The American business man devotes 1440 minutes a day to business. Before daybreak, an alarm-clock wrests him from his fitful business dreams. He gulps down business news along with his eggs and coffee. He plans business on his way to the office. His morning is spent in reading business, dictating business, and talking business. He keeps a business engagement for luncheon. Afterwards, he rushes back to business, where he routes himself, schedules himself, and despatches himself, as if he thought he were an express train.

After everyone else has left the office, he wraps up his business, and carries it home in a brief-case. He arrives late, sits down to dinner, and stares glassily into space, conjuring up phantoms of business. A business acquaintance interrupts his preoccupied meal, by calling him on the telephone. Ten minutes later he returns to the table, too distraught to eat, and discusses business with his wife. He spends the evening poring over budgets, reports, and trade-publications. He goes, at last, to bed, which is, he finds, the most efficient place of all in which to work out business problems.

He has no friends but business friends,

no interests but business interests. He spends his little span saving time, in order that he may put forth more energy in a further attempt to save more time, and so on, until he has not a minute left to bless himself with. His whole existence is one unremitting race against time.

From this tremendous acceleration of life, the American has no escape. Not one of us can quarantine himself against the mania for speed. There is nothing we have not sacrificed in pursuit of our time-serving ideals. We have, even now, enacted the prohibition of our last respite, that we may save time more zealously. It is no more possible for us to resist the Time Idea than it is for the characters on the film to retard the speed of its reproduction.

It is all the trend of evolution, and

there is no use trying to stop it. One would be less successful than Joshua, in his similar attempt.

And so we shall continue to be hustled through lunch-rooms and herded through cafeterias, until we become chronic dyspeptics. We shall be badgered with telegrams, bombarded with 'extras,' and bawled at by bell-boys, until we fall victims to nervous prostration. We shall be battledored in elevators and shuttlecocked in subways, joggled in taxicabs, jostled in street cars, and jolted in Pullmans, until we succumb to apoplexy. And we shall be kept everlastingly on the go until, arriving at last at our untimely destination, we are shipped off in a sixty-horse-power hearse to the only peaceful place we have ever known. For thus we shall have served the god of Time.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE RAINBOW

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I WAS amused and surprised by the hornet's nest I stirred up when, last August, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I took Thoreau to task for saying that he once stood in the abutment of a rainbow. The number of persons on both sides of the Atlantic, from whom I have received letters, who have stood in the abutment of a rainbow and seen the prismatic tints all around them; who have driven their cars through rainbows; who have played hide-and-go-seek with one; who have done almost everything with a rainbow except to snare it and bring it home with them, is truly amazing.

This is the passage in *Walden*, to which I referred: 'Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tingeing the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through colored crystals. It was a lake of rainbow light, in which for a short while I lived, like a dolphin. If it had lasted longer, it might have tinged my employment and life.'

The phenomenon which Thoreau goes on to relate, of seeing a halo of light around his shadow where it fell on the dewy grass in the morning, anyone

may see under the same conditions, if he looks for it. I have seen it around my own shadow of a summer morning many times. There are no prismatic tints in it, however. But standing in the abutment of a rainbow, and seeing yourself standing there, is an impossible feat — just as impossible as it would be to climb the arch if you could reach it.

Just how Thoreau deluded himself, I am at a loss to know. We know that, as a rule, he was not an accurate observer, and that his imagination often colored his experiences. But a dozen or more readers rushed to Thoreau's defense.

One man wrote me, at great length, contending that the rainbow was often elliptical in form, and that if the storm-cloud was moving across the beholder's front, the rainbow would move with it. 'Thus one end of the bow may be within a few hundred feet of the observer, while the other is a mile or more away.' An elliptical bow, I suppose, is the result of the moving storm stretching or flattening the bow a little!

Another correspondent, a lawyer, writes: 'More than a dozen times have I as a boy kicked my bare foot into the very abutment of a rainbow's arch.' Then he goes on to say, 'Given a sultry afternoon with showers. The meadows are saturated with moisture. The air is laden with it. A quick outbursting sun behind you, and the one end of the rainbow will form at your feet. And you will see the green grass through a colored crystal.' We all know that after a summer shower, when the sun comes out, many colored crystals may be seen flashing from the leaves and the grass. Every drop of water acts as a prism and dissolves the ray of light that falls upon it; but this is not a rainbow, and you get this effect only from a certain angle and from certain drops.

Of course, we do not all see the same things in nature, but we all see the rain-

bow under the same conditions, because the laws of optics do not change to suit our moods or conditions. No two persons ever see the same rainbow, because no two persons can ever use the same pair of eyes, and stand in exactly the same place at the same time. I would go a good way to see a rainbow travel, or move at all. It fades, but it is always motionless. The drops of rain and the storm-cloud travel, but the bow is stationary. Yet one of my correspondents, a woman in New York, saw a rainbow on its travels! She first saw the usual double bow, but soon it and all the primary bow faded save about forty-five degrees of the latter. 'Within a few minutes this traveled northward [or from right to left] and I saw very distinctly the end of the rainbow resting on the barracks and on the sand. Its rate of progress was about two hundred and fifty feet per minute, and it passed within one hundred and fifty [What an eye she had for distance!] feet of the place where I was standing.' As it moved, she said, the arc grew shorter, till it disappeared. Of course, the rainbow recedes from one with the receding storm, but it does not move from right to left, or across one's front.

This correspondent, however, thinks it quite impossible to be in a rainbow visible to one's own eyes, as Thoreau describes. Not so, however, another, a well-known poetess, who thinks she once stood in the abutment of a rainbow. She describes the prismatic colors on the leaves and grass after a shower, to which I have already alluded, and thinks she has clinched her argument when she avers that she once saw the 'foot' of a rainbow resting on her own land a few rods away! Farther away than you imagine, my dear. I might be standing on a hill and see a rainbow spanning the valley below me, with one leg of it resting upon the highway, and

see an automobile pass through it, but the occupants of the car would not see themselves going through the bow. An army officer in England, just home from the war, says he drove his car right through the foot of a rainbow. He must have torn a big hole in it, and endangered the whole superstructure; but he does not record that it fell and blocked the road.

No one has written me that he stood in the abutment of a rainbow yesterday or to-day. It is always on some occasion long past. In youth we do see and hear strange things. I often hear from persons who, when they were boys, have seen a snake swallow its young, but never from a grown person who has seen this. An Indiana Supreme Court judge wrote me to this effect recently. But the snake authority of Bronx Zoölogical Park, Professor Ditmars, I think, laughed him out of it.

One can easily settle the point about the rainbow by visiting a waterfall when the sun is shining, and when there is a volume of spray rising. Then he is pretty sure to see one leg of a rainbow, — the right leg, — which will not change its relative position with regard to him, no matter how much he moves. When he goes down-stream, it goes down; when he returns, it returns. It is a fragment of a bow which would form a complete arch exactly in front of him, were there a volume of spray sufficiently high and wide to meet the conditions; but he could no more get into it than he could filch its colors.

The phenomenon may be studied in the sprinkler on the lawn. I find that, when I walk by it, just beyond the reach of the spray, I can see one leg of a rainbow just large enough to show the curve. If I walk back, I presently see the other leg, but never the completed bow because the volume of spray does not extend high enough. The top of the arch of the bow, if completed, would be

exactly on a line with me, and the sun behind me; I cannot see both legs from the same point of view, as we often do with the bow in the clouds.

So simple and easy seems the rainbow, like touching a button and seeing this marvelous apparition spring out! Yet it puts the natural philosophers on their mettle to explain it and analyze its laws. Its physics and its mathematics make the layman's head swim. The raindrops have an outside and an inside, a convex and a concave surface, and both play their parts in the production of the bow. In the primary bow, the rays fall on the outside of the drops, and there are two reflections and one refraction. In the secondary bow, the rays fall on the inside of the drops and suffer two reflections and two refractions, which bring the colors in reverse order to those of the first. Then there is polarization, and there is interference, and there are other optical puzzles connected with the bow.

When the sun and the observer are on the same horizontal plane, as at sunset, the bow will be a half-circle. Earlier in the day it will be less than a half circle. It can never appear very near the zenith — from 42 to 54 degrees above the horizon is its usual position.

No rainbows are seen between the hours of 9 A.M. and 3 P.M., because the sun is too high in the heavens. The storm-cloud would need to be at your feet at such times. With your spray-pump you can produce a miniature rainbow at 10 and 11 A.M., but it will be on or near the ground. In Nature this never occurs. The lower the sun, the higher the rainbow in the sky, and *vice versa*. From mountaintops a bow making a complete circle has been seen in the valley below.

The physics and the mathematics of the rainbow are quite beyond most laymen. We all know, since our school days, that white light can be analyzed

into the primary colors by the prism. Now every drop of rain has the effect of a prism, and splits the rays of the sun into the seven primary colors, and then the bow is born.

The only thing I have ever seen in connection with rainbows which was new and inexplicable to me, I witnessed one April morning while visiting a friend on the shores of the Maumee River at East Toledo, Ohio. The bank of the river, partly wooded, is about fifty feet high, and the distance across the river at that point about half a mile.

On a bright morning I was sauntering along the river-bank when, on looking across to the other shore, I saw two large prismatic patches, one above me and one below, and the sun squarely behind me. The day was clear, and there was not the least vapor or fog that I could detect on the surface of the water. The river was as smooth as glass. When I walked up the river, the rainbow-patches moved up with me, and when I went back, they went back. I could not get above or below them. I should say they were, approximately, about three hundred feet apart. They slowly increased in size till they became like long sections of a rainbow, reaching out to the opposite shore. When I last saw them, they must have been a good many feet in length.

I was called away to the other side of the house, and do not know just what happened in the interval; but about ten o'clock in the forenoon someone called to me that there was a rainbow in the river. And, lo and behold! there it was!—an effect I had never seen before—a perfect rainbow, with a span of several hundred feet, in the river. When I traveled up the river, it traveled up; and when I returned, it

returned. It was, I think, a good many hundred feet away, and was altogether a strange apparition. I had to leave about that time, and do not know how long it lasted. My friends said they had never seen it before, and they write me that they have never seen it since.

There is another flitting and unapproachable apparition in the clouds, which everybody has seen, but which comparatively few have closely observed. I refer to the familiar spectacle of what country persons call 'the sun drawing water.' Great spokes of light radiate from rents in the clouds when the sun is partly hidden, producing an effect like a huge fan spread out in the eastern or western sky. The peculiarity of it is that the observer is always squarely in front of the middle of that fan; the vertical rays are always exactly in front of him, and the wings spread out equidistant on each side. You cannot, by walking or running or driving, change your relation to that phenomenon, any more than you can to the rainbow. Those vertical rays appear stationary, as, in fact, does the whole fan. Now, if someone writes and tells me that he has flanked that apparition and seen it off to the left or the right of him, I shall put him down as a nature faker.

What the explanation is of those spokes of light proceeding from those openings in the clouds, as if the sun were just there behind them, when it is so far away that its rays to human eyes would seem parallel with one another, I do not know.

Let the light come into your room through a crack or a knot-hole, and the rays do not diverge or spread out in that way. The explanation is probably a simple one, but I do not know what it is.

THE ORIGINALITY OF JESUS

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

THE Master of the Christian world has suffered much from two servants who are yet essential to enlightened religion — the metaphysical theologian and the historical critic. From the early days of Christianity till recent times, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the second person in the Trinity, has figured in a metaphysical scheme of redemption. The historic person of the Prophet of Nazareth, the wealth and the glory of his humanity, have been sadly obscured. He has again and again faded from the friendship of the world; he has become dim and uncertain as a human reality in the fields of time; he has been largely lost as a teacher and guide; he has been known chiefly as the member of the Godhead who had compassion upon a race gone into utter wreck and deserving only eternal damnation. The entire Calvinistic tradition tended more and more to count Jesus out. In my boyhood in Scotland he was a divine name, with a certain part to play in the drama of redemption; he was not a creative power in human life; he was not a sublime human reality. The Calvinistic tradition shows its logical issue in Carlyle. Nothing counts ultimately but the will of God. The Pilgrim theology, with all its high principles of faith, — the sovereignty of mind in the universe, the accountability of the soul to God, the great optimistic idea of redemption for sinful men, and the triumph, limited indeed, but real, of good over evil, — missed

the superlative glory of the Master, his divine humanity. A metaphysic of the life of Jesus is a necessity; it should be, however, a limited necessity.

Our trouble to-day is from the other indispensable servant of enlightened religion — the historical critic. Read the Gospels, so he tells us, as one should any other book. True; but how should one read any other book worth reading? Apply the rules of historical criticism to Jesus as one would to Socrates. True again; but how should one apply the rules of historical criticism to Socrates? Shall one apply these rules to Socrates in such a way as to deny that he ever lived; in such a way as to show that, if he lived, he said nothing clearly ascertainable; that, if he spoke certain words, he spoke little of any great moment? That method of criticism would leave the mighty systems of Plato and Aristotle without historical antecedent. Criticism has here run a wild course; it has, however, settled down in the conviction that Socrates is the fountain-head of the wisdom of Greece about man and man's world.

To apply criticism to the Gospels in such a way as to give us no sure vision of Jesus at all, in such a way as to present him to us, if he did live, not as the originator of the mightiest of all religions, not as the supreme and supremely calm spiritual mind of the race, but as a well-meaning fanatic, as a totally mistaken and tragic figure, as one forever pushed aside in his wild apocalyp-

tic dreams by the course of the world, can hardly be deemed satisfactory either in method or result. To destroy the one and only adequate antecedent of historical Christianity is not criticism: it is an obvious and serious mistake.

It is true that the evils of criticism are to be cured by more criticism. Even in its utmost excesses criticism is like erysipelas, a self-limiting trouble. Any-one who is familiar with the criticism through which the Greek classics have passed in the last hundred years must be aware of this self-rectifying tendency in critical judgment. At one time, by certain scholars, about a dozen of the great body of writings usually attributed to Plato were allowed to be genuine; to-day critical opinion and tradition are practically agreed. More criticism, especially criticism of criticism, and the habit of discounting the idols of the historical critic's cave, will give, it is believed, a much saner result in this discipline than has lately prevailed.

There is another, and, in my judgment, a better way of approach to the Gospels than that used by the technical critic. After all, the New Testament is not the monopoly of the historical scholar. Services there are which none but he can render; services there are to this literature which others can render better than he. Studies on the outsides of things need to be supplemented by studies on the insides of things. The rabbinical scholar should not be too proud to listen now and then to the philosophic student of human wisdom. Indeed, the method of the philosophical mind should be the ally of the historical mind. The man who comes to the study of the teaching of Jesus from wide and profound acquaintance with the wisdom and the culture of the world is able to pronounce a judgment not lightly to be disregarded.

John Stuart Mill, writing to Thomas Carlyle, says, 'I have for years had the very same idea of Christ and the same unbounded reverence for him as now; it was because of this reverence that I sought a more perfect acquaintance with the records of his life; that indeed gave new life to the reverence, which in any case was becoming, or was closely allied with all that was becoming, a living principle in my character.'

Books are symbols; their meaning cannot be found without sympathy. Learning is essential, yet all the learning in the world by itself cannot compass the secret of Jesus. Sympathy and imagination working in the interest of the hidden reality are indispensable. Learning alone can give the size and style of the cathedral window from the outside; learning alone can never give the vision of the window from the inside — its figure, color, wonder, and splendor. History, like the external world, like the universe, is a symbol, an offering to the soul of man by the way of his senses; without insight the meaning of the symbol is unattainable. Hidden in the Gospels is the creative mind, the original character of Jesus, and he is found there by thought.

Even among men of the highest genius there is no such thing as absolute originality. Consider for a moment one of the most original minds in the English tongue, Shakespeare. He did not invent the alphabet, the words, the syntax, the reality and power of the English language; or the English nation, its ways of thinking, its achievements, its character; or the comedy and the tragedy of human life. Shakespeare found these and a thousand other things of high moment, contributed by those who had gone before him. Yet Shakespeare is rightly regarded as a great original genius, in depth of mind, in comprehensiveness, in the richness and power of his comedy

and tragedy, in the intimacy of his knowledge of life, in the unsurpassed grandeur of his dramatic presentations, especially in his portrayal of character. Shakespeare's originality is that of the mountain to the common earth; it is lifted to this unwonted elevation, to this outlook upon the world, to this vision of the naked heavens. In Shakespeare the common powers, insights, instincts, possessions of humanity are lifted to this dignity, this range of meaning, this majesty and mystery.

Jesus did not originate the Semitic dialect which was his native tongue, or the traditions of his race, their vast literature, their history, their character, their faith and hope. All these were the material furnished, ready. Yet he is in the sphere of the spirit original in the profoundest sense; he is original in himself, in his power to revive dead wisdom, to stamp with his character the unvalued truth, and put it in everlasting social circulation; he is original in depth of insight, in purity of vision, in the transcendence of his mind, the universality of his appeal.

II

In Jesus we find, in the highest degree, originality of character. This means something new, something of surpassing excellence, something of endless interest and influence. We know what originality of character means when applied to other great men. This kind of originality was evident in Lincoln: before him there was none like him; in his generation he was without a parallel; since his day no one has appeared of his type. He was something new, something excellent, something of enduring interest to all Americans. Probably no one would contest the assertion that Socrates was the human being of greatest originality in the race to which he belonged. Plato

says, 'He was like no one, either of the ancients or of the men of his own time'; he was a wonder in newness of type, in excellence, and in interest.

In the Old Testament there is no parallel to Jesus; among the prophets of Israel, among the great men whose name and character are recorded in that literature, there is no suggestion even of the unique personality of the Master. Among these great men, when the feeling is not merely tribal it is strictly national. The elevation of Israel's greatest men is the elevation of separation from the peoples of the world; their humanity is still limited, exclusive; man as man does not occupy the field of vision, does not influence the centres of feeling. The prophet's only hope is that the Gentile may become an Israelite by adoption. In the greatest of these ancient men there is nothing of the intrinsic and free humanity of Jesus; their character is an old-world character. The highest ideal of the Old Testament is that of the suffering servant of Jehovah, and this ideal touches Jesus only at one point of his character, his vicarious goodness. The Lord's Prayer is not a tribal or national prayer; the humanity of man is the ground of appeal to the Eternal humanity: 'Our Father who art in heaven.'

In the New Testament there is no one like Jesus. This is all the more remarkable because to his disciples Jesus became at once an object of passionate love and admiration. Stephen imitates the Lord's prayer upon the cross: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,' in the noble words, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge'; and yet no one would think of likening the character of Stephen to the character of Jesus. Among the apostles there is no one to whom in vision, composure, dignity, disengagedness from the non-essential in religion, Jesus is not a decided contrast. When we come to the

most ardent of the early disciples of Jesus, and his greatest apostle, Paul, we meet more of contrast than of resemblance. John Stuart Mill is completely right when he says that Paul's 'character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort.'

The original character of Jesus is the moral side of his genius; that aspect confines our attention at this point. It is something free, and inevitable; silent as the movement of the earth, and sure; its strength is without tumult, without hesitation; and in it there are no fears, no divisions of heart; unity, certainty, sovereignty are its notes. The Gospels bear witness to one without predecessor and without successor, whose originality of character is declared in the paradoxical but luminous words of one of the greatest New Testament writers, as 'without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life'—a new type of human being, to which the coming world is to be conformed.

I cannot forget the impression made upon me in going from my first absorbing visit in Egypt to Palestine. Palestine was ancient, too; it was a part of that ancient world in which Egypt was supreme, for power and for length of years. Palestine, however, contained Jesus; and for the first time in my feeling was reflected the fact that Jesus was a modern man, the first, the original, the creative modern man. In him the spirit of man broke from the solemn melancholy of Egypt, the high exclusiveness of Israel, and the sovereign aristocracy of Greece, into the vision of the intrinsic dignity and measureless worth of man as man. The world has been sadly unfaithful to that vision, yet the vision itself has never altogether faded from our distracted life; to-day it abides in strength, and the person who was its original representative is still its authentic and incomparable type.

III

The next step in our discussion concerns the originality of the message of Jesus. Two views are current here and in conflict. One view is that Jesus was a pious and patriotic Jew, whose programme was essentially that of John the Baptist, national repentance and righteousness followed by national salvation, that is, deliverance from the Roman domination. According to this view, the mind of Jesus is to be approached through the imaginative literature of the generation preceding his own, by the habits of thought and the forms of belief of his time. It is held that the idea of the continuous development of the life of man on the earth was something foreign to the mind of Jesus; the idea of catastrophe, it is contended, was ever present to him. On the wreck of the world his Messianic kingdom was to be established. He was a good man, but completely mistaken; he was a pure spirit, but he knew not the way that the world was taking; he was a representative Jew in his piety, in his patriotism, in his message, and in it there was nothing essentially new.

Here serious questions press for an answer. Is it fair to attribute the world-view of Jewish imaginative literature to this great Master of all Christians? Is it just to construe the few world-view sentences of Jesus, not written by himself, written a generation after his death by those to whom these views were the colored medium through which they read all serious words upon man's destiny—is it just to put a meaning upon these sentences in clear contradiction of the sure central body of the teaching of the Master? Was Jesus entirely under the power of the spirit of the age? Was he in no way able to rise above the poor apocalyptic nonsense discredited by the course of

history? In our analysis of the records of his ministry, are we to find nothing there that did not come from him? Is scientific criticism leading us, blindfolded, back to something like an infallible reporter, and an inerrant report, which shall infallibly discredit the Divine speaker? Is not Matthew Arnold near the truth when he presumes that, when Jesus is made to speak words that the course of the world has set aside, the words are more likely to have come from the disciple than from the Master? In reading the mind of the Master, after the lapse of a generation of years, may not the disciple have read his own mind into the mind of the Lord? May not the apocalyptic addresses in the Gospels be a misinterpretation, a confused version of the mind of Jesus, which he would have refused to accept as the truth? Was it not possible for Jesus to use, to a certain extent, the mythology of his age, as other great teachers have used the mythologies of their respective ages — reality to the many, but poetry to them? Would it be fair to interpret Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle as Polytheists because of the sanction they gave to the popular faith? May not the nationalization of the teaching of Jesus, so far as it exists, have been the work of his disciples? May not the genius of Jesus have been, what history has indeed found it to be, spiritual and universal?

The view that regards Jesus as the sovereign religious genius of our race enters its protest here. This view holds that, while Jesus was obliged to accommodate his mind, to some extent, to the idiom of his time, he yet in his central ideas completely transcended his time. According to this view, the mind of Jesus must be found in the records of his ministry by the most careful analysis; this analysis must be made more in the light of what his message came to mean to his greatest disciples, than

in the light of the Jewish literature standing in the background; this analysis must take into account what is after all supreme in the teaching of Jesus—his conception of God, and his conception of man.

Jesus' criticism of the Law, in the Sermon on the Mount, is surely something new in depth and in inwardness; nor is there anything in the Prophets or Psalms so absolute as the moral teaching of Jesus in that discourse. There man's life, his world, is in the searchlight of the Infinite Perfection; the ideal of that life, of that world, is something that overawes the highest souls by its authority and splendor: 'Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect.'

If it should be said that there are more than mere hints of this teaching in the noblest words in the Old Testament and beyond it, in the loftiest traditions of other races, it is still true that to the best wisdom of his people Jesus has given the highest form, and to the rarest insights of the great in other nations an expression that supersedes the original utterance. The best experience of the best souls, in Israel and beyond Israel, finds its completest utterance in the authentic teaching of Jesus. In a sense profoundly true, that highest experience lives and moves in our world to-day by the power of his utterance.

Jesus was perhaps the most misunderstood teacher in history. His genius in the things of the spirit, had it taken its own high way, would have left him with no contact with his time. He was obliged to use the phrase 'Kingdom of God,' and he could not prevent the construction of this phrase as meaning an earthly kingdom. His disciples, let it be frankly stated, were incapable of comprehending their Teacher and his message; they read that message in the light of their education, habits of

thought, beliefs, hopes, world-views. In this way it has come to pass that the Teaching of Jesus has been here and there touched by the darkened minds of the pious and good men who conserved the tradition of his career.

In the words of John the Baptist about Jesus there is a guide to the Master's genius: 'I indeed baptize you with water; he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit.' Another word, this time from Jesus himself, can mean only the inwardness of his Kingdom: 'The Kingdom of heaven is within you.' History is the authentic interpreter of creative ideas. Two generations after the death of Jesus, a great interpreter of his teaching had come to see the absolute spirituality of the Master's central idea: 'My Kingdom is not of this world.' And in between the earliest and the latest of the Gospels stands the great interpretation of Jesus, in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here Christianity has become, what it was essentially at the first and always, an Eternal reality, looking through ancient forms as through symbols, itself an Institute of the Spirit, in the life of the world and beyond time. So much history, as the great authentic interpreter of the message of Jesus, had achieved in elevating the mind of his leading disciples, in making it possible for them to apprehend the pure spirituality, the invisible and eternal reality of his Kingdom.

This process has gone ever onward. They have understood Jesus best who have had the largest share of his spirit, who have been able to bring the richness of a great religious experience to the interpretation of the life of his soul in God. The church of Christ has been from the beginning an institution of many and continuous blunders; yet in one respect it has been essentially clear in head and sound in heart: it has understood more and more deeply the Kingdom of God in the teaching of

Jesus to be the reign of God in the minds and hearts of men; it has seen in that phrase a heavenly ideal hovering over all human society, seeking nothing for itself, and claiming nothing but to be the perfecting light and grace of human life. The church has thus seen the spirituality, the depth, and the wonder of the message of Jesus.

IV

Jesus' manner of teaching may be justly called original. In certain respects it resembles the manner of Socrates rather than that of any great recorded teacher in Israel. Socrates was, it is true, an educator rather than a teacher; yet the issue of his service to the mind was a great body of definite teaching. The Greek educator spoke his ideas, committing them to the minds of living men of uncommon power. He was an examiner of ideas, minds, methods of thought, and he was a searcher of the heart. His personality, his purpose, his dialectical method, his love of wisdom and his endless delight in the search for it, are behind the whole greater heritage of Greek philosophy, the original fountain of it, surely, and largely the directing genius of it.

In something of the same manner Jesus exercised his ministry. He was, first of all, a teacher of twelve men; his method was by conversation, a direct attack upon the mind, frequently by question and answer, often by the keenest dialectical encounter. 'By what authority doest thou these things?' This question is flung at Jesus in the Temple by certain leaders of the people. Jesus replies. First answer this question: 'The Baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven or from men?' These acute opponents of Jesus saw at once the logic of the question: they reasoned among themselves and said, 'If we

shall say from heaven, he will say, why then did ye not believe him; if we shall say from men, we fear the multitude, for all hold John as a prophet.' They answered with safe agnosticism, 'We know not.' Jesus then rejoins, 'Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.' There is Jesus' encounter with the politicians, and their crafty question, Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not? The wisdom and dialectical force of Jesus' answer have received universal recognition. Show me a penny. Whose is this image and superscription? Cæsar's. You are clearly under some sort of obligation to Cæsar. Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

To the dialectical genius of Jesus no less than to his divine humanity are due his defense of his interest in sinful men and women in his parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Son. Here is the profoundest and widest wisdom in the possession of mankind, uttered in forms that for clear intelligibility and impressive beauty are matchless. There is no philosophy of human history like that contained in the Parable of the Lost Son. The vision of good, real and apparent, the sources of tragic mistake in confounding appearance and reality, the discipline of suffering, the awakening power of disillusionment, the illumination of experience, and the benignity of the Eternal Reality sovereign in all the courses of thought and life, are here depicted by a genius to whom man's intellect and heart are utterly transparent. There is hardly a phrase in this profound and wonderful Parable that does not compress within itself a world of meaning for mankind.

Another peculiarity of Jesus' manner as a teacher is his gift of characterization. It appears more or less in all his parables; it appears conspicuously

in the parables just mentioned. The shepherd who seeks his lost sheep till he finds it, the woman who seeks her lost coin till she finds it, the father who seeks through all the courses of experiences his lost son, the Lost Son himself and the Elder Brother, are characters drawn with a master-hand, and they are in the imagination and feeling of the world forever. Still more striking, perhaps, is this power of characterization in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. It, too, springs from debate; after it was spoken, no reply was possible: it was conclusive and final.

The portrayal of character is rightly held to be the supreme example of poetic genius. In the *Iliad* there are immortal characters: Agamemnon, Achilles, and a score of others that cannot die. In the *Odyssey* we have another group: Odysseus the incarnation of intellect, as Achilles is the incarnation of physical prowess; Nausicaa, Penelope, Circe, and many others. These are extraordinary delineations of character, but large space is necessary for the full presentation of these groups of characters. The Clytemnestra of *Æschylus* is a wild and terrible woman; so is the Medea of Euripides; the Antigone of Sophocles is statuesque, full of loyalty, of piety, of tenderness, of strength. But in each case, to present in full length the character depicted requires a whole drama.

Shakespeare is justly regarded the greatest character poet of modern times. To the groups of characters that he has contributed to enrich human imagination and feeling, there is no modern parallel: Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Kent; Hamlet, Ophelia, the guilty King and Queen; Othello, Desdemona, Iago; Imogen; Portia; and again, a hundred more; but Shakespeare requires room and time for the full display of these characters.

See what we find in this story that

one can read in three or four minutes. A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. The form of statement rouses at once the imagination. Who was he; in what home did he open his eyes; what was his early fortune, and how did he end his days? The impact upon the imagination is that of the supreme artist. The universal human being is introduced. A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho — the typical man representing every man everywhere.

There are the robbers: one can see their hard faces silhouetted against the rock on the way down from Jerusalem to Jericho; one can see them, low-browed, dark-faced, with cruelty in their eyes, the plagues of society, the foes of mankind, the representatives of inhumanity all the world over, desperadoes, robbers by calling, murderers by vocation.

There are the priest and the Levite. With what complete mastery, in few words, Jesus struck off those characters! They are in the memory and imagination of mankind wherever his Gospel has gone. They were not hypocrites: they were simply men who had separated religion from human service, piety from humanity, consecration to the Infinite in contempt of the need of mankind.

There was the good Samaritan, a compound of unconscious divinity and humanity; God was in his instincts, his kind was in his instincts, quickening his perceptions of human need and brotherhood, quickening his sympathies, moving his will to help. You see him with a face like the sunrise; again, he is known wherever the teaching of Jesus is known.

There was the innkeeper, a combination of kindness and business; he is glad to welcome this man who had been unfortunate, glad to have a paying guest, and glad to be assured by the man who brought him that everything

would be settled on business principles.

There was the lawyer, keen, subtle, a dialectician by profession, who had been victorious in a hundred encounters and who had perfect confidence in his power to 'down' any man by asking questions which he himself could not answer. There was the great multitude hanging round in a circle, witnessing this duel of intellect between Jesus the Teacher and this acute antagonist. Lastly, there is the Master dominating all, silencing with a final silence his adversary, and towering majestic as the mountains of Judea over the whole scene.

One here recalls that marvel of painting, the 'School of Athens,' by Raphael, painted on a panel in the Vatican. The poetry of Greece, the science of Greece, the history of Greece, the philosophy of Greece, the whole history and the whole achievement of Greece are on that one panel; they are there in true perspective, in beautiful order, and the more one knows of the Greek and his art, his poetry, his philosophy, his genius, the more amazing is that panel. Such a panel is this parable which has painted on it all the typical forces that make up the seething, tragic world of to-day. And yet one will meet people who say, 'That little story? We knew that when we went to Sunday school.' Yes, and you knew the Lord's Prayer, but do you now know what that prayer means for the universe and for mankind?

In the living wisdom of the world, it may be said, there is nothing to match the parabolic teaching of Jesus. In addition to the wealth of character created and depicted, the story is made to carry meanings of infinite moment; it sends the imagination to the depths of human need, to the heights of the Eternal Compassion, and this with ease incomparable, with a mastery to which there is no parallel in the influential wisdom of the world.

V

The most precious possession of mankind is the human experience won through the vision of great moral ideals, the eager pursuit of them, joy and sorrow in the service of them, life, love, death, and hope under their reign. For priceless value, nothing within the possession of human beings is to be compared to this. Here one finds in solution the moral nature of man, the moral world, and the moral universe in which man lives. Here is a body of thought, feeling, character, experience, fluid and vast as all the seas, and whose tide is the movement within it of the Eternal Spirit. We have here the spiritual wealth of mankind, in its ultimate source and character, as it lives in the heart of all races, as it moves in the soul of the greatest races, and as it has its being in the words spoken or written of the most gifted men.

The question of originality is finally one of insight and utterance in the superlative degree. How much of this precious experience of mankind has any single person, any school or group of persons, seen and wrought into the form of great influential speech? All our poets, all our philosophers, all our men of genius come at last to this judgment-seat. No writer will live, save in the mad sections of society, who is not a great representative of the highest human experience; no book will last that is not a vast coinage of the spiritual wealth of the world. The Greeks live, Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, by their depth and sincerity, by their adequate fidelity to the best in some part of man's world; by the range, truth, and nobility of their utterance of the content of life as that content discovers itself in the great courses of human experience.

To this test all modern men of genius

must come. Those who cannot meet the test, however they may shine for a day or a century, must pass. Dante is solitary, not because there is not a multitude of speakers, but because more and more it is recognized that his is the voice of the ten silent centuries. We are sure of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and a dozen or more others, who have felt the pulse of man, who have compassed much of his best life, and who have given it fresh, faithful, unforgettable expression.

Here Jesus stands supreme. In his brief career as a teacher, in the small compass of his utterance, he has been more comprehensive than any other recorded man of genius, of the deepest experience of the human soul, and he has given to that experience monumental forms of beauty and power. It is here that we find the highest witness of his originality, the final assurance of his ascendancy over the mind of the world. He best of all knows our human world; he best of all has seen its tragic grandeur; he is unequaled in reading and in rendering its mighty meanings; to his influence, in kind, in range, and in promise, there is no parallel among the sons of men. He is to-day the centre of the world's hope, as in a tragic sense he is the need and the blind desire of all nations. His religion is the sovereign version in history of the Kingdom of the Eternal Spirit as that Kingdom lives in the best life of the race. When men live *sub specie æternitatis*, they find in Jesus the only adequate utterance of their thoughts, feelings, purposes, and hopes. He more than all, he above all, is the prophet of the spiritual life of man in his pilgrimage through time.

VI

Jesus is indeed to be understood by his endowment and his environment. His endowment is clearly that of sover-

eign religious genius, and his environment is the Absolute Spirit. Jesus appeared in the world at a particular time; he came of a particular race; he was nurtured in the literature, traditions, beliefs, and hopes of his people. In all this he was a man of unique spiritual genius; and he is certainly no more to be understood through the limitations of inheritance and racial environment than other men of transcendent original power. The literature produced in Israel during the two hundred years preceding the birth of Jesus is, on the whole, eccentric and poor stuff; at its best, it is largely the hysteria of noble minds densely ignorant. Even the Book of Enoch, so highly prized by scholars, as giving the intellectual background of the age to which Jesus spoke, is in itself of inferior value, and when compared with the great prophets and psalmists of Israel, it is found upon a level greatly below theirs. In the Book of Enoch the soul of Abel offers and presses the prayer that the seed of his brother Cain shall be destroyed from the face of the earth, and annihilated among the seed of men. This Book of Enoch, not unfittingly here represented, is hardly a trustworthy guide to his mind whose prayer upon the cross was, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' The truth is, the mind of Israel had become decadent; these books would merit the attention of no serious lover of reality, were it not for their antiquarian interest.

That the pure spiritual conceptions of Jesus could not shine in their own strength; that they must be presented in the idiom of the time in order to be understood even a little; that they were reported by men whom even the Master could not lift to his own level or free from the crude notions of the age; that his teaching lies embedded in this pervasive accommodation to modes of thought that meant one thing to the

people, and another to him, and that his mind is to be reached, if at all, through sympathetic insight, should be clear to all.

Jesus is to be understood, not by his age, but by the Eternal God. His mind, his message, his character, his service to his people, and his hope for the world had their origin in God. At a level below him lie the best insights of his greatest predecessors in Israel; in an abyss below him lies the poor stuff by which many to-day try to understand him. If Jesus had been the product of his human environment, the world would never have heard of him; nor would that human environment ever have seen the light of day. There is little or nothing in it to detain the modern man.

If we are to have a great religion; if the universe is to be gathered into the Infinite Soul; if that Soul is to be apprehended through Fatherhood; if man is a spiritual person of permanent reality in the life of God; if the individual is not to be sacrificed to the social whole, and if the social whole is not to be sacrificed to the individual; if the fellowship of moral and accountable persons is the best word for the world of men, the religion of Jesus, originating in his own spirit, as that spirit lived and moved and had its being in the Eternal, is the religion for mankind. Historical antecedents, historical settings, may be interesting, may even shed light upon the pathway of our search; but it would seem to be unwise to seek in these the transcendent spiritual mind of Jesus. We should never think of explaining Plato, the philosophic 'spectator of all time and all existence,' by the mythologies and popular beliefs of the Greeks; and it seems hardly likely that scholars can long be content with the endeavor to find the origin of the deepest mind of Jesus save in the mind of God.

REFLECTIONS ON THE INCOME TAX

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

THE national debt on March 31, 1920, was \$24,698,000,000, as contrasted with a pre-war debt, March 31, 1917, of \$1,435,000,000. The expenditures of the federal government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, were over fifteen billion dollars, the revenue less than five billion dollars. The income tax, including excess-profits taxes, produced over half of this revenue — almost three billion dollars; beside which the customs duties of one hundred and eighty-three millions shrink into comparative insignificance. During the calendar year 1919, the income tax yielded four billions. The tax is to-day the mainstay of our national revenue; conservation of this revenue resource has become a national problem of the first magnitude.

In England, where the income tax has been successfully administered since 1842, the tax was, until the Great War, collected largely at the source. A borrower, for example, under the system of collection at the source, must withhold a percentage of the interest payable to his creditor, determined by the rate of income tax in force. The debtor remits directly to the government the amount withheld as tax. Thus, except in so far as there may be collusion between the creditor and debtor, the possibility of tax-evasion by the creditor is eliminated. If the income of the creditor is below the minimum income subject to tax, the government will, upon substantiation of this fact, pay to him the amount which has been withheld.

In the United States a large proportion of the persons subject to income tax derive all or a considerable portion of their income from trade or farming. Collection at the source obviously cannot be applied to income of this character. The fact that a person has received income from sales does not necessarily indicate profit: net income, or profit, arises only if there is a gross income in excess of business expenses. Furthermore, the backbone of our present federal income tax is the principle of progressive taxation. The rates of surtax under the act of 1918 mount from one per cent to 65 per cent. Collection at the source cannot be applied to the collection of surtaxes, since the *aggregate* income, which alone determines what rate of surtax shall apply, frequently arises from many sources.

The government is attempting to secure, so far as possible, the benefits of a system of collection at the source, by requiring that *information* be furnished at the source concerning certain payments. Information must be furnished the government by persons making payment of wages, rent, interest, and income of like nature, to the amount of \$1000 or more, to any individual in one year; and the collection of coupons from taxable bonds is subject to an information-return. The government proposes to employ the information so obtained to detect those who evade the tax. Four million personal income-tax returns were filed last year. The clerical difficulties involved in

correlating the millions of information-returns with the millions of tax-returns limits the efficacy of the check. Furthermore, the income of many persons, though sufficiently large in the aggregate to be taxable, is chiefly or entirely received in amounts of less than \$1000. And a system of information at the source, as noted of collection at the source, is inapplicable to income from trade and farming. It is evident, therefore, that successful administration of the income tax in the United States depends upon a voluntary filing of truthful returns by persons subject to the tax.

I

There exists to-day a national state of mind favorable to the truthful reporting of income for purposes of federal taxation. This results, in part, from a lingering glow of the patriotic fervor that floated the Liberty Loans and in part from a wholesome belief that punishment inexorably attends fraud practised upon the federal government. The most important element of this state of mind is, however, the conviction that the tax is being fairly administered. 'The other fellow is bearing his share of the burden and it is only square that I bear mine' — this is the attitude that has called forth an honest payment of federal income tax by a nation which is justly notorious for its evasion of state and municipal taxation. The average tax-payer does not instinctively seek to evade taxes. It is the suspicion that his neighbor is evading the spirit or letter of the law and shifting an inequitable share of the burden to him, or that the government is unfairly administering the tax, which turns the tax-payer into a tax-dodger. The absence of this suspicion has been largely responsible for the successful administration of the federal income tax. Anything that

arouses apprehension of lax or discriminating administration strikes a serious and possibly fatal blow at the efficiency of the tax.

As a maximum penalty for willfully failing to file a return, or for filing a false return, the law provides an addition of fifty per cent to the tax which would have been payable had an honest return been filed, a fine of \$10,000, and imprisonment for one year. The law affords adequate punishment for detected tax-evasion; but prosecution has rarely followed the discovery of fraud.

There are tax-payers who make honest returns only because they fear the penalty for dishonesty. The failure to prosecute willful evasion is weakening the reasoned fear of punishment which has been the chief factor in causing such persons to file accurate returns. Moreover, whereas there are few persons who are moved to file a false return by downright dishonesty, there are many who will perjure themselves in order to counteract unfair advantages which they conceive that others have seized. It is essential to a permanently successful administration of the law that the imagined necessity for self-help be prevented from gaining currency; and the chief preventive of this lies in a rigorous enforcement of the penalties for evasion of the law.

II

The Treasury Department has a two-fold function — executive and judicial. The department must issue rules of procedure, and instruct tax-payers in the application of these rules. It must provide a staff for collecting, for auditing, for refunding. The department's purely executive activities are comparable in magnitude to those of the Post Office Department. On the other hand, the law itself is only an outline, the development of which is left to

the Treasury Department. In this development, the department is exercising a judicial function. Almost every paragraph of the Revenue Act requires interpretation. What is a 'reasonable' allowance for depreciation? What are 'necessary' expenses incurred in a trade or business? At what point may a corporation be said to hold 'substantially all' the stock of another corporation? It is true that the department's decision will be subject to court review; but the same is generally true of the decision of any court of first instance.

The department has ably performed its executive duties. There have been complaints of ambiguity in instructions, of inflexibility, and of tardiness in redress; but those in a position to appreciate the magnitude of the task of administering the recent revenue acts have been sparing of criticism. In the exercise of its judicial function the department has, however, laid itself open to merited criticism. In construing the Revenue Act of 1918, it has persistently ruled against the tax-payer. The following illustration of this tendency is chosen because of the large number of persons who have been affected and antagonized by the ruling.

The law provides that, in determining its taxable net income, a corporation may deduct from gross receipts 'all the ordinary and necessary expenses paid or incurred during the taxable year in carrying on any trade or business.' Advertising is, of course, recognized as an 'ordinary and necessary' expense of doing business. Corporations engaged in retail business are called upon to contribute to various charities. There are merchants who refuse to make such contributions. There are, moreover, merchants who refuse to advertise. But just as the majority of merchants advertise in other ways, so the majority of corporations engaged in retail business con-

tribute to local charities, regarding the donation as advertising. Yet assessments of additional tax have been extensively made, based on a ruling that these contributions are not a necessary business expense, and have been improperly treated as deductions in determining taxable income.

The department appears to have adopted a policy that all moot points shall be decided against the tax-payer, so that he will be compelled to carry all questions to the courts for review. If, in the exercise of its best judgment, the department decides unfavorably to the tax-payer, he can appeal to the courts, and the decision may be reversed. The government, on the other hand, cannot take an appeal from its decisions. In order, it would seem, to share the advantage which the tax-payer enjoys, of having rulings reviewed by the courts, regulations of a nature to challenge appeal have been issued. In pursuing this policy, the department ignores its judicial function, occasions the expense of litigation, and promotes an unwarranted contest. To provoke such a contest invites the chicanery and fraud which must be discouraged if the income tax is to be administered with continuing success.

III

Inequitable administration is likely to entail more immediately disastrous consequences than unequal laws; yet, in order to preserve an efficient administration of the income tax, it is imperative that the law itself be just.

The most strikingly inequitable feature of the present law is the Corporation Excess-Profits tax, which is levied at the rate of 20 per cent on earnings which exceed 8 per cent of the corporation's invested capital, and of 40 per cent on earnings which exceed 20 per cent of the invested capital.

Privileges incident to the corporate form of organization form a legitimate basis for an excise tax. The corporation excise tax of one per cent, levied upon corporate income under the Tariff Act of 1909, and the present capital-stock tax of one mill levied annually upon the corporation's net worth, provide rates consonant with the privileges which form the basis of the tax. But a tax is unjust which in many cases consumes a third of the income of a business conducted by a corporation, whereas the same business, if conducted by an individual or a partnership, is not subject to the excess-profits tax.

Furthermore, the burden of tax thus thrown exclusively upon corporations is unequally distributed between them. Although two corporations may have equal invested capital and equivalent average earnings, the one may have to pay heavy profits taxes while the other pays nothing.

Fluctuation in profits is responsible for this anomaly. In many lines of business, profits fluctuate greatly, and earnings in isolated years may exceed twenty per cent, in spite of the fact that the average of profit is less than eight per cent. A corporation whose earnings rise and fall will be subject to a heavy excess-profits tax on the earnings of the peculiarly prosperous year; whereas a corporation whose average earnings are equally great, but are stable, will not be subject to the tax. An individual whose income fluctuates must pay a somewhat higher income tax than one whose income is stable. Absolute justice cannot always be attained. But the excess-profits tax magnifies the inequality so greatly that the tax is utterly unfair.

Efforts to avoid the unequal burden of the excess-profits tax by neutralizing the fluctuations in annual net income have caused and will continue to engender waste. Prodigality has been made

manifest in the advertising columns of our magazines. Before the excess-profits taxes were levied, the *Saturday Evening Post*, for example, carried less than two hundred columns of advertising per week. This magazine now carries over four hundred and fifty columns. Other periodicals show a similar increase. After allowance for the growth of a successful magazine, and for the increase of advertising normally incident to a period of business expansion, there remains a large residue which is attributable to the artificial stimulation of the excess-profits tax.

Stimulation is produced in the following manner. The directors of a corporation forecast that profits for the corporation's fiscal year will substantially exceed 20 per cent of the invested capital. Profits in excess of 20 per cent will be taxable at the rate of 46 per cent, under the combined corporation excess-profits and income-tax laws. One of the directors proposes that the corporation remodel and enlarge its plant; but this fails to solve the problem, because expenditures for this purpose do not reduce profits. The Treasury Department has properly ruled that such expenditures simply constitute an investment of one kind of assets — cash — in another kind of assets — buildings. A second director suggests that the corporation distribute additional wages and salaries to its employees, or reduce the price of its wares for the benefit of customers. The application of this suggestion would indeed result in increased current expense and consequent reduction of profits; but the board sagaciously decides to retain 54 per cent of the suggested bonus, and permit the government to take the remaining 46 per cent, rather than to give away the entire hundred per cent. The only solution of the dilemma is one which will permit the corporation to keep its cake and yet *appear* to eat it. Expenditure

upon advertising holds out this twofold possibility.

If a corporation has carried its advertising to a point at which it appears likely that a dollar spent in advertising will bring a return of less than a dollar, the corporation, normally, would forego further commitments for advertising. The excess-profits tax makes it profitable to push advertising far beyond this point; for if a corporation's prospective earnings exceed 20 per cent of its invested capital, the excess may be spent at a possible cost to the corporation of only 54 cents on the dollar.

If the corporation were to derive benefit from advertising solely during the year in which the expense is incurred, no advantage would be obtained, because the tax on profits from the increased sales would offset the saving in tax from augmented expenditures. But benefits from reiterated coupling of the corporation's name with its product will presumably continue to flow in succeeding years. Profits next year may be so meagre that no income tax and excess-profits tax will be payable, and increase in income will be derived in that year free from tax. Thus, in expending a dollar upon advertising for which it receives a return of only seventy-five cents, the corporation may be the gainer, by reason of the fact that the entire benefit is received in the lean year, free from tax, while the burden of the expenditure in the fat year will be divided: 54 per cent borne by the corporation, and 46 per cent by the government in the taxes which would have been imposed and which the government loses by reason of the additional expense incurred by the corporation. The government must recoup its loss by further taxation; but unless tax-payers generally have been equally successful in shifting the tax, only a limited portion of the burden will be reimposed upon the corporation,

The present critical shortage of paper, unlike many other deficiencies, has arisen from unprecedented consumption, and in spite of increased production. Wasteful advertising incident to the excess-profits tax is partly responsible for the accelerated depletion of our pulp-wood forests which increased production has entailed.

The Treasury Department might curb prevailing wastefulness by a ruling that expenditures upon advertising be regarded as an investment and not as current expense, in so far as benefits from the advertising extend to future years. Fair allocation of the expenditure to the years which will receive benefit therefrom appears, however, to be a task beset with insuperable difficulties. Congress could limit the amount which may be deducted as current expense to a sum equal to the average outlay for advertising prior to the enactment of the excess-profits tax (the deduction of payments for repairs was so limited under one of the Civil War income-tax acts); but such an amendment would add another inflexible limitation to a law already bristling with arbitrary provisions.

The excess-profits tax is based on artificial provisions relating to 'invested capital' which are difficult to administer, and requires the services of a lawyer and an expert accountant to construe and apply. The law breeds waste, and its inequalities are creating antagonisms which, if unabated, will ultimately destroy the present effectiveness of the income tax.

Many of the defects of the excess-profits tax are congenital and cannot be corrected by a revision of the law. The excess-profits tax was supportable during the period of rapid war-inflation of commodity prices. Merchandizing businesses were making enormous profits. The public temper demanded that the abnormal profits arising out of the

war contribute heavily to its financing. To meet an emergency, inequalities affecting those who were reaping war profits were ignored. But now that the factors which condoned its inequitable character have disappeared, or are disappearing, the law must be repealed. The revenue lost by the repeal of the law may be recouped by a general extension of the sales tax, now limited to certain luxuries, or by an increase in the rates of income tax.

IV

Interest on certain federal, and on all state and municipal, bonds is exempted by the law from income tax. Interest on these bonds unquestionably is income, but the law does not include it in 'taxable income.' A person subject to tax whose 'taxable income' exceeds \$5000 must pay a surtax of one per cent on the amount of income between \$5000 and \$6000. If his taxable income is over \$6000, he is subject to a surtax of two per cent on the amount of income which exceeds \$6000, and does not exceed \$8000. The surtax thereafter increases one per cent on each additional unit of \$2000 of taxable income, until such income exceeds \$100,000; thereafter the rates increase at irregular intervals, until the taxable income reaches \$1,000,000, all in excess of which is subject to a surtax of 65 per cent. To this surtax must be added the normal tax of eight per cent; so that a person with a taxable income of over \$1,000,000 is assessed at the rate of 73 per cent on the portion of this income which exceeds the million-dollar mark.

Municipal bonds, and railroad and industrial bonds of equivalent security, yield roughly four and a half and six per cent, respectively. The combined rates of normal and super-tax on taxable income which exceeds \$38,000 is

25 per cent; so that at this point the net yield from the six per cent taxable bonds, after allowance for the income tax, will just equal the yield of the non-taxable four and a half per cent bonds. At \$40,000, an increase in the super-tax raises the rate to 26 per cent; and the net yield of non-taxable four and a half per cent bonds exceeds the net yield of the taxable six per cent bonds. The increasing tax rate so diminishes the yield from taxable securities that the tax of 73 per cent on income exceeding \$1,000,000 reduces the net yield of a taxable six per cent bond to 1.62 per cent. It is obvious that the higher the taxable income mounts above \$40,000, the greater will be the inducement to convert investments the income from which is taxed into investments the income from which is not taxed. And by reason of the exemption of the bonds from state taxation, it may be advisable to convert taxable investments into certain non-taxable bonds, even though the taxable income is much less than \$40,000.

The demand thus created by the federal income tax for tax-free securities has made it possible for municipalities to borrow at substantially below the market rate of interest. A subsidy of this sort inevitably leads to unessential municipal undertakings; and industrial enterprise is correspondingly crippled by inability to procure capital. The exemption is, furthermore, squarely opposed to public opinion. In so far as the public is favorable to any differentiation, it favors a lightening of the burden, not upon income from investment, but upon income from personal services.

In opposing the exemption from tax of income from state and municipal bonds, I shall be charged with inconsistency. My critic will take the position that the most palpable discrimina-

tion embodied in the law is the feature of progressive rates; and that, inasmuch as the exemption of income from certain securities tends to neutralize this discrimination, the exemption makes for justice rather than for injustice.

In so far as taxes are simply an assessment for services rendered by the government, the present income tax is discriminatory. If my house costs twice as much as my neighbor's, and each of us fully covers his house with insurance, it is inconceivable that — the houses being of equal risk — the insurance company should attempt to charge me a premium, not twice, but four or six or ten times the premium paid by my neighbor. A municipality paves a street and proposes to apportion the cost among the abutting property-owners. Will it assess the owner of an eighty-foot lot five times the amount assessed to the owner of a forty-foot lot, or only twice as much? Twice as much, of course. Admittedly, general taxes cannot be so nicely adjusted; but the same principle of apportionment must govern. This conclusion follows from the premise. But the premise itself is not absolute; it presents only one alternative.

Taxation may constitute the collection of a *quid pro quo*. Taxation may, on the other hand, take the form of an obligation incident to citizenship or domicile, without regard to the relative advantages which may flow from the status to which the tax is incident. This form of obligation is most strikingly disclosed in the duty to render military service. The test of liability to the draft was not the measure of benefit which the drafted man had received, or was likely to receive, from the government, but rather his ability to serve. The income tax applies the same test. It may be inexpedient to press the logic of this test of ability

to pay to the limits of the present law; but the drastic nature of the existing rates of super-tax should not be unequally tempered by providing a means of escape, open to those whose income is derived from liquid investments, but closed to those whose income is derived from personal services or from investments which are not readily convertible into tax-free securities.

In criticizing its exemption from the income tax, I appear to have assumed that the interest from state bonds and municipal bonds may constitutionally be taxed by the federal government. The Supreme Court of the United States has not decided whether, without a constitutional amendment specifically authorizing a tax on the obligations of a state, Congress is entitled to levy a tax on interest on state and municipal bonds.¹ If the defect in the law arises from constitutional limitation, this does not make the law any the less obnoxious; it signifies that the cure lies, not primarily in a modification of the law, but in an amendment to the Constitution which will specifically empower Congress to levy a tax upon the income from obligations of a state and its subdivisions.

There are elements of great strength in the federal income tax. The tax is enormously productive. The cost of collection has been only one half of one per cent of the taxes collected. The burden is imposed on those who are best able, on the whole, to support it. Permanently successful administration is, however, dependent upon the voluntary filing of truthful returns; and truthful returns will be voluntarily filed only so long as just opposition to the tax is not provoked.

¹ In a decision handed down since this article was written, the Supreme Court has said that interest on state and municipal bonds is not taxable by the federal government. *Evans vs. Gore* (not yet reported).

I do not pretend to have canvassed all the inequities of the law or of its administration. But with such evidence as has been introduced, I hope to have brought home the fact that

there are certain inequalities in the structure and administration of the law, which, if uncorrected, will seriously impair the effectiveness of the federal income tax.

MANUFACTURING 'REDS'

BY L. P. EDWARDS

THERE seems to be a fairly common idea afloat in the country to the effect that I.W.W.-ism and 'Red' radicalism are imported foreign ideas, which are propagated by professional agitators in the pay of Lenin.

Whatever modicum of truth there may be in current stories of the Soviet government's plots against the United States, it is evident that many of these stories are, on their face, gross and palpable exaggerations. Without doubt a certain number of 'Reds' enter this country from abroad; but the manufacture of extremists goes on in the United States all the time, and in such a manner that it may well be doubted whether the final number of such radicals would be greatly different if every 'Red' newspaper, magazine, book, and pamphlet were suppressed, and every foreign agitator safely deported or locked up.

A case-study of the reasons which lead men to join the I.W.W. shows these reasons to be very numerous and very diverse, as well as very real and very indicative of weak spots in our American social system.

A little while ago the writer had a rather unusual opportunity to investigate the I.W.W.'s in Chicago. A wealthy radical had provided funds

for a Hobo college which enjoyed considerable local fame for a short time. It became a favorite gathering-place of the 'Red' radicals, where they freely discussed their opinions; for the government had not yet started its policy of suppression, and even coöperated to the extent of having United States health officers give lectures on personal hygiene and contagious diseases.

The writer visited this Hobo college on various occasions, and with the aid of the superintendent, — himself a thoroughgoing extremist, — obtained the unpremeditated stories of about thirty-five representative I.W.W.'s. He even delivered two lectures there on 'The Evolution of the Alphabet,' and strange as it may seem to some people, the 'wobblies' were evidently interested. They paid close attention, and at the end asked numerous questions — some of them very intelligent.

Tabulation of the case-studies shows that one of the causes of I.W.W.-ism in the United States is the ordinary American policeman and the ordinary American municipal code. One of the surest proofs of a man's Americanism is whether he understands or does not understand how to take the policeman. The American policeman is a strange

species. He earns his living with his feet instead of with his head. For the most part he is scandalously untrained in even the simplest rules of evidence, and annually arrests hundreds of thousands of citizens without the smallest legal justification. His social position is inferior — he is the proper beau for the kitchen girl. No respectable middle-class American family would ever dream of treating him as an equal. He is frequently underpaid. Finally, he is very often brusque and domineering in his attitude toward the public. In most, if not all, of these respects, he is different from nearly every other policeman on earth. The English policeman is a courteous and obliging public servant, the Italian policeman is a trained lawyer, the Japanese policeman belongs to the aristocracy.

Pietro is a laborer from Milan. He is standing on a street-corner in Chicago. The 'cop' tells him to move on. Pietro does not understand English and remains where he is. The 'cop' thinks he is insolent and hits him with his club. Pietro makes wild gesticulations, which the 'cop' interprets as violations of law and order; so he beats Pietro up and takes him to jail. Next morning Pietro is sentenced to a ten-dollar fine for resisting an officer. He has n't the money and works out the fine by ten days in the stone-quarry. By the time he is released, Pietro firmly believes that the government of the United States is brutal, unjust, and tyrannical. He finds an I.W.W. pamphlet, or hears a soap-boxer, and a 'Red' radical has been manufactured.

Lax state banking-laws are fellow causes with the policeman for the production of 'undesirable' citizens.

Anton comes from Prague. He saves up a few hundred dollars and deposits it in an unregulated private bank run by one of his own countrymen. Anton does not know that the banker is a

person without financial standing; and when the bank closes its doors, Anton quite naturally, even though quite unjustly, accuses the United States government of robbing him of his hard-earned money. The unregulated private bank being an institution unknown in Prague, Anton most mistakenly takes it for granted that the same is true of Chicago. Instead of blaming his own ignorance for his loss, he most mistakenly blames the government of the United States. The actual party at fault in the case is the legislature of the State of Illinois, but of this Anton knows nothing. He meets an I.W.W. organizer while still smarting under a sense of the injustice done him, and another 'Red' radical has been manufactured.

Angelo comes from Calabria. He pays a labor agency fifteen dollars for a job up in Wisconsin. When he gets there, he finds that the job is good for only ten days, instead of for three months as the labor agency had assured him. He has to walk two hundred miles back to Chicago, gets locked up as a vagrant in one town, and is warned to 'beat it' out of another. When he gets back to Chicago Angelo joins the 'Reds.' The labor agency was not a government institution; but because, if such a thing had happened to him in Calabria, the government would have been responsible, Angelo's justifiable anger, instead of being turned against the agency, as, under similar circumstances, an American's would be, is directed against the United States government.

Tom is a negro I.W.W. from Texas. He raises cotton for a white farmer on shares. When the time comes for sharing, Tom finds that his white partner has robbed him of more than fifty per cent of his due. On asking redress he is told to 'get to hell out of here,' and on his further return his life is threatened. He makes threats in return. He is eventually hunted like a wild animal,

and on reaching Chicago, he is ripe fruit for picking by the 'Reds.'

George is a Greek. By hard work and frugal living he saves a thousand dollars. His great ambition is to become a land-owner and raise fruit after the manner of the wealthy peasants of his homeland. He falls into the hands of a 'Florida' Land Company which maintains an office in Chicago. He invests his little hoard in ten acres which, he is assured, will make him independent for life. On reaching Florida he finds he has purchased a sand-bank. After a hopeless struggle for a year or so, he gives up and comes back to Chicago trying to get justice from the company. It is vain. The company is not actually fraudulent. The land for which George paid a hundred dollars an acre is really worth twenty-five, and if properly developed by a person with plenty of capital and able to wait four or five years for returns, could even be made to pay. This, however, is no consolation to George. When he is told that the company is perfectly legal and that he can get no redress at law, his rage turns against the government, which he believes, most falsely, to be in league with the company to swindle him. So he too joins the 'Reds.'

Such cases could be multiplied, but those given are very typical. As causes of I.W.W.-ism they are not nearly so spectacular as 'untold millions of Russian gold smuggled into the United States by the Bolsheviks,' but they have the advantage of being unquestiona-

bly real causes. They are causes which operate twenty-four hours a day on seven days a week. Radical propaganda is undoubtedly at work, but it is in general merely the last step in a long process, and would be quite powerless in the great majority of cases except for these previous causes. Such causes cannot be counteracted by teaching George to recite the Declaration of Independence or by making Anton sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' They can be counteracted only by the reform of court procedure, adequate state banking-laws, education of the police force, stricter surveillance of employment agencies, and by all the hundred and one works of righteousness and reform which are being carried out, often with little public encouragement, by a great host of private agencies for social justice working in all parts of the country.

It may well be the case that these private organizations, which are manned very largely by volunteers and supported by voluntary contributions, are the real forces making for social stability in this country. They are, perhaps, the most useful parts of our general social machinery. They act, at once, as guides and critics of the clumsy legal government. They take upon themselves the most serious strains resulting from governmental inadequacy and ineptitude, and it is they who reduce the annual output of I.W.W.'s and Direct Actionists from several hundred thousand a year to ten or fifteen thousand at the most.

ZIONIST ASPIRATIONS IN PALESTINE

BY ANSTRUTHER MACKAY

I

THAT the Jews, once a powerful tribe and perhaps almost a nation, should, after the lapse of so many centuries, cherish aspirations to become a modern nation with a country of their own, is both commendable and romantic. But to-day, and indeed in all ages, aspirations must be made to fit in with hard facts. I propose in this article to discuss the question from a historical and practical standpoint, without sentiment in favor of either Jew or Arab, among both of which parties I have many friends.

I do not propose to consider Jewish history anterior to the exodus from Egypt. At that time they were a collection of tribes, twelve in number, of common descent, banded together with a common purpose and under common difficulties. As such, under very able leadership, they succeeded after many wanderings in squatting, just as the Bedouin tribes do to-day, on the cultivated and cultivable lands of a part of Syria, commonly called Palestine. In those days, and until the coming of the Roman Empire, society in the Middle East was entirely tribal. The ancient Israelites, where they could, drove out the tribes they found already settled on the soil; and where they could not dispossess their enemies, — the Philistines, for instance, — they dwelt side by side in uneasy proximity, with a constant inter-tribal war in process, with varying fortune.

So they dwelt in the land of Canaan

for some centuries with considerable success, shining in particular in literature, producing what we now know as the Old Testament, praising and perhaps exaggerating their own exploits, and reviling their neighbors.

(It is believed to-day by many *savants* that the Old Testament description of Solomon's Temple was written by the Jews after their return from the Captivity, with the memory of the real splendors of Babylon fresh in their minds. It is possible that the actual temple was a simple place of worship. If it had been otherwise, it is hardly possible that no remains of it would be visible to-day, seeing that the temples of Egypt, which are so much older, remain, in some cases, almost *in toto*.)

Soon, however, the old cohesion among the Twelve Tribes vanished. Israel fell and disappeared from the earth. Judah remained for a few years, and then was scattered to the uttermost ends of the old and new worlds. They have since lost their Eastern characteristics, both physically and mentally. To-day the Jewish settlers in Palestine are almost universally of Teutonic or Slavonic appearance, and all trace of Semitic or Eastern origin seems to have vanished from them.

Through the ages and through their wanderings they have kept, to a large extent, their religion, and that is a wonderful feat. But to-day some say that even their religion seems doomed. The younger and more virile of the Jewish

settlers in Palestine sometimes profess openly, and more often in secret, the dogmas of atheism, agnosticism, or realism.

To-day it is the Zionist portion of this remnant of Judah, which, on the statement that for three or four centuries its ancestors owned the land from which nearly two thousand years ago they were driven, claims the whole of Southern Syria, the province of Palestine. These people even go so far, on what grounds is not clear, as to claim that their boundaries run from the town of Tyre on the north to the Egyptian village of El Arish in the Desert of Sinai on the south, and also, east of the Jordan, from the plain of Ammon to the Syrian desert, formerly the country of the Moabites.

Now if this interesting remnant was claiming an uninhabited country, or one in which the law of property did not exist, it might be an interesting though hazardous experiment to let them have it; and watch the result. Any practical experiment toward the attainment of a contented Jewish people would be welcome. At present, large communities of Jews never live in perfect amity with Gentile neighbors; and it would be instructive to see whether, in a self-contained Jewish state, they could live in amity with one another. It would also give them a chance to show whether they possess the attributes of a ruling people—a question to which the answer is, at present, largely uncertain.

But the Syrian province of Palestine, about one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles broad, largely mountainous and sterile, contains at present a population of more than 650,000, divided as follows: Mohammedan Arabs, 515,000; Jews, 63,000; Christian Arabs, 62,000; nomadic Bedouins, 50,000; unclassified, 5000. Of these the Mohammedans and Christians are to a man bitterly opposed to any Zionist claims, whether

made by would-be rulers or by settlers. It may not be generally known, but a goodly number of the Jewish dwellers in the land are not anxious to see a large immigration into the country. This is partly due to the fear that the result of such immigration would be an overcrowding of the industrial and agricultural market; but a number of the more respectable older settlers have been disgusted by the recent arrivals in Palestine of their coreligionists, unhappy individuals from Russia and Roumania, brought in under the auspices of the Zionist Commission from the cities of Southeastern Europe, and neither able nor willing to work at agriculture or fruit-farming.

The old colonists believe that what is required to help the country is the immigration of a moderate number of persons, who should be in possession of some capital to invest in agriculture, or have technical knowledge of farming; not, as proposed by the Zionist Commission, an unlimited immigration of poor and ignorant people from the cities of Europe, who, if they are unable to make a living in Western cities, would most certainly starve in an Eastern agricultural country. The presence in Palestine of such agricultural experts as the late Mr. Aaronsohn, and Mr. Moses Levine of the Jewish Farm at Ben Shamer, near Ludd, both American Jews of great talent, is of the greatest advantage to the country, and is generally acknowledged so to be by all classes of the population. The arrival of more such colonists would be welcome to all; but the whole population will resist the Zionist Commission's plan of wholesale immigration of Jews into Palestine at the rate of one hundred thousand a year, until a total of three millions has been reached, which number they claim the country can support if cultivated to its utmost.

The existing Jewish colonists would

protest at such an experiment; but the Mohammedan and Christian Arabs would do more than protest. They would, if able, prevent by force the wholesale flooding of their country by Jewish settlers whom they consider strangers and Europeans. (The Jew in Palestine is always called by the Arabs 'Khawaya' — *Anglicé*, stranger.)

Any attempt at the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine, unless under the bayonets of one of the powers of the League of Nations, would undoubtedly end in a 'pogrom,' to escape from which in Europe is the Jew's main idea in coming to Syria. This hostility to the Jews is a bond of union between the Arab Moslems and the Christians, and nowhere in the East do these two denominations live in greater harmony, despite the traditional enmity between the Crescent and the Cross. (The Moslem-Christian Association was formed in 1918, with headquarters in Jaffa, to fight the policy of the Zionist Commission.)

It will be seen that, to fulfill their aspirations, the Zionists must obtain the armed assistance of one of the European powers, presumably Great Britain, or of the United States of America. To keep the peace in such a scattered and mountainous country the garrison would have to be a large one. Is the League of Nations, or any of the Western powers, willing to undertake such a task? But without such armed protection, the scheme of a Jewish state, or settlement, is bound to end in failure and disaster.

II

Now, as the Zionist claims a historical right to the land, so also does the Arab, not content with the mere right of possession. The bulk of the Arab Moslems came into Syria with the Caliph Omar in the seventh century A.D. The Christians are still older, and are mainly descended from the converts of

Constantine and Helena in the fourth century. A few of them may be descendants of the Crusaders; and in the villages around Jaffa there are a few Egyptians whose ancestors came into the country with Mohammed Ali's army as recently as ninety years ago. These latter are disliked intensely by the true Arabs.

The great families of Omari, Iagi, and Kleiri trace their descent actually from the Caliph Omar himself. The greater family of Hasseini, a member of which is to-day the enlightened Mayor of Jerusalem, traces its descent from the Prophet Mohammed himself. Throughout the thirteen hundred years during which Arabs, Turks, Crusaders, Turks, Egyptians, and yet again Turks, have ruled in Syria, these Arabs have remained in possession of the soil of the province of Palestine. Not content with this claim, they declare their descent from the ancient tribes of Canaan, — Philistines, and the rest, — who dwelt in the land even before the Israelites came up out of Egypt. The early Arabs married among the aborigines of the country, whom they found there at the time of their conquest. To support their claim, they point to the undoubted fact that such Philistine towns as Jimza, Ekron, Bethoron, and Gaza, mentioned in the Old Testament, exist to-day as inhabited villages under their Biblical names. The inhabitants of these ancient towns are Arab owners of the soil, who, the Zionists say, have no historical right to the land.

Certain Zionist writers in the London press have recently been making a most unfair use of the words 'Arab' and 'Bedouin.' In an article published recently it was stated that 'the Bedouin question will in course of time settle itself, either by equitable purchase or by the Bedouin's desire for the nomadic life which he will find over the border in the Arab state.' If by these words the

writer means the 50,000 nomadic Bedouins, no harm would be done and all parties would be pleased; for these Bedouins steal alike from Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew cultivators, and, except as breeders of camels and sheep, are of little use to the country. But he does not mean this. He hopes to buy out 'equitably' the half-million Mohammedan and sixty thousand Christian Arabs, who own and cultivate the soil — a stable population living, not in Bedouin tents, but in permanent villages.

Should these landlords and farmers refuse this 'equitable' bargain, it is to be presumed that our Zionist writer, by forceful arguments to be applied by the protecting power, will arouse in them a desire for the nomadic life across the border. If the Zionists honestly believe that the land is occupied and worked by nomadic Bedouins without right of ownership, they should be informed that the Arab land-owners possess title-deeds as good as, and much older than, those by which the American or English millionaire owns his palace in Fifth Avenue or Park Lane.

Agriculture is, and always will be, almost the sole industry of the country; the percentage of the three principal communities so employed is: Mohammedans sixty-nine, Christians forty-six, Jews nineteen. The Arabs, then, are the principal cultivators and the Jews are nowhere. During the last forty years, helped by the enormous financial backing, amounting to charity, of Baron de Rothschild of Paris and others, the Jewish colonists have met with fair success at fruit and vineyard culture. When they have tried growing cereals, they have failed, and at dairy-farming they have been far outdone by the Germans of Hilhelma. If these colonists, who presumably were picked men, with such financial help as they had from Europe and America, have

met with such limited success, it is not likely that a large number of unskilled workers would be any more fortunate. Nor is it likely that the rich European and American Jews would be willing or able to satisfy, with their donations, the hundreds of thousands, even millions, of immigrants whom the Zionist Commission proposes to bring in. Moreover, a country cannot be run agriculturally on the culture of fruits and vines. Corn and olives are necessary for Palestine, and at the culture of these the average Mohammedan Arab is a much better man than the average European Jew.

The theory that the Jews are to come into Palestine and oust the Moslem cultivators by 'equitable purchase' or other means is in violation of principles of sound policy, and would, if accepted, arouse violent outbreaks against the Jewish minority. It would, moreover, arouse fierce Moslem hostility and fanaticism against the Western powers that permitted it. The effect of this hostility would be felt all through the Middle East, and would cause trouble in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and India. To this might be ascribed by future historians the outbreak of a great war between the white and the brown races, a war into which America would without doubt be drawn.

III

The Holy Places of Palestine are objects of reverence to the Christian peoples of the world, in particular to the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox communities. Jerusalem is the third Sacred City of the Moslems. A Jewish Palestine would bring the League of Nations, or the protecting power, into hostility with the Papacy; and, when the wave of Bolshevism has passed, with the whole of the Russian people, — the most devout Christians in the world, — who formerly used to come in

their thousands as pilgrims annually to Jerusalem.

When in 1917 and 1918 the British army entered Palestine, it was received with acclamation and relief by the Arabs, Moslem as well as Christian, disgusted as they were by the incompetent government and oppressive methods of their former masters, the Turks. At first the British administration of the country was largely staffed by British officers lent by Egypt, men well acquainted with the Arabic language and accustomed to dealing with the Egyptian fellaheen, a people nearly akin to the Arab cultivators of Palestine. For a time all went well. The administration was just and made no discrimination between Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew. British rule was popular.

As these Anglo-Egyptian officials went back to their pre-war posts in Egypt, their places in Palestine were largely taken by officers from the army, many of them excellent men and good soldiers, but for the most part ignorant of the Arab language and the customs and feelings of the people. They were able to communicate with the Arabs only through interpreters. These latter were too often local Jews, or, if not Jews, 'Effendis' (semi-Europeanized Syrians), whose interests were by no means identical with those of the people. Only those who, possessing a knowledge of an Eastern language, have yet used an interpreter can realize how easy it is for their meaning to be perverted by one who is dishonest or incompetent.

From these causes, and the fact that, although the British officer is often unable to speak Arabic, the Zionist Jew can nearly always speak English, the Arabs now feel that the administration has fallen more and more under the influence of the Zionist Commission, which has succeeded in creating an impression among the Moslems and Christians that the Jews are all-power-

ful in the British Foreign Office, and that, if an officer shows himself sympathetic toward the Arabs, his removal can be secured.

A Christian from Jaffa writes as follows: 'We are already feeling that we have a government within a government. British officers cannot stand on the right side because they are afraid of being removed from their posts or ticked off.'

I do not believe that there is any cause for my correspondent's fears; but I believe him to be perfectly honest in imagining them.

The appointment of English Jews to some important posts, legal offices in particular, has been a mistake. However great the integrity of such officers, the local Jews naturally try to take advantage of their religious feelings and racial sympathies, while the mass of the population as naturally distrusts them.

At one time some of the Jewish colonists were very tactless, telling their Arab neighbors that, under the protection of England, the Jews would be given the Arab lands and the Moslems would become their servants. The bringing up, after the Armistice, of three battalions of Jewish troops, whose conduct toward the people was often very foolish, was another mistake. The result to-day is that the mass of the native population has become fanatical and anti-European. While I write, I hear that, during the last few days, a peaceful anti-Zionist demonstration has taken place in Jerusalem, in which ten thousand Moslems and Christians protested against the Zionist claims. A second similar demonstration might not be peaceful, but might easily develop into an anti-foreign rising. Then troops would have to be called in to quell it, and the result would be bloodshed. Is this to be allowed in the Holy Land?

If the Jewish state, or the national home, is not allowed to become a real-

ity, it seems probable that the province of Palestine will either become part of the neighboring Arab state, whose capital is Damascus, or be held in trust by one of the powers, under a mandate from the League of Nations, for the benefit of the dwellers therein, and for those pilgrims of the three great religions who wish to visit its holy places. In either contingency it is probable that some Jews, as well as other Europeans, would find no difficulty in settling in the land; but neither foreign Jew nor foreign Gentile should be given any special privileges; and to entrust the Jews, who have not governed themselves for two thousand years, with any form of government of the country would be extremely unwise. Under a just government the country has fair possibilities for future development, but it will never be an Eldorado. At present it is more important that settlers should be men of technical knowledge than that they should command capital. All exploitation of the native people must be prevented. After some years of good government, it may be that the Arabs will be able to find some of the necessary capital for any big works which may be possible; or the government may wish to keep such works in its own hands. All idea of a

vast immigration of European settlers must be given up. But the whole question of European penetration in the East requires careful consideration. The present nationalist anti-European movements in Egypt, Syria, Persia, and, in fact, all through the East, are founded on the Oriental fear that the Western peoples, with their more virile natures and greater energy, are pushing themselves more and more into the East and westernizing those countries—a process most distasteful to the Oriental, albeit he himself often, to keep his head above water and to compete with the foreign settler in his country, is forced, with curses in his heart, to try to westernize himself. He often makes a sorry mess of the business.

The question of Bolshevism is outside the scope of this article, but it remains to be said that the European Jewish population of Palestine is already tainted with the tenets of that faith. The Jews of Southeastern Europe are, almost to a man, Bolsheviki. Europe and America cannot allow the possibility of a homogeneous Bolshevik state in Palestine, whence the propagandists would be in an excellent position to preach their doctrines throughout Asia, Africa, and the Mediterranean coasts.

WHERE WE STAND WITH MEXICO¹

BY FREDERICK STARR

I

WHEN Carranza launched his Constitutional movement against Huerta, excusable doubt existed as to his purpose and sincerity. No one can draft more convincing platforms, and promulgate finer constitutions, than Latin-Americans. Platforms and constitutions are essential as a fighting basis, but are regularly thrown to the winds after a revolution meets success. So the fine promises of the Constitutional revolution made small appeal to those who wanted actual constructive work in Mexico.

The man himself in assuming political headship was handicapped by three facts. (1) He was from the north; (2) he had little or no Indian blood in his veins; (3) he was a land-holder and was associated with the large land-holding class. All these facts militated against his success as a president of Mexico. The north of Mexico is desert and scantily populated. While it is, and will be, the source of much wealth through timber, mines, and cattle, it is not representative of the actual people and the ultimate interests of the country. A man from the north of Mexico is ill-fitted for the presidential office by the mere fact of his source.

The lack of Indian blood, with its accompanying capacity to understand and sympathize with the Indian, is a serious disadvantage. What two men,

in the long list of Mexican presidents, have left the deepest impression as having done something for Mexico's advancement? Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz. Both had Indian blood. Juarez was a full-blood Zapotec; Diaz had only one-eighth Mixtec blood, but he was markedly Indian, and his really strong points were all inherited from his one-fourth Mixtec mother. Both these men were from the relatively densely populated state of Oaxaca, with a population ninety per cent Indian in blood. In a republic where almost half the population is pure Indian, and where the larger part of the remainder is partly Indian, it is advisable that the president have a strain of Indian blood.

Again, one of the most serious problems in Mexico is that of land. In reality there are two quite separate and distinct land problems. One, the division of large estates, is urgent and presses for settlement; the other, the question of Indian Communal land, can wait. Could it be expected that a man of the land-holding class would be enthusiastic in the cause of true agrarian reform?

Yet, when Carranza was recognized by President Wilson, there was a feeling of relief. It was time that someone was recognized. Every day that we delayed recognition added to the internal problems of Mexico. Disorder prevailed; lives and property were being sacrificed; the land was in chaos, with bands of revolutionists everywhere.

¹The manuscript of this article reached the *Atlantic* office and was sent to the printer shortly before Carranza's death. — THE EDITOR.

Confusion was bound to continue; no reconstruction could seriously be undertaken, until someone was recognized. Recognition of Huerta, legally president, would have been wise. Not that he was an ideal chief magistrate: he was the representative of much that is worst in Mexican politics; he was not in sympathy with the legitimate demands of his people. But he was of Indian blood; he came from the heart of Mexico; he was legally in control; he was a fair soldier; he was no fool — and having seen Diaz and Madero fall from their high position, he would have granted, grudgingly and a little at a time, what the people wanted. If he proved unbearable, the Mexican people would have eliminated him. That was properly their task, not ours.

Having put Carranza in power, we should have backed him loyally, though leaving him a free hand in his affairs. This we have not done. Our policy has been changeable. We have done one thing one day, and another thing the next day. Through his entire administration he has been the subject of attack. He has been called a grafter; he has been asserted to be ruthlessly ambitious; he has been painted as dangerously anti-American; he has been accused of being strongly pro-German, of having sent a telegram of felicitation to the Kaiser on the occasion of his birthday. We do not here propose making either a defense of or an attack upon him. But he has proved an unexpectedly able and resourceful man. He is stubborn, strong-willed, definite in his attitudes and views toward national and international questions. He has made remarkable headway. A few months ago, he seemed to have made marked progress in pacification, in dealing with the money-problem, in restoring the railroads, in reopening mines, in reëstablishing trade-relations. As I write, all that he has accomplished

is crumbling; he himself is a fugitive, and any minute may bring the news of his defeat and death. What does it all mean?

We have become familiar with the attacks upon the man. Our newspapers have been so filled with them, that everyone must be convinced that it is no accident, but that a selfish and ruthless propaganda is in progress. Nothing good from Mexico is published. Men who are ready to speak in her behalf cannot secure a hearing. Everything that can be twisted and colored so as to show the Mexican people as depraved, degenerate, incapable, vicious, is seized upon and given large publicity. A continuous effort is made to prove that there is no hope of improvement; that only if we 'go in and clean up things' can Mexico ever progress. Behind it all lies the assumption that the cleaning up is to be done by development of oil, mines, cattle — all with American money. Of things intended to inflame us and calculated to bring about intervention of some kind, four have been most exploited recently. They have been used to shape our policies, and color our views toward Mexico. They are repudiation of debts, persecution of oil companies, insecurity of American lives and property, and the Jenkins case.

II

So far as repudiation is concerned, it is true that Mexico has intermitted in the payment of interest on bonds. There is no doubt that payment will be resumed and eventually be made in full. Like other nations, under the conditions of the Great War Mexico desired a breathing-spell; after several years of internal strife and disorder, she needed all income for urgent demands within her borders. No one for an instant expects her to become bankrupt. As for interest on obligations, are France and

England paying interest on all their obligations? Why demand of Mexico, torn by ten years of revolution, more than of them? As for the principal—it is reported that Luis Cabrera, when asked about it, said, 'Why not wait and see what other nations will do?' The reply is pertinent. Why should Mexico alone be expected to pay? She will no doubt do as well as others.

American lives and property in Mexico should be safeguarded. But when Italian lives and property, or Chinese lives and property, in the United States are not safeguarded, the fact does not constitute a *casus belli*. It is a matter for diplomatic adjustment and compensation. There is no reason why American lives and property in any country should stand upon a different footing. Do we treat such matters alike in Mexico and in China? If not, why not? Is it really a misfortune to be our neighbor?

American lives and property are far from safe in the United States, yet we pay heavy taxes for guaranties. Why are we so much more outraged and belligerent over the situation there than here? When we give our citizens complete protection in the United States, we shall be in a better position to demand security elsewhere. If we fill our newspapers with announcements of 'foul outrages' in Mexico, is it not strange that we suppress the news of outrages on innocent and harmless Mexicans in this country? Many more Mexicans have been murdered on this side of the border, than Americans on the other side, during the last ten years. And the striking fact is that here we have had a nation at peace, in the enjoyment of ordinary conditions, while there has been a nation disturbed by revolution.

The oil situation is important. It is oil interests that have suffered most by 'persecution.' It is they that have

made monthly payments to Palaez and his gang in open rebellion against the Mexican government. These payments are represented as being necessary, to prevent destruction of property and interference with exploitation. Does anyone believe that, if half the money so spent had been used in measures of coöperation with the government, there would not now have been tolerable conditions of life throughout the Tampico district, and friendly relations between the companies and the Mexican government?

We shall not attempt to restate the facts of the oil situation. They have been repeatedly discussed from every standpoint. It is reported, however, that during the last fiscal year the companies have paid dividends ranging from twelve to more than forty per cent. What more do they want?

As to the Jenkins case, it has dropped out of sight. It was ridiculous, and in our handling of it we showed to poor advantage. Yet it gave occasion to loud outcry; for some days it really seemed to bid fair to involve the two nations in strife. Nothing shows better how nearly we have been brought to the very verge of conflict, by skillfully engineered misrepresentation. Newspaper and magazine articles alike have been incendiary.

Let us examine a few recent illustrations. A catchy article was recently printed under the title 'Is She Worth Saving?' the 'she' meaning Mexico. The article will make a strong appeal to the ordinary thoughtless reader; its mode of depicting conditions will make many an honest man's blood boil. But, read with care, it would require a change of title. It is really an answer to the question, 'Is Mexico Worth Stealing?' She *is* well worth stealing. But ought not the people of the United States to be in better business? The article deserves analysis. It is skill-

fully concocted to cause hatred and rupture. Who can read what the author calls a 'limelight string of incidents' without a feeling of active sympathy for the victims he mentions: the New York and New Jersey innocents, who have fallen a prey to Mexican get-rich schemes. The 'limelight string' ends with these words: 'Finally, the other day, I was relating the above to a couple of guests in New York, and the maid murmured, "My husband had two rubber plantations in Mexico."' What a curious domestic situation! Whose maid was this, who interrupted conversation between a gentleman and his guests by murmuring such a strange observation? Was she with the guests? If so, she needs training. Or was she the author's maid? If so, has she been trained to break in at this stage? Can the author of the article name any American who has ever had one rubber-producing plantation in Mexico, not to say two? And what pity does any man deserve who starts or acquires a second rubber plantation in Mexico, before someone has demonstrated the ability of one to produce rubber? Later on in the article, the author expresses angry regret that oil companies have, in a given instance, dealt directly with the Mexican government, instead of running to the State Department at Washington with their complaint. In this single case, he shows his attitude to the entire situation.

A witness before a committee of the United States Senates recently outlined what he considered the proper policy for this government to follow. The first step was that taken by the Senate in refusing to confirm the nomination of an ambassador to Mexico. He advocated offering a loan to Mexico sufficient in amount to put her finances on a sound basis, accompanied by a treaty which would give us direct supervision of her economic affairs; this to be followed by

withdrawal of our recognition of the Carranza government unless the offer was accepted. The third step, failing such acceptance, should be an embargo; the fourth, a commercial blockade; the fifth, a naval demonstration; and the last, military occupancy.

Here the whole secret is out. Mexico must be delivered over, bound. This is her crime: 'Because she has not been able to borrow a cent, Mexico is in a sound financial condition.' She has really been making a splendid and desperate effort to keep out of the hands of New York bankers. She has met with more success than was to be anticipated. As she is in a sound financial condition, we must change matters. It must not be tolerated. And if she refuses our offer? All the rest follows, of course, down to the naval demonstration and the military occupancy.

A year ago it appeared that an agreement had been reached between Carranza and Obregon about the presidential succession. It was understood that an election would take place this summer, and that Obregon would be the only serious candidate. Having finished his term of office, Carranza would go out of power in December and the new man would come in. Could things have gone that way, it would have meant much for Mexico. That a president should serve through to the end of his term, and then give place to an elected successor, would be a cause for congratulation and hope.

Obregon is a successful military leader; he has had some experience as a ruler; he has had some radical ideas in the direction of politics and reform. Though preferring a civilian for president, true friends of Mexico would have been quite content to see him in that office. Just what has happened to mar this plan is not clear. Perhaps there had been personal friction between the two men; perhaps the fumes of power

had gone to the head of the president. It is, at all events, certain that Carranza became concerned lest his policies should not be continued. The situation was the same that has twice in recent years occurred among ourselves. When President Roosevelt neared the end of his administration, he was seized with the same panic. That 'his policies' should be continued was the only means of salvation. So he forced Mr. Taft upon the American people as president. Taft proved to have some ideas of his own and the Rooseveltian solution failed. Later, at a certain crisis, Wilson felt that his policies were all important and issued a direct command to the people, with the result that they elected a Republican Congress. The Carranza case is precisely similar. Fearing that Obregon might not continue his policies, he raised up a new candidate, his own safe man.

In fact, as the time of the election neared, there were three candidates. Obregon was already in the field, as we have said; General Pablo Gonzales (nicknamed the *calabaza*, squash) entered as an independent party candidate; Ignacio Bonillas, who had been ambassador at Washington, was Carranza's candidate. What happened in the case of Roosevelt and Wilson happened and is happening in Mexico. The precise method of reaction is somewhat different. Here, we had in the one case the disruption of a great party, with resulting war to the knife at the polls; in the other case, repudiation and an overturn by voters unwilling to accept dictation. There, the reaction takes the form of insurrection and armed revolution. Even in the United States the party in control of the government machinery has an enormous advantage, and uses it. In Mexico those in control have an even greater advantage. Obregon, though accustomed to the expectation of becoming president, knew

quite well that, in any election, he would not stand the shadow of a chance against an administration candidate. He had to choose between retirement, taking what crumbs might be thrown to him, and heading a revolution. He did the latter.

There are many names connected with the new movement. In Mexico there are Plutarco Elias Calles as spokesman and northern military leader, Adolfo de la Huerta as acting chief, Alvaro Obregon as organizer and heart of the revolution, and Pablo Gonzales, whose forces played their part in the taking of the capital city. At Washington there is Salvador Alvarado, officially representing the Obregonist movement. Of these, two will certainly play an important part in the near future. Governor de la Huerta is already an outstanding figure;¹ his friends and enemies are pronounced and partisan; to those, he is a man of the highest ideals, to these he is a scoundrel. Thus, his praises are sounded for his efforts to make Sonora 'as dry as a bone'; but malignant rumor has it that he has only cornered the liquor supply, and has made much money in the transaction. He has enough Indian blood to give some ground of hope. We shall hear more of him. As to Alvaro Obregon, he has much in his favor. He has military ability, commands a strong personal following and, left to himself, holds profoundly radical views. People have long looked upon him as the next president. If he comes to power unsold, he may not only make a strong ruler, but may carry on the actual constructive work begun by Carranza.

There will, of course, soon be trouble in the group. Pablo Gonzales, the *calabaza*, is not a great leader, but he represents certain conservative elements that

¹ He is now acting as *ad interim* President, pending the election of Carranza's successor.
—THE EDITOR.

will quickly form an opposition. In the distribution of spoils, he will not receive what he and his will consider his due. Then there is Salvador Alvarado, ex-governor of Yucatan and trusted representative at Washington; his record suggests that Mexico is hardly large enough to hold both him and Obregon.

Such seems to be the present situation. It is unlikely that Mexico will again be plunged into chaos and general confusion by the present movement. The progress made under Carranza was, after all, substantial. Now that Carranza's government is really out, the new claimants should have little difficulty in coming to an agreement. We have here, not an actual revolution as we understand the term, but only a change of control analogous to our own political upheavals. There are, however, a few additional points to be noted.

Villa is probably eliminated. For a long time he has been a creature of no significance. His followers have dwindled to a handful; he has had no plan of action; he never had a constructive programme. He has aided and then attacked every man in leadership since the beginning of Madero's revolution. He is about worn out, and for months has not known just how to give up without admitting defeat and running personal danger. He now has the chance to surrender and save his face. He is still likely to burn and loot and assault on occasion, but will hardly again figure as a leader or be considered of national or international importance.

Plutarco Elias Calles has issued a number of statements, some of them disquieting. The high offices, it seems, are to go into northern hands. 'Educated and qualified Mexicans in Mexican border states, where he declared that living conditions were the best in the country as a result of the people coming into contact with American ideals and methods, will be put at the head of

various government departments.' If the Obregonist movement ends in a carpet-bag government from outside, as if the nation had been conquered by a small section, it will be a national misfortune. The governmental department heads must come for the most part from Central Mexico, not from the northern desert or the remote state of Sonora. Again, Calles is making many vague promises to the interests. American capital is to be welcomed and American enterprises encouraged. Such promises should not be over-emphasized in a popular movement based on national principles. They are suspicious.

Frankly, there may be ground for suspicion. I have long hoped that Obregon would follow Carranza; but the Obregon I believed in was an Obregon of independence of thought, and fearlessness of action. An unsold Obregon, putting into practice the principles he has espoused, might become a great president, to be long remembered as a constructive patriot. But if he has sold himself to outside interests, he will go out of power, no matter how heavily backed financially, cursed as a traitor.

Months ago there went out from Washington a definite rumor that 'we' should begin a movement on Mexico about April 15. The coincidence is startling, and one cannot help wondering whether the Obregon movement is not engineered from this side of the Rio Grande, by Americans? It is interesting in this connection to quote from an item in the morning paper of the very day on which I am writing.

'LAREDO, TEXAS. Manuel Palaez, rebel chieftain in the Tampico oil-region, has declared himself in complete accord with the Obregonista movement, according to *Excelsior*, a Mexico City newspaper. The article says the petroleum company officials gave a banquet to Palaez last Thursday evening.'

This is not proof, of course, but mere

surmise from a newspaper item. It is but one of a number of suspicious circumstances which an honest observer is bound to consider.

If Obregon is honest; if his 'movement' is a spontaneous national movement; if he is a real patriot, working for the interests of Mexico first (as is his duty), he has at once a magnificent opportunity and a most difficult task. He will have to face the same campaign of misrepresentation and falsehood that Carranza had to face. The exercise of proper firmness and independ-

ence will give rise to trouble. Slight untoward incidents will be seized on to precipitate intervention. Through misrepresentation, agitation, the waving of the bloody shirt, and vociferous crying of the slogan, 'through to Panama,' we may be stampeded into another war, a war of criminal aggression on a weak neighbor, whose crime is the possession of great natural wealth. The present is an anxious moment. Two nations are deeply involved. We need ideals of honesty, uprightness, and justice.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TROLLOPE AND TEA

WHO thinks of an Englishman's daily round without thinking of afternoon tea? From Buttons to Duke, from charwoman to Queen, from staff officers in Paris to Tommy in the trenches, from a Mayfair drawing-room to the cuddy of a tramp freighter, five o'clock means tea: tea with biscuits or bread and butter, with crumpets, muffins, Sally Luns, toast and jam, currant cake, or whatever other prescribed goodies the larder may afford — but tea at five o'clock.

Naturally one thinks that a custom so universal among so conservative a people as the English, if not dating from Magna Carta, must be at least as old as the importation of tea. The days of Queen Anne are inevitably associated with 'chaney' cups and tea. All through the eighteenth century the beaux and belles and wits, in their powder and brocade, drank tea — Dr. Johnson drank it by the jorum. Was it not one of Richardson's heroes who

lamented that 'My angel would not stay; she sipped a dish of tea and flew'? And does not Miss Austen picture, entering the Mansfield Park drawing-room, 'the solemn procession, headed by Baddely, of tea-board, urn and cake-bearers'?

Tea, yes, and tea on a tray in the drawing-room, with the regulation accompaniments; but not afternoon tea.

Clearly tea was an evening, not an afternoon, custom in the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth. Sometimes, in the simpler households, it was the evening meal, following a mid-day dinner, as among the Cranford ladies in the days of William IV and Queen Adelaide. Did afternoon tea as a stop-gap between lunch and dinner come in, then, with Victoria? Some time in her long reign, of course, for it was firmly established by the early eighteen-eighties — but when? Do those admirable Victorian housewives and novelists, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, serve their tea before or after dinner? After dinner, as a rule, I

think. As for Dickens, the fragrance of tea is almost lost in the fumes of brandy-punch, as it is in Thackeray in the aroma of old port; but when either mentions it, it is the evening meal, as in the six o'clock tea-drinking that the faithful women gave their shepherd, when Mr. Weller, Senior, was called a 'wessel of wrath'; or as at Fair Oaks, when Pendennis blushed to have Wagg and Pynsent discover the simple customs of his mother's house; or after dinner, as when, in a London hotel, Pen and Warrington are summoned to the Major, and leave Laura at the tea-tray.

But in Trollope, that accurate photographer of Victorian domestic life from 1850 to 1880, the very decades in which the five-o'clock-tea habit was developing, surely the people have tea. We remember the dim old dragon cups of Plumstead Episcopi, 'worth a pound apiece, but despicable to the uninitiated; the thick and solid silver teapot, cream-ewer, and sugar-bowl; the bread-basket of a weight really formidable to any but robust persons; the tea which was of the very best; the cream the very thickest; the dry toast and buttered toast, the muffins and crumpets, hot bread and cold bread, wheaten bread and oaten bread.' We follow the family through the day: they meet, tempers permitting, at lunch and at dinner, but not at afternoon tea.

That was in 1857. In the middle sixties, at the Countess de Courcy's house in Portman Square, the tea-tray comes in after dinner; at Guestwick Manor the earl half rouses from his post-prandial nap, drinks a cup, and falls asleep again, to the dismay of his young guests; and Apollo Crosbie, in his dreary married days, after dining dully with his wife, drinks first a cup of coffee and then a cup of tea in the drawing-room.

In the novels of the late sixties tea is offered to guests arriving in the afternoon at country houses: Alice Vavasor

is greeted with a cup in Lady Glencora's dressing-room at Matching, while her maid has hers in the ladies' maids' own room, and one was sent to Clara Amédroz's chamber at Aylmer Park. The Trefoil ladies offended old Mrs. Morton at Bragton by asking to have theirs sent to their room, though at Rufford Hall they graciously take it in the drawing-room. That, to be sure, was in the late seventies, and I suspect the whole household was drinking it, as well as the new arrivals. For in Trollope's later novels he occasionally alludes to afternoon tea as a feminine habit, or as a cheap way of entertaining. Lizzie Eustace's sponging friend, Mrs. Carbuncle, made no other return for dinners, mounts in the hunting-field, and visits at country houses, than cards for 'At Homes' at five o'clock. True, Mme. Melmotte also was at home at five o'clock, and her establishment was far from parsimonious in hospitality; but then, neither she nor Mrs. Carbuncle was English, nor, what I suspect was more to the point, were they favorites with their author.

Trollope never brings his characters to the tea-table with the zest of his devoted disciple, Mr. Archibald Marshall, nor allows the heroines dear to his heart to preside, or a favorite hero to hand about the muffins. Silverbridge, one of his latest, and, I believe, dearest heroes, certainly refuses to stay to tea with Lady Mabel Grex, and promises to return to dinner, showing that it was the meal and not the lady he spurned. I think Trollope would have done the same. Dinner was a meal he delighted to describe in detail, luncheon scarcely less so, and his breakfast-table pictures are many; but he never mentions afternoon tea with any enthusiasm. I think in regard to that new-fangled custom, as with Hopkins and his new orders about 'the doong,' Trollope's feelings were too much for him. I believe he

expressed his own heart in describing that delightful old lady, Miss Jemima Stanbury of Exeter Close, to whom 'Tea with buttered toast at half-past eight in the evening was the great luxury of her life, but afternoon tea was a thing horrible to her imagination.'

BOOKS AND KITCHENS

Ours is a house where books are apt to be found lying around anywhere and everywhere. There is always one under Christopher's bed, where he can reach it while he is waiting his turn at the morning tub. There is generally one on the staircase, about to be carried either up or down, according to the location of the bookcase where it belongs. At the present moment, Christopher's boot-blackening kit is incongruously surmounted by a very flossy blue-and-white volume of Browning's lyrics, presented to me when I was a schoolgirl; and under my knitting-bag lies a copy of *Bleak House*. In the summer there are books on the piazza chairs, on the front steps, in the garage, and in the woodshed; and in the winter the living-room table is strewn thick with them.

They are very adroit in their adaptation to our whims; no matter where we leave them stranded, they always manage to make themselves at home. But they have their preferences, and they look happier in some places than in others. The volume of Lamb's Essays which I found bravely sticking it out on the lid of the ash-barrel had by no means given up hope of Christopher's return to sit on the cellar-stairs and divert himself with 'Poor Relations' while the furnace fire went through the mysterious process called 'burning off'; but meanwhile it wore a distinctly melancholy air. They don't like to feel themselves forgotten, these gentle, unobtrusive friends: that is the only trouble. If they can feel sure of contin-

uing to serve, they are willing to stand and wait indefinitely. Nevertheless, under the best and most attentive circumstances, they still have their favorite spots; and I have recently discovered one of them which I should never have suspected. It is the kitchen window-sill.

No less a volume than Henry Holt's *On the Cosmic Relations* manifested to me this local felicity. I was reading it one morning when my bread was rising, and, being unwilling to forego either vital interest, I closed the kitchen door, thereby politely suggesting seclusion to my family, and established myself in a big chair in the west window. Never shall I forget the hours which ensued. They gave me one of the best bouts of reading I have ever had.

Our kitchen is very pleasant. It looks west and north, into an apple orchard and a flower-garden. It is far too big for modern ideas of convenience, but just for that reason it is restful. Wide, comforting floor-spaces intervene between the various stove-and-sink-and-table centres of activity. They lend a certain element of rhythm and detachment to the preparation of our simple meals. I have always liked the room, — everybody likes kitchens, — but only since our last Bridget's final departure have I come to realize the fineness of its spiritual atmosphere. Essential domain of vital forces, hand-maiden to the great act of creation itself, minister to life and immortality, when looked at aright, a kitchen is seen to be more august than homely, and its serviceable fire becomes an altar flame. I take shame and sorrow to myself for all the long years during which I have handed over to a paid alien the absorbingly interesting mysteries of what seems to me now sometimes almost a religious cult. Bread, the staff of life? Yes, but also the substance of our dreams, the foundation on which we build our philos-

ophies, the means by which we keep ourselves aware of everything that matters. Its preparation is a sacred business.

Perhaps it was just for this reason that the particular volume I sat down to read on the morning in question, while my bread was rising, felt such a happy fitness in its environment. Cosmic relations are not extended alone to subliminal and telepathic matters: they concern also the intimate interplay of the affairs of our daily lives. It is doubtful if Mr. Holt knows much about kitchens himself; but his book was happier in my kitchen than it had been in the living-room or in my study or anywhere else I had carried it. How do I know this? By the contented look it wore on the kitchen window-sill when I came back to it after putting my bread in the oven. There is no mistaking the look of a book when it feels at ease in a certain environment. Well-being radiates from it as from a person in similar circumstances. It broods and smiles and invites and — in the case under discussion, I am not afraid to say that *Cosmic Relations*, waiting for me to return to it, echoed the subdued song of the kettle on the stove.

The whole experience taught me a lesson by which I intend to profit to the extent of turning the kitchen west window-sill into a permanent bookshelf. I am even now in process of selecting the fifteen or twenty volumes which I intend to establish there. But the choice is not simple: it involves a new and searching test which, loving all our books as I do (well, almost all), I hesitate to apply. They all want to be chosen — yes, even Pater and Henry James, whose physical presence in a kitchen is unthinkable. I foresee that I shall have to change them often, making a sort of Tabard Inn affair of the window-sill.

But what shall I begin with? Well, Shakespeare's Sonnets, the *Oxford Book*

of *English Verse*, a Dickens novel, a volume of Emerson's Essays, Hugh Benson's *The Light Invisible*, Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*, the Hebrew Psalms, Sarah Cleghorn's *Portraits and Protests*, Robert Frost's *North of Boston*, Lamb's Letters or Essays, or both, a volume of Montaigne, Thoreau's *Walden*, Plato's *Republic*, Cowper's Letters.

As I name these books, I wonder if there is any principle guiding my choice beyond that of personal predilection. Why do I think them volumes peculiarly fitted for a kitchen sojourn? I conclude that it is because they are utterly sincere, — simple and candid, — caring nothing at all for the shams and pretensions of life but everything for its realities. So patient and wise are they that they open their pages and offer their best under all circumstances; but the simpler and more essentially real their environment, the more accessible they are. They are quiet books, — deep, steadfast, profound, — books to be dug into and mused over. While the bread burns? Oh, I hope not! That would spoil everything. I must prove myself such a good reader, so cosmically related, that I can ponder a sonnet of Shakespeare and a pan of rolls at the same time, and do fuller justice to each because of the other.

My kitchen will be more attractive than ever when I get my bookshelf established, and I shall probably spend more time there, laying hold on the substance of life with both hands, a mixing-spoon in one and an immortal book in the other.

THE MANIFOLD LIFE

Yes, I come with a new gospel. It was revealed to me while I was pursuing an amateur investigation into the ways and customs of the infusoria. Now, far be it from me to say that the doings of these microscopic fellow citizens of

ours are in any way strange or unusual; for anything that occurs in every roadside puddle a million times a year can hardly be called unusual. On the contrary, I have been impressed with the comparative provincialism of the small sect of the vertebrates to which we belong: a few scattered humans, dogs, and menagerie animals, we have blindly led for ages our dull restricted lives, surrounded by uncounted millions of beings who long ago learned those secrets of freedom and self-expression which still vaguely puzzle our muddled, futile brains.

Let me tell you the story of one day in the life of one of my new acquaintances — I dare not presume to call her friend, though she has meant so much to me in inspiration and awakened hope.

When first I saw Elizabeth, she was a dainty cup-shaped creature on a long hair-like stem, waving herself to and fro in the water, guarding in her bosom her precious nucleus, and leading, it seemed to me, a happy, carefree life. But she had ideas of her own of what life was to mean to her. Her personality required expression in directions I had never thought of. First she divided her nucleus into two parts, and split herself down the middle. Bess swam across to a grain of mud nearby and set up for herself, while Elizabeth continued to wave at the old stand.

This, however, satisfied her only for the moment. Perhaps Bess's conversation tired her; anyhow, she decided to enter the silence. So she turned into a delicate transparent vase, covered tight against the outer world, and bedecked (such was her fancy) with long aigrettes of glass. Within this house beautiful, she doubtless thought to find repose; but her unquiet spirit could not stagnate. She soon gathered up her nucleus and began to flax around, dusting and sweeping in all directions, till she wore a hole clear through the wall — there's

a warning for you, madam — and swam off, carrying her nucleus with her.

The house soon healed up, and before long another little creature was dusting and sweeping about within: Margaret we will call her, for she had a nucleus of her own, and must therefore be a new one, fresh out of the everywhere. After a time she too burst out, and settled down near Bess, where she split energetically, till Bess was beset with Margaret, Meg, Peggy, Margie, and Madge.

This was too much for Bess, and she too entered the silence. Her temperament, however, was different from Elizabeth's; for as she contemplated the Infinite, she became enamored of multitude, and divided her nucleus into thirty-three little round bodies, named Beth, Betty, Liz, Betsy, Lisbeth, Lib, Eliza, Etc. (Twenty-six of them were named 'Etc.' — one of the slight drawbacks of the Manifold Life). Well, they romped and scampered all over the place, till they broke a window, and escaping pell mell, like Abenaki Cauldwell, rode rapidly away in all directions.

Elizabeth is getting a bit too many for me, so I'll not continue her history.

Thus came my great idea. Why not live the Larger Life too? Shall Man be outdone by a microscopic lower animal — Man, the Master of the World? (Slight chill at this point, on recalling that Elizabeth, before becoming a League of Nations, never troubled her head to await the approval of the U.S. Senate.) But anyhow, we are a higher organism, and surely ought not to let ourselves be surpassed by any animalcule, however advanced.

I picture myself a few years hence, calling on some of my disciples in the country. I find the good farmer smoking on his front porch, in the middle of the afternoon.

'Hello!' I cry, and use, at last, the classic phrase in all its meaning: 'how many are you?'

'Lots,' says he, 'and we're glad to see you; how are you all?'

So we fall into talk. Yes, everything is going finely. Being unable to get help, he has split into four husky farmers and a team of horses; three of him and the team are now getting in the hay, so he can take life easy and be sure everything is being well looked after.

'Yes,' he says, 'it's a great life. There's my wife,' — pointing out a pretty young woman with an embroidery frame, approaching across the lawn, — 'she was tired of drudging all the time, and when she read your book, it broke her all up. She came out as two Swedish cooks, an English butler, a pianola-piano, and this young lady here. Naturally, I'm more than pleased.

'Of course,' he continues, 'there are some drawbacks. Now, Jim,' — waving his hand toward a field where a baseball game is going on, — 'Jim never was much of a hand to work; but since he turned into two baseball nines and an umpire, I can't even get him to do his chores.

'But it's worth it,' he exclaims, shying a stone at one of his cows, who, having overheard some of my regenerating doctrine, has turned into a chipmunk and is sassing him from the top of a gate-post.

"'But,'" said Alice, "don't you think it would be rather hard?"

"'I have n't tried it yet,'" the Knight said gently, "but I'm afraid it *would* be a little hard."

Ah, yes, perhaps; but oh, would n't it be worth the effort?

THAT SMOKY FIREPLACE

A man who is building a house nowadays has troubles enough, you might suppose, without his most important fireplace turning out to be smoky. If you are intending to build a house, accept my advice — don't! Not, that is,

unless you command the key to the deposit vaults of *Croesus*. Your troubles begin the first morning, when you send a fleet of Fords to fetch the laborers, and discover that they demand limousines. Then the price of everything keeps going up so much faster than your walls that, by the time you have reached the roof, they are lost to view in the empyrean. So, having planned for an oak floor in your library, you end with native pine at \$60 per thousand knot-holes; and having planned a tile bathroom, you resign yourself to a pool in the brook or a tin tub by the kitchen stove, and talk about the simple life. And, I repeat, after you have at least made sure of being warmed by a generous fireplace in your study, with wood cut on your own wood-lot, — one reason why you bought the place, — it is, to put it mildly, annoying to cross your beautiful floor of painted pine-knots, kindle your first joyous fire — and be driven, coughing and blinded, from the room by billowing clouds of smoke.

I have had considerable experience with smoky fireplaces in the past. I have lived with ones that smoked when the weather was damp and the wind southeast, and ones that smoked when the weather was dry and the wind northwest, and ones that smoked all the time. I have fixed some of them by building up the bottom, and others by inserting a charmingly decorative piece of tin across the top. Some have been beyond fixing. I have studied their proportions in consultation with masons and contractors, and been initiated into the mysteries of ratio between flue-diameter and fireplace opening. From the masons' own lips I have learned that one mason is not like unto another mason, but some there be who build fireplaces which always draw, and others who build fireplaces which draw by the grace of God, if at all. So I employed, for my new home, a mason of the

former type. His credentials were all that could be desired; I measured the width and height of his opening, I saw to the size of his flue. I was satisfied. I dreamed of dancing flames and genial warmth. And then — a smoke-screen which could have concealed the North Atlantic fleet!

But my faith in masons was not shattered — only in one mason. Dashing back into the room, I put out enough of the fire to enable me to breathe, and fell to examining intimately the conduct of the smoke. At once I decided what was the trouble. The back of the fireplace, instead of being straight, curved gracefully forward near the top, — it was a pretty bit of brick-laying, I assure you, — deflecting the smoke suddenly toward the front, where it created an eddy, as water does on the reverse side of a curving stream. Simple! I would get another mason, one with an even purer reputation for smokeless fireplaces, to come and fix it.

He came. First he lit a fresh fire of wet hay, 'to make a good smoke.' It did. We coughed our way to the door once more, breathed deep, and groped back in mad dashes to observe. I explained to the new mason what was the trouble. He looked at me with as much scorn as he could convey with his watering eyes, and said that had nothing to do with it. He stuck his head up the flue and said the damper was set wrong. Then he went up on the roof and said the flue was contracted at the top and would have to be enlarged and heightened. He went busily to work, first chopping out a slice of the chimney-breast and removing the damper, and then knocking a barrel of bricks down the flue from the roof, and setting up a piece of tile like the mouth of an aerial-defense gun pointed skyward from the top of my chimney. Then, while I was removing the débris, he got more wet hay and lit another fire.

'You'll see!' he said.

In a moment nobody could see. The fireplace smoked as badly as ever.

'The flue's too small — there's nothing you can do about it,' he said, getting out his rule. 'An opening over 38 inches wide should have a 16-inch flue. This is 38½ inches. It's all wrong. Whoever built it did n't know his business.'

Then, serene in his confidence that he knew his, he got into the limousine I had provided, and went home.

Left alone with my smoke, I was naturally humbled, and quite as naturally bitterly disappointed. But, thought I, it will do no harm just to try out my own theory. Nobody is here to observe my folly. So I got a barrow-load of fire-brick and built them up loose at the back of my fireplace, eliminating the overhang. Then I piled in more wet hay, and stuck a match into the shavings below. The flames spurted, the hay began to smoulder, the dense coils of lovely smoke curled out and braided themselves straight up the flue! In two minutes the hay, then the wood, was well afire, and the sparks danced gayly upward. I raised my head in pious thanksgiving, but quickly lowered it when I saw the color of my new white ceiling. However, the fireplace drew. What mattered the ceiling?

So presently I mixed some cement mortar and set the bricks myself, pondering the while on the wisdom of masons and such-like experts, and the blundering ignorance of laymen. Can it be possible, thought I, that a little general intelligence is worth as much, on occasion, as a lifetime of routine experience and a union card? This seemed to undermine the entire structure of modern society, with its multiple divisions of labor, its cult of the specialist, its putting of the ordinary man in his proper place of helplessness. Still, there was the smoke sucking straight up the flue. Let the social system crumble — I shall be warm!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The author of the Familiar Letters of William James requires no words of identification. The editor of the Letters is the eldest of his three sons. Two further installments of this correspondence in the *Atlantic* will precede the publication of the two volumes of the *Letters of William James*, announced on another page of this issue. The author of the Modern View of the Devil desires to remain unknown. This second episode in Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's 'Biography of an Elderly Gentleman' will be followed in early numbers by others no less entertaining. H. C. Kittredge, a son of Professor George L. Kittredge of Harvard, is one of the masters at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire. His distinguished father, we recall, was once a master at Phillips Exeter.

* * *

Samuel Scoville, Jr., is already known to *Atlantic* readers as a Philadelphia lawyer with a special gift of communicating his enjoyment of outdoors; he will soon be known to many others through his forthcoming volume of nature studies, *Everyday Adventures*, bearing the imprint of the Atlantic Monthly Press. Of the 'Spring Poem,' by the long-ago Japanese Emperor, Gōsenjō, the translator, L. Adams Beck, writes:—

These things are not continuous poems so much as 'short swallow-flights of song.' Much has been made of Chinese poetry, but the best Japanese poems are known only to Japanese scholars. This is very literal. You can depend on that.

* * *

S. H. Kemper is a Pennsylvanian writer of stories; her earlier contribution to the *Atlantic*, 'Woman's Sphere' (April, 1915), has been reprinted in the Second Series of *Atlantic Narratives*. S. E. Morison, whose home is in Concord, Massachusetts, is the author of a Life of Harrison Gray Otis, prominent Federalist, Mayor of Boston, and one of the leading spirits in the Hartford Convention. Robert Nathan is the

author of the recently published novel of Harvard and New York life, *Peter Kindred*.

* * *

The concluding installment of Opal Whiteley's 'Journal of an Understanding Heart' will be printed in the August *Atlantic*. Readers will wish to know that the Journal will be published early in September in two forms: the regular edition, illustrated, at \$2.00, and a special numbered edition, consisting of only 650 copies, at \$6.50. In the limited edition, printed on large paper and specially bound, each copy will be autographed, and will contain a colored facsimile of a page of the Journal, giving some idea of the infinite pains of which it has been born. Hearty Earl Brown (now Mrs. C. F. Nelson), formerly Assistant Professor of English in the University of Kansas at Lawrence, has heretofore contributed several Green Valley stories to the *Atlantic*, the last, 'The Vacation of Charlie French,' in July, 1919. Edwin Bonta, an architect of Syracuse, was engaged in relief work in Russia during the war. His familiarity with the Russian language was of the greatest advantage to him in his work, and gives, besides, peculiar charm and intimacy to his unique Sketches of Peasant Russia. Arthur Waltham Howlett is a captain in the R.A.M.C. and has seen long service in the Indian Army. He writes:—

It should be said that in India all jails are governed by members of the Medical Service, the larger (Central) by officers of the Indian Medical Service (to which the author belonged until he exchanged into the British Army, just before the war), with an approved length of service in the Indian armies; the smaller by assistant surgeons belonging to the Indian Subordinate Medical Department. The larger district jails are held as collateral charges along with the Civil Surgeoncies of districts by officers of the I.M.S. The Central jails are held (along with the District jail) by officers of the I.M.S. as whole-time charges.

A Central jail is situated in some large city, the capital of a Division or Province, e.g., Lucknow, Agra, Calcutta, Rangoon, and in it are trained and distributed the warders and staff of the Dis-

trict jails comprised in its circle. A large jail like that at Agra usually holds some 2000 prisoners, and the castes vary very much according to the part of India. At Agra, which is about the centre of India, many ethnical groups and castes were well represented. There were Brahmins, Pathans (Mohammedans), Bunnias, Rajputs, and even occasional wandering Chinese, Burmans, Malays, etc. There were members of the so-called 'criminal tribes' (hereditary thieves and nomads). There were members of the lowest caste, the 'Sweepers.'

* * *

William T. Foster, President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, since its foundation in 1910, has recently resigned. Percival White is a consulting engineer of Cleveland, Ohio. John Burroughs, the veteran naturalist and essayist, sends us this interesting footnote to a much-discussed passage in his paper, 'A Critical Glance into Thoreau,' printed in the issue of June, 1919. George A. Gordon has been for many years the eloquent pastor of the New Old South Church of Boston.

* * *

Bernhard Knollenberg is a practising lawyer of Boston. Anstruther Mackay, a Scotsman, some time in the service of the Agricultural Bank in Egypt, was during the war Military Governor of Ramleigh and Ludd in Palestine. He is now stationed at Ghizeh, in the shadow of the Pyramids. L. P. Edwards, Professor of Sociology at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, New York, was formerly engaged in settlement work in Chicago and New York. Frederick Starr, since 1895 Assistant Professor of Anthropology at the University of Chicago, and Curator of the Anthropological Section of the Walker Museum there, has traveled extensively, doing field-work in ethnology and physical anthropology, especially in Mexico. His book, *In Indian Mexico* (1908), is of very great value and can safely be recommended to all Americans who may wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of Mexican affairs.

* * *

It is interesting to note that ten of the authors represented in this number of the *Atlantic*, including all whose names appear under the rubric 'The New World,' are new to its pages; whereas, on the other hand, Mr. Burroughs's first contribution appeared almost exactly sixty years ago.

We like to go to headquarters for news, and are glad to give publicity to the following letter, which gives in succinct fashion the sequel to Mrs. Ratliff's striking account of the things she witnessed in the Delta. It is, moreover, a satisfaction to record an instance proving that orderly justice can take its course south of Mason and Dixon's line.

INDIANOLA, MISS., April 20, 1920.

DEAR SIR, —

My attention was called to a story which was run in your April issue, entitled, — 'In the Delta: a Story of a Man Hunt.' I consider it a very clever story indeed; but I take issue with the writer in the facts. The *Commercial Appeal*, a Memphis, Tenn., daily paper, called my attention to the piece, and also commented on it in an editorial. I made reply through the same channel. I want to know if you will be fair enough to us to run both my letter in reference to this matter, as well as the editorial which I refer to, in your paper? If so, whether you will run it free, or what charges you will make. If you care for the facts, I am sure you will be willing to have them read by your readers, who read the letter of Beulah Amidon Ratliff. This same party who was the subject of this story is in my custody, and after his case had been referred to the highest Court in this state, I will hang him on the 28th day of May, according to their decision. Please let me know under what terms you will run this matter in your magazine — in the next number.

A. C. Cox.

Sheriff of Sunflower County.

* * *

Among the multitude of letters which Opal's diary has brought us, we select one that seems peculiarly understanding of a journal which is in simple truth unique in literature. The writer is the entomologist of the State of Maine.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Nothing written has ever gone quite so straight to my heart as the Story of Opal. It is the revealed spirit of the true child of nature, perfectly tuned.

Not even her own mother (with all her rich gift of mother-love and wisdom) could have given her just that. She had to find it for herself, hungry of heart.

It has brought back to me the feeling with which I knelt in solitary worship before the first 'ghost flower' I ever found. Nothing would have tempted me to break the stem and pick it. I can still remember the intimate love and wonder the child of five felt for this woodland flower.

No country-loving child could imagine Opal's story being other than the spirit of childhood 'left wild' as nature itself, which, in the phases a child loves, is very tender and 'understanding.' No one but a very young child can get this. To a grown-

up it is forever impossible — except as it lives from child-experience, not quite forgotten.

I have unbounded delight in the remarkable story of the wonderful child. I am hoping that in this delight which all must feel, its educational value will not be lost. It is the best demonstration we shall ever have (for there can never be another Opal in the world), the best example of the natural response of the natural child to nature. I cannot say it well; but the story gives proof of my deepest belief that all children who respond at all to the outdoor creation should be given as much chance as possible to run wild from three to six, in meadow, wood, and beside brooks. Constant human companionship can never give what this can (no kindergarten can). Of course, 'the man who is kind to mice' should be a frequent comrade, if possible.

The story is as dear and as real as it is remarkable; and each bit that I read makes me grateful that the torn fragments were not lost.

Cordially yours,

EDITH M. PATCH.

* * *

'It is the scientific approach that does it.' How often do we hear the exultant cry of the Realist! Well, occasionally the argument from exact knowledge does have its innings, and the author of Miss Gauss's admirable story is, we imagine, quite as ready as we are to listen to this diverting bit of scientific criticism.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

The ophthalmological article in your May issue, entitled 'Justice,' interests me greatly. I had heretofore supposed that Justice is blind, but in this four- or five-page article the eyes of the various characters are mentioned no less than twenty five times! As a color-scheme they run fairly well through the spectrum, being described as black, blue-gray, blue, 'cold-brown,' red, and either green or yellow, the latter being the usual color of the eyes of the cat and the puma used for comparison.

Of especial interest, however, are the eyes of the hero. On the first page he is described, at the age of twenty, as having brown eyes; turning over a page, we find that at the age of seven he had black eyes; just how they were acquired is not mentioned, but as twice again they are described as black, one is led to wonder whether he fell downstairs, or what happened! It is somewhat reassuring to find later on that his eyes were red, or at least had a 'red gleam'; again they are described as resembling cat's eyes in the dark, which are proverbially of a greenish hue of phosphorescent paint; and four paragraphs later his eyes resemble a 'wet, black snake.'

The heroine, however, is more constant, and we find that twice in succession her eyes are of the color of the wet, blue spider-wort (*Tradescantia virginica*). Fortunately for the reader, the blue variety is specified, as the cultivated species are quite variable in color.

The judge, as befits the majesty of the law, we

are told, is 'grave of eyes,' and other characters in the plot make good use of their visual organs, which are frequently 'meeting,' or are 'wistful,' 'bright,' 'narrow,' 'gleaming,' etc.

Besides the zoological value given by the eyes of the cat, the snake, and the puma, even the flowers are wide-awake, and we are told that the eyes of the 'innocent-eyed moon-flower shone in the dark.'

I have, for some time, noticed this interesting tendency of modern fiction writers towards optical eyedualism, and have in mind an article on the subject. The authoress of 'Justice' is to be congratulated upon a most interesting and valuable contribution to ophthalmology.

Very truly yours,

W. GILMAN THOMPSON.

* * *

A recent discussion in the Club of the Best Butter draws forth the following from a connoisseur.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

How tiresome for a member of the Contributor's Club to use the wrong word. And especially since she knows the right one. Who does not, upon these mornings of margarine for the muffins, and pale blue liquid in the cream pitcher, rejoice to read of golden butter and clotted cream? But to name Kobold, the raper of dairies, when she knows he is Puck, Lob, The Old Thing! It's dreadful!

Kobold conjures up visions of affright from Undine's dark forest, with its unholy peopling of white-garmented, streaming-haired spooks. When I read it, I hear the rushing chords of the Erl-King and Alberich's eerie staccatos.

If Puck is to be Kobold, now may we say, indeed, 'Farewell, rewards and fairies.'

FRANCES C. L. ROBBINS.

* * *

There is always a rich flavor to Oriental English, and our readers' ears may perhaps be tickled by the following specimen.

Some time ago [writes a correspondent] an English friend gave me a copy of a letter which had been written to her brother by an Egyptian. This native was seeking employment with the Englishman, who was a resident of Egypt, and had a minor government position.

'RESPECTFULLY HEREWITH

'That your honored servant is a poor man in agricultural behavior which depends the season for the staff of life thereupon. He proposes that you will be pitiful upon and take into your sacred service that he may have some permanent labor for the support of his soul and family. Whereupon he falls upon his family's bended knees, and implores you on your merciful consideration to a damnable, miserable, honorable servant, was too much poorly during the last years and was resuscitated by such medicine which made magnificent excavations in coffers of your honorable servant whose means are circumscribed by his large family of five female women and three masculines that

last of which are still making milk from mother's chest, and are damnable miserable through pulmonary catastrophe in their interior abdomens. Besides the named an additional virile is through the grace of God shortly coming to the beloved of bosom. That your honorable damnable servant was officiating in several passages during all his generations becoming too much old from absorbing hard labor in his time of faded life, but was not underhand, nor thief, nor swindler nor any of this kind, but was pious, affectionate to his numerous family consisting of the aforesaid five female women and three males, the last of which are still milking the paternal mother. That your honorable lordship's servant was entreating to the magistrate for employment in the municipality to remove filth, etc., but was not granted the petition. Therefore your generous lordship will give some easy work in the Dept. a something of this sort upon which act of kindness your lordship's servant will as in duty bound pray for your longevity.

* * *

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO

If the *Atlantic* were at all given to repining over the absence of illustrations the following would go far to assuage its sorrow: —

BALTIMORE, May 3, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I think you will enjoy with me this involuntary tribute to the pen of William Beebe.

I was describing to a young woman of my acquaintance a lecture by Beebe, that it had been my unexpected good fortune to attend on a brief business trip to Wilmington on the day before. I was telling her of my pleasure in recognizing, in the pictures he threw on the screen, scenes and animals made familiar through numerous *Atlantic* articles.

'Were n't they the same illustrations that appeared in his articles?' she asked.

'Illustrations in his articles?' I echoed, puzzled.

'Why, yes,' she insisted. 'I remember the one of the nest of army ants. The nest hung here, and the chair he stood on — it was insulated you remember — stood there.'

'But,' I protested, 'the *Atlantic* never is illustrated, is it?'

Her face registered complete bewilderment for a moment, and then dawning comprehension.

'Do you mean to tell me,' she demanded, 'that a man can write so vividly that one honestly believes afterwards that his article is illustrated?'

He surely can if that man is William Beebe. Then is not the young woman correct, after all, in classifying the *Atlantic* among the illustrated monthlies?

Yours very truly,

HELEN T. PARSONS.

* * *

Resourcefulness and the bookstore do not often meet, and recorded instances of cooperation are interestingly creditable.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Let me tell you a story, a true story, recalled to mind by reading 'The Bookstore and the Customer' in the Contributors' Club in the April *Atlantic*. The title of my story is 'A Bookstore and a Customer.' This happened some few years ago in Boston.

A friend of mine had read in the *Transcript* a review of a book which told of the author's boyhood days in an old New England town. When in the city, some days later, he happened to think of the book as he was passing a bookstore, and stepped in to look at a copy.

Face to face with the clerk, he suddenly realized that the title of the book had slipped his mind. He told the clerk what he could remember of the book, but was unable to recall the name of the town, the scene of the story. The clerk suggested that the name of the author would be of assistance, but my friend had forgotten this also. By this time he began to feel a little uncomfortable; he appeared to be in the ridiculous situation of a man who, although hunting for something, does not know what he is looking for. He was about to back out of the store, abashed, when the clerk, still attentive and respectful, said that the key to the problem might lie in the name of the publisher. When my friend realized that he must again admit ignorance, he started for the door — he would put an end to this humiliating adventure. But suddenly a thought came to him, — the name of the publisher was also the name of some animal. The clerk bounded away and consulted a big volume. A moment later the desired book was in my friend's hand.

Yours sincerely,

WINSOR M. TYLER.

* * *

Readers of this Column will know that to the subtle flattery of the 'movies' we are delicately sensitive. Hence the publicity given to the following.

NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y., May 1, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Have you not noticed, and been flattered by, the use made of the *Atlantic Monthly* in the movies of late, when it is desired to express the concept of intelligence?

That the quality of the damsel's mind transcends even the promise of its outward seeming is the instant impression given by a close-up of a beauty absorbed in the *Atlantic*.

And how can true worth and manliness be 'registered' in less 'footage' than to show the *Atlantic* prominently with the hero?

Worthy of note, also, is the frequent use of the *Atlantic*, conjointly with owlsh spectacles and, possibly, a bit of side-whisker, to indicate the contemptible 'highbrow.'

Thus the *Atlantic* expresses both the sublime and the ridiculous — in a flash; so that he who runs may read.

Yours very truly,

M. R. WELLER.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1920

ENGLISH WAYS—AND BYWAYS. I

I

SUNDAY AT BARCHESTER

JOHN has not written lately, because the car has been running well! He says you care only for 'Thrillers,' and there have been none since he last wrote — *Laus Deo!* add I! So to-day, which is a Sunday, I am writing in his place.

I am sorry to say I am not at all pleased with him! You know how unconventional and outspoken he is: well, I have had to tell him more than once that, while his way of talking is well enough at home, where people know and love him, and where, even if they do not know him, they are more or less like him, and so understand that what he says is not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, here people are different — their yea is yea and their nay nay. The English are not only matter-of-fact, but have an awful reverence for truth and do not understand what John means when he says that 'lying can be the highest form of truth!' So when a man says a thing, they not unnaturally think he means it.

Well, all this introduction leads to the events of the day. This morning we went to the Cathedral. I must say it was a shock to find that there were less than a hundred people in the Choir — where the service was held. However, all went well enough until the sermon: the preacher announced — *no, sang* — his text: 'Blessed among women shall

Jael the wife of Heber the Kennite be. Blessed shall she be among women in the tent'; and then proceeded, 'We will think of Jael, my dear brethren, not merely as the wife of Heber the Kennite, but rather as a type of the Blessed Virgin.' What followed I shall never know, for at this moment John picked up his hat and umbrella, and left, and I, fearing he was faint, quickly followed.

When he got outside, I said, 'Are you sick, dear?' and he replied, 'Not yet, but I should have been had I waited a moment longer.'

'Was the air close?' I innocently asked.

'No, it was as damp and draughty as usual, but I could not have stood that creature another minute.'

Then followed a diatribe on the Established Church, which I will spare you. Before he had finished, there was not one stone left upon another of the Cathedral system! 'Such an array of clergy, such a choir, such an organ, such everything to make the service glorious, yet fewer people than could be found in a Mission chapel — the extravagance, the futility of it — why half the people there were American tourists! Why don't they take the money and use it for some good purpose?'

"This ointment might have been sold for much," I quoted.

'No, you don't,' he growled. 'Was the "whole house filled with the odor of the ointment"? Is England? Is

this town? Was the great Cathedral? Was the Choir even? There was no odor of ointment. There was nothing but a *stench!*'

'John!' I protested.

'Well, perhaps that was too strong. But honestly, was there any feeling of the Majesty of God there?—I say nothing of his love—any pity for poor struggling souls? "A type of the Blessed Virgin," forsooth! If he must talk of Jael, why did he not tell the truth and remind the people that if she were living to-day she would be in jail—no, that is not a pun—waiting for the report of the grand jury? Is it not due to Mary's Son that she can no longer be counted "blessed"? It is not the blasphemy, it is the unreality of the whole performance which is so dreadful. The preacher no doubt is a decent, law-abiding Englishman, who would be horrified if he read of such a thing in the *Times*; but because it is embedded in the Bible, he considers it his duty to find a mystic meaning in it. This sort of talk is what leads to moral confusion, and is one of the reasons why the Church is losing its hold on thoughtful people. The day was, when the "world" was full of darkness and the Church full of light, but now the "world" has a clearer moral vision than the Church—or, at any rate, than that preposterous creature has.'

By this time, as you may believe, there was not much of the 'Joy of the Sanctuary' left in me! We walked down to the river and, after a long silence, John began to recite,—

'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.'

The tears came to my eyes, and John said, now quietly and reverently, 'He was a man,'—meaning Kingsley,— 'and there must be some like him. But, not "in king's houses"! Why did not

the preacher call *that* Mary a type of the Virgin? Why did n't he recite the "Sands o' Dee"? Is it not as truly inspired as Judges?'

By this time my ill-humor had passed, and I said, 'Perhaps because he could not do it as well as you.'

John laughed, and then said, 'I am sorry. Let us try and forget him'—meaning, I suppose, the preacher, who probably was at that moment eating his Sunday roast and listening to his wife's praises of the sermon!

In the afternoon, I announced that I thought of going to Even-Song, and, to my dismay, John said he would go with me! I thought it was running into temptation, and intimated as much; but he said he was going to do penance. Well, it proved to be a lovely penance! The sermon was so beautiful and simple, on the words 'I know where thou dwellest.' It was about home—where we dwell. 'Is it such,' said the preacher, 'as we should wish Our Lord to visit?' He was an old man, and the sermon was like the talk of a father to his children. It radiated love. Then came the Anthem 'Love Divine'; and as the voice of the tenor was lifted up, the boys' soprano followed, rising still higher, till in one final 'Love Divine' the great arches of the roof reëchoed with the melody. I confess that I wept; and John said softly, 'How perfect it all was! I understand now why the townspeople come to such a service.'

So we wended our way back to the hotel, feeling that the day had not been altogether lost.

I said that the day was not altogether lost; but, alas! it was not yet over. We were sitting in the garden, after the cold supper always served in lieu of dinner on Sunday evenings. John was smoking his pipe and all was peaceful, when a man sitting near us turned to John and said, 'I saw you in the Cathe-

dral this morning; as you left hurriedly, I feared you might be ill. I hope not.'

Why can't John be good all the time? Or, if that is not possible, why can't he tell a lie? Surely the latter would have been better than to blurt out, 'No, thank you. I was quite well, but when I found the talk was to be about Jael, I thought it best to take my wife out. I don't think she is a proper person to be spoken about in the presence of decent people.'

'God bless me!' exclaimed the other; 'how extraordinary!'

Fortunately, at that moment, the man in charge of the garage appeared, with the information that he had succeeded in getting the distilled water needed for the batteries, as the chemist's shop was now open; and John departed with him to see to dropping it in.

There was a long silence; then the stranger said, 'Are you an American?'

When I told him, he said, 'Really, I should never have suspected it!'

How thankful I was that the chemist had opened his shop just when he did; for that 'compliment'—for such of course it was intended to be—affects John as 'Sheeny' does an Irishman.

'Of course,' continued my neighbor, 'I saw at once that your husband was an American. But how does it happen that you speak without an accent?'

I laughed and said, 'Probably because I had lived until my marriage in Boston, and am of pure English stock; whereas my husband is of mixed race, possibly having no English blood at all.'

'Dear me! You don't mean to say Indian or negro, do you?'

Thank goodness that distilled water has to be put in drop by drop, or John would have been in the place he said the wife of Heber should be in! I explained that my husband's ancestors, on one side, had come from Ulster, and on the other from Wales, so that he did not have quite the same feeling about Eng-

land that I had, whose people came from Norfolk and Devon.

He remarked it was a pity—I suppose for John, not for me; but I did not inquire. It is, however, a funny thing that, while the English speak of curiosity as an American characteristic, they never seem to think there is any reason they should not ask us any questions which come into their heads. John, to whom, I need not say, I am indebted for this observation, says that it is because they look on us as freaks! And that, just as children at the circus will pinch the legs of those unfortunate creatures called freaks,—a thing they would never dream of doing to 'humans,'—so the English take liberties with us which they would never take with their own countrymen. But you know how he talks!

My new acquaintance was evidently not yet satisfied, for he continued, 'You know that was rather an original remark of your husband's about the sermon this morning.'

I replied that he was rather an original person.

'But,' he said, 'if you once begin that sort of thing, where will it end?'

'What sort of thing?' I asked.

'Why, talking about those people in the Bible as if they were real people living to-day, don't you know.'

'Don't you think of them as real?'

'I don't think of them at all!'

'But when they are spoken of in a sermon, what do you think?'

'Why, to tell you the truth, I am apt to take a little snooze. I have done my part in the service, made the responses and that sort of thing, you know, and when it comes to the sermon, that's parson's job. He has to do something, and I take it for granted he knows his business and pay no attention to him. But if I once started in to consider whether he was right or wrong, where should I end? I know jolly well that

Sunday would be no day of rest! Look at your husband now — he is all worked up over the sermon this morning, but it did me no harm. To tell you the truth, I don't think I ever met a man before who cared what a parson says. Well, perhaps I don't quite mean that, but what surprised me was that he talked as if he'd been listening to a speech by Lloyd George or Asquith or one of those men, on a subject that really matters.'

'But you think the clergy ought to talk on things that really matter?'

'In a way, yes. But not as a regular thing. That is the mistake the Non-conformists make. I have a son-in-law who goes to Chapel, and at Sunday dinner the family talk over the sermon as if they had been to a political meeting. Why should I want to have a parson tell me what to think or what to do? What does he know about the life of *men*? I expect I know what I *ought* to do as well as he does.'

'Why, then, have a sermon at all?'

'Well, it's the custom, and I believe in keeping up the old customs. And, besides, the parson ought to have something to do. Of course, in a large town, where there are working people, with a lot of drunkenness and fighting and that sort of thing, the parsons are pretty busy. As I said to my son-in-law a fortnight ago, when he was saying the Established Church ought to go, the money ought to be taken for other purposes, and all that sort of thing the radicals are always saying, — well, I said to him, "You don't look deep enough. Think what the Church saves the country every year in police alone! The Established Church is the bulwark of society," I said, "and if you break that down, what will take its place? The people who need it least will build churches for themselves, and those who need it most will have none. And, let me tell you, when that day comes, you will soon learn whether you are paying

less or more to maintain order. And that is not all," I said, for by this time I was pretty hot; "the Established Church keeps alive the spirit of the Empire. But in your chapels, your ministers talk as if there were other countries as good as England. They are a lot of radicals and have no respect for Land, yet it is on the Land England depends, and the Church knows that and never offends the landlord." He did n't like this overmuch, and I doubt if I go there soon again. No, I am all for the Church: what I say is, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen!"'

And with that confession of faith, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stumped off to bed.

How will it all end? Will the Church set its face against the rising tide of democracy and make Canute its patron saint? I don't dare to ask John. I wish you were here that we might talk things over! You would be so sympathetic, for you love England dearly, which I fear John does not, and therefore, I feel, cannot understand her. Well, I comfort myself by thinking what I believe you would say: 'England has the "root of the matter" in her, and if a great crisis were to arise, Englishmen will show that they are to-day what they have always been, and the Church will follow the higher call. England will never do penance and sit in a sheet, in the face of the nations confessing the "sins and offenses of her youth"; but she will set her house in order and meet the new age with courage and faith and hope, as she has ever done, and the "glory of the latter house will be greater than that of the former!"' "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be" expresses a great truth, and that was what your muddle-headed friend tried to express. He thought, and alas! he is not alone in so thinking, that the *form* makes the stability, whereas it is the

eternal stability of the English character in which he believes, and so do I.'

So with these comforting thoughts, I am going to bed. My Tory friend was right in one respect — it has not been a restful day!

II

THE BLACK COUNTRY

My letter was from Archdeacon Williams. I had never met him, but had read his books and been much influenced by them, as I know you have been. To tell the truth, I hesitated about accepting his invitation to spend the 'week-end,' for I feared I might be disappointed! Authors are like miners: they put the precious metal into their books; but when one gets to the mine, there is apt to be a lot of 'slag' about! But it was not so in this case. The books are the man; he lives as he talks.

England is the land of contrasts. Shropshire seems to belong to another planet, when one gets into the dark and chilly atmosphere of the Black Country. It was most depressing. Instead of the charming vicarage I had pictured, I found a plain brick house right on the street; and instead of a blooming garden, a few sickly shrubs, blackened, like everything, by the smoke from the mills.

But within all was sweetness and light. The house was overflowing with delightful children, and everyone seemed to be at work. Or, perhaps I should say, everyone seemed to have a purpose; for, as I arrived at tea-time, work had been suspended.

There was but one drawback: the Archdeacon does not smoke, and does not seem to have heard that anyone else does! I thought that three days would be more than I could bear. But, indeed, mind and body were kept so busy, that I hardly missed my pipe at all! Can I say more?

The Archdeacon and I sat up until

all hours of the night, talking of the things which are most worth while.

He is an extraordinary man — not only a good classical scholar, but also a notable mathematician. He is quite at home in all the scientific theories which are the vogue to-day, and insisted that theology can have no interest for the modern mind until theologians abandon the mediæval, *a priori* method for the inductive, and use words as the symbols of truths which can be verified. Then it will be found that the 'Faith' for which the saints contended was the reality without which man cannot live. He said many things, of which I will tell you when we meet; but one I send you now, for you might have said it yourself! 'Men are forever talking about "faith" as if the important thing were the *quantity* of it, whereas the thing that matters is its *quality*. The faith which overcame the world is not the mass of opinion which has accumulated through the ages, but the deep conviction that God is Spirit and that the character of that Spirit has been revealed in the person of Jesus.'

The way the man works would, I think, astonish you. This is what we did on Saturday. Breakfast at 8, then prayers in the parish church at 9. He agrees with Bishop Creighton, that it is better to have many of the parish come together for prayers each day, than to have family prayers; with which, I am sure, you will no more agree than I do! At 9.30 he shut himself in his study and did not appear again until one. Then we had dinner, all the family taking part in the talk, and I listened. The last you will not believe, but it is true!

Mrs. Williams is as remarkable in her way as he, and is a real intellectual companion. When I spoke to him of her, he said, 'Think of the men who are asphyxiated by dull wives!' I did!

The children adore their father, though Rose — a girl of about twelve —

told me they could have a pony if their father did not give so much to the poor. When I suggested that this was a good way to use money, she agreed, but added, 'It seems a pity there is not enough for both.'

At 2.30 a large van drove up to the door, and into it we all piled, except the very little ones, to go to the Sunday-School Treat. We stopped at many a corner to pick up the teachers, — all of whom were workers in the mills, — and drove to a grove some miles away, where the feast was spread.

I sat next a man of about fifty years of age, who, when he learned that I was an American, 'let himself go.' He had friends who had migrated to the States, and admitted that the wages were much larger than in England, but added that, as the expense of living was so much greater, there was not much in it. I did not remind him that the greater expense meant also better living conditions, for I wanted to hear him talk. He complained that our people worked longer hours than they did, and were so tired at the end of the day, that they could not enjoy the rest when it came. He wanted to know if the tariff helped our trade. I laughed and told him there was great difference of opinion on that subject, and that I did not pretend to be an authority, but that I was inclined to think that the willingness of the workers to use new machinery had more to do with our prosperity than anything the government did.

'Aye,' said he, 'that is what the masters tell us, but we do not heed them. We know this new machinery can be speeded up till a man's heart is broke.'

It was not the man's opinion that interested me so much as his willingness to talk; for I had heard frequent complaints that the workingmen would talk freely only with their mates. But I got a new light, for, when we had risen and sung 'God Save the King,' my

neighbor turned to me, and said, 'You will excuse me if I have talked too free, but this is the first time in my life that I ever talked with a gentleman.'

I could have wept. 'But,' I said, 'you must often have talked to the vicar?'

'Aye,' he replied, 'but he is a *man*.' And with this cryptic saying I had to be content!

One other thing he told me, that I am sure will interest you. He said that, in the dark days of the cotton famine, during our Civil War, he could remember as a little boy seeing his father go, with many others, to receive the food distributed to the poor. 'That was the only time any of my name received anything from the rates, and it was bitter hard for father. There were men who came up from Liverpool and told us that if the workingmen of Lancashire would send a deputation to Parliament, the war would be stopped and we could get cotton to open the mills. But my father was one of those who said that it was the cause of free labor you were fighting for, and that, if the men would hold on a bit, God would come to our help. He learned that, I know now, from John Bright. So the men held out. But it was hard.'

Is n't that fine? And does n't it make Lord John Russell and Gladstone look cheap?

By some ill chance Rose and I got separated from the rest of the party, and the van drove off without us. When Rose learned this, she thought it a huge joke, and said we should have to walk. I said, 'Not on your life!' This familiar slang filled her with delight, and she cried, 'Oh, I say, that is a jolly saying; I must tell that to Dick, and he can take it back to school!'

'That is all very well,' said I; 'but what is going to take us back to home?'

She suggested a 'fly.' I solemnly remarked that I did not believe there was a fly big enough to carry us both.

She looked at me for a moment in astonishment, and then cried, 'Why, I believe you are thinking of an *insect*!'

I asked what else one could think of. She pondered this a moment, and then said she believed I was making game of her. Nothing, I assured her, was further from my thoughts.

'Well,' she said, 'if you are sure you don't know, I will tell you: a fly is something that a horse pulls.'

I asked if it was a cart? But apparently she had given me up as hopeless, and led me to a livery stable, where the proprietor produced a fly and announced that the price would be ten shillings, and asked if he should 'put it down' to the vicar? Rose looked much alarmed at this, and was proportionately relieved when I paid the amount.

There was silence for a little space after we started; then Rose said, as if to herself, 'Daddy would have walked.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'but you must remember he is over six feet tall and his stride is about three-foot-three, whereas I step only about two-foot-six; so you can calculate how much longer it would take me to walk seven miles than it would him.'

'Don't you hate arithmetic?' she exclaimed.

I admitted that I was not fond of it.

'I simply *loathe* it,' she declared. 'Such a silly thing, I call it! Why should one spend *hours* in trying to find out how many yards of carpet it takes to cover the schoolroom floor, when all one has to do is to run through Tod Lane and ask Mr. Small, who keeps the shop, and he can tell in a moment, without even looking at a book.'

'But, suppose Mr. Small thought it to his advantage to sell you more carpet than you needed?'

'Why, he would n't do such a thing,' she indignantly replied: 'he is a churchwarden.'

There was another short silence and then she began again: 'Ten shillings is a lot of money.'

I agreed.

'However,' she continued, 'I suppose it does n't signify. Americans are very rich, are they not?'

I said some were.

'But you must be — to hand out ten shillings just like that!'

'Oh, I don't know. My share is only five shillings. You will pay half, will you not?'

'*Not living!*' she hastily exclaimed. 'There, I have that wrong. Please say it again.' When I had repeated the familiar slang, she echoed it. Evidently, it gave her great satisfaction, for I heard her muttering it to herself over and over again. Finally, she said, 'That *is* a jolly saying.' Then, with apparent irrelevance, — but that no doubt was due to my slowness in following her mental processes, — 'I *am* glad you came.'

I laughed, and said I was glad, too.

'Not,' continued this artless young person, 'that we were glad when we first heard you were coming, I mean except Daddy. Mother said, "Dear me! I fear he will expect a bathroom to himself!" and Dick said, "Is he as dirty as all that?" Even Daddy laughed at that. And Dick was so much pleased with himself that he did not know when to stop, and went on to say that all Americans were "bounders." So Daddy stopped his "sweet" and he *did* look silly! But it seems to me, you are just like other people, only rather *drôle*.'

As we drew near the house, she evidently began to think that, after all, Dick might be an authority on 'bounders'; for she remarked, with studied carelessness, 'I should n't think it necessary to repeat everything we have been talking about, at home.'

I gravely assured her that I made it a rule never to repeat the conversation I

had with the young lady I took buggy-riding.

'Buggy-riding!' she cried. 'What is that?'

'Why, what you call a fly, we call a buggy.'

Her reaction was rather deliberate, but finally she exclaimed, 'Oh, I see. "Bug" and "fly." That's awfully good. I must tell Dick that!'

Sunday was 'some day'! Early service at 8 o'clock, a hurried breakfast at 8.45, and then we started for the mission chapel, where the Archdeacon was to preach. I was curious to see how this scholar would adapt himself to the sort of congregation I knew he would meet there. Nothing could have been better. He did not 'condescend to men of low estate,' but gave them as thoughtful a message as he would have delivered at the university, yet clothed in such simple language as the most unlearned could understand.

'Truly,' I said to myself, 'here is a scribe who bringeth out of his treasure things new as well as old.'

The Archdeacon has, of course, besides his duty as vicar, many calls for work outside the parish. I was told that this day he was to preach at a church some twelve miles distant, and, therefore, there would be no time for dinner! However, Mrs. Williams made us a package of sandwiches, which we munched as we drove to the church where he was to preach the annual sermon on Education.

The church was a barn of a place and the atmosphere decidedly 'Evangelical.' There were the old square pews which we see in pictures of the eighteenth century; and when we knelt down, my legs were covered by the voluminous folds of a bright blue silk dress, worn by a farmer's wife; so that I was not quite sure of my identity, till a pair of stout white stockings, en-

casing most solid ankles, showed me that my own legs had not yet emerged.

The sermon was a plea for parochial schools, which would have left me cold, had it not been for the interpretation of the Parable of the Sower, from which the text was taken. 'The soil,' said the preacher, 'is human nature. At the first glance, it might seem as if man was no more responsible for his character than is a field for the different conditions of its soil. But there would have been no "gospel," that is, "good news" in that. No, what it means is what every farmer will understand. There is no soil that is hopeless and none that does not need to be cultivated. Our schools are to make poor soil good and good soil better.' And so on.

On the way home, the subject of education could not be ignored. The Archdeacon was none too pleased to learn that I did not think well of parochial schools, and insisted that 'godless' schools were worse than none. He would not agree that dogmatic teaching might be dispensed with and yet character be built up. When I pointed out that Jews and Catholics made up a large part of our urban population, and, not unnaturally, objected to Christian or Protestant teaching, he could only see how unfortunate it was that we had no Established Church! Once more I was impressed by the fact that no man is liberal all through! Though he had been in the States, his journey had led him only to the South — and that too in the days of Reconstruction. He had never seen New York or Ohio or New England, so that I could not feel that he was to be blamed for thinking poorly of our school system. But he made one remark worth remembering, to see if he is a 'Seer' as well as a Prophet, which latter he assuredly is.

'You are doing the thing on the "cheap." You do not pay your teachers enough to make it worth while for men

to make teaching a profession, and, as a result, not only the girls, but the boys as well, are for years under the influence of women. This is bad and cannot fail to affect the national character—as you will find if a great crisis were to come. It may, as I have heard it said, tend to “refinement” of speech and manners, but the price is too high. It will make them effeminate, that is, sentimental and, sometimes, hysterical. It is the manly virtues of endurance and disregard of trifles, which men alone can inculcate, which have made England what she is. Should a great war come, — and I fear that cannot be long delayed, — you will find your boys cannot bear the strain.’

I hope that, as Nehemiah liked to say, ‘It may be counted to me for righteousness’ that I refrained from mentioning 1776, or 1812, or even the Civil War, — the ‘Bloody Angle,’ and Pickett’s charge at Gettysburg, — for that might have raised the Alabama!

In the evening, I preached in the parish church — ‘the noblest parish church in England,’ I was told Ruskin called it. Well, the sermon was not worthy of the church. I don’t know what was the matter. You know how such things go! One trouble was that, all the time I was speaking, I wished to say something else! Ruth haunted me! I could hear her whispering, ‘Better be dull and decent than “start something.”’ So I was dull!

At nine o’clock, we sat down to a supper of cold beef and bread and cheese, and mighty good they tasted. Now was not that a day? I asked the Archdeacon if it had been an exceptional one.

‘Oh, no,’ he said, ‘I should say an average day. I often go to the Town Hall after evening service, and speak to the men who do not care to come to church. “Securalist,” they call themselves, and as they are almost sure to “heckle” one,

it is generally interesting and sometimes exhausting.’

There is no doubt that the English clergy work harder than we do — that is, those who pretend to work. While Americans find the climate trying, I am inclined to think one can accomplish more in a climate like this than in ours, which alternately exhilarates and depresses one. But, I suspect there is a deeper reason, which we do not like to admit, which is that they are better educated than we are! With us there is too much ‘cramming’ for the occasion; whereas they have a treasury from which they can draw as they have need. It is possible also that there is an advantage in an established church which has not been recognized. While the ‘dumb dogs’ take advantage of the ‘vested interest,’ to do as little as possible, the best men work in an atmosphere of leisure almost unknown to us. Unconsciously we are influenced by the competition which is the ‘life of trade.’ I do not mean that we do this in any unworthy manner, but with the subconscious feeling that we are expected to ‘make good,’ and this leads to ‘pressing,’ which is as fatal to the best work as it is to the best golf! Men like Williams seem to me to work without haste and without rest.

It was no ‘Blue Monday’ to which I awoke. All was healthy activity, as if Sunday had been indeed a day of rest. The children were shooed into the schoolroom; for though it was the holidays, there were tasks which must be done before the next term. Mrs. Williams had a meeting of women, for some good work, and the Archdeacon went to his study as soon as breakfast was finished, to talk over and arrange with his curates the work of the new week.

So I drove to the station in a ‘fly,’ and bought a third-class ticket. But, as I was about to take my place, the guard appeared and, touching his cap,

asked if I was from the vicarage. When I said, 'Yes,' he said, 'This way, please,' and showed me into a first-class carriage, the door of which he promptly locked, when he had again touched his cap and said, 'Thank you, sir.'

'But,' you will say, 'this was "graft"! How crude you are! Do you not know that "graft" is confined to Tammany Hall? This was proper respect to persons of importance!

"Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!'

III

DOWAGER AND COWBOY

John left me on Friday for Saltbridge to visit Archdeacon Williams, whom, as you know, he is always quoting. They have never met and I do hope they will not be disappointed in one another, and that John will behave! I feel like a mother whose child has gone to visit strangers. However, I comfort myself with the thought that children often behave better when they are left alone — I suppose because they then have a keener sense of responsibility!

I expect him back this afternoon and am hastening to write you before his return, for I would not have him see this letter for worlds. He would never cease teasing me about my 'beloved English'!

He had scarcely gone before a telegram came from Gertrude Shelburne, asking me to come to them for the weekend. I was glad to get it, first, because I am devoted to her, and second, because I wanted to see their place, which I had been told was beautiful. I suppose I ought to add that I had already begun to be a trifle *triste*, without John.

On the map it did not look far from Shrewsbury to Deepford, but the porter told me I would save time if I went up to 'town' and caught the Brighton ex-

press, which would stop at Deepford if I told the guard I was for Admiral Shelburne's. This did not seem probable, but it proved to be true.

I arrived for tea, which was being served on the lawn, quite as in an English novel. I felt somewhat like the poor governess in such stories, who is destined ultimately to marry the heir to the adjoining estate, but has not yet discovered her fate! For I was feeling a little shy — not because the people were so fine, but because they were so intimate. If one does not know the people talked of in an English household, it looks as if one did not know anybody! However, that did not last long, for Gertrude, who had been motoring with a young man when I arrived, soon appeared and made me feel at home.

If I were a human pig, I should arrange to have, each day, an American breakfast, a French dinner, and an English tea! What would I do for luncheon? Do as I did to-day. Go without one in order to enjoy the tea.

Admiral Sir George Shelburne, as I believe he is formally called, is as delightful as ever. He kissed me, not quite with the paternal air which should go with his years, but rather like one who has a sweetheart in every port! He is under the impression that he rules the house as he once ruled a man-of-war. As a matter of fact, Gertrude manages him and everyone else!

After tea, the Admiral asked me if I would like to see the gardens. As this was the 'first time of asking,' I was able to say with a clear conscience that I should be delighted. How I wish you might see these gardens! There is a 'lady's walk' that you would rejoice to make a water-color of. It is walled in by brick walls of a deep red, and the borders are a riot of color. Take down your Latin dictionary and read anywhere in it, and you will get a notion

of the names the Admiral called off to me! Whether they were right or wrong I have no means of knowing, but it sounded very learned. I asked the Admiral if his taste had laid out the lady's walk, and he modestly admitted that it had; and the best of it is, he believes it. Gertrude is a wonder!

The 'guests' were a young man who is secretary to someone in the government, and never moves without a dispatch-box, supposed to contain international secrets, upon which the peace of the world depends. I do not think I ever met anyone who took himself quite so seriously. He is supposed to be devoted to Gertrude, and is probably as much interested in her as he can be in anyone besides himself. So I fear she is, at best, but a bad second! There is, however, trouble brewing for that young man, as I learned as soon as I saw a 'photo.' (By the way, one never says 'photograph' in polite society, but 'photo,' and 'pram,' and 'bike.' It is a liberty the owners take with their language. This sounds like John, the reason being that for the moment I feel like John.) But, you will be saying, 'What about the photograph?' How curious you are! Well, if you must know, it is of a young naval officer the Shelburnes met at 'Gib,' two years ago. He has a straight nose, and a firm chin *à la* Gibson, and blue eyes, and his name is Guy. Does n't this tell you all you need to know? The Admiral is supposed to favor the young man with the dispatch-box—possibly because he knows too much about sweethearts in every port. How do you guess it will end? See what powers of condensation I have! It took Gertrude two hours to tell me what I have written in a few moments!

There are two perfectly uninteresting men besides the one already spoken of, and three nondescript women who devoted themselves to me. Only one of

them calls for any attention. This is Lady Agatha Bumstead. She is handsome and really means to be nice; but unfortunately she has been in the 'States,' and does not want to hear, but only to tell about them.

After dinner, while the men were sitting over their wine, she suddenly said to me, 'Have you any honest judges in America now?'

I said I hoped so.

She replied, 'I am glad to hear it. When I was in New York, with my dear husband [she is a dowager], I remember they were trying a judge for taking a bribe, and I was told it was quite common.'

I said that I supposed that was in the time of the Tweed régime.

'Yes,' she replied, 'that was the name of the Governor' (*sic*).

I said that I thought things had improved since then, and that, after all, that was but one of the hundreds of American judges, and that it was hardly fair to condemn the whole bench because of the iniquity of one Tammany judge.

'But,' she said, 'I thought all the judges in America were appointed by Tammany. I remember my husband said, when he was trying to recover some of the money he had put into that awful Erie, that all the judges were appointed by Tammany.'

Hoping to get a more favorable view of America if I moved out of New York, I asked if she had traveled much in the States.

'Far more than I wished,' she dryly remarked.

I expressed my sympathy.

'You see,' she continued, 'it is hard for people of refinement to put up with the lack of manners in America. Of course, you will not misunderstand me, my dear: I do not mean people like yourself; indeed, as I was saying to Sir George at dinner, I should hardly know

you were an American. I had in mind the lower classes.'

I feebly remarked that I thought they meant to be 'kind.'

'Kind, my dear,' she exclaimed in a shocked tone. 'What business have they to be "kind"? It is for us to be kind, for *them* to be respectful. I cannot say I met any such. I had an experience once which left an indelible impression on my mind. You,' she continued, turning to one of the other women, who were drinking in this unprejudiced view of our country, 'can have no conception of what that country really is. While we were in New York, trying to save something out of the wreck of the Erie, my husband met a man from the West who told him that there was a fortune to be made in silver mines, and he started with him to look into it. I may say here that he lost every penny he put into this venture. The mines were "pickled"—no, I think the word they used was "salted:"

'However, that does not signify now—what I was going to tell you was, that he was detained longer than he had expected, and wrote me to join him in a place called Cheyenne. So I started; but what I endured in those sleeping-cars, I never told even my husband. It was n't proper! The passengers were of the most ordinary type, mostly bagmen, I should say. And the women! vulgar and overdressed. I must say, however, I was rather pleased with the black man who waited on the passengers. He was rather grotesque, but was the only one I saw who seemed to have at all the bearing of a servant, and even he had a habit of smiling when spoken to, which looked like impudence, till one learned that the poor creature had never been properly trained. Well, at length we reached Cheyenne. I had been told that it was the capital of the state, or whatever the district was

called, and you may imagine my disgust when I found that it was a mere jumble of miserable wooden houses.

'My husband was not there to meet me—he had gone into the mountains to inspect a mine, and there had been a "wash-out" or a "hot-box," I am sure I do not know the difference; I only know it was either the one or the other which continually caused delays. So there I was, with no one to meet me, and it was night. I looked round for a porter and, of course, there was none. I saw a rough-looking man leaning against the station-house, and said to him, "My man, carry my portmanteau to the hotel, please."

The pause which followed was so long that I thought the story ended, or that the narrator had fallen asleep. But I was mistaken—her emotion choked her. Finally one of the others said,—

'And what happened then?'

In a sepulchral tone, she answered, '*He spat!* Then, without a word, he picked up the bag and led the way to the hotel. I handed him a shilling and, instead of touching his cap—by the way it was not a cap at all, but a hat with a huge brim,—which, if you please, he took off with a flourish, and declining the tip, remarked, "Always a pleasure to help a lady!" I thought I should have died of shame at his insolence!'

I nearly choked, but fortunately did not, for everyone else was shocked. After a painful silence, Lady Agatha continued, 'I must say, some people have a peculiar sense of humor. I told this shocking story to Charlie Beresford, and he laughed till the tears ran down his face, and asked me to let him put it into a book he is writing on America. But I would not consent. It might give offense,—the Americans are very sensitive,—and I think it most important that nothing should be done to cause ill-feeling between the two countries,

for, as Sir George was saying at dinner, one cannot tell how soon we may need one another's help.'

Here Gertrude, who had been walking on the terrace with the complacent secretary, came in and took me to her room to talk about the blue-eyed Guy.

Now you see why I do not want John to see this letter. He thinks he has a strong sense of humor, but it is ten to one he would no more understand the

dowager than she understood the gentleman in the sombrero. How I should like to meet Sir Charles Beresford and hear him on dowagers and cowboys!

But, honestly, are not the English the most impossible people? I do not mean ridiculous, — no one would accuse them of being that, — but funny, as the camel is. 'There ain't no sich animal.' Only there is!

Leighton Parks.

(To be continued)

REFLECTIONS OF A GRUNDY COUSIN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

THINGS have a way of focusing. An article by 'Mr. Grundy' in the May *Atlantic* synchronizes with the receipt of a protest which I am asked (as a 'woman writer') to sign, against the prevailing immodesty of women's dress. Yesterday, between the arrival of the protest and the reading of the article, I attended a 'movie,' given for the benefit of the local hospital — a movie during which some incredible people danced at a place called 'The Green Lantern.' The screen-dancing aroused the loud laughter of the undergraduates in the audience; and I (who have not danced since waltz and two-step days) asked: 'Are they laughing because people do dance that way, or because they don't?'

'Because they don't — I think,' my companion replied.

Later, in an historical film, the young man kissed the girl very shyly, and she slapped his face — gently, but seriously.

Laughter again — this time, only too obviously, because they *don't* do it that way. And just now, before taking up my pen, I discovered an advertisement — in the *Atlantic* — which displayed a costume that the good ladies whose protest I have not yet decided about signing would certainly have thought should be included in their anathemas. Yesterday, I had been reading a very young novel, which affects to describe the sort of life that can be lived nowadays by boys and girls who have had 'advantages.' Things have a way of focusing, as I said. Add to this the fact that no one who lives in a university town can be unaware of the problems stated by Mr. Grundy; and that they furnish, inevitably, at this moment or that, the stuff of passionate discussion.

The fault I find with Mr. Grundy's interesting article is that, somehow, by

making everybody share the blame equally, he relieves any one of very much blame; and that he ends too optimistically. He is quite right, doubtless, in saying that fathers, mothers, boys, and girls are all responsible for the state of affairs. When a youth brings a girl of doubtful morals to dance on the floor with his friends' sisters, he is, on more counts than one, to blame. When a 'nice' girl behaves as if her own morals were *nil*, she is to blame. When a mother sends her daughter off to a ball unchaperoned, she is at fault; and when a father allows his daughter to drive a young man about for a few hours after midnight, in her own car, after supplying him with whiskey filched from the parental reserve, the father has not precisely lived up to his responsibilities.

Granted — all of it. 'It is the war, I believe,' said one mother, the other evening. 'It is the mothers,' say other women who keep a proper tab on their own girls. 'It is the motor-car,' says a man who does not give his *débutante* daughter a car of her own. 'It is the girls: they want you to make love to them,' say the boys. 'It is the men: they won't dance with you if you wear a corset,' say the girls. Passing the buck, as Mr. Grundy implies.

But it is really — is it not? — more than this. It is everything. That is why it seems to me that Mr. Grundy's final optimism is perhaps unjustified. Give the motor-car its due share of responsibility. Give the movie more blame, please, than it has hitherto received. Give the war some — but not too much; for all this antedates the war. Give the radical intellectuals a little, for their tendency to howl down everything that has ever, anywhere, been of good repute. Give a lot of it to the luxury of the *nouveaux riches*: a luxury which inevitably, at first, finds expression in pampering the body.

Give 'prohibition' a little, if only as an earnest of the vast blame it is going to have to shoulder in the next decade or two. And give all you can heap up to the general abandonment of religion.

For the abandonment of religion is probably most responsible of all, since it bears a causal relation to most of these other facts. When we had religion, we may have been vulgar, but our vulgarity was not so vital. The type of religion by which we were for the most part influenced in America did not necessarily give us manners, but it did necessarily give us morals. It called certain things sins: it stuck to the Ten Commandments. It forbade exploitation of the senses. Perhaps it forbade too much. That is not for me to say. By objecting to all music, to all dancing, to all plays, to most fiction, to a hundred forms of art and beauty, it brought about — you may believe — an inevitable and legitimate revolt. No one, I have heard it said, is gayer than the Quaker turned 'worldly.' But the fact remains that when, as a social group, we threw over religion, we threw over — probably without meaning to — most of our everyday moral sanctions.

Many of my friends are not religious at all, although they are moral. But they were nearly all brought up in strict religious forms; and while their brains have discarded dogma, their characters have none the less been moulded by a fairly firm Christian ethic. Whether they will be able to pass that ethic on to their children, without the dogma, remains, most interestingly, to be seen. At present, what they cling to most, I find, is the recognized social code — which, itself, was built up largely by the Christian ethic. But social conditions in a modern democracy change so rapidly, that a code with no eternal sanction is a weak reed to lean upon. We are enduring more and more, in

America, the influence of people who have broken deliberately or violently with any religious law; and you cannot knock away the props and still keep the structure. You cannot make the Ten Commandments potent by mere dwelling on their inherent felicity. If there is no divine command back of them, they lose all power over the man who finds it more satisfactory to break them. The modesty and manly chivalry which Mr. Grundy sees recovering from their collapse have nothing at present to recover with. Religion was the blood in their veins. You may faint from acute indigestion; but of pernicious anæmia you die. For better or worse, our Western civilization has been built up on the Christian religion; and if the Christian religion decays, many accidents will happen that will puzzle the politicians.

Now it is a fad with some people to talk as if the war had not only made necessary, but made actual, a vast religious revival. As far as one can observe, both in Europe and in America, the two ways in which this hypothetical religious revival has manifested itself are Humanitarianism and Spiritualism. People are talking, more even than before the war, about 'service' and spooks. Mr. Chesterton said delightfully the other day that 'free verse is no more a new form of poetry than sleeping in a ditch is a new form of architecture.' Humanitarianism and Spiritualism are no more new forms of religion than sleeping in a ditch is a new form of architecture. A large part of the humanitarianism of the present day is being managed by people who have no religious creed of any kind; and when this sort of altruistic activity is linked up with an existing church, the church is apt to be the tail of the kite. 'Social service' as carried on by the churches seems to be but one of the many attempts they are making to fur-

bish up their wares in accordance with fashionable taste.

That last sentence as it stands would be misleading indeed, if I did not hasten to say that the Church, in all time, has been mindful of its duty of altruism — whether, at given moments, it performed that duty very well or not. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' is one of the fundamental Christian commands. But two things must be borne in mind. One is that the organized altruists to-day, the official lovers of their neighbors, have no relation to the Church. The second is that the Church — so far as 'service' goes — follows, mimetically, in the wake of non-religious reformers and theorists. The great humanitarian congregation is without a temple — or an altar. Especially without an altar. Humanitarianism is the intellectual mode of the day — but it is not religious in its source, its method, or its spirit. No code is religious, however much it may deal with the duty of one individual to another or to society, which does not deal with the duty of the individual to God. The ethic that humanitarianism imposes may turn out to resemble, at many points, the ethic imposed by religion; but it will not resemble it at all points, for the principle of authority makes all the difference. God and 'the greatest good of the greatest number' are not, after all, interchangeable terms. Take the little matter of immodest dress to which we have alluded. You can tell a girl that she is appealing crudely to the physical nature of men; she may admit it, and at the same time justify herself with something out of Freud or Theodore Dreiser. But if you remind her (and if, again, she admits it) that her body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, she has no retort coming. The general principle of altruism is a very noble thing; but in its application it is too often arguable. Obedience to a

divine command is not arguable at all.

As for spiritualism: it is a delicate matter to speak of, in these days. Whether you side with Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle, or quote *The Road to En-Dor* under your breath, you will admit that it has nothing to do with religion. Because Christianity (in common with most other religions) has preached the immortality of the soul, it does not necessarily follow that the people who have decided that they can communicate, by table tipping, by ouija-boards, by automatic writing, or what not, with their dead, have become religious. It is mere paucity and conventionality of imagination that considers belief in life after death the equivalent of religious faith. The logical process seems to go thus: Christians believe in immortality; most of the people who have thrown over Christianity have thrown over their belief in immortality; therefore people who believe in immortality are Christians. You believe that the dead send you messages? Very well. *Et après?* Personally I do not believe that the dead send messages — not because I have not had extraordinary messages, myself, through a very explicitly tipping table. I have; and things that I swear were never parts of my conscious imaginings, in all my life, to say nothing of my conscious knowledge. But even if I believed that those extraordinary messages were genuine (as I emphatically do not), it would have nothing to do, one way or the other, with my religion.

As for the effect of spiritualism on morals, frankly, I do not know what it may be. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, I believe, they use tobacco in heaven — if heaven be what the spiritualists call 'the next life.' But that does not take us very far. Does it not stand to reason that the people who go to *Raymond* instead of the Gospels for information

about 'the next life' are not what we should call religious? As far as I can make out — though I am not very familiar with this literature — the accounts, the admonitions even, of the departed, are vague enough. What people seem to get out of it is either the egotistic satisfaction of being sure that they will not, themselves, die with death, or the comforting sense that they will rejoin the people they have loved here. And that, in point of fact, seems to be all that they want out of spiritualism. If they had been orthodox Christians, they would, presumably, have had it before. No: it is not going to take the place of God — without whom there can be no religion.

All that is over-long and, it may be, digressive. But I started by saying that I thought the lack of religion more responsible than war or movies or motor-cars for the vulgarity of our manners and the laxity of our morals; and it was necessary to show why I do not agree with the people who talk as if Anglo-Saxondom were experiencing a great religious revival. The evidences of that revival are evidences, I believe, of something else. As for the Inter-Church World-Movement, — which cannot be passed by, in this connection, without mention, — I have no doubt that it is in many ways a good thing, and all in the interests of efficiency. But it is a sign, I fancy, of the waning, rather than of the waxing, of religious zeal. I found myself, the other day, in sneaking sympathy with that particular Baptist church which put itself on record as against the I.C.W.M. Not that I am, or ever should be, a Baptist. But it is a comfort, in these days when all churches are taking the easy way of latitudinarianism, to find some body that stands stiff-necked against the prevailing wind: declaring that it is more important that religion should be right than that it should be universal.

The fact is, you cannot go on telling people that this thing or that does not matter (things that men have believed in to the point of persecution) and expect them to believe that anything of the sort matters very much. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church' is one of the truest sayings ever said. Every church has been built on beliefs that men would go to the stake for — and did.

'Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church: he stood thereby, though "in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities," yet manlike towards God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had become for him a firm city, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words, well spoken: *I believe*. Well might men praise their *Credo*, and raise stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for.'

No: religion must be definite or it is a mere state of mind, a perishable and mutable thing. Though I am not a Baptist, I respect those Baptists who do not think that my church is any proper substitute for theirs. They have a conviction; and life is not worth much without one. I fancy they may perceive, too, that to flood the market with *Ersatz*-creeds will eventually destroy the creed-market entirely. I am no more a Catholic than I am a Baptist; but I cannot refrain from pointing out that the Catholic church is not joining the I.C.W.M. Rome is too old a bird for that.

II

And what has it to do, all this, with the subject of Mr. Grundy's discussion, and the agitated tea-table talk of many mothers? Merely this: that you cannot alter the contemporary state of affairs simply by taking thought. All

the things that Mr. Grundy mentions, and some others, have played their part. But the facts that he gives as causes are themselves results, 'signs of the times.' I hear parents discussing what they will, and what they will not, permit their daughters to do, at this or that dance, this or that house-party. Those particular mothers, perhaps, can make reasonably sure that their girls will be decently dressed, will not kiss their partners on the ballroom floor, will not carry flasks of whiskey in their bags, will not spend the hours from 1 A.M. to 4 A.M. alone with some youth, in a roadster, jaunting about the country, with a radius, from home, of fifty miles — for those mothers are more or less on the spot. Moreover, they have brought up their daughters, if not in the Christian creed, according to the Christian ethic. But such mothers are growing fewer.

If one mentions aristocracy, in these days, one is likely to be misunderstood. Let us speak of oligarchy, rather: a polity, as Aristotle defines it, in which the offices of the state are distributed among the persons who possess a certain property qualification. Socially speaking, we may fairly be said to be an oligarchy; and it is the oligarchs who set the social pace and fix the social code. Certainly the young people who get drunk, and spend the night in automobiles, and entertain chorus girls elaborately, and wear fashionably indecent clothes, and hire famous jazz orchestras to play to them, must be the financially privileged.

Two things have incontestably been happening to that portion of our society which sets the fashion, and *visés*, if it does not create, the prevailing social code. In the first place, since we have more recently been, socially speaking, an oligarchy, the group 'at the top' has not been homogeneous or traditional. It has been constantly recruited

from the successful of every group, who bring various traditions, various standards, with them. That in itself tends to confusion. In the second place, the direct heirs of the people who established and maintained our social code for many generations have themselves discarded, for the most part, religion except as a form. Take even the faithful congregation of almost any Protestant church. If you could look into the secret minds of the individual members thereof, you would find a vast diversity and vagueness of essential belief. When you add to this breaking down of religious faith in the men and women who were brought up to have it, the immense influx of men and women of other types who have never had any creed, or who have renounced creeds of very different kinds, you get a society which is not going to abide eternally, be sure, by the Christian ethic. Take away the hope of heaven, — take away, much more, the fear of hell, — and you are going to be left with, at best, an attitude of mere politeness toward the Commandments; an attitude, at worst, of contempt or hostility.

Even in the churches, the nature of sermons has changed vastly in this generation. Ministers preach now about topics of the times, about schemes of social betterment, about political issues. They call this vitalizing the Church's message, whereas it is more like side-stepping it. 'He preached a good Gospel sermon,' one old lady said to me a few years ago, after church. The good Gospel sermon is very rare in most churches nowadays. Clergymen are afraid of being too narrow, afraid of offending their hearers, afraid of boring them. I do not say that it is a good thing to be narrow, or that my own susceptibilities might not be offended by Jonathan Edwards. All the same, I would prefer to listen to Jonathan Edwards rather than to the

Y.M.C.A. secretary who is so interested in Christ's humanity that he forgets his divinity. You cannot mould religion to suit the tastes of men; if there is any moulding to be done, it must be the other way. Place in the dock, please, with the abandonment of religion, the particular things that the churches themselves are doing to religion.

What the social aspect of it comes to is this: that humanity will go the primrose path unless forbidden by some power in which it believes. You may get a little way by saying to people, 'This conduct is unsocial.' But you will not get very far unless you can say, 'This conduct is wrong.' For as to what, in personal conduct, is social and unsocial, the theorists will perpetually argue. The parents of this younger generation that is shocking us kept, as I said, their morality when they threw over their religion. But they cannot pass on that morality, except in a weakened form, when the religion is gone. The literature, the art, the science, of the day are profoundly irreligious. Even if young folk do serious reading, or serious thinking, it is under the tutelage of people who are, in the old term, 'unbelievers.' There has never been, I know, in a free country, more tendency to strait-jacket legislation than now. But in so far as that legislation affects youth at all directly, it affects it in the direction of revolt. And perhaps not illogically. American liberty was conceived and brought into being by a profoundly religious community. The Eighteenth Amendment (to take the most crying and recent case) is merely one of the instances of what happens to liberty when you substitute this or that minor issue of morals or expediency for a coherent faith. When you reject the great panacea of religion, you are bound to get a conflicting welter of little panaceas, each with its believers. Eventually we may achieve, by the aid of Con-

gress, a document as heart-breakingly funny as, let us say, the Constitution of Hayti.

No: you cannot put stays on débütantes or decent clothes on 'society matrons' by warning them that they are pandering to the sexuality of men. When it comes to that, why should n't they? Men do not object, if girls do not. There is no reason why the young should not do anything they please, so long as it is not inexpedient. Society, escaped from its leash of authority, will soon see to it that anything it pleases to do shall be expedient. Some of us still atone for jazz at our parties by contrib-

uting to the support of missionaries in Africa. We must clean jazz out of the jungle, but we may keep it at home. The fact is that we are all bewildered and do not know just where to draw the line. The result of that state of mind is to have the line drawn a great deal further along than anyone expected.

Mr. Grundy thinks that modesty and manly chivalry are showing signs of life. Perhaps they are. We will hope so. But I seriously doubt if much blood will be pumped into their enfeebled veins until 'polite society' has once more learned to hear the faint, far call of 'Thou shalt not.'

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. II

EDITED BY HIS SON, HENRY JAMES

[LETTERS which appeared in the July number of the *Atlantic* were selected from William James's correspondence during the years prior to the publication of the *Principles of Psychology*. In 1891 he got out the abbreviated edition known to students all over the country as the Briefer Course, and the letter to the publisher which follows celebrates, in a few self-derisive sentences, his release from tasks which had absorbed his time and thought for the better part of twelve years. He felt stale and tired; he had earned a long rest; his mind was turning away from psychology and toward philosophy. So in May, 1892, he went abroad to 'lie fallow' for fifteen months. The second, third, fourth, and fifth letters refer themselves, as will be evident to the reader, to this 'sabbatical' year of absence from Cambridge.]

To Henry Holt

CHOCORUA, N.H., July 24, 1891.

MY DEAR HOLT, —

I expect to send you within ten days the MS. of my 'Briefer Course' boiled down to possibly 400 pages. By adding some twaddle about the senses, by leaving out all polemics and history, all bibliography and experimental details, all metaphysical subtleties and digressions, all quotations, all humor and pathos, all *interest* in short, and by blackening the tops of all the paragraphs, I think I have produced a tome of [a] pedagogic classic which will enrich both you and me, if not the student's mind.

The difficulty is about when to correct the proofs. I've practically had no vacation so far, and won't touch them

during August. I can start them September first up here. I can't rush them through in Cambridge as I did last year, but must do them leisurely to suit this northern mail and its hours. I *could* have them done by another man in Cambridge, if there were desperate hurry; but on the whole I should prefer to do them myself.

Write and propose something! The larger book seems to be a decided success — especially from the literary point of view. I begin to look down upon Mark Twain! Yours ever,

WM. JAMES.

To Miss Grace Norton

FLORENCE, Dec. 28, 1892.

MY DEAR GRACE, —

I hope that my silence has not left you to think that I have forgotten all the ties of friendship. Far from it! but have *you* never felt the rapture of day after day with no letter to write, nor the shrinking from breaking the spell by changing a limitless possibility of future outpouring into a shabby little actual serawl? Remote, unwritten to and unheard from, you seem to me something ideal, off there in your inaccessible Cambridge palazzo, bathed in the angelic American light, occupying your mind with noble literature, pure, solitary, incontaminate — a station from which the touch of this vulgar epistle will instantly bring you down; for you will have been imagining your poor correspondent in the same high and abstract fashion until what he says breaks the charm (as infallibly it must), and with the perception of his finiteness must also come a faint sense of discouragement as if *you* were finite too — for communications bring the communicants to a common level. — All of which sounds, my dear Grace, as if I were refraining from writing to you out of my well-known habit of 'metaphysical po-

liteness'; or trying to make you think so. But I think I can trust you to see that all these elaborate conceits (which seem imitated from the choice Italian manner, and which I confess have flowed from my pen quite unpremeditatedly and somewhat to my own surprise) are nothing but a shabby cloak under which I am trying to hide my own palpable *laziness* — a laziness which even the higher affections can only render a little restless and uncomfortable, but not dispel. However, it is dispelled at last, isn't it? So let me begin.

You will have heard stray tidings of of us from time to time, so I need give you no detailed account of our peregrinations or decisions. We had a delicious summer in Switzerland, that noble and medicinal country, and we have now got into first-rate shape at Florence, although there is a menace of 'sociability' commencing, which may take away that wonderful and unexampled sense of peace. I have been enjoying [myself] of late in sitting under the lamp until midnight, secure against any possible interruption, and reading what things I pleased. I believe that last year in Cambridge I counted one single night in which I could sit and read passively till bed-time; and now that the days have begun to lengthen and the small end of winter appears looking through the future, I begin to count them here as something unspeakably precious that may ne'er return.

The boys are at an English school which, though certainly very good, gives them rather less French and German than they would have at Browne and Nichols's. Peg is having first-rate 'opportunities' in the way of dancing, gymnastics and other accomplishments of a bodily sort. We have a little shred of a half-starved, but very cheerful, ex-ballet dancer, who brings a poor little, humble, peering-eyed fiddler — 'Maestro,' she calls him — three times

a week to our big salon, and makes supple the limbs of Peg and the two infants of Dr. Baldwin by the most wonderful patience and diversity of exercises at five francs a lesson. When one thinks of the sort of lessons the children at Cambridge get, and of the sort of price they pay, it makes one feel that geography is a tremendous frustrater of the so-called laws of demand and supply.

Alice and I lunched this noon with young Loeser, whose name you may remember some years ago in Cambridge. He is devoted to the scientific study of pictures, and I hope to gain some truth from him ere we leave. He is a dear good fellow. Baron Ostensacken is also here — I forget whether you used to know him. The same quaint, cheerful, nervous, intelligent, rather egotistic old bachelor that he used to be, who also runs to pictures in his old age, after the strictly entomological method, I fancy, this time; for I doubt whether he cares near as much for the pictures themselves as for the science of them. But you can't keep science out of anything in these bad times. Love is dead, or at any rate seems weak and shallow wherever science has taken possession. I am glad that, being incapable of anything like scholarship in any line, I still can take some pleasure from these pictures in the way of love; particularly glad since some years ago I thought that my care for pictures had faded away with youth. But with better opportunities it has revived. Loeser describes Bôcher as *basking* in the presence of pictures, as if it were an amusing way of taking them, whereas it is the true way. Is Mr. Bôcher giving his lectures, or talks, again at your house?

Duveneck is here, but I have seen very little of him. The professor is an oppressor to the artist, I fear; and metaphysical politeness has kept me from pressing him too much. What an awful trade that of professor is — paid to talk,

talk, talk! I have seen artists growing pale and sick whilst I talked to them without being able to stop. And I loved them for not being able to love me any better. It would be an awful universe if *everything* could be converted into words, words, words.

I have been so sorry to hear of the miserable condition of so many of your family circle this summer. . . . Give my love to your brother Charles, to Sally, Lilly, Dick, Margaret and all the dear creatures. Also to the other dears on both sides of the Kirkland driveway. I hope and trust that your winter is passing cheerfully and healthily away. With warm good wishes for a happy New Year, and affectionate greetings from both of us, believe me always yours,

WM. JAMES.

To Shadworth H. Hodgson

LONDON, June 23, 1893.

MY DEAR HODGSON, —

I am more different kinds of an ass, or rather I am (without ceasing to be different kinds) the same kind more often, than any other living man! This morning I knocked at your door, inwardly exultant with the certainty that I should find you, and learned that you had left for Saltburn just one hour ago! A week ago yesterday the same thing happened to me at Pillon's in Paris, and because of the same reason — my having announced my presence a day too late.

My wife and I have been here six days. As it was her first visit to England and she had a lot of clothes to get, having worn out her American supply in the past year, we thought we had better remain inecog. for a week, drinking in London irresponsibly, and letting the dressmakers have their will with her time. I early asked at your door whether you were in town and visible, and received a reassuring reply, so I felt

quite safe and devoted myself to showing my wife the sights, and enjoying her naïf wonder as she drank in Britain's greatness. Four nights ago at 9.30 P.M. I pointed out to her (as possibly the climax of greatness) your library windows, with one of them open and bright with the inner light. She said, 'Let's ring and see him.' My heart palpitated to do so, but it was late and a hot night, and I was afraid you might be in tropical costume, safe for the night, and my hesitation lost us. We came home. It is too, too bad! I wanted much to see you, for though, my dear Hodgson, our correspondence has languished of late (the effect of encroaching eld), my sentiments to you-ward (as the apostle would say) are as lively as ever, and I recognize in you always the friend as well as the master. Are you likely to come back to London at all? Our plans did n't exactly lie through Yorkshire, but they are vague and may possibly be changed. But what I wanted my wife to see was S.H.H. in his own golden-hued library, with the rumor of the cab-stand filling the air. . . .

But write, you noble old philosopher and dear young man, to yours always,

WM. JAMES.

To Dickinson S. Miller

LONDON, July 8, 1893.

DARLING MILLER, —

I must still for a while call you darling, in spite of your Toryism, ecclesiasticism, determinism, and general diabolism, which will probably result in your ruthlessly destroying me both as a man and as a philosopher some day. But sufficient unto that day will be its evil, so let me take advantage of the hours before 'black man-hood comes' and still fondle you for a while upon my knee. And both you and Angell, being now colleagues and not students, had better stop Mistingering or Professoring

me, or I shall retaliate by beginning to 'Mr.' and 'Prof.' you. Your letter comes in the nick of time, for I had mislaid the Halle address and wanted to write to you both. . . .

What you say of Erdmann, Uphues, and the atmosphere of German academic life generally, is exceedingly interesting. If we can only keep our own humaner tone in spite of the growing complication of interests! I think we shall, in great measure, for there is nothing here in English academic circles that corresponds to the German savagery. I do hope we may meet in Switzerland shortly, and you can then tell me what Erdmann's greatness consists in. Our plans for return are not quite settled yet. . . .

I have done hardly any reading since the beginning of March. My genius for being frustrated and interrupted, and our unsettled mode of life, have played too well into each other's hands. The consequence is that I rather long for settlement, and the resumption of the harness. If I only had working strength not to require these abominably costly vacations! Make the most of these days, my dear Miller. They will never exactly return, and will be looked back to by you hereafter as quite ideal. I am glad you have assimilated the German opportunities so well. Both Hodder and Angell have spoken with admiration of the methodical way in which you have forged ahead. It is a pity you have not had a chance at England, with which land you seem to have so many inward affinities. If you are to come here, let me know, and I can give you introductions. Hodgson is in Yorkshire and I've missed him. Myers sails for the Chicago Psychic Congress, Aug. 2nd. Sidgwick may still be had, perhaps, and Bryce, who will give you an order to the Strangers' Gallery. The House of Commons, cradle of all free institutions, is really a wonderful and moving sight,

and at bottom here the people are more good-natured on the Irish question than one would think, to listen to their strong words. The cheery, active English temperament beats the world, I believe, the Deutschers included. But so cartilaginous and unsentimental as to the *Gemuth*! The girls like boys and the men like horses!

I shall be greatly interested in your article. As for Uphues, I am duly uplifted that such a man should read me, and am ashamed to say that amongst my pile of sins is that of having carried about two of his books with me for three or four years past, always meaning to read, and never actually reading them. I laid them out again only yesterday to take back to Switzerland with me. Such things make me despair. Paulsen's *Einleitung* is the greatest treat I have enjoyed of late. His synthesis is to my mind almost lamentably unsatisfactory, but the book makes a station, an *étape*, in the expression of things. Good-bye — my wife comes in, ready to go out to lunch, and thereafter to Haslemere for the night. She sends love, and so do I. Address us when you get to Switzerland to M. Cérésole, as above, 'la Chiesaz sur Vevey (Vaud),' and believe me ever yours,

WM. JAMES.

To Henry James

THE SALTERS' HILL-TOP,
[near CHOCORUA] Sept. 22, 1893.

. . . I am up here for a few days with Billy, to close our house for the winter, and get a sniff of the place. The Salters have a noble hill with such an outlook! and a very decent little house and barn. But oh! the difference from Switzerland, the thin grass and ragged waysides, the poverty-stricken land, and sad American sunlight over all — sad because so empty. There is a strange thinness and femininity hover-

ing over all America, so different from the stoutness and masculinity of land and air and everything in Switzerland and England, that the coming back makes one feel strangely sad and hardens one in the resolution never to go away again unless one can go to end one's days. Such a divided soul is very bad. To you, who now have real practical relations and a place in the Old World, I should think there was no necessity of ever coming back again. But Europe has been made what it is by men staying in their homes and fighting stubbornly generation after generation for all the beauty, comfort and order that they have got — we must abide and do the same.¹ As England struck me newly and differently last time, so America now — force and directness in the people, but a terrible grimness, more ugliness than I ever realized in things, and a greater weakness in nature's beauty, such as it is. One must pitch one's whole sensibility first in a different key — then gradually the quantum of personal happiness of which one is susceptible fills the cup — but the moment of change of key is lonesome. . . .

We had the great Helmholtz and his wife with us one afternoon, gave them tea, and invited some people to meet them; she, a charming woman of the world, brought up by her aunt, Madame Mohl, in Paris; he the most monumental example of benign calm and speechlessness that I ever saw. He is growing old, and somewhat weary, I think, and makes no effort beyond that of smiling and inclining his head to remarks that are made. At least he made no response to remarks of mine; but Royce, Charles Norton, John Fiske,

¹ January 24, '94. To Carl Stumpf: 'One should not be a cosmopolitan; one's soul becomes "dis-integrated," as Janet would say. Parts of it remain in different places, and the whole of it is nowhere. One's native land seems foreign. It is not wholly a good thing, and I think I suffer from it.'

and Dr. Walcott, who surrounded him at a little table where he sat with tea and beer, said that he spoke. Such power of calm is a great possession. I have been twice to Mrs. Whitman's, once to a lunch and reception to the Bourgets a fortnight ago. Mrs. G., it would seem, has kept them like caged birds (probably because they wanted it so); Mrs. B. was charming and easy, he ill at ease, refusing to try English unless compelled, and turning to *me* at the table as a drowning man to a 'hencoop,' as if there were safety in the presence of anyone connected with you. I could do nothing towards inviting them, in the existent state of our *ménage*, but when, later, they come back for a month in Boston, I shall be glad to bring them into the house for a few days. I feel quite a fellow feeling for him, he seems a very human creature, and it was a real pleasure to me to see a Frenchman of B.'s celebrity *look* as ill at ease as I myself have often *felt* in fashionable society. They are, I believe, in Canada, and have only too much society. I shan't go to Chicago, for economy's sake — besides I *must* get to work. But *everyone* says one ought to sell all one has and mortgage one's soul to go there; it is esteemed such a revelation of beauty. People cast away all sin and baseness, burst into tears and grow religious, etc., under the influence!! *Some* people evidently. . . .

The people about home are very pleasant to meet. . . . Yours ever affectionately,

WM. JAMES.

[After the return from Europe in 1893 James plunged again into teaching and writing. His cares and responsibilities were numerous. He gave himself little rest, except an occasional brief escape into some such seclusion as that of the Adirondack woods. Chiefly for practical reasons, he did a great deal of

lecturing not required by his college duties, and gave courses at summer schools and teacher's conventions as far west as Colorado and the Pacific Coast during his summer vacations. These lecture engagements furnished the occasions for several addresses that were published in *The Will to Believe and Other Essays*, and others that were finally embodied in the *Talks to Teachers*. Incidentally they afforded him an eagerly welcomed opportunity to become acquainted with the Western States.]

To Mrs. Henry Whitman

SPRINGFIELD CENTRE, N.Y.,

June 16, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

About the 22nd! I will come if you command it; but reflect on my situation ere you do so. Just reviving from the addled and corrupted condition in which the Cambridge year has left me, just at the portals of that Adirondack wilderness for the breath of which I have sighed for years, unable to escape the cares of domesticity and get there; just about to get a little health into me, a little simplification and solidification and purification and sanification — things which will never come again if this one chance be lost; just filled to satiety with all the simpering conventions and vacuous excitements of so-called civilization; hungering for their opposite, the smell of the spruce, the feel of the moss, the sound of the cataract, the bath in its waters, the divine outlook from the cliff or hilltop over the unbroken forest — oh, Madam, Madam! do you know what medicinal things you ask me to give up? Alas!

I aspire downwards, and really *am* nothing, *not becoming* a savage as I would be, and failing to be the civilizee that I really ought to be content with being! But I wish that *you* also aspired to the wilderness. There are some nooks

and summits in that Adirondack region where one can really 'recline on one's divine composure,' and as long as one stays up there, seem for a while to enjoy one's birthright of freedom and relief from every fever and falsity. Stretched out on such a shelf, — with thee beside me singing in the wilderness, — what babblings might go on, what judgment-day discourse!

Command me to give it up and return, if you will, by telegram addressed 'Adirondack Lodge, North Elba, N.Y.' In any case I shall return before the end of the month, and later shall be hanging about Cambridge some time in July, giving lectures (for my sins) in the summer school. I am staying now with a cousin on Otsego Lake, a dear old country-place that has been in their family for a century, and is rich and ample and reposeful. The Kipling visit went off splendidly — he's a regular little brick of a man; but it's strange that with so much sympathy with the insides of every living thing, brute or human, drunk or sober, he should have so little sympathy with those of a Yankee — who also is, in the last analysis, one of God's creatures. I have stopped at Williamstown, at Albany, at Amsterdam, at Utica, at Syracuse, and finally here, each time to visit human-beings with whom I had business of some sort or other. The best was Benj. Paul Blood at Amsterdam, a son of the soil, but a man with extraordinary power over the English tongue, of whom I will tell you more some day. I will, by the way, enclose some clippings from his latest 'effort.' 'Yes, Paul is quite a *correspondent!*' as a citizen remarked to me from whom I inquired the way to his dwelling. Don't you think 'correspondent' rather a good generic term for 'man of letters,' from the point of view of the country-town newspaper reader? . . .

Now, dear, noble, incredibly perfect

Madam, you won't take ill my reluctance about going to Beverly, even to your abode, so soon. I am a badly mixed critter, and I experience a certain organic need for simplification and solitude that is quite imperious, and so vital as actually to be respectable even by others. So be indulgent to your ever faithful and worshipful,

W. J.

To his daughter Margaret (ætat 8)

EL PASO, COLO., Aug. 8, 1895.

SWEETEST OF LIVING PEGS, —

Your letter made glad my heart the day before yesterday, and I marveled to see what an improvement had come over your handwriting in the short space of six weeks. 'Orphly' and 'ofly' are good ways to spell 'awfully,' too. I went up a high mountain yesterday and saw all the kingdoms of the world spread out before me, on the illimitable prairie which looked like a map. The sky glowed and made the earth look like a stained-glass window. The mountains are bright red. All the flowers and plants are different from those at home. There is an immense mastiff in my house here. I think that even you would like him, he is so tender and gentle and mild, although fully as big as a calf. His ears and face are black, his eyes are yellow, his paws are magnificent, his tail keeps wagging *all* the time, and he makes on me the impression of an angel hid in a cloud. He longs to do good.

I must now go and hear two other men lecture. Many kisses, also to Tweedy, from your ever loving,

DAD.

To his class at Radcliffe College, which had sent a potted azalea to him at Easter

CAMBRIDGE, Apr. 6, 1896.

DEAR YOUNG LADIES, —

I am deeply touched by your remembrance. It is the first time anyone ever

treated me so kindly, so you may well believe that the impression on the heart of the lonely sufferer will be even more durable than the impression on your minds of all the teachings of *Philosophy 2a*. I now perceive one immense omission in my *Psychology* — the deepest principle of Human Nature is the *craving to be appreciated*, and I left it out altogether from the book, because I had never had it gratified till now. I fear you have let loose a demon in me, and that all my actions will now be for the sake of such rewards. However, I will try to be faithful to this one unique and beautiful azalea tree, the pride of my life and delight of my existence. Winter and summer will I tend and water it — even with my tears. Mrs. James shall never go near it or touch it. If it dies, I will die too; and if I die, it shall be planted on my grave.

Don't take all this too jocosely but believe in the extreme pleasure you have caused me, and in the affectionate feelings with which I am, and shall always be, faithfully your friend,

WM. JAMES.

[The next letter begins by acknowledging one from Henry James in which he had alluded to the death of a Cambridge gentleman who had been run over in the street. William James had been called upon to announce the tragedy to the man's wife. Henry James had closed his letter exclaiming, 'What melancholy, what terrible duties *vous incombent* when your neighbors are destroyed! And telling that poor man's wife! — Life *is* heroic — however we "fix" it! Even as I write these words, the St. Louis horror bursts in upon me in the evening paper. Inconceivable — I can't try; and I *won't*. Strange how practically *all* one's sense of news from the U.S. here is huge Horrors and Catastrophes. It's a terrible country not to live in.']

To Henry James

CHOCORUA, June 11, 1896.

. . . Your long letter of Whitsuntide week in London came yesterday evening, and was read by me aloud to Alice and Harry as we sat at tea in the window, to get the last rays of the Sunday's [sun]. You have too much feeling of duty about corresponding with us, and, I imagine, with everyone. I think you have behaved most handsomely of late, — and always, — and though your letters are the great *fêtes* of our lives, I won't be 'on your mind' for worlds. Your general feeling of unfulfilled obligations is one that runs in the family, — I at least am often afflicted by it, — but it is 'morbid.'

The horrors of *not* living in America, as you so well put it, are not shared by those who do live here. All that the telegraph imparts are the shocks; the 'happy homes,' good husbands and fathers, fine weather, honest businessmen, neat new houses, punctual meetings of engagements, etc., of which the country mainly consists, are never cabled over. Of course the Saint Louis disaster is dreadful, but it will very likely end by 'improving' the city. The really bad thing here is the silly wave that has gone over the public mind — protection-humbug, silver, jingoism, etc. It is a case of 'mob-psychology.' Any country is liable to it if circumstances conspire, and our circumstances having conspired, it is very hard to get them out of the rut. It *may* take another financial crash to get them out, which of course will be an expensive method. It is no more foolish and considerably less damnable than the Russophobia of England, which would seem to have been responsible for the Armenian massacres. That to me is the biggest indictment 'of our boasted civilization'!! It *requires* England, I say nothing of the other Powers, to maintain the Turks at that business.

We have let our little place, our tenant arrives the day after to-morrow, and Alice and I and Tweedie have been here a week enjoying it and cleaning house and place. She has worked like a beaver. I had two days spoiled by a psychological experiment with mescal, an intoxicant used by some of our South-western Indians in their religious ceremonies; a sort of cactus bud, of which the U.S. Government had distributed a supply to certain medical men, including Weir Mitchell, who sent me some to try. He had himself been 'in fairyland.' It gives the most glorious visions of color — every object thought of appears in a jeweled splendor unknown to the natural world. It disturbs the stomach somewhat, but that, according to W. M., was a cheap price. I took one bud three days ago, was violently sick for twenty-four hours, and had no other symptom whatever except that and the *Katzenjammer* the following day. I will take the visions on trust!

We have had three days of delicious rain — it all soaks into the sandy soil here and leaves no mud whatever. The little place is the most curious mixture of sadness with delight. The sadness of *things* — things every one of which was done either by our hands or by our planning, old furniture renovated, there is n't an object in the house that is n't associated with past life, old summers, dead people, people who will never come again, etc., and the way it catches you round the heart when you first come and open the house from its long winter sleep is most extraordinary.

I have been reading Bourget's *Idylle Tragique* which he very kindly sent me, and since then have been reading Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, which I never read before, strange to say. I must say that T. rather kills B., for my mind. B's moral atmosphere is, anyhow, so foreign to me, a lewdness so obligatory

that it hardly seems as if it were part of a moral *donnée* at all; and then his over-labored descriptions, and excessive explanations. But with it all an earnestness and enthusiasm for getting it said as well as possible, a richness of epithet, and warmth of heart that make you like him, in spite of the unmanliness of all the things he writes about. I suppose there is a stratum in France to whom it is all manly and ideal, but he and I are, as Rosina says, a bad combination. . . .

Tolstoi is immense!

I am glad *you* are in a writing vein again, to go still higher up the scale! I have abstained on principle from the *Atlantic* serial, wishing to get it all at once. I am not going abroad; I can't afford it. I have a chance to give \$1500 worth of summer lectures here, which won't recur. I have a heavy year of work next year, and shall very likely *need* to go the following summer, which will anyhow be after a more becoming interval than this; so, *somme toute*, it is postponed. If I went I should certainly enjoy seeing you at Rye more than in London, which I confess tempts me little now. I love to *see* it, but staying there does n't seem to agree with me, and only suggests constraint and money-spending, apart from seeing you. I wish you could see how comfortable our Cambridge house has got at last to be. Alice, who is upstairs sewing whilst I write below by the lamp, — a great wood fire hissing in the fireplace, — sings out her thanks and love to you. . . . Affectionately,

WM.

To Dickinson S. Miller

GLEN ARDEN,
LAKE GENEVA, WIS., Aug. 30, 1896.

DEAR MILLER, —

Your letter from Halle of June 22nd came duly, but treating of things eter-

nal as it did, I thought it called for no reply till I should have caught up with more temporal matters, of which there has been no lack to press on my attention. To tell the truth, regarding you as my most penetrating critic and intimate enemy, I was greatly relieved to find that you had nothing worse to say about *The Will to Believe*. You say you are no 'rationalist,' and yet you speak of the 'sharp' distinction between beliefs based on 'inner evidence' and beliefs based on 'craving.' I can find *nothing* sharp (or susceptible of school-master's codification) in the different degrees of 'liveliness' in hypotheses concerning the universe, or distinguish *a priori* between legitimate and illegitimate cravings. And when an hypothesis is once a live one, one *risks* something in one's practical relations towards truth and error, *whichever* of the three positions (affirmation, doubt, or negation) one may take up towards it. *The individual himself is the only rightful chooser of his risk*. Hence respectful toleration, as the only law that logic can lay down. You don't say a word against my *logic*, which seems to cover your cases entirely in its compartments. I class you as one to whom the religious hypothesis is *von vornherein*¹ so dead, that the risk in espousing it now far outweighs for you the chance of truth; so you simply stake your money on the field as against it. If you *say* this, of course I can, as logician, have no quarrel with you, even though my own choice of risk (determined by the irrational impressions, suspicions, cravings, senses of direction in nature, or what not, that make religion for me a more live hypothesis than for you) leads me to an opposite methodical decision.

Of course, if any one comes along and says that men at large don't need to have facility of faith in their inner convictions preached to them, that they

have only too much readiness in that way already, and the one thing needful to preach is that they should hesitate with their convictions and take their faiths out for an airing into the howling wilderness of nature, I should also agree. But my paper wa'n't addressed to mankind at large but to a limited set of studious persons, badly under the ban just now of certain authorities whose simple-minded faith in 'naturalism' also is surely in need of an airing — and an airing, as it seems to me, of the sort I tried to give. But all this is unimportant; and I still await criticism of my *Auseinander-setzung* of the logical situation of man's mind *gegenüber* the Universe, in respect to the risks it runs.

I wish I could have been with you at München and heard the deep-lunged Germans roar at each other. I care not for the matters uttered, if I only could hear the voice. I hope you met Sidgwick there. I sent him the American hallucination-census results, after considerable toil over them. But S. never acknowledges or answers anything, so I'll have to wait to hear from some one else whether he 'got them off.' I have had a somewhat unwholesome summer. Much lecturing to teachers and sitting up to talk with strangers. But it is instructive and makes one patriotic, and in six days I shall have finished the Chicago lectures, which begin to-morrow, and get straight to Keene Valley for the rest of September. My conditions just now are materially splendid, as I am the guest of a charming elderly lady, Mrs. Wilmarth, here at her country house, and in town at the finest hotel of the place. The political campaign is a bully one. Every one outdoing himself in sweet reasonableness and persuasive argument — hardly an undignified note anywhere. It shows the deepening and elevating influence of a big topic of debate. It is difficult to

¹ From the very start.

doubt of a people part of whose life such an experience is. But imagine the country being saved by a McKinley! If only Reed had been the candidate! There have been some really splendid speeches and documents. . . .

Ever thine,

W. J.

To E. L. Godkin

CHOCORUA, Aug. 17, 1897.

DEAR GODKIN, —

Thanks for your kind note *in re The Will to Believe*. I suppose you expect as little a reply to it as I expected one from you to the book, but since you ask what I *du* mean by Religion, and add that until I define that word my essay cannot be effective, I can't forbear sending you a word to clear up that point. I mean by religion for a man *anything* that for him is a live hypothesis in that line, altho' it may be a dead one for any one else. And what I try to show is that whether the man believes, disbelieves or doubts his hypothesis, the moment he does either on principle and methodically, he runs a risk of one sort or the other from his own point of view. There is no escaping the risk; why not then admit that one's human function is to run it? By settling down on that basis, and respecting each other's choice of risk to run, it seems to me that we should be in a clearer-headed condition than we now are in, postulating as most all of us do a rational certitude which does n't exist and disowning the semi-voluntary mental action by which we continue in our own severally characteristic attitudes of belief. Since our willing natures are active here, why not face squarely the fact without humbug and get the benefits of the admission.

I passed a day lately with the [James] Bryces at Bar Harbor, and we spoke — not altogether unkindly — of you. I

hope you are enjoying, both of you, the summer. All goes well with us.

Yours always truly,

WM. JAMES.

To his son Alexander (ætat 7)

BERKELEY, CAL., Aug. 28, 1898.

DARLING OLD CHERUBINI, —

See how brave this girl and boy are in the Yosemite Valley!¹ I saw a moving sight the other morning before breakfast in a little hotel where I slept in the dusty fields. The young man of the house had shot a little wolf called a coyote in the early morning. The heroic little animal lay on the ground with his big furry ears, and his clean white teeth, and his jolly cheerful little body, but his brave little life was gone. It made me think how brave all these living things are. Here little coyote was, without any clothes or house or books or anything, with nothing but his own naked self to pay his way with, and risking his life so cheerfully — and losing it — just to see if he could pick up a meal near the hotel. He was doing his coyote-business like a hero, and you must do your boy-business, and I my man-business bravely too, or else we won't be worth as much as that little coyote. Your mother can find a picture of him in those green books of animals, and I want you to copy it.

Your loving Dad,

WM. JAMES.

To Mrs. Henry Whitman

CHOCORUA, N.H., June 7, 1899.

DEAR MRS. WHITMAN, —

I got your penciled letter the day before leaving. The R.R. train seems to be a great stimulus to the acts of the higher epistolary activity and corre-

¹ Photograph of a boy and girl standing on a rock which hangs dizzily over a great precipice above the Yosemite Valley.

spondential amicality in you — a fact for which I have (occasional) reason to be duly grateful. So here, in the cool darkness of my roadside 'sitting-room,' with no pen in the house, with the soft tap of the carpenter's hammer and the pensive scrape of the distant wood-saw stealing through the open wire-netting door, along with the fragrant air of the morning woods, I get stimulus responsive, and send you penciled return. Yes, the daylight that now seems shining through the Dreyfus case is glorious, and if the President only gets his back up a bit, and mows down the whole gang of Satan, or as much of it as can be touched, it will perhaps be a great day for the distracted France. I mean it may be one of those moral crises that become starting points and high-water-marks and leave traditions and rallying-cries and new forces behind them. One thing is certain, that no other alternative form of government possible to France in this century could have stood the strain as this democracy seems to be standing it. . . .

As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes after they are long dead, and puts them on the top. — You need take no notice of these ebullitions of spleen,

which are probably quite unintelligible to any one but myself.

Ever your

W. J.

[The Reverend Henry W. Rankin of East Northfield, addressed in the next letter, had supplied James with numerous references to the literature of 'conversion' and psycho-religious phenomena. He continued to do this, generously undiscouraged by the fact that James's views differed from his own unalterably. Another letter to Mr. Rankin will be given in the *Atlantic* for September.]

To Henry W. Rankin

NEWPORT, R.I., Feb. 1, 1897.

DEAR MR. RANKIN, —

A pause in lecturing, consequent upon our mid-year examinations having begun, has given me a little respite, and I am paying a three days' visit upon an old friend here, meaning to leave for New York to-morrow, where I have a couple of lectures to give. It is an agreeable moment of quiet and enables me to write a letter or two which I have long postponed, and chiefly one to you, who have given me so much without asking anything in return.

One of my lectures in New York is at the Academy of Medicine before the Neurological Society, the subject being 'Demoniacal Possession.' I shall of course duly advertise the Nevius book. I am not as positive as you are in the belief that the obsessing agency is really demonic individuals. I am perfectly willing to adopt the theory if the facts lend themselves best to it; for who can trace limits to the hierarchies of personal existence in the world? But the lower stages of mere automatism shade off so continually into the highest supernormal manifestations, through the intermediary ones of imitative hysteria and 'suggestibility,' that I feel

as if no *general* theory as yet would cover all the facts. So that the most I shall plead for before the neurologists is the recognition of demon-possession as a regular 'morbid-entity' whose commonest homologue to-day is the 'spirit-control' observed in test-mediumship, and which tends to become the more benignant and less alarming, the less pessimistically it is regarded. This last remark seems certainly to be true. Of course I shall not ignore the sporadic cases of old-fashioned malignant possession which still occur to-day.

I am convinced that we stand with all these things at the threshold of a long inquiry, of which the end appears as yet to no one, least of all to myself. And I believe that the best theoretic work yet done in the subject is the beginning made by F. W. H. Myers in his papers in the S.P.R. Proceedings. The first thing is to start the medical profession out of its idiotically *conceited ignorance* of all such matters — matters which have everywhere and at all times played a vital part in human history.

You have written me at different times about conversion, and about miracles, getting as usual no reply, but not because I failed to heed your words, which come from a deep life-experience of your own evidently, and from a deep acquaintance with the experience of others. In the matter of conversion, I am quite willing to believe that a new truth may be supernaturally revealed to a subject when he really asks. But I am sure that in many cases of conversion it is less a new truth than a new power gained over life by a truth always known. It is a case of the conflict of two *self-systems* in a personality up to that time heterogeneously divided, but in which, after the conversion-crisis, the higher loves and powers come definitively to gain the upper-hand

and expel the forces which up to that time had kept them down in the position of mere grumblers and protesters and agents of remorse and discontent. This broader view will cover an enormous number of cases *psychologically*, and leaves all the *religious importance* to the result which it has on any other theory.

As to true and false miracles, I don't know that I can follow you so well, for in any case the notion of a miracle as a mere attestation of superior power is one that I cannot espouse. A miracle must in any case be an expression of personal purpose, but the demon-purpose of antagonizing God and winning away his adherents has never yet taken hold of my imagination. I prefer an open mind of inquiry, first about the facts, in all these matters; and I believe that the S.P.R. methods, if pertinaciously stuck to, will eventually do much to clear things up. You see that, although religion is the great interest of my life, I am rather hopelessly non-evangelical, and take the whole thing too impersonally.

But my College work is lightening in a way. Psychology is being handed over to others more and more, and I see a chance ahead for reading and study in other directions from those to which my very feeble powers in that line have hitherto been confined. I am going to give all the fragments of time I can get, after this year is over, to religious biography and philosophy. Shield's book, Steenstra's, Gratry's, and Harris's I don't yet know, but can easily get at them.

I hope your health is better in this beautiful winter which we are having. I am very well, and so is all my family. Believe me, with affectionate regards,
truly yours,

WM. JAMES.

(To be concluded)

THE NOVELIST'S DILEMMA

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

A good many years ago I put into the mouth of a certain character of mine the following definition of an artist: 'It is the man who has the power of doing up his soul in whitey-brown paper parcels and selling them at three halfpence apiece.' He said it with a touch of cynicism, a touch of bitterness; but I am not quite so sure whether he was not simply right. Something of the artist's soul must go to the making of the created thing; and as the artist, like any other workingman, has to earn his living, he sells the created thing for what it will fetch in the open market. The rates of such soul-stuff vary according to many circumstances. The stuff may be poor, or it may be rich. Poor stuff may have such peculiar quality as to make a wide appeal to the spiritually adolescent; on the other hand, rich stuff may be so transcendental as to command the rapture only of the adept. But always, the artist, in launching a new work on the world, does offer for sale a part of that within him which we are bound to call his soul.

I hold that there is only one Art: that the picture, the poem, the sonata, the statue, the cathedral, are expressions of the same spiritual ideals through different media. And therefore I claim for the novelist the title of artist, namely, that of the man who offers his soul for sale. Therefore, henceforward I will deal with the novelist alone; and what I say about the novelist applies equally to his brother, the dramatist.

If the novelist offers for sale work that is inspired by all the soul that is in

him, he fully earns his reward, whatever it may be. If he stifles spiritual impulses, produces craftsman's mechanical work in which the soul has no part, he is committing the unforgivable sin — the sin against the Holy Spirit of Art, whereby alone he has a right to live. His temporary earnings are dishonest. I say temporary, for his sin is bound to find him out. With his soul in it, his book is a thing of life. His soul not in it, his book is an inanimate simulacrum, and his judges, his paymasters, the public, are not such fools that they cannot appreciate the difference between the quick and the dead.

Now, novelists and dramatists, on both sides of the Atlantic, are confronted with one of the greatest problems that have ever dismayed an artist. Wherever we turn for the disposal of our wares, — those things we have wrought in agony of spirit, — we are met with the barring hands of publishers, editors, managers, cinema people, holding up the placard: 'No War.' They are the authorities between us and the public. From the nature of things, we cannot make our appeal to the public except through their agency. They claim to have their finger on the public pulse. Heaven forbid that I should quarrel with any of them; for they have their living to earn just like ourselves — and so far as my long experience goes, they earn it as honorably and as conscientiously as men can. They say, however, rightly or wrongly, that the public is tired of war; that the public wishes to forget the war; in effect, that,

if we wish to continue to earn our living, we must do so on the amazing postulate *that there has been no war*.

Possibly the reading public is satiated with pictures of actual warfare, with the blood and mud and misery of old, unhappy far-off things and battles of a couple of years ago—although the success of that fine picture of the war, *Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant*, seems to prove a continuance of popular interest. Possibly résumés of European war-conditions may weary because of their reiterated insistence on things known. I can understand any reader pishing and pshawing over a description of England on August 2, 1914, or of London on Armistice night. But between an avoidance of these over-described actualities and a negation of the fact of the war lies a great gulf.

The war has been. It has convulsed human society from dregs to froth. It has had its incalculable influences on the soul of mankind. It has, incidentally, entered into the soul of the artist. The man of business, the scientist, the mechanic, although living in an equal state of spiritual unrest, have no occasion for expressing it in the pursuance of their daily avocations. But this same expression is the very mission of the novelist. His soul, his stock in trade, is all a-quiver with these last six years

of upheaval. There are thousands and thousands of manifestations of human character revealed by the war. There is the whole of the social universe in the remaking—in Europe and in America. We cannot write a novel of 1920 without reference to what the men and the women did in the war. To put it crudely, if the hero did not fight, he was either a cripple or a conscientious objector. If he did fight, the war had an influence on his character, which it is the business of the novelist to describe; for no man or woman on this earth has passed unaffected through the ordeal.

The novelist has, therefore, to choose one of three courses.

(1) To beg the question and write costume-romance — 1713, 1813, 1913, all equally remote.

(2) To pretend there has been no war, and to do up sham bits of soul in whitey-brown paper and sell them, and thereby earn his own self-contempt and that of his brother man.

(3) To offer his inmost soul for sale, — as heretofore, — and starve.

I put the proposition before the intermediaries between us and the public, in England and America, whom I have above enumerated. Also before the public, whose keenness on having its pulse felt so tenderly I do not altogether take for granted.

THE INCOMPARABLE LADY

A STORY OF ANCIENT CHINA

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

It is recorded that, when the Pearl Empress (his mother) asked of the philosophic Yellow Emperor which he considered the most beautiful of the Imperial concubines, he replied instantly, 'The Lady A-kuei'; and when the Royal Parent, in profound astonishment, demanded how this could be, having regard to the exquisite beauties in question, the Emperor replied, —

'I have never seen her. It was dark when I entered the Dragon Chamber, and dusk of dawn when I rose and left her.'

Then said the Pearl Empress, 'Possibly the harmony of her voice solaced the Son of Heaven?'

But he replied, 'She spoke not.'

'Her cheeks then are doubtless softer than the kingfisher's plumage?' rejoined the Pearl Empress.

But the Yellow Emperor replied, 'Doubtless. Yet I have not touched them; I have been immersed in reflection upon the Yin and the Yang.'

The Pearl Empress was silent from very great astonishment, not daring to question further, but marveling how the thing might be. And seeing this, the Yellow Emperor recited a poem to the following effect, —

'It is said that Power ruleth the world and who shall gainsay it?

But Loveliness is the head-jewel upon the brow of Power.'

And when the Empress had listened with reverence to the Imperial Poet, she quitted the August Presence.

Immediately, having entered her own palace of the Tranquil Motherly Virtues, she caused the Lady A-kuei to be summoned to her presence, who came, habited in a purple robe and with pins of jade and coral in her hair. And the Pearl Empress considered her attentively, recalling the perfect features of the White Jade Concubine, the ambrosial smile of the Princess of Feminine Propriety, and the willow-leaf eyebrows of the Lady of Chên; and her astonishment was excessive, because the Lady A-kuei could not in beauty approach any one of these ladies. Reflecting further, she then placed her behind the screen and summoned the Court Artist, Lo Cheng, who had formerly been commissioned to paint the heavenly features of the Emperor's ladies mirrored in still water, though he had naturally not been permitted to view the beauties themselves.

Of him the Empress demanded, 'Who is the most beautiful — which the most priceless jewel of the dwellers in the Dragon Palace?'

And with humility Lo Cheng replied, 'What mortal man shall decide between the white crane and the swan, or between the peony flower and the lotus?'

Having thus said, he remained silent, and in him was no help.

Finally, and after exhortation, the Pearl Empress condescended to threaten him with the loss of a head so useless to himself and to Her Majesty. Then, in great fear and haste he replied, —

‘Of all the flowers that adorn the garden of the Son of Heaven, the Lady A-kuei is the fittest to be gathered by the Imperial Hand, and this is my deliberate opinion.’

Now, hearing this statement, the Pearl Empress was submerged in bewilderment, knowing that the Lady A-kuei had modestly retired when the artist had depicted the reflection of the assembled loveliness of the Inner Chambers, as not counting herself worthy of immortality, and her features were therefore unknown to him. Nor could the Empress question the artist further, for when she had done so, he replied only, ‘This is the secret of the Son of Heaven.’ And, having gained permission, he swiftly departed.

Nor could the Lady A-kuei herself aid her Imperial Majesty; for on being questioned, she was overwhelmed with modesty and confusion, and with stammering lips could only repeat, ‘This is the secret of his Divine Majesty,’ imploring, with the utmost humility, forgiveness from the Imperial Mother.

The Pearl Empress was unable to eat her supper. In vain were spread before her the delicacies of the Empire. She could but trifle with a shark’s fin, and a ‘silver-ear’ fungus, and a dish of slugs entrapped upon roses with the dew-like pearls upon them. Her burning curiosity had wholly deprived her of appetite, nor could the amusing exertions of the palace mimes or a lantern fête on the lake restore her to any composure.

‘This circumstance will cause my flight on the Dragon [death],’ she said

to herself, ‘unless I succeed in unveiling the mystery. What, therefore, should be my next proceeding?’

So, deeply reflecting, she caused the Chief of the Eunuchs to summon the White Jade Concubine, the Princess of Feminine Propriety, and all the other exalted beauties of the Heavenly Palace.

In due course of time these ladies arrived, paying suitable respect and obeisance to the Mother of his Divine Majesty. They were resplendent in kingfisher ornaments, in jewels of jade, crystal, and coral, in robes of silk and gauze, and still more resplendent in charms that not the Celestial Empire itself could equal, setting aside entirely all countries of the foreign barbarians. And in grace and elegance of manners, in skill in the arts of poetry and the lute, what could surpass them?

Like a garden of flowers they surrounded Her Majesty, and awaited her pleasure with perfect decorum, when, having saluted them with affability, she thus addressed them: —

‘Lovely ones, ladies distinguished by the particular attention of your Sovereign and mine, I have sent for you to resolve a doubt and a difficulty. On questioning our Sovereign as to whom he regarded as the loveliest of his garden of beauty, he benignantly replied, “The Lady A-kuei is incomparable”; and though this might well be, he further graciously added that he had never seen her. Nor, on pursuing the subject, could I learn the Imperial reason. The artist, Lo Cheng, follows in the footsteps of his Master, he also never having seen the favored lady; and he and she alike reply to me that this is an Imperial secret. Declare to me, therefore, if your perspicacity and the feminine interest properly taken by every lady in the other can unravel this mystery, for my liver is tormented with anxiety beyond measure.’

As soon as the Pearl Empress had spoken, she realized that she had committed a great indiscretion. A babel of voices, cries, questions, and contradictions instantly arose. Decorum was abandoned. The Lady of Chên swooned, nor could be revived for an hour, and the Princess of Feminine Propriety and the White Jade Concubine could be dragged apart only by the efforts of the palace matrons, so great was their fury the one with the other, each accusing each of having encouraged the pretensions of the Lady A-kuei. So also with the remaining ladies. Shrieks rang through the Apartment of Virtuous Tranquillity, and when the Pearl Empress attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters by speaking soothing and comfortable words, the august voice was entirely inaudible in the tumult.

All sought at length, in united indignation, the Lady A-kuei; but she had modestly withdrawn to the Pearl pavilion in the garden, and, foreseeing anxieties, had there secured herself, on hearing the opening of the Royal speech.

Finally, the ladies were led away by their attendants, weeping, raging, lamenting, according to their several dispositions, and the Pearl Empress, left with her own women, beheld the floor strewn with jade pins, kingfisher and coral jewels, and even with fragments of silk and gauze; nor was she any nearer the solution of the desired secret.

II

That night she tossed upon her bed, sleepless though heaped with down, and her mind raged like a fire up and down all possible answers to the riddle; but none would serve. Then, at the dawn, raising herself upon one august elbow, she called to her venerable nurse and foster-mother, the Lady Ma, wise and resourceful in the affairs and difficulties

of women, and, repeating the circumstances, demanded her counsel.

The Lady Ma, considering the matter long and deeply, slowly replied, —

‘This is a great riddle and dangerous; for to intermeddle with the Divine secrets is the high road to the Yellow Springs [death]. But the child of my breasts and my August Mistress shall never ask in vain, for well I know that a thwarted curiosity is as dangerous as a suppressed fever. I will conceal myself nightly in the Dragon Chamber, and this will certainly unveil the truth. And if I perish, I perish.’

It is impossible to describe how the Empress heaped the Lady Ma with costly jewels and silken brocades and tael of silver beyond measuring; how she placed on her breast the amulet of jade that had guarded herself from all evil influences; how she called the ancestral spirits to witness that she would provide for the Lady Ma’s remotest descendants if she lost her life in this sublime devotion to duty.

That night the Lady Ma concealed herself behind the Imperial couch in the Dragon Chamber, to await the coming of the Son of Heaven. Slowly dripped the water-clock as the minutes dragged away; sorely ached the venerable limbs of the Lady Ma as she crouched in the shadows and saw the rising moon scattering silver through the elegantly carved traceries of ebony and ivory; wildly beat her heart as delicately tripping footsteps approached the Dragon Chamber, and the Princess of Feminine Propriety entered, attended by her maidens, and dismissed them.

Yet no sweet repose awaited this lovely lady. The Lady Ma could hear her smothered sobs, her muttered exclamations — nay, could even feel the couch itself tremble as the Princess uttered the hated name of the Lady A-kuei, the poison of jealousy running in every vein. It was indeed impossible

for the Lady Ma to decide which was the more virulent, this, or the poison of curiosity in the heart of the Pearl Empress. Though she loved not the Princess, she was compelled to pity such suffering.

But all thought was banished by the approach of the Yellow Emperor, prepared for repose and unattended, in simple but divine grandeur. It cannot indeed be supposed that a Celestial Emperor is human, yet there was mortality in the start which his Augustness gave when the Princess of Feminine Propriety threw herself at his feet and with tears that flowed like that river which is known as 'the Sorrow of China,' demanded to know what she had done that another should be preferred before her, reciting in frantic haste such imperfections as she could recall — or invent — in the hurry of that agitating moment.

'That one of her eyes is larger than the other, no human being can doubt,' sobbed the lady; 'and surely your Imperial Majesty cannot be aware that her hair reaches but to her waist, and that there is a brown mole on the nape of her neck? When she sings, it resembles the croak of the crow. It is true that most of the palace ladies are chosen for anything rather than beauty, yet she is the most ill-favored.' And it is this — this bat-faced lady who is preferred to me! Would I had never been born! Yet even Your Majesty's own lips have told me I am fair.'

The Yellow Emperor supported the form of the Princess in his arms. There are moments when even a Son of Heaven is human.

'Fair as the rainbow!' he murmured, and the Princess faintly smiled. Then, gathering the resolution of the philosopher, he added manfully, 'But the Lady A-kuei is incomparable. And the reason is —'

The Lady Ma eagerly stretched her head forward with a hand to either ear.

But the Princess of Feminine Propriety, with one shriek, had swooned, and in the hurry of summoning attendants and causing her to be conveyed to her own apartments, that precious sentence was never completed.

Still Lady Ma groveled behind the Dragon Couch, as the Son of Heaven, left alone, approached the balcony and, apostrophizing the moon, murmured, —

'O loveliest pale watcher of the destinies of men, illuminate the beauty of the Lady A-kuei, and grant that I, who have never seen that beauty, may never see it, but remain its constant admirer!'

So saying, he sought his solitary couch and slept, while the Lady Ma, in a torment of bewilderment, glided from the room.

The matter remained in suspense for several days. The White Jade Concubine was the next lady commanded to the Dragon Chamber, and again the Lady Ma was in her post of observation. Much she heard and much she saw that was not to the point; but the scene ended, as before, by the dismissal of the lady in tears, and the departure of the Lady Ma in ignorance of the secret.

The Emperor's peace was ended.

The singular circumstance was that the Lady A-kuei was never summoned by the Emperor. Eagerly as the Pearl Empress watched, no token of affection for her was ever visible. Nothing could be detected. It was inexplicable. Finally, devoured by curiosity that gave her no respite, she resolved on a stratagem that should dispel the mystery, though it carried with it a risk on which she trembled to reflect.

III

It was the afternoon of a languid summer day, and the Emperor, almost unattended, had come to pay a visit of filial respect to the Pearl Empress.

She received him with all the ceremony due to her sovereign, in the porcelain pavilion of the Eastern Gardens, with the Lotus Fishponds before them, and a faint breeze occasionally tinkling the crystal wind-bells that decorated the shrubs on the cloud- and dragon-wrought slopes of the marble approach. A bird of brilliant plumage uttered a cry of reverence from its golden cage as the Son of Heaven entered.

As was his occasional custom, and after suitable inquiries as to his parent's health, the attendants were all dismissed out of earshot, and the Emperor leaned on his cushions and gazed reflectively into the sunlit garden. In this posture had the Court Artist represented him as 'The Incarnation of Philosophic Calm.'

'These gardens are fair,' said the Empress after a respectful silence, moving her fan, illustrated with the emblem of immortality, the Hō Bird.

'Fair indeed,' returned the Emperor. 'It might be supposed that all sorrow and disturbance would be shut without the Forbidden Precincts. But it is not so, and although the figures of my ladies moving among the flowers appear at this distance instinct with joy, yet —'

There was a painful silence.

'They know not,' resumed the Empress with solemnity, 'that Death entered the Forbidden Precincts last night. A disembodied spirit has returned to its place and doubtless exists in bliss.'

'Indeed?' returned the Yellow Emperor with indifference. 'Yet if the spirit is absorbed into the source whence it came, and the bones crumbled into nothingness, where does the Ego exist? The dead are venerable, but no longer of interest.'

'Not even when they were loved in life?' asked the Empress, caressing the bird in its cage with one jeweled finger,

but attentively observing her son from the corner of her august eye.

'They were; they are not,' he remarked sententiously and stifling a yawn; it was a drowsy afternoon. 'But who is it that has abandoned us? Surely not the Lady Ma, Your Majesty's faithful foster-mother?'

'A younger — a lovelier spirit has sought the Yellow Springs,' replied the trembling Empress. 'I regret to inform Your Majesty that a sudden convulsion last night deprived the Lady A-kuei of life. I would not permit the news to reach you lest it should break your august night's rest.'

There was a silence during which she tried in vain to decipher the Emperor's expression. Could it possibly be one of relief? He turned his eyes serenely upon his Imperial Mother.

'That the statement of my august parent is merely — let us say — allegorical does not detract from its interest. But had the Lady A-kuei in truth departed to the Yellow Springs, I should none the less have received the news without uneasiness. What though the sun set — is not the memory of his light all-surpassing?'

No longer could the Pearl Empress endure the madness of her curiosity. Deeply kow-towing, imploring pardon, with raised hands and tears which no dutiful son dare neglect, she besought the Emperor to enlighten her as to this mystery, recounting his praises of the lady, followed by his admission that he had never seen her, and all the circumstances connected with this remarkable episode. She omitted only, from motives of delicacy (and others), the vigils of the Lady Ma in the Dragon Chamber.

The Emperor, sighing, looked upon the ground and for a time was silent; then he replied as follows: —

'Willingly would I have kept silence, but what child dare withstand the plea

of a parent? Is it necessary to inform the Heavenly Empress that beauty seen is beauty made familiar, and that familiarity is the foe of delight? How is it possible that I should see the Princess of Feminine Propriety, for instance, by night and day, without becoming sensible of her imperfections as well as her graces? How partake of the society of any woman without finding her chattering as the crane, avid of admiration, jealous, destructive of philosophy, fatal to composure, fevered with curiosity; a creature, in short, a little above the gibbon but infinitely below the sage; useless, indeed, save as a temporary measure of amusement in itself unworthy the philosopher? The faces of all my ladies are known to me. All are fair and all alike. But one night, as I lay on the Dragon couch, lost in speculation, absorbed in contemplation of the Yin and the Yang, the night passed for the solitary dreamer as a dream. In the darkness of the dawn I rose, still dreaming, and departed to the Lotus Pavilion in the Garden, and there remained an hour, viewing the sunrise and experiencing ineffable opinions on the destiny of the race. Returning then to a couch which I believed to have been that of the solitary philosopher, I observed on it a jade hairpin such as is worn by my junior beauties, and, seeing it, recalled that the usual command for attendance had not been canceled. Petrified with amazement, I perceived that, lost in my thoughts, I had had an unimagined companion and that this gentle reminder was from her timid hand. But whom? I knew not. I then observed Lo Cheng, the Court Artist, in attendance, and immediately despatched him to make a secret inquiry and ascertain the name and circumstances of that beauty who, unknown, had shared my vigil. I learned on his return that it was the Lady A-kuei. I had entered the Dragon Chamber in a low

moonlight, and guessed not her presence. She spoke no word. Finding her Imperial Master thus absorbed, she invited no attention. Scarcely did she draw breath. The night passed, and I remained entirely unconscious of her presence; yet out of respect she would not sleep, but remained reverently and modestly awake, assisting, if so it may be expressed, at a humble distance, in the speculations that held me prisoner. What a pearl was here! On learning these details by Lo Cheng from her own roseate lips, I despatched an august rescript to this favored lady, conferring on her the degree of Incomparable Beauty of the First Rank — on condition of secrecy.'

The Pearl Empress, still in deepest bewilderment, besought His Majesty to proceed. He did so, with his usual dignity.

'Though my mind could not wholly restrain its admiration, yet secrecy was necessary, for had the facts been known, every lady, from the Princess of Feminine Propriety to the Junior Beauty of the Bedchamber, would henceforward have observed only silence and a frigid decorum in the Dragon Chamber. And though the Emperor be a philosopher, yet a philosopher is also a man.'

The Emperor paused discreetly; then resumed: 'The world should not be composed entirely of A-kueis; yet in my mind I behold that Incomparable Lady fair beyond expression. Like the moon, she sits glorious in the heavens, to be adored only in vision as the one woman who could respect the absorption of her Emperor, and of whose beauty the philosopher could remain unconscious and therefore untroubled. To see her, to find her earthly, would be an experience for which the Emperor might have courage, but the philosopher never! And attached to all this there is a moral!'

The Pearl Empress urgently inquired its nature.

'Let the wisdom of my August Parent discern it,' said the Emperor sentimentously.

'And the future?' she asked.

'The — let us call it — parable, with which Your Majesty was good enough to entertain me,' said the Emperor courteously, 'has suggested a precaution to my mind. I see a lovely form moving among the flowers. It is possible that it may be the Incomparable Lady, or that at any moment I may come upon her and risk the shattering of my ideal. This must be safeguarded. I might command her retirement to her native province, but who shall ensure me against the weakness of my own heart, demanding her return? No. Let Your Majesty's own words, spoken — well — in parable, be fulfilled in truth. I shall give orders to the Chief Eunuch that the Incomparable Lady to-night shall drink the Draught of Crushed Pearls, and be thus restored to the sphere that alone is worthy of her. Thus are all anxieties soothed, and the honors offered to her virtuous spirit shall be a glorious repayment for the ideal that shall forever illuminate my soul.'

The Empress was speechless. She had borne the Emperor in her womb, but the philosopher outsoared her comprehension. She retired, leaving the Emperor in a reverie, endeavoring herself to grasp the moral of which he had spoken, for the guidance of herself and

the ladies concerned. But whether it inculcated reserve or the reverse in the Dragon Chamber, and what the Imperial ladies should follow as an example, she was to the end of her life totally unable to say. Philosophy, indeed, walks upon the heights. We cannot all expect to follow it.

That night the Incomparable Lady drank the Draught of Crushed Pearls.

The Princess of Feminine Propriety and the White Jade Concubine, learning these circumstances, redoubled their charms, their coquetries, and their efforts to occupy what may be described as the inner sanctuary of the Emperor's esteem. Both lived to a green old age, wealthy and honored, alike firm in the conviction that if the Incomparable Lady had not shown herself so superior, the Emperor might have been on the whole better pleased, whatever the sufferings of the philosopher. Both were assiduous in their devotions before the spirit tablet of the departed lady, and in recommending her example of reserve and humility to every damsel whom it might concern.

It will probably occur to the reader of this unique but veracious story that there is more in it than meets the eye, and more than the one moral alluded to by the Emperor, according to the point of view of the different actors.

To the discernment of the reader it must, therefore, be left.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

III. THE BOY AND THE DOLLAR

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

WHEN the old gentleman left home, all the family had their pictures taken. That was their way of keeping him company, who was then so young, on his journeys that were to be so far. These pictures have been perfectly faithful; they keep him company to this day. And among them is one of himself looking lost. The old gentleman says that this lost look of Rubie is all due to the coat; it was a borrowed coat, his own not being fine enough for the immortalities of a portrait, and it was too big for him. Here, we claim, is where Rubie was lost — in the borrowed coat. For the young man who took ship at Glasgow was named Robert; he was aged nineteen, hailed from the East Highlands, and had all the documents of Rubie and all Rubie's savings in his pocket. But never a man on the Emergency Exchange Passenger S.S. Venezia had sight or sound of Rubie. Robert it was.

And Robert began at once to experience the most extreme adventures. For overture there was an unparalleled tempest. One of us is competitive by nature and has spent the prime of life upon the sea looking for another such tempest, and without success. The Venezia was twenty-one days crossing the Atlantic; on the seventh day out the sun found her still off the coast of Galway. Robert exceeded in another

sense — he was more seasick than you or I can ever hope to be. In that cabin, where twenty of the ship's forty passengers were seasick, Robert was the most so.

This was a winter of a voyage, in the very valley of the waters. A lamp hung from the ceiling of that cabin. A steward with punctual cruelty brought in food; and, on a day worse than other days, the news that the captain had been heard to say that 'She could not stand much more of this.'

Horrible rumor! The one of us who is competitive and seafaring remembers — but oh, hush, and never mind — do listen to the flute! For in a bunk of that cabin on that ship so doomed by the captain and the steward, there is a man who plays the flute! 'The Flowers of Edinburgh' — there they float, on all those days of storm and strangeness, like little straws of melody for Robert to catch at; and that piping is a magic all intact between him and the whinnings of the little ship and the sounds of the great sea.

At the fag end of that long voyage, and to the old gentleman's quite obvious present satisfaction, there was a shortage of rations. You got your hard-tack from a cabin on deck and your butter from another deck-cabin and that was all you got. And when you were twenty-one days out, you observed

by the sun that you were sailing east. This was the 'emergency passenger exchange' feature of the Venezia, operating on the grounds of a shortage of rations. The passengers were to be landed at St. John, New Brunswick.

Robert, with a ticket for New York in his pocket, was sent down the ship's ladder to the soil of the New World. The old gentleman claims that he noted at once the great tides in that bay. You see how clever he was. There were no formalities in landing, but the authorities laid hands at once on all such incomers, requiring them to drill to meet the Fenians, who had just raided Indian Island. Our wise Robert evolved the idea that St. John was no port for him; and he who went down the ship's ladder to the dock in the morning was to be seen, later in the day, looking very innocent, and climbing down a ladder from the dock to the ship. This ladder effect was due, explains the old gentleman with something of Robert's relish, to the great tides in that bay.

He debarked at Windsor, Nova Scotia, meaning to go from there inland to relatives of his. He slept the night in this port, the first night ever he slept in a hotel. With the evening he felt homesick, and he went down to walk by the sea. Now, as all exiles know, a stroll by the sea is the most appealing cure for homesickness — and the worst. 'I found a little marble on the beach,' says the old gentleman; 'I picked it up and I cherished it — then and for long afterward.'

'How do you mean — you cherished it?' we ask, thinking to pluck out the heart of this emotional word.

But the old gentleman says, 'Oh, I was homesick!' and goes back to his bed in the tavern with a marble for company in his pocket.

In the morning he took train for Truro. 'I had just money enough for my ticket,' says the old gentleman

briskly. We register a falling barometer, but the weather will not alter; it is springtime in Nova Scotia, where Robert takes notes, through a car-window, of thrifty farms. It is springtime at Halifax Junction, where Robert is to wait fasting. But the ticket agent, about to go home for his dinner, observes him, and with an extraordinary intuition, guesses him to be fresh from the old country. Yes, and from within four miles of the agent's old home Robert proves to be — for which cogent reason he is asked to dinner.

We relax — he is not to go hungry. We tremble when he makes his demure refusals; we are thinking that the ticket agent will take him at his word and leave him to starve there under the bright skies of Halifax Junction and among those notable thrifty farms. But no, says the old gentleman, 'we were both from the Highlands, and that was manners.' Moreover, he assures us, feeling our extreme financial agitation, that he personally never had the least concern. He was always able, he tells us, to put this and that together. But if there were no this or that, we urge, and are told: 'Well, then I would just have to devise!' And he tells us how, on the train out from Halifax Junction, he sold his silver watch-chain.

We did not know till now that he had a silver chain; but yes, all this time he has been wearing a chain and we have not observed it. A present from his brother Murdo it was; it went round his neck and hung all over the front of him. We cannot think how it could have escaped us. You may judge for yourself of the effect of it when I tell you that the train conductor coveted it and bought it of him for ten shillings. Was ten shillings the worth of it, we cynically wonder. But the old gentleman is perfectly satisfied: ten shillings was money in the spring of 1866.

From Truro he bought a seat in a

stage-coach for the rest of his journey. A sixpence remained. The friends he made in the stage-coach named the farmsteads by the way, and he with sixpence in his pocket rejoices upon this — that these farms are tilled by their owners.

‘It was a shining day of spring,’ says the old gentleman, ‘very bright, and by the roadside in that brilliant light I saw a little church standing in a little cemetery. And I thought, “If I should die in this country I’d like to be buried here!”’ And he looks at us with smiling and embarrassed eyes.

We think that, upon the whole, and after his many years and his much wandering, this can hardly be said to qualify as a typical Celtic premonition, and we are haunted rather by the lone sixpence. A little, too, by our Robert’s bland trust of his unknown relatives.

II

The coach drops him at the very door. He knocks. We get him to agree that he was — well, apprehensive. A good woman opens the door, and he goes into the house. He sleeps that night in the room of an absent son — ‘When my son went away’ is the way of it, and the going away of that son was aboard the City of Boston of the Inman Line. Long gone she then was, and never heard of to this day. ‘I was very sorry for that woman,’ says the old gentleman, who remembers to be pitiful after all these years. She was a good woman, he tells us, but the man was a Morrisonian. The Morrisonians, it appears, were a sect loving to argue about religion — a subject on which Robert had never yet argued or heard an argument. This new thing he observed in his relative; and another thing he observed.

He went with his uncle for a morning stroll. And coming to a tavern, his uncle said he’d be having a dram if he had a

sixpence, but that he had come out with none. Had Robert a sixpence?

Robert, as we know, had a sixpence. Standing by the bar, he paid for the dram; it was his first purchase in America. Two portions were poured out and his uncle drank both, Robert being a teetotaler.

‘I seemed to see a dark shadow coming over the faces of all men,’ says the old gentleman, making a gesture with his hand; ‘I can see it coming now.’ Highland custom was liberal and he had to give the sixpence; but he claims that he can still remember fishing for it — ‘a poor little thing in the emptiness of my trousers pocket.’

He then felt, he says, his first touch of caution — of disappointment in his fellow men. If *his uncle* would do that, thought he, then what will not others do?

At this time Robert was in his twentieth year.

He seems not to have slept often in the room of ‘my son who went away.’ From these relatives he went on to others, without, so far as we can find, a sixpence in his pocket. And of these latter, with whom he stayed a year or more, the old gentleman would have us know their every aspect and condition: the manner of their house and farm; that they were unmarried (a brother and sister they were); that she did Robert’s mending; that they had long prayers of a morning and evening; that he had been a passionate fiddler until this idolatrous frenzy was repented of, when he put his heel through his darling fiddle. There were the awesome remains of the sacrifice to be seen about the house — very afflicting. And that, so far as Robert was concerned, they grudged him nothing — from the never-failing farthing they gave him of a Sunday, that he might feel no shame when the Elder passed the plate, to the offer they made him

at the last, that if he would stay with them he should have the farm.

Often we have heard tell of that farm, but the farthing is all new to us. We are terribly impressed by that farthing — it is a little lantern shining upon our own past, by which we see a group of ourselves more grown up than we now are, more finely dressed, about to go to church, and much approved by the old gentleman, who detains us long enough to fish a coin from his pocket — and this is for the one of us who is a guest.

‘For the collection,’ says the old gentleman benignly, and sure that all is plain. Now, indeed, by the light of the farthing all is plain: we know now where he learned that gesture, and that it is the very best of the gestures of that never-to-be-forgotten gentleness of long ago. It is strange, but that farthing has enslaved us for the Francie Henrys — this was their name — more than all their offers of the farm.

Robert stayed in the house of the broken fiddle for more than a year, and these things happened to him: —

He did not fall in love. (The old gentleman does not volunteer this, but affirms it with a kind of startled surprise, under cross-examination.) No. He began to shave, which he should have done before.

He went to school, where he made friends, and he taught school, where he made friends.

He read a book about the Christian brotherhood, and was so uplifted by it that he acclaimed the very first man he met upon the highway as a Christian brother. He can still see himself walking abroad in a bright sunlight, gaining upon a man of whom he said to himself, in his heart, ‘If he is a Christian he is my brother!’ And he was, a Christian and a carpenter, both of which facts were forthcoming and satisfactory. They walk away together, spirit-

ually arm in arm. We seem to see them walking away together in that morning light, until suddenly, when they are very small and far away, we laugh — because we remember where we have seen them before, and it was in the *Pilgrim’s Progress!*

Robert joined the church in these days, whether before the dawn of his day of Christian brotherhood or after — at least upon a glimmer of that same illumination. Because, he was wondering, did he dare, who was so wicked, aspire to such a privilege, when his eye fell upon Jimmie Cameron, who sat between himself and the minister. Now Robert knew his Jimmie, and thinks he to himself, ‘I’m as good as Jimmie Cameron anyway!’ Upon which conclusion he joined the church.

With the earning of his school-term he bought a suit of clothes — a tailor made them — and an overcoat. Do not minimize these adventures.

And among the many letters got by Robert from the old country, be prepared for the fateful letters — so like other letters when the postman brings them to the door, so different when you release them! Little Alec is dead, writes his mother. And his brother Murdo writes that little Alec is dead, but that, if Robert will send on the passage-money for Jimmie, that brother will come to the new country, where he will make a wage that will educate Robert. For Robert is to be the minister, now that little Alec is dead.

Robert sends on what money he has. It is a good thing, is n’t it, that he has joined the church and has bought a new suit of clothes — he that is so suddenly called to the ministry! And about the passage-money the old gentleman tells us that, when it came to hand in that Highland village, it was just in time to bury Jimmie. We look at those photographs, — of Alec, so small and wise, being bigger than he was on a footstool,

and of Jimmie, so young, so rustic, so debonair, so Scotch bonnie, — and we wonder how Robert ever kept his faith in savings. But he did, and Murdo writes that, if only enough can be saved for the passage, he himself will come to earn the makings of the minister.

The old gentleman will not have it that Robert was shattered. But there he is, moving on and away from that Nova Scotian village where you get sad letters and learn that the young may die. He will not stay there — no, not for a farm.

III

The old gentleman, when we have come to this point in the things he remembers, remembers that he had for a long time a wish to be a toll-keeper. He saw himself, he says, tipped back in a chair and reading a book. When he would be hailed in his dream by a traveler, he would come to earth and collect the toll; but that well-trained traveler would pass on, and he would read his book again.

It is plain to see, when this aspiration is recalled, that it is not all dead. 'It would certainly be a pleasant life,' muses the old gentleman. But we cannot leave him there, lolling at the gate of a dream, while Robert waits to get away, and the Francie Henrys, having packed his box with dainties, suffer the moment of farewell.

Robert takes ship from St. John for Boston. Their first call was at Eastport, Maine. It was a jewel of a morning, a late September morning, and it was, he says, as if he had never seen an autumn day before. He looks at that enchanting shore. And he writes a letter to his father all about the 'Country of the Yankees,' and that, however shrewd they are (these were the *clichés* of that September day in 1867), he, Robert, knows how many pence there are to the sixpence!

Having reassured himself by the touch of the written word of his pebbles and his sling, he hangs upon the rail to watch the landing. And Miss Hare comes aboard.

Of the extraordinary personality of Miss Hare I will say at once that the old gentleman has never since that day seen a well-dressed woman but he has thought of Miss Hare. She was then for him, and is to-day, the glass of fashion and the mould of form. And she was more — just as Titian knows that there is more than one woman in a beautiful woman and paints her two upon the fountain's brim. Well, there comes Miss Hare, and she moves in a little company.

'She had a novel manner,' says the old gentleman; 'it was the United States manner. Her carriage was very striking and different from the carriage of the Provinces. Her dress was peculiar to me: her skirt was one of those skirts cut in four panels from nothing [this nothing would seem to have been her waist] to a good flare; it was gray with a sheen on it. It was not very wide. I looked at that dress as if I were going to make another like it. She was a slim tall girl with gray eyes. Her face was not round. So attractive she was and so novel, that any young man would have looked at her more than once or twice.' And the old gentleman says further that in any country he would have been interested in the men and women, and most particularly in the young girls.

'We sailed along,' he tells us, 'and I looked at her from time to time. She had no interest in me.' We note this, and we note further that, by eliminations of which the old gentleman can still give the count, beginning in the saloon where the attendants withdraw singly, to last withdrawals on the deck, Robert is left alone at last with Miss Hare. They sit by the rail in the autumn night, while the ship's bell strikes the

hour. Eight bells, and Miss Hare is still telling Robert the story of 'The Minister's Wooing.' Yes, that is the tale she told him — the so fashionable and so beautiful and so affable Miss Hare. We do rejoice that Robert, besides his new suit, had bought an overcoat.

There was a maiden lady on that boat, and she was a distant relative of Robert. How came she to know of the condescensions of Miss Hare? And why must she next morning upbraid him for them? 'Don't be thinking to lift your eyes so high,' she tells Robert; and that Miss Hare would never take a serious thought of a poor young man like him! The old gentleman, in recalling this would-be assassin, has the customary injured air of the man who has been accused of more serious intentions than he has entertained; and you may see to this day, on the margin of his bright memory of this super-encounter, the print of an alien thumb.

It was late afternoon when Robert, landing in Boston, paid the classic dollar. You paid a dollar in those days for the privilege of entering the United States. The old gentleman makes gestures at this point — impassioned gestures, calculated to startle our attention. We must know, if he can make us know, the value of what Robert got for his dollar; and his emotion quite visibly beats against the cage of his control while he tells us that thirteen battles were fought within sight of Stirling Castle, — all of them for Liberty, — and here you are, in September of 1867, buying Liberty for a dollar!

We are the friends of the bridegroom and we make our little gestures of appreciation of that joy. We do not minimize it, but we know that Robert is to be a long time in America savoring the fruits of that dollar, and we want to hear at once the tale of the famous necktie bought in Boston. Before we leave Boston we must buy him that tie.

The old gentleman explains that the tie was bought in Michigan, and for this or for other reasons, he leaves Boston that very afternoon, traveling all night to Albany — shut up in the prison of the train from the wonders of these United States. A late thunder-shower beat upon that train and awed him, who was not bred to such storms. And a fellow passenger came and sat beside him, speaking of the Deity and of the things of Friendship. How kind that was, we think; and we think we see him sitting all lonely in that unfamiliar clamor, until this nameless man, caught by some appealing aspect of youth, casts a bridge across to that isolation.

'He told me,' says the old gentleman, 'that I must learn to make a friend of God and to be friendly to my fellow man; then I would never lack for friends.'

With the morning he was in Albany, and all that day — he was twenty-four hours between Albany and Toledo — he marveled at the United States. There through the car-window was the Mohawk Valley, there were the clean fields, the corn in shock and the colored pumpkins, the towns with their classic names, and everywhere, in town and field and woodland, the bright last embers of our year. First adventures, says the old gentleman, not only live accurately in memory, but they shine.

Robert saw hunters come aboard the train with braces of rabbits; free as air, they were, in these United States, who in the old country might well have been in prison for poaching; and he, who had never poached or had a heart for shooting, yet felt a sense of liberation. There was a boy aboard that train who was called the Butcher Boy; he sold nuts that were called beechnuts. He had been in the Civil War. Robert ate his nuts, while he listened to his adventures, and was very much in the United States.

In the old Toledo station he is laughed at by a girl because he calls for a tart that is a pie. 'Well, then, that pie.' 'All of it?' mocking youth asks of youth. And youth with dignity inquires as to the custom: what portion is it customary to sell? And buys the fourth, as per specifications.

IV

Fortified by this customary section of pie, and by more, we trust, that the old gentleman has forgotten, Robert went on from Toledo to a town in Michigan. He had an uncle in that town, and we know how uncles draw him. This one was of the nobler sort. 'He was brusque,' says the old gentleman, 'but he was never brusque to me.' And here Robert found his first job in America — he sold wild turkeys for Thanksgiving. Here, too, he bought the necktie.

There was a young lady among his relatives who loathed his tie and said so. How pliable he was, you may guess, when I tell you that he agreed to buy another. And how he suffered, you should know, when he was asked four shillings for the new one. Now Robert knew — you remember he said so — how many pence there are to the sixpence, and he knew besides how shrewd the Yankees are, and that you must never give what you are asked. So he just made a feint of moving away from the counter. And the clerk called after him, 'What will you give for it?' Aha, thinks Robert, thrilled to his marrow by this encounter of Greek with Greek; and he says that he will give sixty cents. Which he does. The tie is much admired, and its financial history is related, with Robert staged to centre, outwitting the Shrewd Yankee.

'But it was only fifty cents he asked you!' cries the young lady. For in Michigan in those days there were just twelve and a half cents to the shilling.

You see for yourself how hard it was in 1867 to outwit the Shrewd Yankees.

Well, you need not always be outwitting them. With a teacher's diploma in your pocket, you ride out into the autumn air and you pick up your living by the roadside. It is a November day; you borrow your uncle's pony; above your necktie you look with your young eyes to right and left for your fortune; and when you have ridden seven miles into the country, you see a brick schoolhouse at a four corners. You hail a man and ask is it a vacant school; and it is. And if you will just be going to a farmhouse at the corners, you will be hearing something to your advantage.

You go. And that very night you meet with the School Board. There is something about you that dazzles them — it is a perfect case of Lohengrin, with a pony for swan. You are to teach four months; you are to be paid one hundred and twenty dollars, and you are to 'board round.'

Thus Robert came to anchor for a winter of which the old gentleman says that there are no bitter memories, unless of the chill of the guest-rooms where he boarded round. All those rooms were cold. But there was food in abundance; there was firewood for jolly big black stoves; there were boys and girls slipping along in sleighs between the snow and the moon, warm and laughing in the straw. There were spelling-bees, and this is why our elders are so infallible. And of a Sunday there was a meeting of Spiritualists in the schoolhouse, and there was much post-war talk of Spiritualism in that robust community. But Robert, who came of a race that sees ghosts, and whose feeling for the ghostly was of a deep and Celtic dye, was not intrigued by these facile occult adventures.

He was busy with his school, and he was busy trying to correct his accent. He dearly wished to be like the people

among whom he lived, and particularly he wished to be like the Pennsylvania Dutch. He aimed, it seems, to please. Having aimed for four months at this unique mark, and the spring having rounded out his school-term, there is a stroke of the bell, and Robert might infer, we claim, that he has hit the bull's-eye. For on the day of the closing of school all the pupils — there were sixty pupils — kissed their teacher.

The old gentleman, to prove this phenomenon, produces a sheaf of tintypes. There they are, boys and girls, and all with a tinge of rose upon their cheeks to prove that they kissed their teacher. One of these is Johnny Skinner, and oh, he looks like Alec! All the four months of that winter he looked like Alec, and here is the little picture of him after fifty years — still looking like Alec, the two of them looking alike to this day.

Outside the schoolhouse there is the most beautiful spring weather. And in that beautiful weather there flourishes the most beautiful larch tree. The immortal beauty of this tree, and a memory of Robert worshiping it, are the last of the old gentleman's memories of the four corners. 'And how,' he muses, 'can we have had such golden weather in a Michigan spring!'

However that may be, and we confess to a sophisticated wonder ourselves, Robert makes back to his uncle in gold-

en weather, with gold in his pocket and with a golden word in his mouth. For it is in this spring that he begins to sing about college. He is going to college.

'I am saying good-bye,' he tells his uncle, 'because I am going to college.' For this song is the song of migration.

And his uncle says, with exactly the fervor of the Francie Henrys when they offered him the farm, that he will educate Robert for a doctor.

'But I mean to be a minister!' says Robert.

And his uncle looks at him. Presently he asks, does Robert want to know what he thinks of him? And he tells him. Now I know that you want to know what his uncle thought of Robert; but I cannot just tell you with the old gentleman listening in. For he thought that Robert was a fool of a classic type.

And that was the end of uncles so far as Robert was concerned, and of all relatives whatsoever, except those forgotten ones who write letters from the East Highlands and who think it just gran' to be a minister. With the pictures of these and the tintypes of his sixty pupils Robert moves forever out of the zone of uncles.

But of this latter one the old gentleman thinks long, sighing at last and saying, 'He was brusque, but he never was brusque with me.'

'How fortunate you were!' we tell our old gentleman.

AUGUST IN VERMONT

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

As half through June the wintry spring
Sows nights of frosty shine and sting,
And thrilling winds from glens of snow
Sound down the flooded passes cold —
On the first week of August so
The autumn thrusts his sword of gold.
The autumn air, the windy light,
Draw the clouds upward in the night,
And roll the river-mist like tides
Across the rising oats and corn
Up to the birch-fringed mountainsides,
And flooding back before the morn —
The green, blue morning, lifted clear,
Pause and full transport of the year.

O evening light on field and pool!
Dim rose-maroon, lights thin and cool,
Empurpled skeins of scarfing cloud
That cling entangled in the pine
Where crowns of forest darkly crowd
The valley's pinnaced incline!
In that flushed blue at dusk above
The throbbing Northern Lights might move.
The moons that to that zenith rise
Colder than harvest moonlight gleam, —
Cold as the hunter's moon and skies,
So filled with blazing frost they seem.
So fades that wash of rose and wine
Across the thrilled and deepened sky

AUGUST IN VERMONT

As winter afterglows decline
Among the hills, when streaming high,
The dark-blue shadows drink the red,
And their pooled colors fade and spread.

Three days this foretaste; then once more
The bloomy haze on the sky's shore
Thickens, and draws the hills away
In its false distance; blue-gray, —
The blue-black-gray of blueberries, —
That utmost summer distance is.
Returns the cricket, piping heat;
The sumach's ribbony leaves take fire;
The tanning oats, the flushed buckwheat,
In summer noons once more suspire.
And blue as fringing knots of haze,
In golden thickets giant-high,
The twinkling asters trim the ways;
The silken barbs of milkweed fly;
And scarlet August apples fall
Where the slow vines pull down the wall.

AN OFFICER, BUT A GENTLEMAN

BY GEORGE BOAS

I

MADAME LAMBRUCHE had a little house in the outskirts of Prèz-sous-La-fauche — a house which seemed so tiny that elves must have built it. Over the high wall which protected it from the street, one could see only the very tips of the chimneys. The gate itself which let into this secluded habitation was narrow and low, and surmounted by a sort of little projecting roof, made of red tiles. When one lifted the iron latch and opened the gate, a bell, which sounded as if it were coming from the neck of some sacrificial heifer, was

tapped into activity and, if one looked up, he saw it trembling flowerlike at the end of a delicate curved stem.

When the Zone Major came to Prèz-sous-Lafauche, one of his first duties was to go through the houses of the village and estimate as far as possible the number of officers, men, and animals he could billet in them. He carried with him white oblong boards, about four by twelve, marked off into three parts — parts lettered respectively O., H., C., meaning *Officiers, Hommes, Chevaux*.

The rules of billeting were very simple: they demanded courtesy and tact, a bed for an officer, and four feet of floor space for a man.

The Zone Major was a most conscientious young lieutenant, but he hated his detail. He hated it as a whole and in part. Yet if he hated one thing about it more than another, it was bullying the good old souls of Prèz-sous-Lafauche into crowding a squad of noisy democrats into their quiet granges, and forcing some idealistic and muddy company commander into their best bedroom.

However, he had nothing to say about it and, thanks to the kindness of Monsieur Morleux, the Maire, to his own scrupulous disregard of orders *re* commissary supplies, and to the seriousness with which the French fought the war, he succeeded very well in labeling most of the houses and barns with his tripartite billet boards.

Until he came to Madame Lambruche.

When he opened the narrow green gate and heard the flower-like bell tinkle above his head, he knew that he had not the heart to violate the sanctity of this beautiful spot. The little yard before the house had two round flower-plots, each bordered with pebbles as shiny and white as scrubbing could make them. A lime tree stood in one corner, beneath which had been placed an iron table, its three legs in-

tertwined near the ground and thence lightly touching the pebbles as if they had been enchanted by a malignant fairy during a dance. A green settee was beside it.

He had barely time to take in all this, and the phlox under the windows and the brass knocker on the door and the merle in a wicker cage, when the house-door opened before him, and Madame Lambruche stepped out, her wrinkled forehead not betokening the most cordial of welcomes.

'Madame, c'est le major de zone américain,' stuttered the Zone Major, who felt as if he had stepped into Mother Goose and were addressing any one of her ancient heroines who wear peaked hats and Watteau skirts.

'Le — ?'

'Le major de zone américain.'

'I have no reclamations to present, monsieur,' said Madame Lambruche.

The Zone Major blushed.

'I am not here, madame, to register the reclamations.'

Madame Lambruche drew up the corners of her mouth. What possible business could he have here, then, to intrude upon a lonely old woman?

Shamefacedly, and blushing again, the Zone Major explained that it was his duty to look over her premises and see what room she had to billet soldiers in. He would be very careful indeed, and if she had no room, he would not think of imposing upon her.

She was finally persuaded to let him enter. While he was in the house, she eyed him with suspicion and contempt, and hastily dusted what articles of furniture his uniform brushed against.

The interior of the place was as much like an illustration to a story-book as the outside. Old polished tables of oak, quaint peasant plates with red and green cocks upon them, an elaborate gilt barometer, a porcelain stove in the corner, tall carved armoires with brass

knobs on the paneled doors, all helped to give him the impression of an older and quieter civilization. There were but four rooms on the ground floor.

The Zone Major made for the garden door.

'Is it necessary to inspect my vegetables?' asked Madame Lambruche, putting her hand over the door-knob.

'Oh, no, but the *grenier* —'

'You can see the *grenier* from the front,' she replied firmly and finally.

The Zone Major turned without a word and went to the front of the house. Once safely outside, Madame Lambruche breathed a sigh of relief and told him where he could find a ladder. He took the ladder, leaned it against the *grenier* door, climbed up, pushed open the door, and looked into the dark and musty hole. Then he slowly descended and reached into his *musette* for a billet board.

'You are not going to put some soldiers up there, are you?' cried Madame Lambruche.

'But yes,' said the Zone Major imperturbably; and with his heavy lithographer's pencil he dug a thick black '2' into the board alongside the 'H.'

'I should be grateful to you,' he said with a bow, 'to be good enough to permit us to fasten this board on your gate.'

But Madame Lambruche with her hands in the air had fled into the cottage crying aloud.

'If you had gone into the garden,' said the Commandant Lerocher to the Zone Major that night, as they sat over their coffee, 'you would have seen her daughter Eulalie.'

II

The white paint had long since begun to peel off the billet board under the steady rains; divisions came and went, carrying off souvenirs of the little village, breaking hearts and making

conquests, writing back unintelligible letters, or not writing them, according to their temperament. Cantigny had been fought and won, Seicheprey was forgotten, the retreat from Soissons was ancient history. But all this time the sanctity of the little cottage under the lime tree was preserved, and no American hand pushed open the green gate and shook the delicate bell.

At length a division arrived, fresh from the States, its rolls filled to bursting with high-spirited replacements in campaign hats and canvas leggings, and the Zone Major assigned its sanitary train to Prèz-sous-Lafauche.

A word on sanitary trains.

All army outfits have their individuality. Two infantry regiments may fight in the same brigade from the date on which they are organized to the date on which they are mustered out, but they will be no more alike than two brothers. But sanitary trains are different. They are all alike in having more strange, uncanny, spooky people in them than any other organizations in the service. They are required to do such disagreeable work, they have so little recompense for what they do, that they become the haven of all those men who think themselves the victims of persecution and who sometimes are.

This one was no exception.

Private Roland MacDougal was a gentleman, but no soldier. He somehow lacked a proper reverence for externals. Everything about him drooped. His hair was long and dark and drooped in a thick lock over his left eye. His ears, of more than average *contenance*, drooped over his cheek-bones. His lower lip drooped over his chin and his head over his chest. His left shoulder sagged, and his blouse — the only one in the army properly so called — was comparatively longer on the left side than on the right. His web belt was too long for his thin waist, and he had not the

initiative to cut it off; consequently, the surplus end hung down over his breeches like the keys at the waist of a châtelaine. His knees were baggy, and from beneath his leggins his shoe-laces hung over his shoes, where they flapped miserably as he walked. All in all he looked like a straggly weeping-willow tree.

His looks, combined with a natural passion for doing good to others and an utter ignorance of his own worth, which in a less knightly soul would have made him a conscientious objector, selected him for the Medical Corps.

When the Zone Major attempted to squeeze the sanitary train into Prézous-Lafauche, it was inevitable that, if anyone was to be left out in the cold, MacDougal should be he. For he was the sort of soldier whose gas-mask is never marked, who never succeeds in getting an identification tag, and who is always near the end of the mess line.

It had taken about eight hours to placate everybody in the train, from the lieutenant colonel commanding, who wanted the billet at the château, although it was cold and draughty and although — or perhaps because — his having it would make the major commanding the field hospitals move to the field-ambulance area, down to Corporal Jefferson Hawkins, 3rd, as he announced himself, who insisted that he be allowed to pitch a tent in Monsieur Morleux's wheatfield instead of sleeping in Madame Pochard's barn, which he sternly and truly said was unfit for cows, let alone men. When, finally, everybody had been housed and the sound of harmonicas had arisen throughout the village, playing songs which carried the men to St. Louis and the girls to Paradise, the Zone Major blew out the candle in his office, turned the key in the door, and fell over the limp form of Private Roland MacDougal, who had somehow been thrown on the doorstep and stuck.

'Good God!' he cried, 'what's that?'

The lank form uncured itself and seemed to hoist itself into an S-shaped posture. A hand at the end of a limp sleeve timorously came in contact with the brim of a campaign hat.

'Private MacDougal reports to the lieutenant that he ain't got no billet.'

'Why not?' asked the lieutenant.

'Nobody assigned me any.'

The Zone Major had been through this too often to show his disturbance.

Wearily he reopened the door and lit the light. He examined the billeting list — or 'repertoire of inhabitants,' as it was officially known.

MacDougal stood before him in the candle-light, the picture of dejection. He made one or two tentative efforts as if to speak, and gulped back his words. The Zone Major guessed that he had learned his lesson; suggestion comes from above in the army.

'Did you want to ask me something?' said the Zone Major, concealing his emotion in an air of business.

'Could — could the lieutenant billet me alone? I ain't been by myself since I was drafted.'

The Zone Major abruptly stopped his scrutiny of the list. Billeted alone? Did the man think he was a general? No one was allowed to be alone in the army. Pitiless publicity was maintained from bathing to praying. Solitude might lead to reflection and reflection to crime. Maybe General Pershing was sometimes alone, but that was because he was above suspicion. And even he had aides. Yet to be alone was the one desire the Zone Major had had ever since he enlisted. To find a kindred feeling in MacDougal was so grateful an experience that a solution of the housing difficulty was soon reached.

'Come with me,' he said.

The officer and the man went down the village street together, between rows of men who were happy because

they had eaten. The kitchen police were already peeling potatoes for the breakfast hash before the rolling kitchens, which projected long, dancing shadows across the road. The mule-drivers were watering the stock at the picket-lines and cursing their charges as they tended them. There was a general hum of voices, broken now and then by a girl's high laugh, by the sharp and rapid staccato of some angry peasant woman, and by the occasional call of a cuckoo in the woods, all accompanied by the everlasting harmonicas and the restless champing of the horses in their strange quarters.

They reached the outskirts of the village and stood before a narrow green gate.

'Go in there,' said the Zone Major brutally to MacDougal, 'and the old woman will fix you up.'

He pushed his drooping friend through the gate into the yard of Madame Lambruche, while the little bell violently protested; then, coward that he was, he sneaked off to Louis's for a drink.

III

He thought no more of the matter until six weeks later, when the train began to move and the trucks and wagons were spattering drops of mud over all the passers-by. The wheels were put on the rolling kitchens. The latrines were filled up. Men were flying round from one end of the village to the other. Peasants were writing up their claims for broken windows and trampled wheat, that they might be presented within twenty-four hours after the departure of the troops. Poor old Morleux's arm ached for weeks after such an event, with the unavoidable sealing and stamping and signing entailed. Officers were cursing out their men; men were belittling their officers. Louis, the café-keeper, was

surreptitiously putting cognac into the soldiers' canteens, and the soldiers were openly passing the good news along. It was 6.30 A.M., and the men were already lined up in marching order, for the outfit was to move at eight.

The Zone Major's office was overflowing with commanding officers, orderlies, French officials, liaison officers, the mayor, interpreters, loafers, chauffeurs, scribes and Pharisees. As ants swarm over a piece of apple thrown on the roadside, so they swarmed over this officer thrown out of active combat into the S.O.S. He had to answer every conceivable question, from how far it was to Toul, to how could the C.O. of the —th Ambulance Company get a censor stamp.

Always sad on such occasions, always feeling as if deserted by all his friends, as if quite alone in a hostile and alien world, the Zone Major did his best to satisfy everyone. Suddenly, pulled by a hidden magic, he looked up from his desk to the drawn and frightened face of Madame Lambruche.

'Monsieur,' she whispered through the crowd, 'must they take him?'

'Whom, madame?' asked the Zone Major, elbowing his way through the colonels to where she stood clutching her shawl about her.

'The good little MacDougal. Oh, they must not take him — there are so many others.'

The Zone Major gently led her out of the hubbub and walked with her to her cottage.

'Come and see, monsieur, how we make the good ménage together. Ah, if they take him, it will kill my Eulalie; it will kill me; he is my *filz de guerre*.'

The fragile shrunken body of this woman, who at their first meeting had been so reserved, so cold, so inimical, was shaken by ill-controlled sobs. She clung to the arm of the American as if he were her court of last resort.

But the court of last resort was mystified; he was thoroughly alarmed. What had that soft, doughy, lanky, misshapen idiot of a MacDougal been doing in Fairyland? He pictured all sorts of horrid tricks, and began to wonder where he should confine him. Such was his efficient mind.

'Come, come see, monsieur,' went on Madame Lambruche. 'See how good he is to us. He is more than a son. He is an angel sent by the good God. My poor Eulalie is a different girl.'

They arrived at the cottage, and Madame Lambruche impelled the Zone Major through the gate, to the horror of the bell, which nodded on its curved stem as if it had the ague. There under the lime tree sat Private MacDougal on the green settee, a beatific smile on his face, his arms outstretched as if they were in stocks, with a hank of O.D. wool wrapped round them. Beside him sat a young girl with fair hair, who was winding the O.D. wool into a ball.

When Private MacDougal saw the Zone Major, he unfolded himself from the settee, much as a deck-chair unfolds itself. He was standing at what to him was 'Attention.' His two imprisoned hands were having a hard time to place themselves at his sides, thumbs along the seams of his breeches.

'What in God's name are you doing here?' thundered the Zone Major, who really wanted to retreat instead of to thunder, 'while the train is pulling out?'

'Winding wool, sir,' replied Private MacDougal.

'W-w-w-winding wool? What the devil are you doing that for?'

'For a sweater, sir. Yoolaly is going to make me a sweater.'

'But they'll be calling the roll in a minute.'

'They'll never miss me, lieutenant. Can I sit down now?'

'Qu'il est beau!' sighed Madame Lambruche, in ecstasy, clasping and

unclasping her hands. 'You are going to let him stay?'

'It is impossible, madame. I am not his commanding officer. Besides,' — sternly, — 'he is a soldier.'

The Zone Major drew himself up like Napoleon as he said this.

'Same old bunk,' breathed MacDougal with resignation. 'They always says that when there's dirty work to be done.'

The Zone Major's dignity and unmanifested respect for MacDougal increased simultaneously.

'They'll be sounding Assembly before you know,' he said coldly. 'Say good-bye and fall in before your C.O. finds you here.'

MacDougal withdrew his hands from the wool, entangling it in the process, loped across the yard to the ladder, and slithered up it to the *grenier*. In a few minutes he reappeared with his helmet on over his overseas cap, chin-strap back of his head, blouse unbuttoned, his square Medical-Corps pack bulging and deformed, with one strap unfastened and hanging loose. He was the model of the amateur warrior, unhampered by training.

'Button up your blouse,' snapped the Zone Major, while the women looked on with terror and love struggling to control their faces. 'Put your helmet on straight. Fasten that strap. Now say good-bye and join your outfit.'

Madame Lambruche began to cry, and Eulalie to wind wool furiously.

MacDougal actually appeared to straighten up as he walked toward her, with his left hand holding his pack from falling.

'Good-bye, Yoolaly,' he said, '*non* cry — *moi partir mais* send letters from the front, *ness par? Toujours* you'll get news of me, *toujours*.'

Eulalie arose, threw back her head proudly, and kissed him.

Then she smiled through her tears.

'*Goude-mornang*,' she said, and held out her hand like a man.

'She thinks that means "good-bye," lieutenant,' said MacDougal apologetically.

He turned to Madame Lambruche.

'Good-bye, mother,' he said.

'Adieu, au revoir!' cried Madame Lambruche, grasping him by both arms; 'you are a soldier and you must fight. But we shall see you again. Au revoir et bonne chance, mon petit, mon fils.'

And she kissed him on both cheeks.

MacDougal gulped hard and then, 'French custom,' he explained over her shoulder to the Zone Major.

And he fell in, presumably, with his outfit.

As soon as the boy had left the yard, the two women ran to one another and wept long and painfully.

'Five sons have I lost in the war,' sobbed Madame Lambruche, 'and no sooner do I gain one from across the ocean to take their places, than he too is taken. Seigneur have pity on me, an old woman.'

She ceased and turned to the Zone Major.

'At least you can leave me and my daughter in peace,' she said brokenly.

The Zone Major withdrew.

He reached his office in low spirits, to find there Bedlam.

'How can I raise Chaumont on the 'phone?'

'Have you a map of the Baccarat Sector?'

'Who's town major in Commercy?'

'Why must we leave a claims-officer behind?'

'What do these criss-crosses mean on the map?'

'This order says to make Toul by the twelfth, and it's now the thirteenth.'

'Who's *Daylight*?'

The Zone Major responded as well

as he could. The start was then two hours late, and cries of 'When do we eat?' arose from the highway.

Finally, a little fat lieutenant burst into the office, looking for his company commander.

'Captain,' he shrieked, 'got one man too many in the company. What shall I do?'

'That's your funeral,' replied the captain cheerfully; 'you're personnel officer.'

'Am I responsible when we've got too many men?'

'Am I?' asked the captain.

The lieutenant scratched his head.

'Looks to me as if nobody was,' he reflected.

He left the office whistling.

At length the train left, three hours late.

As the Zone Major was quitting his office for luncheon, his experience of six weeks earlier was repeated. Sitting on the doorstep, alone and contented, like an abandoned dog who has found a new master, was Private Roland MacDougal.

'You?' said the Zone Major.

'Was present but not accounted for,' replied MacDougal, limply touching his right eyebrow. 'Guess the lieutenant's responsible for me, sir.'

He held out an envelope to the Zone Major.

'My service record, sir,' he said; 'first time I have had to get rid of it since I left Camp Grant.'

The Zone Major wiped his damp forehead with his handkerchief.

'G-go, and report to Madame Lambruche for duty,' he said.

'Sir,' said MacDougal, wringing his commander's hand, 'you're an officer, but a gentleman.'

And he sauntered off down the road toward the little cottage, where he may still be, for all anyone knows.

GOOD-BYE TO OLD FRIENDS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

TO-DAY was a long work day. When afternoon-time was come, the mamma was worried because the cream was n't sour enough to churn, and she wanted to get it churned before supper-time. I wanted to help her. I feel so sorry for her when the worry lines come on her face. They make her look tired. While she was taking a nap by the baby on the bed, I tried to think how I could help her. By-and-by, after a time not very long, I thought of a way. I got a lemon and cut it in two with the butcher knife. Then I took the lid off the big churn. I squeezed those lemons lots of times into the cream. Then, when they would n't leak any more juice out, I put the rinds in for a finishing touch, just like the mamma puts them into the lemonade after she has squeezed all the squeeze out. I feel better now. I know when the mamma awakes joy will be hers when she sees the cream is sour enough to churn.

But the feels the mamma did have when she had wake-ups — they was not joy feels; and the feels I now have are sore feels on the back part of me. While I did mind the baby, there was an odd sound like someone crying a great way off. The mamma says, 'I wonder what it is.' I know it is the death-song of that gray fir tree they are falling this afternoon. Sleeps is come upon the baby. The mamma says for me to get out of her way. I go now goes to the woods.

I did. I went on to where its growing was. It reaches up and up — most away to the clouds. Days have been when I did sit by it to have thinks.

And Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus has gone goes there with me, and Brave Horatius has waited waits while I did say prayers for that great tree. And I have told it all the things I am going to do when I grow up. I have told it about the books I am going to write about wood-folks and them of the field, and about the twins I want when I grow up and the eight other children. And always I have read to this great fir tree the letters I have wrote and put in the big log for the fairies to take to grand-mère and grandpère. And night-times I have heard the little wind-song among its arms most near to the sky, and I have almost touched the big gray shadow with velvet fingers that stays close by it at night-time. And to-day there I did watch and I did hear its moans as the saw went through it. And I sat down on the ground. There was a queer feel in my throat and I could n't stand up. All the woods seemed a still sound except the pain sound of the saw. It seemed like a little voice was calling from the cliffs. And then it was many voices. They were all little voices calling as one silver voice come together. The saw — it did n't stop — it went on sawing. Then I did have thinks the silver voice was calling to the soul of the big fir tree. The saw did stop. There was a stillness. There was a queer sad sound. The big tree did quiver. It did sway. It crashed to the earth.

Yesterday was the day of the funeral of Aristotle. He died of eating too many mosquitoes. Now I have not three pet

bats. I only have two pet bats — only Plato and Pliny. And they are like mouses with angel wings. I have likes to watch Pliny scratch his head with his hind foot, and he does use a part of his wonderful stretchy wing for a wash-cloth. I have lonesome feels about Aristotle being gone. I go now goes to the garden to get turnips for supper.

I did. And I give to them washes in the brook. When I did take them in to put them on the cook-table the mamma and the grandma was talking about the garden. The mamma did wonder where that third cabbage-head was gone. I did n't. I know. It is up the brook a ways dabbling its toes in the water. I dug it up this morning and put it there. To-night I shall plant it again in the garden. It will have had a glad day dabbling its toes in the brook. That does give one such a nice feel.

I have been setting on a high stump looking looks to where is the road. Now the sun shines yellow and many flowers bloom yellow along the road. When I grow up I'm going to write a book about the folks that wear the sunshine color. I have printed some prints for its begins.

When I was coming back from the stump, I saw a spider. I stopped to watch him. He walked on his web. There was a mosquito in the web. I thought I would take that mosquito to Pliny to eat. Before I could get to it, that spider ate that mosquito up. I came a come as near unto the *chêne* trees. I saw the black cat coming in a creep along. He was coming more near unto the little squirrel that had no seeing of his coming. I run a more quick run. I hollered a little holler. The little squirrel did make a start to make a run. The cat did make a jump. I so did too. The cat did begin to make a quick run. I so did too. I fell over a little root. That helped some because when I fell I did catch the tail of that old black cat.

I pulled it most hard. He did drop the little squirrel and made objects to my pulling his tail so. Then I did get the baby squirrel. It was most killed — but it was not killed dead. I did cuddle it up in my hands and we did go the way that does go to the hospital. I have mentholatumed it and named it Geofroi Chaucer, and I have told it about this being the day of the going away of Innocent III in 1216. Now I go goes to the cathedral to say thanks for his borning and all the good he did do, and to pray for the angels to bring a new baby to the mamma and the papa when comes Eastertime.

One of my tooth is loose and a queer feel. This morning, after I did come back from prayers in the cathedral with Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, — it was then I did have feels of that tooth, — it was funny feels, — its being loose. After I did eat some of my mush, I did go to the string-box and I pulled out a string. It was a white one. There was lots of white strings in that box and a pink one and a green one. I put the white string back and I pulled out the green one. It was long — very long — feels long. I did tie one part of it around my tooth with carefuls. Then I did come a walk over to where the broom stands behind the back door. I did tie the other end of the long green string to the broom-handle. And I kept hold of the middle of the string in my hand, so when the broom had falls it would n't give a bump to my tooth when it did pull it out. I went a walk off. The tooth did n't come out. The green string did just have a slip off the broom-handle. I carried the string in a careful way while I did go to bring in the wood and other morning works the mamma did want done when she went away to the grandma's house. When the works was done, then I tied that string to the door-knob. I started to

walk off. Then I came back aways. I decided to wait a little while. I walked off again. I got most far enough to get it jerked out. Then I thought I'd wait until after dinner. I took the string off my tooth, but I left it on the door-knob to remind me to do it after dinner. Now I go.

And I went goes to the woods with Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and there I met a glad surprise. To-day the fairies did bring more color pencils to the moss-box by the old log. I had finding of them in the afternoon of to-day. There was a blue one and a green one and a yellow one and a purple one, and more there was too. I looked looks at them and I climbed up into the tree that is close by the old log. I climbed up to be more near the sky. There was songs in the tree-tops and I did make a stop way below to have listens. And I did look looks down on where is the moss-box, and the fleurs I have planted near unto it, and the ferns and the vines that do have growing over the old log.

And while I did have watches of the plant-folks that dwell about the moss-box, and while I did have listens of the songs in the tree-tops — then it was the *pensée* girl with the far-away look in her eyes and the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time did come walking through the woods. It is often now they so come, and he does gather ferns for her and they do have listens to what the brook sings. To-day they did n't make a stop by the brook. They came right on and on. They so did until they was come right up to where the plant-folks dwell by the moss-box. First, I did have thinks they was coming comes to leave a letter for the fairies. But they came and they stood there — they did not go goes away. Then I had knows they did n't even see the moss-box where I do leave the letters for the fairies. They did almost

step on it. I had sees there was joy lights in her eyes, and the looks he looked at her was like the looks the young husband of Dear Love does look at her when he is come home from work at eventime.

And I did reach out my arms above them for blessings to come. They had not knows of my reaching out my arms above them. Only God had knows. They did just have sees for one another. I have sure feels they did n't see that green caterpillar having sleeps under the green hazel leaf. He most stepped on the moss-box. I most hol-lered. My loose tooth was queer feels. He is a most strong man. He put his arms around the *pensée* girl and he most lifted her off the ground. I had fears he would drop her on the moss-box. I most did have losing of my balance on the tree-arm. And I had sees of a chipmunk on a stump. He was very saucy and had nice stripes on his back. And he did sit up and talk chipmunk talk to another chipmunk. I had hears of him and sees of him.

But the man of the long step and the *pensée* girl did n't have sees of the chipmunk. He did take out a ring of gold, and he did tell her that was his mother's wedding-ring, and the caterpillar that was asleep did have wake-ups and he crawled a little more under the hazel leaf. And the butterfly went by — it was a cream one with a nice ribbon at its wing-edge and pinkish spots. I had thinks about how nice it would be to be a butterfly and come out of a little egg, and be a caterpillar first, and have a lot of legs instead of just two legs like I have got now. And I looked more looks at the fat green caterpillar. I have more like him in the nursery. He did kiss her again. Last year I had more green caterpillars like unto this one. And they did grow and change and they was very big brown moths with velvet wings and velvet feet. And he did say, 'I want to

help you to have all the love joy in the world'; and I put more in my prayer, a baby soon. And the fat green caterpillar fell off the leaf away down on the ground, but he fell on some moss I have put about where is the moss-box. And after his arm did touch the hazel bush he did step over two steps. I breathed a big breathe of reliefs about the moss-box not having steps on. And he kissed her again. And the green caterpillar made begins to crawl back up the hazel bush. And I felt a big amount of satisfaction feels that they was so happy. And I did whisper another prayer for the angels to bring them a baby real soon, with pink fleurs on its baby brush and a pink bow on its cradle-quilt.

And in the bushes there was a little bird and restless was upon him. The color of him was blue-gray, and there were streaks underneath, and there was a bit of yellow on his throat and so on top of his head. He did move in a quick way. I so did so I could see him more. As I did go along a-following him after, I did have sees of the tracks of the comings and goings of little wood-folks. And a way away was a soft-eyed *faon*. When it's with its mother then it is a *daine*. There was whispers in the ferns and more songs in the tree-tops.

And my tooth had some more queer feels, and I had remembers about the green string tied to the doorknob. I went a walk back. It was still there when I was come to the house we live in. Brave Horatius was by the steps. He did have watches of me while I did tie the other end of the long green string around my tooth. Then I went a quick walk to the other door by step-backs. I made a reach out for the green string. But it was n't. It was on the floor, and my tooth was. After I did throw it away, then I did do the green string up in a roll. I am going to keep it.'

I went goes to the garden to get the beets the mamma did want for supper. While I did get them, I did have seeing that the green dresses of the turnip-folk are getting faded and old. I thought they might like to have new white dresses. I went again to the kitchen—I lifted the flour-sifter from the flour-drawer in the cook-table. I did go back to the garden. There I sifted flour on the turnip-folks. It came down in sprinkles like snowflakes. That gave them the proper look. When the wind came along, they nodded appreciation and some of the flour slid off to the ground. And Brave Horatius and I went to prayers in the cathedral, and so went Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides. And Mathilde Plantagenet did wait waits at the pasture-bars.

To-day was taking-egg day. Taking-egg day comes mostly one time a week. It is the day the mamma does send me straight to take eggs to the folks here-about and yonder. First she does send me to take them yonder before she does send me to take them hereabout. This she does because she knows if she sends me first to take them to the folks that live hereabout, I do stay so long with the folks that live in the nursery and hospital that there is n't enough time left to take eggs unto the people that live yonder.

As quick as I did eat my breakfast the mamma did set out the lard-pail on the wash-bench with a dozen eggs in it. As quick as she did so I put on my sun-bonnet. It is blue and has a ruffle on it. Sometimes I wear it on my head, but most times it hangs back over my shoulders. And often I carry it over my arm with things in it—earthworms for baby birds, bandages for the folks that get hurt, and mentholatum in quinine boxes. Then, too, on exploration trips my chums ride in it. Sometimes it's a

mouse and sometimes it's a beetle. Very often it is toads and caterpillars — only they don't ride in the sun-bonnet at the same time, because I have learned toads like to eat caterpillars for breakfast. Sometimes Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, that most dear velvety wood-rat, snuggles up in my sun-bonnet. He most fills it up. A sun-bonnet is a very useful garment.

After I did tie my bonnet-strings under my chin in the proper way the mamma thinks they ought to be tied, I walked over to the wash-bench in hip-pity-hops to get that bucket of eggs. Before I took up the bucket I did look long looks at those eggs. They were so plump and so white and they did have so nice a feel. I think being a hen must be a very interesting life. How thrilling it must be to cackle after one lays an egg. And then it must be a big amount of satisfaction to have a large number of children hatch out at the same time and follow one about. I think I would like to be a hen in the day-time, but I would n't like to roost in the chicken-house at night.

When the mamma saw me looking long looks at those eggs, she gave to me a shoulder shake and told me to get a hurry on me and take those eggs straight to Mrs. Limberger yonder. That Mrs. Limberger is the quite plump wife of that quite big man that lives in a quite big house that is nice but is n't as nice as his lane. I thought I'd go straight to Mrs. Limberger's in along that lane from out along the field, but first I did go by to get Felix Mendelssohn.

When I got to where he was, it was very near unto the altar of Good King Edward I. And being as this was the day of his crowning in 1274, I thought I would just go a little farther to see if the crown I planted in little plants there on the altar was growing in a nice way. They were. When I planted them there from the woods in spring days I did

hope they would burst into bloom on this his crowning day and make a crown of flowers on his altar. But the dear little things got in a hurry and they did bloom more than a month ago. But they were saying to-day beautiful things with their leaves. I heard them as I did kneel to pray to thank God for Good King Edward I.

After I did pray quite a long time and Felix Mendelssohn got a little fidgety I started on to take the eleven eggs that were left straight to Mrs. Limberger. The other egg I could not take, because when I did kneel to pray, in some way it did roll out of the bucket, and before I was through my prayers a little gray rock by my hand just rolled off the altar and met the egg. There are a lot of little gray rocks on the altar. It is mostly made up of little rocks and some big ones. While I was making that altar, the man that works at the mill and wears gray neckties and is kind to mice came along. And the big rocks that were too big he did lift and place on the altar there. And then he did help me to plant mosses in between some of the rocks. That made me happy. Men are such a blessing to have about.

To-day I did go from the altar to the field. Along the way I stopped to talk to the trees and to watch the birds and to get berries for the nursery. I put them in the bucket with the eggs. I most lost my bonnet climbing over the fence and I did lose three more of those eggs and some of the berries for the nursery. I picked up the berries and put them back in the lard-pail, but the eggs I could not pick up. I did n't put my sun-bonnet back on my head again, but I did give the strings a little tie in front so it would n't come off. Very soon after I saw a little snake. He was crawling along. When I see snakes I like to stop and watch them. The dresses they wear fit them tight. They can't fluff out their clothes like birds can, but

snakes are quick people. They move in such a pretty way. Their eyes are bright and their tongues are slim.

When that snake crawled away where I could n't see him any more, I walked over to talk to a flower. After we did have conversation for some time, I did happen to think the mamma did say to hurry, so I said good-bye, and when I did, I put my nose to the flower to smell it. It had a pleasant odor. I went on. Pretty soon I felt something on my nose. I wiped it off. It was pollen from that flower. I put it on an egg in the lard-pail. That gave that egg a flowery look. I showed it to an ear of corn, and then as I did go along I stopped to take the clods away from the roots of some of the corn-plants so the toes of their roots could have some fresh air. They quivered appreciations and some did bow down most to the ground to thank me after I was done.

I proceeded. The day was most warm. When I did cross the creek, I looked down it and up it. There were fairy demoiselles near unto the water. Their wings did shimmer in the sunlight. All along its edges the willows were dabbling their toes. Some had waded in a little bit — about enough to get their ankles wet. I looked long looks at them. I knew just how they did feel inside while they were dabbling their toes in the water. It is such a nice feel to have. I started on. I looked back. I started on. I turned and came back a little ways — just to take a good-bye look. The willows waved their hands to me. They called to me. I hurried on with the eggs. I had got twice as far as I did get before. Then I started back to the creek. I ran all the way. When I arrived I took off my shoes. I hung my stockings on a willow branch. Then I sat on the edge of the bank and dabbled my toes. One drinks in so much inspiration while one is dabbling one's toes in a willow creek. And one does

hear the talkings of plants that dwell near unto the water.

While I was dabbling my toes my legs did have longings to go in wading, but I went not in. Something might have happened to what was left of that dozen eggs the mamma was sending straight to Mrs. Limberger, and that was why I did not go. And I did not take Felix Mendelssohn out of the pocket he was riding in that he might dabble his toes. I took him not out for he has no longings to dabble his toes in a brook. He has prefers to dabble his toes in cheese. Though I do feel most certain one does n't get near so much inspirations when one dabbles one's toes in cheese as one gets when one dabbles one's toes in waters that sing. After I did take in a goodly amount of inspirations, I drewed my toes away from the water and let the sun dry my feet so I could put my stockings on. While I was lacing my shoes up, I looked looks around to see what was near about. A little way distant was a haystack.

When I did have my shoes most laced up to the top, I gave the strings a tuck in and started on. I saw a *bourdon*. He was plump in body and he did give a plump buzz. I did halt to screwtineyes him and to listen to more of those plump buzzings of his. They were cool sounds. What ones I did hear were so. He was a bourdon in a hurry and he went on in a quick way. And I went on in a slow way. The sun was so hot. It made me squint my eyes, so I put my bonnet on. That made things better. Pretty soon I met Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Then we went walking across the field. I took off my sun-bonnet and tied it on Elizabeth Barrett Browning so the sun would n't bother her eyes. And she did go her way and I did go mine. We shall meet again at the pasture-bars when comes eventime.

When I did say good-bye to Elizabeth Barrett Browning I went the way

that leads to this haystack. And here I have stopped. A haystack is such an interesting place. It's a nice place to explore. I think so. Mice think so. Sometimes — quite often — when I am crawling back in a haystack, I do meet a mouse, which is very nice, for mice are nice folks to know. And now to-day, when I did crawl back away under the straw, I did find something. What I did find made me feel gratitudes from my curls to my toes. It was a nest full of eggs and nobody had used an egg from it. There are — there were just fifteen eggs under the hay. They are not near so white as are those eight eggs the mamma is sending straight to Mrs. Limberger, but they do have more smooth feels. Oh, such satin feels! They are so slick they come most slipping right out of my hands, but they did n't. Four and two I have took. I have put them here in the pail. I do know Mrs. Limberger does so like to have things with satin feels about her. I have heard her expression so when I was taking eggs to her before. Now I think she will beam delights all over her plumpness when she does see the satin-feel eggs in this pail. I have placed them on top so she will see them first of all. Too, I think her eyes will kink when she finds she has got a dozen eggs and two. I wonder what she will be doing with those two extra eggs. Now I'll just get a hurry on me and take them straight to her. And I will hide these printings of to-day in a little box here in the haystack until comes eventime. And I will come back again for them when I come to meet Elizabeth Barrett Browning at the pasture-bars.

I'm back again. I did go straight from this haystack with the two and dozen eggs to the door of the house of Mrs. Limberger. When I did get there she was talking with a woman. The woman was the beautiful Sadie Mc-

Kinzie, and she wore upon her a new dress like the blossoms of Avalon growing in the marshes, and there were freckles on it like the freckles on her face, and both were beautiful. Also did Mrs. Limberger wear a new dress. It was black and had a yellow stripe in it like unto one of those yellow stripes the garter snake wears on his back.

When I did walk soft upon the porch, they were so busy talking they heard me not. I reached out the eggs. Yet they were so busy talking, they saw them not. Then I did edge over to Sadie McKinzie. I gave her sleeve a little pull. She looked down at me and smiled. She went on talking. She gave each one of my curls a smooth-out while she talked on. When she did get most done with her part of the conversation, Mrs. Limberger did happen to see the eggs I was holding out to her. She reached and took them. I was glad, but my arm was the most glad part of me because it did have a tired feeling from holding the bucket out so long.

She did n't even notice those satin eggs on top. She did begin to talk about the many ribbons and the many ruffles the new woman wears that lives up the corduroy road. She talked on and on, and I did wait on for the lard-pail the eggs were in. And I did get fidgety, for she was n't holding the bucket straight by the middle of its loop as a bucket ought to be held. I had a little fear she would drop that bucket. That would make a dent in it. And I knew what a spanking I would get if I took that pail home with a dent in it. I did stick my finger in my mouth to keep from speaking to her about it.

Just when I had feels how that spanking was going to feel, she did take a firm hold on the handle. But she did n't take it in the middle. That did make the bucket to tip. She went on talking. She took a big breath and two of those satin-feel eggs did roll out.

They bounced. They broke. Mrs. Limberger kinked her nose quick. She put her new black dress to it. Sadie McKinzie too did put her new dress to her nose in a quick way. And my apron so did I put to my nose. Now this I know, for there I learned an egg with a satin feel may feel proper, but inside it is not so, and if it gets a fall it is only a queer odor that one does have longings to run away from.

But Mrs. Limberger made me stay right there and carry water from the pump and scrub all the bad odors off her back porch. I think some of them odors was n't from the two eggs with satin feels. When I confided my feelings about the matter to Felix Mendelssohn, Mrs. Limberger did tell me to go on scrubbing. She said, whatever smells might have been there, you could n't get a whiff of, on account of the multiplications of smells that came from the two eggs.

Sadie McKinzie did help me to scrub. She did ask Mrs. Limberger not to mention the matter to the mamma. Also, she said she was going by that way to-morrow and would bring the four eggs to make up the dozen. When I started home, Sadie McKinzie did give to me a good-bye kiss on each cheek.

She knew how I do long for kisses and how the mamma has n't time to give me any.

When I walked by Mrs. Limberger, I did look the other way. As I passed she gave me a pat and when she did, Felix Mendelssohn squeaked. When she gave me the pat, it went through my dress onto the back of the head of Felix Mendelssohn in a pocket in my underskirt. And he, being a mouse of a musical tendency, does object to being patted on the back of the head. He prefers to have pats on his throat. And he won't let anybody give them but me.

I went on in a hurry to home. The mamma came a little ways from the

door to meet me. Behind her was a switch. I saw both ends sticking out. I did give my skirt a shake so Felix Mendelssohn would get out and away. It would be awful for him to get hurt by a whipping. It might hurt his soul. After the mamma did tend to me as usual, I put some mentholatum on the places where the whip did hit most hard. Then I did go to take eggs to the folks that live hereabout. I went in a hurry. After that there was baby clothes to be washed and wood to be brought in. Then the mamma told me to go find my sun-bonnet and not to come back until I did find it. I went again to the altar of Good King Edward I to pray. Then I went to the nursery and the hospital and came again here where I print. Now I do see Elizabeth Barrett Browning at the pasture-bars. And she has got my sun-bonnet on. I knew we would meet again at eventide at the pasture-bars, for often we do, and often on hot days she wears my sun-bonnet until we meet again. It does so help to keep the sun from hurting her beautiful eyes.

Very early on the morning of to-day I did go unto the cathedral, for this is the going-away day of Saint Louis in 1270. I went there to sing a thank song for his goodness and to say prayers. I did sing the song of Saint Louis that Angel Father did teach me to sing. The little leaves on the bushes growing there under the grand trees — their little leaves did whisper little whispers. I have thinks those little whispers were thank songs for the goodness of Saint Louis. Sometimes I did hear little bird-voices in between the singing of the songs. I have thinks they were singing the same thank song I did sing — only they were singing it in their way. And when I come again home, the brook was singing the same song.

After other works was done at the

house we live in on this morning, the mamma did have me to stand on a box on a chair and give to the windows some washes. Then she did have me to give the steps some scrubs. While I so did, I looked looks about. On the porch end was a little spider. He made moves in a little quick way. A *guêpe* came near unto him. She made no stops. She came on to him. She did carry that spider away.

Pretty soon I did have those steps all clean — nice and clean. Then the mamma did have me to help her to take the children to the house of her mamma. She and they stayed there all day. I so did not do. When they were come to the door of the ranch-house, I did go goes in the way that goes to the pasture-bars. I so did go to tell the folks in the pasture what day it was. It was most warm when I was come to the far end of the pasture. The folks of the pasture were not out in the sun. They were in shade. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was under a big *chêne* tree. She did look gentle looks at me. And I did put my arm around her neck and tell her all about whose day it was.

Then I went on to tell the gentle Jersey cow. She was near some more *chêne* trees. I went on. She followed after. She did come with me as far as the brook. I watched her take a long drink. The day — it was so warm. Elizabeth Barrett Browning did come for a drink. I had thinks of Aphrodite in the pig-pen. I looked looks about for the little bucket I do carry drinks of water in to my friends. I found it where I did hide it by the willow bush. Then I did go to take a drink of cold water to Aphrodite in the pig-pen. These warm days she does have longings for a drink of cold water. She did grunt grunts of appreciations. Then she did grunt another grunt. I have thinks that other grunt was to tell me not to have forgets to take a drink of cold water to Cassiopée.

I so did. Cassiopée is a pig that does belong to the man that our lane does belong to.

After I did tell them all about it being the going-away day of Saint Louis, I did go my way to the garden. The goldenrod did nod, 'It is good that he is born.' The tall sunflowers in the garden there did say, 'It is his day. It is his day.' I went adown the carrot rows. They were all whispering soft whispers. I have thinks they were saying little thank prayers for the goodness of Saint Louis. The cabbage-plants were all smiling as I passed them by. I think they are right glad for the drink of water I gave each one of them last night.

From the garden I did go to tell other folks. I did sing the little song of Saint Louis as I did go along. The sun it was hot down on my head. I took two big maple-leaves and they did some help to keep its warmness from my head. I went on. Once at the edge of the near woods I met with my dear Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. We went on together. I did carry him in one arm and I did hold a maple-leaf over him with the other hand. A long way we went in-about and out-about, and many little folks we did tell about this day being the going-away day of Saint Louis.

By-and-by, after it was a very long time, there was no sun. The warmness did have a different feel. There were gray clouds in the sky. Some were darkness. I did go in hurry steps. I went not from the road. I did go the way it went around the bend. More dark clouds did roll across the sky. More grayness was over all. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus in my bonnet did make a move. I did almost drop him. I made a stop to wrap him more up in the sun-bonnet. Then I did hurry on. I climbed the lane gate. It was more quick to so do than to pull the

plug out that swings the gate open. I went on. There was a great noise. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus poked his nose out of the sun-bonnet. He cuddled up against me. The great noise came again. I whispered to him, 'Il tonne.' We went on. In-between times there was fire in the sky. It made moves in a quick way. After it was the coming of the great noise. Every time I did whisper to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, 'Il tonne.' I so did, so he would not have thinks the great noise was something else.

When we were come near the ending of the lane, there was some very big pats of rain. One fell on my nose and it did roll off onto the back of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. I cuddled him up more close as more loud noises did come. When we were at the ending of the lane, there was Brave Horatius waiting for us. I have thinks he had been on looks for us. His looks did look like he had. We went on together.

We was just a-going to start down the path that does lead to our house when we did hear a calling. It was a mournful sound. I had thinks some little life was much hurt and did have needs of a help. I felt for the little box of mentholatum in my pocket. It was there, and some bandages too. The sound came again. Somewhere in the near woods a voice was calling. I followed it after. Once I did have thinks it came from a root. And then it was like it did come from a big tree. It was a pain voice, like someone calling someone to come. Then it was like a lost voice trying to find its way among the ferns. It was not a word voice. It was just a voice without words. I did have wonders what voice it was. I followed after its queer callings. Brave Horatius followed after me. He would stop and look queer puzzle looks at nowhere.

We did go on. The voice sound came

again. Then it was like a voice lost from the person it did belong to. It was a clear low cry — like a ripple of gray ribbon. We was more near to it. We followed it around a big tree. There it was, come from the man on the stump, between that tree and the big tree that was beyond it. The man, he did throw back his head and the voice came out his throat and went to nowhere. It came again like little bits of queer green fire flame, and then it was low, and again like a ripple of gray ribbon. As it was so, he did turn his face about. It was the face of the husband of Sadie McKinzie; but the look — the look in his eyes was a queer wild look that looked looks at nowhere.

We are going to move to the mill town. For a whole week every morning now, after the morning works is done, the mamma does have me to help her make prepares to move — and after I do be helps to the mamma, then I do work at making prepares for moving my belongings when we go goes to the mill town.

I have made begins a week ago. I have been carrying my belongings to inside an old log a little way away from the house we do live in. Moving is a big amount of problem. But mostly now I do have my prepares done. I am going to take with me when we go goes to the mill just my necessary things — the mamma does say none but my necessary things can go. She said that was my blue calico apron and my gray calico apron and the clothes that goes under them and my two pair of stockings and the shoes I have on and my sun-bonnet and my slate and Cyr's reader.

But I have some more necessary things that the mamma has not knows of. There is my two books that Angel Mother and Angel Father did write in and I do study in every day, and the pictures of mother and père, and the

pictures of grandmère and grandpère and tante and oncle and all the others that I do love much every day; and to-day there was needs to give the dear picture of père a wash in the brook, because last time on yesterday, when I did kiss him, a little piece of jam from my bread and butter got on his dear face that does look so like him. And after I did come from the brook I put them all away in a careful way in the box I do keep them in, and I said a little prayer.

And I went to bring to the old log the willow whistle the shepherd did make for me when it was the borning-time of the lambs — and the two flutes he did make of seeds. And now I do have most of my necessities in the hollow log. There by it is the lily plant the soul of Peter Paul Rubens has loves for to be near. And I have planted it in a little flower-pot Sadie McKinzie has given to me. And when we are moved moves to the mill town, I will put the lily plant under the window of the room I do have sleeps in, so that what the soul of Peter Paul Rubens does love to be near will be near unto where I be. And in the hollow log there is the old logging boot of the husband of Dear Love that he has given me to keep some of my rock collections in. And there is the bath-towel of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus that Dear Love has made for him. And there is the color pencils that the fairies did bring to the moss-box. And there is many brown papers that Sadie McKinzie has given me to print prints on. And there is the cushion Lola did make for Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil to set on in my desk at school. And there is all the patches I do pin on my underskirt for my animal friends to ride in. And there is the track of Elizabeth Barrett Browning that I did dig up in the lane. It has so much of poetry in it.

And there is one of the gray neckties of the man that wears gray neckties

and is kind to mice that he did give to me for Brave Horatius to wear. And there is the bib of Elsie's baby that Elsie did give me for Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides to wear when he was nursing the bottle. And there is seven of the tail-feathers of Lars Porsena that he did lose when he did lose his tail. And there is four old horse-shoes of William Shakespeare that the blacksmith did have allows for me to have when he was putting new shoes onto William Shakespeare. And there is the thimble of Dear Love that she has given me to carry drinks of water to the folks in the hospital. And there is the little bell of Peter Paul Rubens that he did use to wear to service in the cathedral.

And there is Elsie's baby's little old shoe that got worn out and she gave it to me for Nannerl Mozart to sleep in. And there is the lid of Sadie McKinzie's coffee-pot that she did give me when it came off. She always did sing over that lid when cooking-time was come. And there is the traveling case of Minerva, that the *pensée* girl with the far-away look in her eyes did make for me to carry all the christening robes of Minerva's children in, and more pieces of white cloth and little ribbons the *pensée* girl did put into Minerva's traveling case for christening time come next year.

And there is the egg-shells Ben Jonson and Sir Francis Bacon and Pius VII and Nicholas Boileau and Edmund Spenser and Oliver Goldsmith and John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont and Cardinal Richelieu and Sir Walter Raleigh and the rest of Minerva's children hatched out of. I have thinks there is needs for me to carry them egg-shells in my apron when we go moves to the mill town, so they will not have breaks. And there is the little gray shawl Sadie McKinzie has made for Nannerl Mozart. And there is the little cap that Dear Love did make for my Louis II, le Grand

Condé. It has got a feather in it. He did nibble the end off the feather and he had mouse-wants to chew the tassel that she did put on the bag she did make for me to carry him in. And there is the ribbon bow off Elsie's garter she did give me for Felix Mendelssohn to wear. I have heard the women-folks at the farmhouse say this world would be a nice world if there were n't any mice in it. I think it would be a most lonesome place.

And there is the big handkerchief of the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time, that he did give to me for Brave Horatius to wear around his neck. And there is Elsie's old lace collar that Elizabeth Barrett Browning does wear to cathedral service. And there is one of the whiskers of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus that he did lose. And there is all the portraits of my friends on poker-chips. And there is the other white poker-chips that are waiting waits for pictures to be drawn on them. And there is the blue and the red poker-chips that is the breakfast and supper plates of the folks in the nursery and the hospital. And there is Minerva's white cap that she does wear to cathedral service with the ruffles on it like are on the morning-cap of Jenny Strong. And there is the long green string I pulled my tooth with. And there is the split jacket of Padre Martini that he did last wear before he was become a grown-up *cigale*. And there is the bottle of Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides — the bottle that used to be a brandy bottle.

And there is the skins of the caterpillars they did grow too big for when they was growing into *papillons* and *phalènes*. And there is the two tail-feathers of Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon. And there is Solomon Grundy's christening robe. And there is the little fleur watering-pot the fairies did bring that I do give my friends shower-baths

with. And there is the cocoon that Charlotte Brontë, the big velvet brown *phalène*, did hatch out of, and there is more cocoons that other *phalènes* did hatch out of. And there is the ribbon bow Elsie has given me off her other garter for the pet squirrel Geoffroi Chaucer, that the cat did hurt but is well again. And there is a whole new box of mentholatum that Sadie McKinzie has given me for the little folks I find with hurts in the mill town. And there is the four vaseline bottles that got empty after the young husband of Elsie did use all the vaseline in them to keep his pumpadoor smooth. I have uses for those vaseline bottles to keep food in for the folks of the nursery. These things I have now in the log. Others of my necessary things I will bring this eventime, and on to-morrow and the next day and the day after that.

Some of us go to the mill town, but not all of us go. Dear Solomon Grundy is sold to a man that does live at one of the edges of the mill town. Aphrodite is going to stay stays here, and so is Mathilde Plantagenet and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Anthonya Mundy and the gentle Jersey cow and Savonarola and Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon; and Plato and Pliny are going to live on in the barn. Brave Horatius is going goes with Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne, and too Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides is going with the shepherd to the blue hills.

Minerva is going to town with us and so is Sir Francis Bacon and Ben Jonson and Pius VII and Nicholas Boileau and Sir Walter Raleigh and all the rest of her dear children and Clementine and Napoleon and Andromeda. And by-and-by Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus is coming comes to the mill town, and so is Felix Mendelssohn and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and Nannerl Mozart and some of her children, and

Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Geoffroi Chaucer and the caterpillar folks in the nursery. All is when I do have homes fixed for them about the house we are going to live in in the mill town. Until then Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus is going to stay with Dear Love and her husband; and too Dear Love does say Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil can live under her doorstep until I do have a place fixed for him under the doorstep of the house we are going to live in in the mill town. And Sadie McKinzie is going to take care of Geoffroi Chaucer and bring him in to me at the house we are going to live in in the mill town. And the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice is going to take care of all my mouse friends in his bunk-house and he is going goes to feed the folks in the nursery and the hospital. And often it is I am going to come comes back again here to cathedral service and talks with them I know and to leave letters for the fairies in the moss-box.

I have thinks about the mill town. Maybe in the fields over on the other side of the mill town — maybe there there will be *étourneau* and *ortolan* and *draine* and *durbec* and *loriot* and *verdiere* and *rossignol* and *pinson* and *pivoire*. When I am come to the mill town I will go explores to see, and I will build altars for Saint Louis. Now I go to see Dear Love.

When I was come near unto her little house I had seeing of Dear Love. She was setting on the steps by her door drying her hair in the sun. It did wave little ripples of light when the wind did go in a gentle way by. She let me have feels of its touches. And she did give me a kiss on each cheek and one on the nose when she lifted me onto her lap. And then Dear Love did tell me a secret. It's hers and her husband's secret that the angels did let them know ahead

— they are going to have a baby soon. I felt a big amount of satisfaction. It is about time that prayer was answered. Some prayers you pray a little while and answers come. Some prayers you pray more times and answers don't come. I have not knows of why. But prayers for babies get answered soon — most always they do. The time is so long I have been praying prayers for Dear Love to have a baby soon. And now the angels have told her it's going to come in about five months. I have thinks that is quite a time long to wait waits. And Dear Love has showed me the clothes the angels did tell her to make ahead for its coming. And there is two little shirts and bands and very long underskirts with feather stitches in them, and there's a little cream kimono with a blue ribbon bow on it. I looked looks at it a long time. And Dear Love said she was going to make one just like it for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. I am glad. And there was more little clothes; and while we was looking at them the husband of Dear Love did come in the door and he did look adoors at Dear Love. It's just our secret — just Dear Love's and her husband's and mine. Nobody knows it but just us three and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Brave Horatius and Edward I and lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile and Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael and Aphrodite and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Felix Mendelssohn and Plato and Pliny and Minerva and her chickens and Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and the willows that grow by Nonette.

Now Brave Horatius and me and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus are going to prayers in the cathedral. The great pine tree is saying a poem and there is a song in the tree-tops.

(The End)

THE BACKGROUND OF PRISON CRUELTY

BY NUMBER 13

[The paper on 'Prison Cruelty,' by Frank Tannenbaum, in our April issue, occasioned widespread and useful discussion. A large number of replies were received, of which the most interesting to us is the following article. On its receipt in its original form, we wrote, with some diffidence, to inquire how far it was genuinely the product of 'the criminal mind.' In reply came the following letter, which we have permission to print, and which we feel will serve to illuminate the article itself, now revised and expanded by the author. — THE EDITOR.]

DEAR SIR, —

Your letter of the 2nd is a bit disturbing. To go into details in regard to my experiences is out of the question. In these days, when detectives seem to have almost second-sight, and no person or document escapes their attention, a man must keep his own counsel. Moreover, I am conscious at once that any disclosure of certain events in my past would prey upon my mind to the

breaking-point. This will be Greek to you if you have never had the fear of the past upon you.

I am trying to live a 'respectable' life and atone somewhat for days gone; but a criminal mind reformed has its own torments. I sometimes wonder if it pays. Actual atonement is almost impossible. If the article cannot be used without the details you ask for, please return it. I would not even have you make inquiries here. I am among people who trust me, and I intend to make good.

However, I will say that the article is autobiographical as far as it goes. It is not the whole truth, of course — just fragments of what I have learned in jail and out; and it is from the experience of the criminal mind. Any statement from the point of view of officers, wardens, etc., is the result of intercourse with them, and of observation, not from actual holding of such positions.

Yours very truly,

'NUMBER 13.'

I

THE article, 'Prison Cruelty,' by Frank Tannenbaum, in the April *Atlantic*, made me feel as if an injustice had been done the public and its jail officials; and that the character and lot of criminals had been condoned as if pertaining to children of irresponsible age. Its implications seem to favor criminals. It seems to disregard the feelings and rights of law-abiding citi-

zens. As a recital of actual conditions it has my indorsement, except that, as happens when only one aspect of such a problem is presented, the impression is conveyed that prison officials do nothing else except abuse those under their authority. Besides, the general reader would find great difficulty in judging what conception the writer has of words like discipline, punishment, and cruelty. Circumstances make all the difference in the world. An act called

cruel under certain conditions, under other conditions would be leniency. It is a dangerous thing to picture the criminal as deserving at the hands of the public a careful and benevolent consideration which few ordinary citizens obtain.

The writer of that article has evidently had a prison experience of some sort. He mentions its external conditions, but I am much interested to know his mental and emotional attitude, to see why he has one attitude and I another toward the same subject. I wonder if he has had the criminal mind — knows what it is coldly to defy law or to hunt his human prey without mercy. I wonder if his mind is so well balanced that, while a criminal, he can yet see himself in his relation to others, the law, and himself, as if he were reviewing the case of another man. If he has been through this, I wonder that he can write as he does.

It happens that I know something about criminals and jail administration. I concede that there is much hardship and cruelty in practice — more in the South than in the North, more to black than to white prisoners. When a man enters the 'profession of crime' he automatically becomes a member of a class where the ordinary relations of life do not seem to apply. He becomes a member of a beastly and vicious class, where cruelty has the right of way. We do not call it cruelty when a bully gets back what he inflicted upon others. A neighbor of mine was found at the bottom of a pond, done up in a sack. No one was sorry, and the culprits were never hunted very industriously, so far as I know. His fate was just what he deserved.

'Prison cruelty' should not be discussed apart from its associations and causes, else we get an idea that the prisoner is the only one imposed upon. Let me lay down this as a first principle: prisoners themselves are the ones who

invite and keep cruelty alive. Few wardens, much less the public, intend to impose upon men just for the fun of it. In most cases where a keeper seems to get satisfaction in this way, it is the satisfaction of getting back at a man who has aggravated him beyond endurance. I have often wondered what a criminal would do in a keeper's place.

The very fact that there are criminals makes so-called cruelty inevitable. The causes are psychological, and are both outside and inside the prison. Besides arising from present and actual relations, it is an inheritance from preceding generations — a kind of racial habit. Space forbids any discussion of the terrible prison systems which have persisted even to our times in many foreign countries, and here and there in our own. The simple fact is that the criminal is regarded as an outlaw — a man who fills the lives of even the innocent with a nameless fear and dread. He is an enemy of private and public safety and welfare. He strikes in the dark — takes others always at a disadvantage. Is it human nature for the public to say to such a man: 'Now we will give you a good home and kind treatment for doing this'? Judging from experience, I doubt if it ever will. If it ever does, private revenge will increase.

There are criminals who are mentally unfit ever to have their liberty. They are deranged. In other cases, the habit of crime, like that of drinking, masters the man. But the average criminal is as sane as anyone else. He boldly calculates every move, takes the risks, and does not whine at just punishment. He defies the truth. Even after he is caught, he pleads 'not guilty' and beats the public if he can.

Why do I stress the cruelty of the criminal? For this reason. I have seldom intentionally harmed another man without great provocation, yet several times I have been the victim of gross

injustice and maltreatment without excuse. Let me cite three principal instances. To two of the three men who meddled with me, I was simply a victim who happened along. In the first case, my trust was shamefully betrayed. Before I finished with this gentleman, he made restitution as far as he could at the time. I shall never forget the day when I learned what the second man had done. The papers said he committed suicide. Let it go at that. The third case was complex. A strike is called. I am satisfied with my work and pay, and stick, along with others. A striker warns me, another intimidates me, a third meets me on the way to work in early morning, tells me I must not go to work, and beats me over the head with a chair-leg. I am laid up six weeks. That man was unknown to me. At last I find him. Courts? They don't help a victim very much. My assailant was acting for a 'cause.' I was nothing to him, except as I seemed to hinder his cause. I taught him that freedom is for me as well as for him.

Two results: the long worry and suffering from these and other trying experiences broke my nerve. I live in a kind of perpetual fear of what evil may come next, and have to seek the protection of quiet — in fact, am unfit for the usual rough-and-tumble with life. But what I want to emphasize is this: from perfect trustfulness and good-will to all men, I grew to hate those who wronged me without cause, and then to have little pity for criminal men as a class, although I have known individual prisoners whom I would help to the limit, because they did not have the criminal mind even if they had broken the law. And people at large are educated to this same attitude by their own experience, and by the daily press with its endless stories of crimes of every description.

Mr. Tannenbaum says the public

regards the criminal as bad, unsocial, a violator of law, and a sinner; but he says it as if the public were mistaken, simply because at times the criminal behaves like ordinary folks. The above qualities are not abstract, unassociated with people's feelings and affairs. A violator of law? Yes. But the real fact is that he has brought agony of mind or death to some *person* for some selfish purpose of his own.

Right here let me say a word in regard to the criminal's attitude of mind, which seems to be a mystery to most people. They cannot picture just how a man can meditate a crime, especially a cruel one, and get away with it. When they read that James P. Watson recently confessed in a Los Angeles court that he had killed seven women, they don't see how he can stand the thought of it. And, by the way, what is a life-sentence as compared to such a record? And just how would you regard him if you were his keeper?

Preachers and sentimentalists often tell how conscience must make such men suffer. Sometimes it does — about as often as eclipses of the moon come. Just eliminate your idea of conscience, and you will have a fair idea of the criminal's attitude. He simply gives no thought to what is called wrong action. There are just three items with which he reckons: to get what he wants; to plan a method of getting it without detection; and to get away in safety if possible, but to be prepared for the worst. To the ordinary man it seems wrong to take the property or life of another. Under the provocation which a criminal thinks he has, the stealing or killing is an impersonal affair. All he dreads is the result of detection.

To make this plainer, let me illustrate by a petty form of criminal action very common among respectable people. When you take a spoon at a ban-

quiet, get by the conductor without paying fare, take away a scrap of a book or chair from the national Capitol, or shrewdly save ten dollars on your taxes, conscience does n't bother you unless it is a very sensitive one. Now just magnify the terms, and you have the big criminal's attitude of mind exactly, only he does more of it. He talks of his crime as another would talk of his farming, takes pride in his skill, blames himself for a fumble; but repentance comes only if he is caught.

Of course, I am speaking now of the general criminal mind. Not even such a man does wrong just for the fun of it. Now and then there is such a freak who is so constitutionally — likes to steal or kill just for the pure animal lust of it; but most criminals work for a prime gain, the process being merely the means. The wrong to the victim is scarcely a factor. If they kill, it is just a part of the process of winning the prime reward. Their own interests loom so large that they altogether lose sight of the victim's feelings or rights in the matter.

There is a class of criminals that gets on the nerves of their less aristocratic brethren in the business. They are the sleek, well-groomed, well-mannered gentry — bunco-steerers, promoters of fake investments, political thieves, and the like, who are so hard to bring to book because they have money and friends on their side. It is strange how much mercy and forgiveness the public has for such men, and how little for his poorer brother, who in nine cases out of ten has been fairly driven to crime by necessity or abuse.

The public is naturally interested in the detection, punishment, and reform of criminals, the last being the only item of interest in this article. The doing away with the public saloon is a long stride toward this goal; but the reform of criminals is about the most

hopeless undertaking that I know of. A criminal may become an ex-criminal because he finds that crime brings more hardship than gain; but his attitude of mind in regard to the right and wrong of it does not change. Thus he is always a potential criminal and is very liable to take a chance on the quiet.

Yet some are permanently reformed, not because they are told that their way is wicked, or to consider the good of others, or to think what the world would be if all people were like them. Usually it is through some personal sympathy or some mysterious religious shake-up.

The great problem of the reformed criminal is to readjust his disposition so as to give conscience a chance to work. Only one who has made this fight can realize how difficult it is for such a man really to feel that a deed is wrong. To this day, after years of hard discipline, I have actually to force myself by rule rather than by fine sentiment to avoid that which others call wrong. This is not the result of ignorance, because I received an advanced academic education, was well-trained in morals and social obligations, and really possess the usual sentiments of normal men. Exciting in a criminal a new affection or interest is about the surest means of reform I know of, but the moment this is done in a professional way, the charm is lost. The sound of a child's voice one night saved me from raising my weapon against the father, for whom I was watching — or was it cowardice? After finding that I had, by a curious turn of fortune, harmed unintentionally a good woman of my acquaintance, I was filled with the deepest regret and labored like a slave to make amends. Possibly, if criminals could be made to witness the harm, distress, and pain they cause, and to bear part of it, the experience might in many cases furnish

the necessary swing in the mind to bring about reformation; or at least cessation from crime.

II

If the public is apathetic about the comfort of the criminal and the prison officials are harsh, it is because both parties know that they are dealing with a class of people who make life and property unsafe. The criminal is always the aggressor. His keeper lives in fear of that, and it gets on his nerves. He argues that, if the prisoner abused his freedom outside, he will abuse it inside, and 'git' him if he can. If the keeper comes to his position with an idea of reform, he usually finds that it is the prisoner who spoils his good intentions. The average criminal does not care for reform of character. His one great interest is for reform that will bring him more comfort in jail.

There are grades of criminals, of course. We have not yet learned how to deal with the unvicious class, but great advance has been made. Indeed, it takes time to distinguish them from the others. For policy's sake, the worst often mask as the best and pose as the injured party. There are many who, except for seeming necessity or desire for revenge of a wrong done them, would not be in prison. In strict truth, they are not criminal. Too often they are massed with those who are brutal and criminal to the last degree. Justice is often blind in one eye. It is a common saying among us that a man who steals a horse is sentenced as severely as he who wrecks a bank. But discrimination between prisoners takes skill and machinery. That means increased cost; and that means more taxes from the working-people who behave themselves.

I have read much about the debasing conditions of jail life. One thing is

sure—the keepers do not encourage bad conduct or speech among prisoners. Youthful prisoners should not be herded with the vicious class or old-timers, though some of the young fellows make the older turn green with envy. If the criminals don't like the debasing company of each other, there is plenty of time to make a change to more elevating conditions. I have yet to be convinced that criminals out of jail are much different from what they are in jail. There are more in one place, that's all. Anyway, they got pretty well debased before they put on stripes.

In jail, as out, the more evil-disposed seem to have predominance over the more moderate ones. The public seems to think the bad element better organized than the good, more definite and determined in its aims, more united in pursuit of them. This is only apparent, the real difference being that criminals have the first play; then society must get into the chase. So it happens that it takes a dozen citizens to catch one criminal. Such business as gambling and liquor-selling does seem to be able to defy the will of the majority by its organization, just as corrupt political rings do, even though their numbers may be comparatively few. Criminals have no such powerful organizations. When, however, a man enters the profession of lawlessness, he does become a member of a class that has one aim and purpose, and the few who are the worst create the criminal atmosphere.

So it happens that reform of character is taboo. Catholic prisoners attend religious services because they are trained to it. Protestant ones attend because it is a change from the deadly monotony of cell life. Except in rare cases, a good record is sought only as a tool for shortening the prison term. They are few indeed who can stand the torment and petty persecution which any sincere endeavor to reach or main-

tain righteous character invites from comrades. That is one mark of a criminal — unwillingness to see another be a good man.

The criminal in general is just what the public thinks he is. He stands for destruction, yet he will not admit that he is wrong, or, admitting, boasts of it. In a certain jail we were allowed one free hour each week for visiting, and so forth. I ventured once to say to a group while we were talking about freedom, that, if the public thought jail-birds were safe citizens, it would n't coop them up behind bars. One of the guards, overhearing me, later quietly informed me that I had better stow such talk or there would be hell to pay. And he was right.

Cruelty and intolerance in criminals may otherwise explain why harsh treatment is visited upon them, why officers 'rush' a criminal from the moment he is seen. The criminal's point of view is to get away or fight; but the officers do not know what he is going to do. 'It is uncertainty that kills.' Officers must get the first advantage if possible. Citizens, because helpless, are hung up on uncertainty. When a man or woman does not feel safe to walk on the street at night, or to leave doors or windows unlocked, is it any wonder that the class of men responsible for this fear are regarded as the personification of cruelty? Moreover, all citizens have constantly before their eyes, and there is present in almost every business transaction, the evidence of this peril in the midst of freedom, this cruelty of the bad man toward the harmless. When they buy goods, write a check, or even receive Uncle Sam's money, they have to be on guard against the criminal, the unsafe man. Officials and courts only partially protect. Law is made because there are criminals who prey upon society. All the advantage is on their side. It is not known when or

where they are going to strike. Police, courts, and jails can't do anything until after the crime is done. A large percentage of criminals escape discovery and punishment. With all the machinery of society, peaceable citizens suffer untold wrongs and cruelties at the hands of 'bad, unsocial, lawless, and sinning' men. Cruelties of the jail cannot be compared to those visited upon unoffending people by this class of men. Is it any wonder that public feelings thus engendered are manifested in penal machinery?

There is another grievance against the criminal. After he has made the public afraid, has pillaged life and property, and caused anguish in other ways where there was no provocation, either to get rid of honest work or for the mere adventure of pulling off the stunt, the honest and industrious people who own homes and wish to live in peace and prosperity must be taxed for the enormous expense of protection, detection, trials, and imprisonment connected with the programme of crime, and the criminal pays nothing back. This tax represents labor. The criminal is supported by the very society on which he preys.

There is much silly sentiment abroad among a lot of what I would call parlor uplifters, who have never had much to do with the hard and seamy side of life. They have been so protected that they are squeamish about suffering. Criminal character is unreal to them. I recall a man in Maine who killed a girl and her parents simply because she would not marry him. It cost the state a right smart sum to sentence him. Then some of these sensitive people, thinking of the long years before him, and very little about the enormity of the crime, sent flowers to the 'poor fellow.'

I had a friend who liked to trust the prisoners under his care. He was a clean, fair-minded man. And yet the

prisoners planned to brain him with hammers in the workshop at a given signal, as the door was opening, and make a dash for liberty. He shot two of them. The curious fact about this is that one of the two, who got a bullet through the neck, recovered, shortened his term by good behavior, became an honest workman, finally married, and now lives happily with his family.

Now my friend was regarded merely as part of the prison machinery. The prisoners had nothing against him but that. Why should a prisoner complain if he himself is regarded as a part of the machinery of crime, and sometimes gets a bit more than what is due? In this busy world, we have not time or ability to gauge and meet the exact needs of individuals. Criminals should get together and limit their number if they want more individual attention.

Mr. Tannenbaum implies that we should not treat criminals so very much differently from ordinary folks. Personally I have great difficulty in trusting a 'trusty,' or even a reformed criminal. Somehow we are influenced more by the failures than by the successes in this connection. When one 'trusty' runs amuck, he thereby makes the lot of all other prisoners harder. I recall one of these whose good record had gained him the confidence of nearly every officer in the prison. The warden on occasion had him work about his residence. One day the warden's wife was found murdered in the house. That trusty had done it.

When tales of suffering are related apart from their connections, our sympathies are stirred. We lose sight of the fact that the only way to subdue some prisoners is to subject them to harsh treatment. A warden, before a meeting of intellectuals at Colorado Springs, was once asked how he dealt with difficult cases. 'I spank them with a board when they need it,' was the answer.

They were horrified until he told them some of the reasons for it. Rules are not made to make prison life a burden. Most of them grow out of necessity. If prisoners are forbidden to approach an official without permission, or to cross a certain line on the floor, there is good reason for it. One hundred prisoners might not intend harm; but the next one might kill the officer or lead a rush for liberty.

The keeper must be master. Since confinement arouses discontent and ugliness, the margin of suppression must be in favor of the master, not the slave. The amount of deviltry that prisoners do not think of simply can't be thought of. The keepers deserve our sympathy, and not very much advice from visionary reformers is of any assistance.

When a criminal, by his conduct for a considerable time, shows that he wants to make good, people are much inclined to give him a fair chance and employ him; but trust comes slowly. They do not think of him as they do of other people, simply because they can't. I have accepted a murderer with perfect friendliness; and others did who knew his history. He was goaded to the act. The court had sense enough to allow for that. He took his sentence like a man. He never complained of cruelty. He helped the woman whom he had made a widow in the support of her family.

But the ordinary criminal cannot expect cordiality from the public. His mental attitude, his speech, his actions, all distill a subtle poison in the presence of good people. In very many cases, his presence would mean a perpetual shock to good taste and breeding, and the young would have to be shielded. Somehow wickedness makes devoted missionaries, who work by insidious or plausible methods of such character that they reach all classes.

There is some needless discipline in

jails, and there are instances of abuse by keepers. As in civil life, some rules and customs outlast their usefulness. The problem of getting competent help in such institutions is very difficult. Jails are not the only places where mistakes are made. Eternal vigilance over wrongdoers is a very trying job. Like boys with a good-hearted, moral-suasion teacher, criminals think a warden an old granny or an easy mark unless he is strict; and they will abuse privileges. Those who really appreciate a warden's good intentions are very few. The problem of justice to the individual criminal is difficult, because he is a member of a class that has abused trust and covered its trail.

The criminal, and the public too, chafe under maladministration of law. Too often a court trial means merely a battle of lawyers' wits, not a sincere attempt to handle the case for justice to all concerned. The mind of the accused cannot be laid open for inspection. In spite of all mistakes, I feel that he gets more justice from public and keepers than he allows to his victims. About all society can do is to confine him so he won't have a chance at more victims. In the absence of restitution to people he has harmed, it may be conceded that the criminal should pay some of the obligation in discomfort. Those who suffer at the hands of criminals seldom advise mercy. Even advocates of leniency and prison reform are cured by being subjected to experience at the hands of a criminal — by having their money stolen or a son killed.

I believe in justice to criminals. I believe also in justice to those who suffer at their hands. Pardons often prove to be wrongs to society. I have good

reason to know that our penal system is faulty. There is some reason for the criminal's contempt of our courts. Trivial causes often work great harm. I know a certain case that was decided wrong because the foreman of the jury missed his supper. I rejoice in the movement to give the poor man a chance in court.

So long as criminals set the pace for cruelty, public interest in their comfort and enjoyment will be uncertain. The advocate as well as the lawless should remember that he who commits crime forfeits the privileges and rights and enjoyments of honest men. Whenever a man shows a sincere desire to reform, officials and courts should give him as much assistance as possible. The fake will always make this difficult.

In closing, let me say that I am in favor of the parole and association principles for special application; but there must always be isolation and punishment in the background for that vicious number who will obey no system without compulsion. The persecuted public will always demand some form of confinement and punishment of those who make life and property unsafe. Just so long as the criminal is cruel to the public, the public will see that the criminal gets some of his own medicine.

Just this to close. The Bible says: 'The wages of sin is death.' I can't seem to fathom the truth of that. It does n't seem to tally with experience; but the word death is mild compared with what the criminal comes up against. Even if he escapes the police, there is besides something mysterious inside and outside of him that it is no use to try to beat. I can't explain it.

THE WHIMSICAL GODDESS

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

I

A NEGRO man walked briskly along a ricefield bank at Twickenham Plantation, in the green Carolina low-country. A little distance away some other negroes were repairing a road, and, while they worked, three or four of the little mongrel dogs that almost all low-country negroes possess were trailing a rabbit in the swampy thickets. Suddenly the man on the ricefield bank, his eyes glaring with terror, yelled with all the force of his lungs and staggered back, claspings in his arms a clawing, spitting wildcat.

Now that was an occurrence so extraordinary, so utterly amazing, that it might well be called a miracle of nature. You may search the books of natural history and of sport from cover to cover, and in those that are of good repute you will find very few, if any, precedents for the thing that I have just related. Yet this thing happened. It may never have happened before and it may never happen again, but it happened this time; and, miracle of nature though it was, the way of its happening was simple enough when one came to study it out. The dogs trailing the rabbit jumped a wildcat in the thickets. The cat, hearing the voices of the men who were repairing the road, ran in the opposite direction. This brought it almost at once to the ricefield bank. Along that narrow parapet, thickly grown with bushes and vines, it bounded swiftly, jumping high to clear the rank weeds, and ran full tilt into the negro, in all

likelihood landing fairly on the man's chest. Neither was aware of the other until the moment of collision, and then it was too late, for instantly man and wildcat, equally terrified, were locked in close embrace. The negro, never doubting that he was being attacked by a furious wild beast, believed that his one chance lay in throttling it, so he crushed the cat to his breast with arms of steel, screaming as few men have ever screamed before. Within a few minutes the men who had been working on the road reached him, yet by that time his shirt had been torn to shreds and all the lower parts of his body were bloody. But he kept his deadly grip on the cat to the end, and the rescuing party killed it.

Here is something for the slaves of rule and rote to gnash their teeth about. There is no more firmly established rule in the books than the rule that the wildcat never attacks man, and it is virtually an axiom that all tales of desperate encounters between men and wildcats are false. Yet here is one tale of such an encounter which is not false but true; and all the dozens of authorities who have affirmed that no wildcat ever yet sprang upon a man cannot alter the fact that this wildcat did spring upon this man — though most unwillingly.

The incident is memorable, not mainly for the sake of its fine dramatic quality, or even primarily because it is a matter of interest to naturalists and to all who care about the lore of wild things,

but because it is so excellent an illustration of the infinite variety, not merely of the forms, but of the very soul of Nature. Rules and laws we may lay down concerning her, setting forth that Nature does thus and so, that this is her way, her chosen custom, her immemorial usage. But she will shatter now and then the most firmly fixed of those rules; she will disobey now and then the most sacred axioms of the books; once in a while, as if just for the fun of it, she will laugh the most learned of her interpreters to scorn. For she is a whimsical goddess when all is said and done; and therein lies, for all who are in any true sense her lovers, half, at least, — the dearer, more precious half, — of her mystical, ageless charm.

II

One June morning, while exploring the jungle-like woods on one of the islands that fringe this coast, — the kind of wood, as Stevenson says somewhere, for murderers to crawl among, — I was suddenly aware that there were murderers about. At least, they would be murderers if I gave them the chance, for the fangs of the cotton-mouth moccasin can kill a man, and there were moccasins all around me. To the right was a big, thick-bodied, wicked-looking fellow, half concealed by a tuft of grass; to the left was another, lying arrogantly in the open on the warm sand; ahead were two more, under a small cassena bush; and, glancing back, I saw that I must have come within a foot or two of stepping on one of the ugly reptiles as I passed, unconscious of peril, into the very midst of them.

The discovery brought a thrill by no means pleasant. The danger seemed virtually over now that I was aware of the snakes' presence, for henceforward I would watch my steps carefully until

I was away from the place. But it had been too narrow an escape to look back upon with any sense of enjoyment; and my heart was still beating a little faster than usual when I discovered that close to my foot, close enough, I thought, to strike me if it chose, lay another big, brown, mottled cotton-mouth which until that instant I had not seen. I jumped away quickly, and perhaps rashly, since it was scarcely safe to move at all in that reptilian headquarters without first scanning carefully the spot on which one planned to place his foot. Then, seizing a stick which lay within reach, I leaned over and with three or four strokes killed the snake that had given me such a scare.

Up to this moment all the moccasins round about me — and there were eight or ten of them within view, and undoubtedly others amid the vines and fallen palmetto branches — had lain passive, or had merely crawled sluggishly about their business. But no sooner had I killed this serpent than the one lying nearest it raised its hideous, diamond-shaped head, opened its wide jaws till I could see the white lining within that gives the cotton-mouth its name, and started for me. I still held my stick, and it was a good stout one. There could be no appreciable danger unless I took to my heels, in which case I might step on some hidden reptile and be bitten. So I simply waited until the snake, with lifted head and swiftly vibrating tail, had crossed the strip of sand eight or ten feet wide which it had to traverse before it came within reach; and then, without moving from my tracks, I killed it as I had killed the other. I looked about me, not without some nervousness, to see whether there were to be other attacks; and presently, feeling that I had had my fill of herpetology for one day, I left the place very discreetly, poking about with my stick to make sure that no assassin lurked in the

weeds and grass through which I must make my passage.

Why did that moccasin of the island jungle attack me? For that it did attack me there is not a particle of doubt, and it was not the moccasin's fault that it lacked speed enough to get within the guard of my stick before I could strike it down. I have never known any other snake to make deliberately and of its own choice an attack upon a human being. One hears tales, it is true, of snakes charging viciously from ambush; but these are either pure inventions or products of lively imaginations working at fever-heat under the stimulus of the strange, tingling panic which the mere sight of a snake of any sort so often engenders. Our North American serpents are not an aggressive race in their behavior toward man. Even the great diamond-back rattler, the bravest of them all, contents himself with a defiant defensive. Almost any of the snakes, of course, will fight if cornered — almost any of them except the dangerous-looking spreading adder, feared by most people as among the deadliest of all the crawling tribes, but in reality as harmless as a new-born babe and as gentle as any cooing dove. Also, there are many snakes which, suddenly finding themselves in close proximity to a human foot or leg, will lunge at it quickly before gliding away; but that, of course, is not at all the same thing as a deliberate attack such as the one which I have described, an attack which remains unique in my experience and for which I can find in the experience of others no well-established parallel. Was the first snake that I killed the mate of the other, which thereupon gave up its own life in a gallant attempt to avenge the murder? That is a good sentimental theory, and it is the theory that many would adopt unhesitatingly; but there are difficulties in the way of that explanation, and I am slow to indorse it. Perhaps in sober

truth there is no explanation at all, save simply that this was another whim of Nature, that whimsical goddess. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of the cotton-mouth moccasins she has made would have fled from me or, at least, have left me alone. But she had made the ten-thousandth one of sterner stuff, to show me that day in the island woods the vanity of dogmatism, and to remind me that she is her own mistress after all.

III

There was — and I hope still is — a sharp-shinned hawk with whom I had some acquaintance, who might in much the same sense be termed the ten-thousandth sharp-shinned hawk. He came to my garden last winter, as others of his kind have been coming every winter; welcome arrivals always, for at least three reasons. First, because the sharp-shinned hawk, or blue darter as he is sometimes more appropriately called hereabouts, is a perfect expression of his type, so wonderfully and so beautifully made for his appointed work in the world, that the dullest mind must recognize him as a masterpiece. Second, because his favorite food when he comes to the garden is the English sparrow. And third, because the sight of a hawk of any kind here in the city brings with it always a vision of the countryside, and that is a pleasant experience for the mind, as if a fresh, sweet wind blew through it.

When I first saw this falcon perched on the naked topmost branch of the tall elm which is the chosen watch-tower of the hawks that visit the garden, I noticed nothing to distinguish him from all the others of his species that I had known. He seemed no larger than the average; he was as slim and rakish-looking as any other, but no more so; he had the same air of alertness, but in no greater degree than the normal. Yet,

as time proved, this sharp-shinned hawk was such a one as had never visited the garden before in all my long experience of the spot. The others that I had known were just the everyday sort, the norm, the type of the race. This one was a d'Artagnan among ordinary bravos, a white-plumed Henri Quatre among common kings, a Grahame of Claverhouse, a Rupert, a Murat.

He had not been about the place long before he gave me a hint of his quality. A flock of English sparrows foraging on the lawn suddenly took fright and fled helter-skelter into a thicket of privet nearby. I knew what that meant, for I had seen the same performance many times repeated; and I said to myself, meanwhile glancing up to see the hawk, 'Brother Blue Darter, you were too slow that time.' Every sparrow had reached the thicket, and nine times out of ten the little vagabonds are safe when once they have gained the shelter of those closely interlacing branches.

But this time I — and doubtless they also — reckoned without sufficient knowledge of our falcon. Down like a little thunderbolt he came, all in the twinkling of an eye and in far less time than I have taken to tell it. The last sparrow was scarcely under cover before the hawk was at the thicket's green edge. I saw him swerve slightly just before reaching the outmost barrier of twigs, and the next instant he was within the thicket itself and fairly in among the sparrows. Above the fluttering of wings I heard a shrill cry; and when in a moment the hawk emerged, he bore a tousled little gray body clutched in his sharp talons.

That was the neatest raid and altogether the most skillful piece of work of its sort that I had ever seen. It set this hawk apart at once as one whose activities would be worth watching; for he had done what I had never seen one of these hawks do before — he had out-

witted the sparrows at their own game and on their own ground, following them into their fortress, twisting and turning with extraordinary skill and address through its maze of twigs and branches, and carrying out the whole manœuvre so adroitly that there was scarcely any disturbance of the thicket's foliage, and, except for the fluttering of the frightened sparrows' wings, there was no sound.

Usually the hovering or swooping hawk, perceiving that the sparrows on which he had his eye have gained the thicket's shelter, gives them up as lost and passes on in search of others less wary. Occasionally, if he is very close upon the quarry, I have seen a hawk smash head-on into the thicket after the fleeing finches, either unable to check his descent in time or else actually trying to break his way through the stiff barricade of twigs by the force of the impact. But these smashing assaults, though fine and spirited spectacles for the onlooker, are seldom fruitful of results. The hawk usually gets more or less tangled up in the twigs; in the moment or two which he requires to extricate himself, the sparrows have left for parts unknown; and Mr. Blue Darter, in spite of all the fine fury of his charge and all the commotion he has caused, presently takes himself off empty-handed, and probably in very bad humor.

I wondered whether my d'Artagnan of blue darters would repeat his exploit — whether it was really an indication of exceptional talent or merely a *tour de force*. He repeated it several times to my knowledge, and doubtless many times when I did not chance to see him; and I find in some notes which I put down at the time concerning his achievements and methods that for a period of several weeks the English sparrows disappeared almost completely. Indeed, my notebook is not needed to recall

that memorable fact. It was something unique in the garden's history, and it was due entirely to this blue darter's unparalleled effectiveness as an engine of destruction.

But, pleasant as it was to be rid of the alien pests, there was a fly in the ointment. For the hawk, finding that sparrows had become a rarity, ceased to confine himself to sparrow-meat, as is the laudable custom of the sharp-shin when he comes to town — perhaps because these city gamins of the feathered world, less accustomed to the ways of hawks than most other birds, are most easily captured. This blue darter, when he had made a scarcity of sparrows, forgot the ancient rule of immunity for the other garden birds and abused my hospitality by raiding cardinals, mocking-birds, and others of the garden's privileged folk. Just as I had almost made up my mind to fire a shot somewhere near him, as a hint that he had outworn his welcome, he took his departure and was seen no more that season. If he comes again he will be welcome; for the sparrows are now as numerous as ever, and there is need of his efficient beak and claw.¹

It is only by luck, as in this instance, or else by diligent searching, that one comes across a case of marked individuality as striking as that of the hawk whose deeds are here celebrated. The outstanding individual is lost sight of among the common run; and if you are fortunate enough to meet with him and record his doings, you may be called a Münchhausen for your pains. Nor can the world be blamed for being skeptical, for indeed it has need of caution in such matters. There is a strong temptation to make heroes out of animals upon

¹ It is really an arbitrary assumption to assign this hawk to the masculine gender. The sexes are identical as to plumage, but the female is generally a little larger than her lord. Perhaps my feathered d'Artagnan was a Boadicea. — THE AUTHOR.

very flimsy evidence, which is all very well if one is writing an animal novel, but not at all well if one is trying to write sober natural history. A real hero — in the sense of unusual efficiency — I believe this memorable blue darter of the garden was; for I saw him often during a considerable period and could compare him with many others studied in the same place and under the same conditions. But this is the only instance of the sort in my experience that I am sure of. Certainly the island moccasin was no hero in this meaning of the word, but a fool whose folly cost him very dear.

The observer, coming upon some apparent case of exceptional physical or mental achievement in the wild world of Nature's creatures, must go very slowly in drawing conclusions. What may seem, upon a casual or limited acquaintance, to be unusual courage or skill or intelligence in some mammal or bird may be, in reality, nothing of the sort, but simply the result of circumstances of the moment, imperceptible to, or at least not perceived by, the observer. The negro on the ricefield bank, when the wildcat leaped upon him, would have taken oath that here was a wildcat with courage enough to attack a man; yet that Twickenham wildcat was as much of a coward as wildcats in general are. Nature, the fanciful goddess, was in jocund mood that morning. She lurked in the green thickets of Twickenham, and her bright eyes were mischievous and merry. It may be that the day, or the hour, before, she had made a shattering earthquake in Asia or had sent a great forest in Canada roaring to destruction in a red inferno of towering flame; but now her humor was light and gay, she must have a bit of fun. So, at a stamp of her foot, there came about that amazing, almost incredible encounter on the ricefield bank — for all its strangeness,

nothing more than the perfectly natural result of an unusual combination of circumstances, an extraordinary sequence of events. Here, despite appearances, was no animal hero, no Bayard among wildcats, fit subject for some eager sentimentalist's pen. Here, simply, was Nature — that beautiful, wayward Undine, as Hudson, one of the dearest of her lovers, calls her — playing a prank for the fun of it, laughing slyly the while amid the green sheltering leaves.

IV

For the benefit of some gray squirrels which had taken up their abode in the garden, I had placed a stout box, with a hole in its end, about twenty feet up in a cedar tree. That was in autumn; and the following spring—the squirrels apparently not caring for the box, perhaps because its doorway was too large to suit their taste—I conceived the suspicion that it had become a domicile for rats. So I sent Ben Goff, colored factotum and remarkably spry for one who recalls the bombardment of Fort Sumter, up into the tree to investigate. The quest was almost fatal for Ben. He peered into the hole in the end of the box and nearly fell out of the tree. Ben is not lacking in respect for the recorded wisdom of the ages, but he prefers the evidence of his own senses every time. Neither science nor reason could convince him that the animal which he had seen in the box was not a pig. It might be true, he agreed, that no pig as yet known to philosophy was equipped for climbing trees or for flying. Nevertheless, he maintained with all the emphasis of unshakable conviction that a pig had somehow entered that box twenty feet up in the cedar, and was at that instant lying in the box with its head facing the entrance and its jaws wide open.

I doubt whether he was ever fully

persuaded of his error; for when I had climbed the tree and looked cautiously into the box and discovered that its occupant was a 'possum, I was too much pleased at the discovery to disturb the animal's siesta any further and thus run the risk of making him discontented with the garden as a home. How he had come there through miles of city streets was, and still is, a mystery, but I wanted him to remain. For he too brought that vision of the quiet woods that is so refreshing to the spirit; and it was very pleasant to know that, here in the heart of the city, even some of the shy four-footed woods folk might sometimes come and go unknown to the world of men.

So I left him in peace, and doubtless in a few minutes he was once more asleep and enjoying his long nap, which probably lasted till dark. Though I never saw him again by day, he lived in and about the garden all that spring and summer, fairly prosperous, very unobtrusive, and for a long time doing no harm to anyone. There were hens in the chicken-yard that he might have raided, but he never did so. He was content, it seemed, to regale himself each night upon the contents of the garbage-cans of the neighborhood; an easy and unadventurous life, its even tenor disturbed only occasionally by my dog who, coming upon him now and then between sunset and sunrise, compelled him to ascend some convenient tree or fence rather more rapidly than comported with the 'possum's lazy and leisurely habits. But after a while my vegetable patch in the backyard began to suffer. It seemed reasonable to suspect Br'er Possum; and when the Airedale's excited barking announced that he had 'treed' the midnight wanderer again, I got a light, went to the spot, and, without injuring him at all, took the suspect into custody. I would keep him prisoner over night, I thought,

and then, by examining the vegetable patch in the morning, establish his guilt or innocence. He was 'playing 'possum' when I placed him in a small patent chicken-coop of galvanized iron, feigning death after the strange manner of his kind; and when I left him he was curled up in the coop, never moving a limb or even an eyelid, though, as usual, the ruse was imperfect, since, watching him closely, one could see the slight movement of his flanks as he breathed. He was as much alive as I was when I bade him good-night; yet in the morning he was dead.

Why did he die? A novelist neighbor to whom the question was put declared instantly that it was a clear case of a broken heart. There spoke the romantic temperament, as was right and proper in a novelist; but this is natural history, not romance. Some mammals and some birds have been known to die of fright; but of all living things on this continent the 'possum is the last of which this might be expected. He is the sole survivor in North America of an ancient race, masters of the world at one time far back in geological history, but long since surpassed, conquered, and superseded by higher forms of life everywhere save in Australia. There the primitive and antiquated marsupial family continued to flourish in great abundance and variety even down to our own day, because Australia was cut off by the sea from the Asiatic mainland at about the time when the marsupials were at the height of their glory, and those of them inhabiting that vast island were thus saved from competition with the more highly developed, more aggressive mammalian types that presently took possession of the rest of the world and gradually supplanted all the marsupials in it except our 'possum and certain cousins of his in Central and South America. Hence, of all the four-footed inhabitants of this continent,

the 'possum stands lowest in physical structure; and since the most highly organized animals — as the biologists phrase it — are the most high-strung, the most sensitive, the most subject to nervous shock, a 'possum should be the very last of all to flicker out as a result of the impact of some unaccustomed, frightening experience upon his nervous system or upon his crude, slow-functioning rudiment of a mind.

Experience confirms this reasoning. It would be hard to imagine anything that ought to be more terrifying to the victim, anything better calculated to freeze the very marrow in his bones, than a typical 'possum hunt. Probably there is no other form of the chase practised in America which in this respect can be compared with it. You must put yourself in the victim's place. For the hunted 'possum the end does not come suddenly in the form of a bullet from some hidden foe lurking in ambush, or even as the climax of a swift flight through the woods before pursuing hounds and horsemen. Slow, lumbering creature that he is, he must take to a tree when the clamor of the dogs draws near in the night; and he huddles helpless on a branch while beneath him bedlam reigns, the yells of the negroes, and the yelping of their curs resounding all about him, and the flaring torches — which the wild things fear most of all the deviltries of man — obliterating the friendly darkness.

And this is but the prelude. He will be taken alive if the hunters can contrive it, so that he may be fattened for the feast. Presently he is either shaken out of the tree by some agile negro who climbs up into it, or else the tree is felled and he falls with it, clutching wildly at its branches. The eager dogs are upon him in an instant, but even this is not the end. Rescued from their jaws, he is either thrust into a sack or else is borne through the woods suspended, head

down, from a split stick snapped onto his tail in such a way as to hold him helpless. In such fashion as this have countless 'possums come to the end of the long trail that leads, not to the persimmon tree, but to the pot — surely an ordeal that ought to dry up the springs of life and strike the victim dead from terror if anything could. Yet I never heard of a 'possum that thus gave up the ghost; and many of them, within a quarter of an hour after they are placed in the fattening coop on the return of the hunters, have already so far recovered their equanimity as to eat with great relish sweet potatoes or table-scraps or any other edible thing that is placed in the coop with them.

Hence, to conclude that this 'possum of my garden perished as the result of a sudden access of fear seems contrary to all the inferences to be drawn from 'possum history, to all the implications of 'possum lore, and to the very constitution of the animal itself. Yet, if fear did not kill him, I do not know what did; for it is hardly conceivable that he feigned death so earnestly as actually to induce death; and no other explanation fits the case.

There is nothing for it, I think, but to

say that here was Nature in capricious mood again, snapping her fingers at rule and law, making sport of age-long custom and the learning that men put into books. It was a whim of the whimsical goddess to have it happen so, and so it did happen, though all experience and all logic forbade it. For no better cause than this, for no deeper reason — so far as we may discover — than the infinite and entrancing variability of Nature's inmost soul, a thousand things happen every day, every hour, every instant, in the wild world, for which there will be found no warrant in the learned treatises wherein the ways and usages of the wild world and the theories and laws that underlie them are learnedly set forth.

Who will complain of these quips and pranks? Certain crabbed professors, no doubt, who spend their lives within four walls, reducing everything to formulæ, and who are vastly annoyed to see their laborious theories upset. But surely not those for whom sunsets glow and nonpareils flash their colors in the light and the water hyacinth paints a single golden spot upon a single petal of her lilac bloom to make loveliness yet more lovely.

MOTIONLESS, UPON HER BED

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

MOTIONLESS, upon her bed,
By pale roses garlanded,
 Little Dorothea lies,
 Incommunicably wise
With the wisdom of the dead.

'Twas but yesterday she wed:
Now her golden, girlish head
 Wears another bridal guise,
 Motionless.

Were her slumber mine instead,
She could not be comforted:
 Streaming tears would blind her eyes —
 Yet, when Dorothea dies,
Silent I wait, with doubt and dread,
 Motionless.

'OLD SAWNEY'S'

BY RANDOLPH ELLIOTT

My wife and I are just back from a visit to our boy at his 'prep school.' It is a wonderful place, that school: broad, well-kept grounds; acres of velvet turf studded with elms; buildings of red brick or gray stone, mellow and vine-covered. There are an athletic field and a gymnasium, a swimming-pool and organized sports. There is an impressive 'Headmaster,' and 'housemasters' and 'masters' appear and disappear in bewildering numbers. The boys themselves are a nice lot of youngsters, white-flanneled, fresh-faced, sauntering about with a bit of a swagger, as if conscious of the fact that their school is the only school. Perhaps it is. But —

'It's somewhat different from Old Sawney's!' I remarked to my wife.

She laughed, indulgently I thought. And yet I could n't help remembering that this school of my son's was a landmark in this place in the days when Old Sawney, in the far-off South, sent a thin dribble of boys to the great University five miles away; and that one of the most distinguished professors in that university stated with emphasis, 'The best-prepared boys we get come from a small school in Tennessee known to its pupils as "Old Sawney's."'

And with the affection born of distance and, perhaps, of comfortable middle age, my mind goes back to that old school, the very sight of which would doubtless horrify those immaculate youths with whom my son is strolling to-day.

'Old Sawney,' then young Sawney, just out of the Confederate army, con-

fronted with a destitute South, and possessed of a family which must eat in spite of the ravages of war, looked for a means of providing the wherewithal. The plantations were wrecked, the negroes scattered; manufactories had never existed; the country stores had vanished altogether or were in the hands of receivers — Northern receivers. The outlook was forlorn enough.

'But I figured out' — how often have I heard the old man tell the story! — 'that the one thing our people would always spend money for was education. So I decided to give them education.'

To help him in this, he had 'Johnny,' his brother. Johnny was a graduate of one of the larger Southern universities, a man who, in the vernacular, 'just naturally took to book-learning.' The years were destined to bring him renown in the field of scholarship; he was offered positions in colleges and universities, a few in the distant North. But he stuck by Sawney, and together the two formed an unbeatable combination whose influence radiated through the lives of the hundreds of boys who came into their hands.

Those first years were hard. Fees were paid more often in 'kind' than in money. Old Sawney still tells of the boy from the North Carolina mountains who came to his house one day, dragging by a rope-halter a heifer almost as scrawny as himself, and who pleaded, 'Mr. Webb, I want to go to school. I ain't got money, but I wonder if you-all will let me l'arn up this cow?'

That heifer, and many other products of the soil, were 'l'arned up' in the little houses where the two teachers (the term Headmaster was unknown in those parts) and their families and pupils lived together.

Then one day there came an offer from a little town across the mountains in Tennessee, where the earnest desire for schooling was breaking through the limits of poverty. If Mr. Webb would move his school to Bell Buckle, the town would give him a site and erect a building.

He moved, and the building is standing to-day, with only a new coat of paint to mark any change. It was a large building of pine, with a huge cast-iron stove in the middle. The benches were originally of unplanned oak boards, and the splinters must have presented many points of irritating contact to the first generation of pupils. By the time my brothers and I arrived — years later — they had been worn to a shining glassiness, the smooth surface marred only by knife-cut initials. On second thought, however, I doubt whether even the first scholars suffered from the splinter-pricks. For all, young and old alike, were arrayed in what were known colloquially as 'whistle breeches,' a heavy corduroy, undaunted by years of wear and impervious to even the sharpest splinter.

A boy's outfit was not a ruinously expensive item there — an abundance of underclothes, heavy boots, a few shirts, a cap or a nondescript hat, two coats, and a couple of pairs of 'whistle breeches,' and he was ready for the fray.

But to return to the school-building, with its two wings on either side of the central hall, and, opening off the platform, two small rooms the uses of which will be revealed in due course. That constituted the main unit. After a time a 'Senior Hall' was built. This, too, was of pine, and possessed at one

end a small but well-stocked library. For if there was one good thing which Old Sawney advocated more than another, it was reading. 'Boys,' he would say, to emphasize his ruling that there must be no loafing in village stores or railroad station, 'here in these books the great men of the world have shown you their minds. Don't you think they are better worth associating with than whiskey-soaked old Tom Hazard?'

In Senior Hall there were no benches. Each boy, as he attained seniority, went to town and purchased a split-bottom chair, and henceforth this traveled with him during school-hours as unfailingly as its shell accompanies a turtle. He took it to Latin class, and, thence, if he had a free period, to the shade of a tree in the bare, boy-scarred grounds. For Old Sawney sounded the first faint note of the 'open-air-school' chorus of to-day. He cared not at all where you did your work so long as you did it (and to ensure that, he had his own methods!). These chairs were the pride of their owner's hearts, — they were a kind of *toga virilis*, — and all the latent artistry of boydom was expended in their decoration: initials elaborately illegible, scrolls, alleged-to-be vines, all carved with a jack-knife in the soft pine.

This was the sum total of school equipment — certainly not marked by over-elaboration. Of dormitories there were none, because we roomed and boarded with the villagers — permission to 'take boys' being revocable at will by Old Sawney. The quality of the fare varied, of course, with the abilities of the individual housekeepers as 'providers,' — certain homes being the longed-for goals of the less fortunate, — but the price never varied. Old Sawney saw to that. Three dollars a week it was in my day, though he put it higher later. And of one thing we were all dead sure — that he showed no favorit-

ism in the allotments to the boarding-houses. With the increased prosperity of the South, boys of larger means came in increasing numbers, but they all shared alike, and though one might arrive a snob, he was certain to leave a democrat.

School opened in August, so that the pupils from the malarial rice-plantations of the lower South might avoid the most dangerous month of September.

It seems to me as I look back after the passage of years, that to get into the school at all was something of an achievement. For every boy, unconscious of the fact though he was, had to pass under the scrutiny of the greatest 'boy expert,' I am convinced, since Arnold of Rugby. I can see him now, sitting at his battered old desk in his book-lined library, listening to some garrulous parent with a kind of abstracted courtesy, the while his gray eyes under the heavy brows glanced occasionally at the prospective pupil, now squirming or stiff with embarrassment at the parental loquacity. And if the boy were accepted, it was because, though he never knew it, his little palimpsest of life had been read to date by the wise old eyes and found to contain something worth going on with.

Two honor rules there were which each boy gave his 'word of honor as a gentleman' to keep. First, to be in his boarding-house before dark every night. And second, to have no fire-arms in his possession. These were turned over to Old Sawney, who labeled, guarded them, and gave them back — the revolvers on the boy's departure for his home at the term's end, the rifles and shot-guns on those rare and glorious festas known as hunting-days, when Old Sawney would suddenly declare a holiday and let us take to the autumn woods alone, or would himself lead us in a great rabbit-hunt across the yellowing fields.

Once 'in,' the boy's days sped by. For some reason it was the fashion to get to school early; and for an hour or more before the actual time of opening, the whole crowd of some hundred and fifty boys would be rollicking about the grounds, from which, except in certain isolated and lushly verdant spots, every spear of grass had long since been worn. We had little need of 'organized sports' to tempt us to activity; and since there were no school teams to specialize in athletics, we all took an amateurish and husky delight in outdoor games. Of recent years I have heard much talk in Eastern colleges of the shame of fifteen hundred men taking their exercise by sitting on the bleachers and watching eighteen or twenty-two of their mates pull off a match, and I grin to myself and say, 'Old Sawney beat you to it by twenty-five years!'

Certain it is, we were a well-oxygenated group of youngsters when, of a sudden, there rang out over the turbulent field a lusty call of 'C-coming-g!'

This meant that the teachers, who had met on the outskirts of the village, were coming swiftly up the hill, Old Sawney in the lead. At the call all clatter ceased abruptly and the boys ran toward the school-house, waiting outside, however, until the next call, 'All over-r!' from some youth in the outer ranks, announced the fact that the youngest and last teacher had just dropped over the stile which separated the battered school-grounds from the dusty country road. Then, in magic shortness of time, we were all ensconced on our worn oak benches, the teachers on the platform, and Old Sawney on his feet for Scripture-reading, prayer, and the 'morning talk.'

Those talks were the mainspring, the very core, of the school. Sometimes they would last ten minutes, often until it was time to go home for lunch (we called it dinner in those days); and classes

would be dispensed with altogether that morning. What did he talk about? Everything! And I mean that literally. Problems of the world, problems of life, new inventions, scientific discoveries, local conditions and politics, school events, philosophy, religion — they were all grist to Old Sawney's mill, and he gave us the nourishing grain. Remember, here was no ordinary man drooling in school-teachery fashion before a crowd of pupils. He could be aptly described as 'personality plus.' A deep, rich, humorous, and shrewd personality, plus experiences gained in war and peace, in travels, in reading, and in much contact with men. We were boys, and restless sometimes, often bored almost to death by the things he said of which our younger ignorance could not realize the significance. But as the years have passed, I for one, and I know of many schoolmates in like case, find that words of Old Sawney's come back in moments of doubt or stress, and not infrequently with a kind of solving clarity.

In addition to his other gifts, he possessed the great one of a born *raconteur*; and standing with his gray beard and hair, his narrow black string tie, his black coat invariably buttoned wrong, — the third buttonhole attached to the second button, — he would spread before us a panorama of life pregnant with wit, humor, and imagination, instilling by precept and story the principles of clean living and great deeds. At times he would become so excited by his own tale that he would pace up and down the platform, and with the few vivid gestures of a skilful actor would present a truly dramatic creation.

From time to time he would hit upon a catchword or phrase, and would ring the changes upon it. 'Turn in the keen sunlight of publicity,' was long a favorite. President Wilson is not an 'Old Sawneyite,' but his famous 'piti-

less publicity' sounded a familiar note in my ears.

There was also another favorite, of which we later came to think as Old Sawney's 'only Don't in the Gospel of Do': 'Boys, don't do anything on the sly.' He would say it ringingly, or pleadingly — at times flinging it, as it were, from the tip of an extended forefinger into the crowd of silent youngsters. Occasionally he would stop abruptly in the midst of an ordinary talk, and after a moment's silence, out would come the clarion call, 'Boys, *don't* do anything on the sly!'

Pretty good stuff to take out into life with us, was n't it?

He was fond of telling us that we could find exact duplicates of all our experiences by studying the people in the Bible. One day a doubting Thomas of a small boy in the front row piped up, 'Mr. Webb, there was never any boy in the Bible sent off to boarding-school!'

Old Sawney's face crinkled with laughter. 'You think the difficulties of your situation are quite without parallel, don't you? But you are wrong, my son. Daniel, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were youths sent off to boarding-school in the king's palace. But, I grant you one thing — they are the only pupils I ever heard of who complained that the food was too good!'

Once the morning talk was over, we scattered to our first class. The periods were normally of an hour, but that depended on the teacher. If he wanted to keep us longer, he did so, and the second period began when the first ended. There were no bells to mark the change. Some boy would be sent to the door to sing out, 'Cæsar!' or 'Grammar!' as the case might be; and in would throng the pupils for that subject.

If that sounds like confusion to the meticulous, rule-of-thumb teacher of to-day, what would she say to the proceedings inside the classroom itself! In

each course, at the beginning of the term, we numbered ourselves snappily, 'One!' 'Two!' 'Three!' — each boy striving to be as high up in the list as possible for a running start. Then, with the actual teaching, the 'trapping' began. If Number One missed a question, the first boy who could answer it went up to the head; and were n't we keen to be that boy! I have seen a whole row of little chaps in first-year Latin leave their places and crowd about the teacher, hands up, begging the chance to answer. The very air was electric, and, my word, but we were alive! There were no dull hours in that school.

Of the subjects themselves I may say that the basis of the four-year course was Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with some English and one modern language. For Old Sawney's goal was a trained mind, and he believed that was best attained, not by a multiplicity of subjects, but by the mastery of a few. The discipline in the three subjects which were all the majority of the boys were allowed to take was thorough and exacting; but we had much leisure time, which we were encouraged to spend in reading. It is a safe statement that in no other preparatory school in the country was there so widespread a disposition to read. The carefully selected library was literally read to pieces; history, biography, novels, poetry — all were devoured, and we were n't ashamed to discuss them among ourselves. No American history was taught in the school, but I know of more than one boy who offered it as a college-entrance subject, and passed it as a result of his reading.

And speaking of examinations reminds me that from the beginning Old Sawney had the 'Honor System.' The pupils were not watched, and at the close, each one wrote on his paper, 'I pledge my honor as a gentleman that I

have neither given nor received any assistance in this examination.' One tangible result of this is the Honor System of a great Eastern University, which is the pride of its every student and alumnus. But few of them know that it was started there by four or five of Old Sawney's 'boys,' who found it intolerable that cheating should be considered, not a crime, but a means of outwitting the professors. If there ever were a boy in the school so dull or so bold as to go against public opinion by breaking this pledge, he was promptly expelled. But rare indeed were those cases.

The discipline of the school in general was simple and effective and (dare I whisper it in these modern days of government by the child for the child?) the greatest of the methods employed was whipping!

My father, entering his oldest son, said, 'Mr. Webb, I don't want my boy whipped.'

'Take him away then, Judge,' was the prompt reply. 'He may never need it, but if he stays here and needs it, he'll get it. There come times in the lives of some boys when nothing but the touch of a switch will do any good.'

The boy stayed, and I may add parenthetically that neither he nor the three of us who came after him ever 'got it.' Perhaps the mere knowledge that the switches were waiting in the whipping-rooms was sufficient to make us watch our steps.

Yes, the secret is out! The two small rooms flanking the platform were the whipping-rooms, and a generous supply of young peach switches was awaiting the need.

'Jimmy Adams,' I have heard Old Sawney say calmly, even sadly, 'you have spent five days in the third declension. If you don't know it tomorrow, I'll have to whip you.' And Jimmy knew it!

But the whippings, although poten-

tially ever present, were not always active; for Old Sawney rivaled even the Mikado in his genius for 'making the punishment fit the crime.' There was the boy who ran away and went fishing. The next day Old Sawney fitted him out with a stick, a piece of string, and a bent pin, and all day long, amid the gibes of his passing mates, the unfortunate youth was made to fish in the school rain-barrel.

An analogous case was that of the school 'band,' an impromptu organization armed with penny whistles, tin pans, and combs covered with paper, who made a joyful and disturbing uproar at an inauspicious time; for Old Sawney, arriving unexpectedly on the scene and the agony of the teachers, announced in the sudden engulfing silence that the band would wait after school. It did, and for four mortal hours in the schoolroom, empty save for Old Sawney's occasional sardonic look-ins, the band was made to play. Throats were raw, lungs exhausted, eyes popping from their heads, before their 'music' was allowed to lapse into welcome and eternal silence.

To do them justice, however, the young teachers were not often compelled to have recourse to Old Sawney. With wits made nimble by contact with their chief, they, too, showed surprising ingenuity in dealing with their charges. A case in point was the so-called 'Classical Cow' belonging to one of them, which was said to kick violently on hearing an error in declension. The secret, revealed long afterwards, showed that an adjourned session of refractory

beginners was held every evening at milking-time in the young teacher's barn-yard, and that the supposedly 'super-cow' invariably kicked if her master began to use one hand instead of two for milking.

By the time we were Juniors, it was taken for granted that we had left behind us such puerile things as unlearned lessons and ensuing punishment. And as Seniors we entered the Elysian Fields of Johnny's classes, for he and he alone taught the Seniors. We now began to experience the benefits of the groundwork which Old Sawney had compelled us to acquire, and we actually read Latin and Greek more easily by far than the average college student reads French and German. And under Johnny's touch the Classics were no longer dead languages. I wish that I could ever again attain a thrill such as I felt over his rendition of some Homeric book. For, mark it well, we read by books, not by paragraphs! You who to-day are striving to banish Latin and Greek even from the colleges — I, a plain business man, tell you that, if you had ever wandered over the Ægean Isles with Johnny, you would feel that in parting with Ulysses you were losing a dear and cherished friend.

The school is still there—a good one, too, I am told. But old Sawney is no longer in active management, and without his 'morning talk' it would be for us oldsters as savorless as bread without salt. And Johnny, the every-inch-a-scholar, the giver of life to dead tongues, Johnny has gone — perhaps 'to see the great Achilles whom he knew.'

A CRITICAL GLANCE INTO DARWIN

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

It is never safe to question Darwin's facts, but it is always safe to question any man's theories. It is with Darwin's theories that I am mainly concerned here. He has already been shorn of his selection doctrines as completely as Samson was shorn of his locks, but there are other phases of his life and teachings that invite discussion.

The study of Darwin's works begets such an affection for the man, for the elements of character displayed on every page, that one is slow in convincing one's self that anything is wrong with his theories. There is danger that one's critical judgment will be blinded by one's partiality for the man.

For the band of brilliant men who surrounded him and championed his doctrines — Spencer, Huxley, Lyall, Hooker, and others — one feels nothing more personal than admiration; unless the eloquent and chivalrous Huxley — the knight in shining armor of the Darwinian theory — may inspire a warmer feeling. Darwin himself almost disarms one by his amazing candor and his utter self-abnegation. The question always paramount in his mind is, What is the truth about this matter? What fact have you got for me, he seems to say, that will upset my conclusion? If you have one, that is just what I am looking for.

Could we have been permitted to gaze upon the earth in the middle geologic period, in Jurassic or Triassic times, we should have seen it teeming

with huge uncouth, gigantic forms of animal life, in the sea, on the land, and in the air, and with many lesser forms, but with no sign of man anywhere; ransack the earth from pole to pole and there was no sign or suggestion, so far as we could have seen, of a human being.

Come down the stream of time several millions of years — to our own geologic age — and we find the earth swarming with the human species like an ant-hill with ants, and with a vast number of forms not found in the Mesozoic era; and the men are doing to a large part of the earth what the ants do to a square rod of its surface. Where did they come from? We cannot, in our day, believe that a hand reached down from heaven, or up from below, and placed them there. There is no alternative but to believe that in some way they arose out of the antecedent animal life of the globe; in other words that man is the result of the process of evolution, and that all other existing forms of life, vegetable and animal, are a product of the same movement.

To explain how this came about, what factors and forces entered into the transformation, is the task that Darwin set before himself. It was a mighty task, and whether or not his solution of the problem stands the test of time, we must yet bow in reverence before one of the greatest of natural philosophers; for even to have conceived this problem thus clearly, and to have placed it in

intelligible form before men's minds, is a great achievement.

Darwin was as far from being as sure of the truth of Darwinism as many of his disciples were, and still are. He said in 1860, in a letter to one of his American correspondents, 'I have never for a moment doubted that, though I cannot see my errors, much of my book [*The Origin of Species*] will be proved erroneous.' Again he said, in 1862, 'I look at it as absolutely certain that very much in the *Origin* will be proved rubbish; but I expect and hope that the framework will stand.'

Its framework is the theory of Evolution, which is very sure to stand. In its inception his theory is half-miracle and half-fact. He assumes that in the beginning (as if there ever was or could be a 'beginning,' in that sense) God created a few forms, animal and vegetable, and then left it to the gods of Evolution, the chief of which is Natural Selection, to do the rest. While Darwin would not admit any predetermining factors in Evolution, or that any innate tendency to progressive development existed, he said he could not look upon the world of living things as the result of chance. Yet in fortuitous, or chance, variation he saw one of the chief factors of Evolution.

The world of Chance into which Darwinism delivers us — what can the thoughtful mind make of it?

That life with all its myriad forms is the result of chance is, according to Professor Osborn, a biological dogma. He everywhere uses the word chance as opposed to law, or to the sequence of cause and effect. This, it seems to me, is a misuse of the term. Is law, in this sense, ever suspended or annulled? If one chances to fall off his horse or his house, is it not gravity that pulls him down? Are not the laws of energy everywhere operative in all movements of matter in the material world?

Chance is not opposed to law, but to design. Anything that befalls us that was not designed is a matter of chance. The fortuitous enters largely into all human life. If I carelessly toss a stone across the road, it is a matter of chance just where it will fall, but its course is not lawless. Does not gravity act upon it? does not the resistance of the air act upon it? does not the muscular force of my arm act upon it? and does not this complex of physical forces determine the precise spot where the stone shall fall? If, in its fall, it were to hit a bird or a mouse or a flower, that would be a matter of chance, so far as my will was concerned. Is not a meteoric stone falling out of space acted upon by similar forces, which determine where it shall strike the earth? In this case, we must substitute for the energy of my arm the cosmic energy that gives the primal impetus to all heavenly bodies. If the falling aerolite were to hit a person or a house, we should say it was a matter of chance, because it was not planned or designed. But when the shells of the long-range guns hit their invisible target, or the bombs from the airplanes hit their marks, chance plays a part, because all the factors that enter into the problem are not and cannot be on the instant accurately measured. The collision of two heavenly bodies in the depth of space, which does happen, is, from our point of view, a matter of chance, although governed by inexorable law.

The forms of inanimate objects — rocks, hills, rivers, lakes — are matters of chance, since they serve no purpose: any other form would be as fit; but the forms of living things are always purposeful. Is it possible to believe that the human body, with all its complicated mechanism, its many wonderful organs of secretion and excretion and assimilation, are any more matters of chance than a watch or a phonograph

is? Though what agent to substitute for the word chance, I confess I do not know. The short cut to an omnipotent Creator sitting apart from the thing created will not satisfy the naturalist. And to make energy itself creative, as Professor Osborn does, is only to substitute one god for another. I can no more think of the course of organic evolution as being accidental in the Darwinian sense, than I can think of the evolution of the printing-press or the aeroplane as being accidental, although chance has played its part. Can we think of the first little horse of which we have any record, the eohippus of three or four millions of years ago, as evolving by accidental variations into the horse of our time, without presupposing an equine impulse to development? As well might we trust our ships to the winds and waves with the expectation that they will reach their several ports.

Are we to believe that we live in an entirely mechanical and fortuitous world — a world which has no interior, which is only a maze of acting, reacting, and interacting of blind physical forces? According to the chance theory, the struggle of a living body to exist does not differ from the vicissitudes of, say, water seeking an equilibrium, or heat a uniform temperature.

Chance has played an important part in human history, and in all life-history, — often, no doubt, the main part, — since history began. It was by chance that Columbus discovered America; he simply blundered upon it. He had set out on his voyage with something quite different in view. But his ship, and the crew, and the voyage itself, were not matters of chance but of purpose.

According to the selectionists' theory chance gave the bird its wings, the fish its fins, the porcupine its quills, the skunk its fetid secretion, the cuttlefish

its ink, the swordfish its sword, the electric eel its powerful battery; it gave the giraffe its long neck, the camel its hump, the horse its hoof, the ruminants their horns and double stomach, and so on. According to Weissman it gave us our eyes, our ears, our hands with the fingers and opposing thumb, it gave us all the complicated and wonderful organs of our bodies, and all their circulation, respiration, digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, reproduction. All we are, or can be, the selectionist credits to Natural Selection.

Try to think of that wonderful organ, the eye, with all its marvelous powers and adaptations, as the result of what we call chance or Natural Selection. Well may Darwin have said that the eye made him shudder when he tried to account for it by Natural Selection. Why, its adaptations in one respect alone, minor though they be, are enough to stagger any number of selectionists. I refer to the rows of peculiar glands that secrete an oily substance, differing in chemical composition from any other secretion, a secretion which keeps the eyelids from sticking together in sleep. 'Behavior as lawless as snowflakes,' says Whitman — a phrase which probably stuck to him from Rousseau; but are snowflakes and raindrops lawless? To us creatures of purpose, they are so because the order of their falling is haphazard. They obey their own laws. Again we see chance working inside of law.

When the sower scatters the seed-grains from his hand, he does not and cannot determine the point of soil upon which any of them shall fall, but there is design in his being there and in sowing the seed. Astronomy is an exact science, biology is not. The celestial events always happen on time. The astronomers can tell us to the fraction of a second when the eclipses of the sun and moon and the transit of the inferior

planets across the sun's disk will take place. They know and have measured all the forces that bring them about. Now, if we knew with the same mathematical precision all the elements that enter into the complex of forces which shapes our lives, could we forecast the future with the same accuracy with which the astronomers forecast the movements of the orbs? or are there incommensurable factors in life?

II

How are we to reconcile the obvious hit-and-miss method of Nature with the reign of law, or with a world of design? Consider the seeds of a plant or a tree, as sown by the wind. It is a matter of chance where they alight; it is hit or miss with them always. Yet the seeds, say, of the cat-tail flag always find the wet or the marshy places. If they had a topographical map of the country and a hundred eyes they could not succeed better. Of course, there are vastly more failures than successes with them, but one success in ten thousand trials is enough. They go to all points of the compass with the wind, and sooner or later hit the mark. Chance decides where the seed shall fall, but it was not chance that gave wings to this and other seeds. The hooks and wings and springs and parachutes that wind-sown seeds possess are not matters of chance: they all show design. So here is design working in a hit-and-miss world.

There are chance details in any general plan. The general forms which a maple or an oak or an elm takes in the forest or in the field are fixed, but many of the details are quite accidental. All the individual trees of a species have a general resemblance, but one differs from another in the number and exact distribution of the branches, and in many other ways. We cannot solve the fundamental problems of biology by

addition and subtraction. He who sees nothing transcendent and mysterious in the universe does not see deeply; he lacks that vision without which the people perish. All organic and structural changes are adaptive from the first; they do not need natural selection to whip them into shape. All it can do is to serve as a weeding-out process.

Acquired characters are not inherited, but those organic changes which are the result of the indwelling impulse of development are inherited. So dominant and fundamental are the results of this impulse that cross-breeding does not wipe them out.

III

While I cannot believe that we live in a world of chance, any more than Darwin could, yet I feel that I am as free from any teleological taint as he was. The world-old notion of a creator and director, sitting apart from the universe and shaping and controlling all its affairs, a magnified king or emperor, finds no lodgment in my mind. Kings and despots have had their day, both in heaven and on earth. The universe is a democracy. The Whole directs the Whole. Every particle plays its own part, and yet the universe is a unit as much as is the human body, with all its myriad of individual cells, and all its many separate organs functioning in harmony. And the mind I see in nature is just as obvious as the mind I see in myself, and subject to the same imperfections and limitations.

In following Lamarck I am not disturbed by the bogey of teleology, or the ghost of mysticism. I am persuaded that there is something immanent in the universe, pervading every atom and molecule in it, that knows what it wants — a Cosmic Mind or Intelligence that we must take account of if we would make any headway in trying to

understand the world in which we find ourselves.

When we deny God it is always in behalf of some other god. We are compelled to recognize something not ourselves from which we proceed, and in which we live and move and have our being, call it energy, or will, or Jehovah, or Ancient of Days. We cannot deny it because we are a part of it. As well might the fountain deny the sea or the cloud. Each of us is a fraction of the universal Eternal Intelligence. Is it unscientific to believe that our own minds have their counterpart or their origin in the nature of which we form a part? Is our own intelligence all there is of mind-manifestation in the universe? Where did we get this divine gift? Did we take all there was of it? Certainly we did not ourselves invent it. It would require considerable wit to do that. Mind is immanent in nature, but in man alone it becomes self-conscious. Wherever there is adaptation of means to an end, there is mind.

Yet we use the terms 'guidance,' 'predetermination,' and so on, at the risk of being misunderstood. All such terms are charged with the meaning that our daily lives impart to them, and, when applied to the processes of the Cosmos, are only half-truths. From our experience with objects and forces in this world, the earth ought to rest upon something, and that object upon something, and the moon ought to fall upon the earth, and the earth fall into the sun, and, in fact, the whole sidereal system ought to collapse. But it does not, and will not. As nearly as we can put it into words, the whole visible universe floats in a boundless and fathomless sea of energy; and that is all we know about it.

If chance brought us here and endowed us with our bodies and our minds, and keeps us here, and adapts us to the world in which we live, is not

Chance a good enough god for any of us? Or if Natural Selection did it, or orthogenesis or epigenesis, or any other genesis, have we not in any of these found a god equal to the occasion? Darwin goes wrong, if I may be allowed to say so, when he describes or characterizes the activities of Nature in terms of our own activities. Man's selection affords no clue to Nature's selection, and the best to man is not the best to Nature. For instance, she is concerned with color and form only so far as they have survival value. We are concerned more with intrinsic values.

'Man,' says Darwin, 'selects only for his own good; Nature only for the good of the being which she tends.' But Nature's good is of another order than man's: it is the good of all. Nature aims at a general good, man at a particular good to himself. Man waters his garden; Nature sends the rain broadcast upon the just and the unjust, upon the sea as upon the land. Man directs and controls his planting and his harvesting along specific lines: he selects his seed and prepares his soil; Nature has no system in this respect: she trusts her seeds to the winds, the waters, and to beasts and birds, and her harvest rarely fails.

Nature's methods, we say, are blind, haphazard; the wind blows where it listeth, and the seeds fall where the winds and waters carry them; the frosts blight this section and spare that; the rains flood the country in the West and the drought burns up vegetation in the East. And yet we survive and prosper. Nature averages up well. We see nothing like purpose or will in her total scheme of things, yet inside her hit-and-miss methods, her storms and tornados and earthquakes and distempers, we see a fundamental benefaction. If it is not good-will, it amounts to the same thing. Our fathers saw special providences, but we see only unchangeable

laws. To compare Nature's selection with man's selection is 'like arguing from man's art to Nature's art. Nature has no art, no architecture, no music. Her temples, as the poets tell us, are the woods, her harps the branches of the trees, her minstrels the birds and insects, her gardens the fields and waysides — all safe comparisons for purposes of literature, but not for purposes of science.

Man alone selects, or works by a definite method. Might we not as well say that Nature ploughs and plants and trims and harvests? We pick out our favorites among plants and animals, those that best suit our purpose. We go straight to our object, with as little delay and waste as possible. Not so Nature. Her course is always a roundabout one. Our petty economies are no concern of hers. Our choice selection of rich milkers, prolific poultry, or heavy-fleeced sheep is with her quickly sacrificed for the qualities of strength and cunning and speed, as these alone have survival value. Man wants specific results at once. Nature works slowly to general results. Her army is drilled only in battle. Her tools grow sharper in the using. The strength of her species is the strength of the obstacles they overcome.

What is called Darwinism is entirely an anthropomorphic view of Nature — Nature humanized and doing as man does. What is called Natural Selection is man's selection read into animate nature. We see in nature what we have to call intelligence — the adaptation of means to ends. We see purpose in all living things, but not in the same sense in non-living things. The purpose is not in the light, but in the eye; in the ear, but not in the sound; in the lungs, and not in the air; in the stomach, and not in the food; in the various organs of the body, and not in the forces that surround and act upon it. We cannot say

that the purpose of the clouds is to bring rain, or of the sun to give light and warmth, in the sense that we can say it is the purpose of the eyelid to protect the eye, of the teeth to masticate the food, or of the varnish upon the leaves to protect the leaves.

The world was not made for us, but we are here because the world was made as it is. We are the secondary fact and not the primary. Nature is non-human, non-moral, non-religious, non-scientific, though it is from her that we get our ideas of all these things. All parts and organs of living bodies have, or have had, a purpose. Nature is blind, but she knows what she wants and she gets it. She is blind, I say, because she is all eyes, and sees through the buds of her trees and the rootlets of her plants as well as by the optic nerves in her animals. And, though I believe that the accumulation of variations is the key to new species, yet this accumulation is not based upon outward utility but upon an innate tendency to development — the push of life, or creative evolution, as Bergson names it; not primarily because the variations are advantages, but because the formation of a new species is such a slow process, stretches over such a period of geologic time, that the slight variations from generation to generation could have no survival value. The primary factor is the inherent tendency to development. The origin of species is on a scale of time of enormous magnitude. What takes place among our domestic animals of a summer day is by no means a safe guide as to what befell their ancestors in the abysses of geologic time. It is true that Nature may be read in the little as well as in the big, — *Natura minimis existat*, — in the gnat as well as in the elephant; but she cannot be read in our yearly calendars as she can in the calendars of the geologic strata. Species go out and species come in; the

book of natural revelation opens and closes at chance places, and rarely do we get a continuous record — in no other case more clearly than in that of the horse.

The horse was a horse, from the first five-toed little animal in Eocene times, millions of years ago, through all the intermediate forms of four-toed and three-toed, down to the one-toed superb creature of our own day. Amid all the hazards and delays of that vast stretch of time, one may say, the horse-impulse never faltered. The survival value of the slight gains in size and strength from millennium to millennium could have played no part. It was the indwelling necessity toward development that determined the issue. This assertion does not deliver us into the hands of teleology, but is based upon the idea that ontogeny and philogeny are under the same law of growth. In the little *cohippus* was potentially the horse we know, as surely as the oak was potential in the acorn, or the bird potential in the egg, whatever element of mystery may enter into the problem.

In fields where speed wins, the fleetest are the fittest. In fields where strength wins, the strongest are the fittest. In fields where sense-acuteness wins, the keenest of eye, ears, and nose are the fittest.

When we come to the race of man, the fittest to survive, from our moral and intellectual point of view, is not always the best. The lower orders of humanity are usually better fitted to survive than the higher orders — they are much more prolific and adaptive. The tares are better fitted to survive than the wheat. Every man's hand is against the weeds, and every man's hand gives a lift to the corn and the wheat, but the weeds do not fail. There is nothing like original sin to keep a man or a plant going. Emerson's gardener was probably better fitted to survive than

Emerson; Newton's butler than Newton himself.

Most naturalists will side with Darwin in rejecting the idea of Asa Gray, that the stream of variation has been guided by a higher power, unless they think of the will of this power as inherent in every molecule of matter; but guidance in the usual theological sense is not to be thought of; the principle of guidance cannot be separated from the thing guided. It recalls a parable of Charles Kingsley's which he related to Huxley. A heathen khan in Tartary was visited by a pair of proselytizing moollahs. The first moollah said, 'O Khan, worship my god. He is so wise that he made all things!' Moollah Number Two said, 'O Khan, worship my god. He is so wise that he makes all things make themselves!' Number Two won the day.

IV

How often it turns out that a man's minor works outlive his major! This is true in both literature and science, but more often in the former than in the latter. Darwin furnishes a case in the field of science. He evidently looked upon his *Origin of Species* as his great contribution to biological science; but it is highly probable that his *Voyage of the Beagle* will outlast all his other books. The *Voyage* is of perennial interest and finds new readers in each generation. I find myself rereading it every eight or ten years. I have lately read it for the fourth time. It is not an argument or a polemic; it is a personal narrative of a disinterested yet keen observer, and is always fresh and satisfying. For the first time we see a comparatively unknown country like South America through the eyes of a born and trained naturalist. It is the one book of his that makes a wide appeal and touches life and nature the most closely.

We may say that Darwin was a

Darwinian from the first, — a naturalist and a philosopher combined, — and was predisposed to look at animate nature in the way his works have since made us familiar with.

In his trip on the *Beagle* he saw from the start with the eyes of a born evolutionist. In South America he saw the fossil remains of the *Toxodon*, and observed, 'How wonderful are the different orders, at the present time so well separated, blended together in the different points of the structure of the *Toxodon*!' All forms of life attracted him. He looked into the brine-pans of Lymington and found that water with one quarter of a pound of salt to the pint was inhabited, and he was led to say, —

'Well may we affirm that every part of the world is habitable! Whether lakes of brine or those subterranean ones hidden beneath volcanic mountains, — warm mineral springs, — the wide expanse and depth of the ocean, — the upper regions of the atmosphere, and even the surface of perpetual snow, — all support organic beings.'

He studies the parasitical habit of the cuckoo and hits on an explanation of it. He speculates why the partridges and deer in South America are so tame.

His *Voyage of the Beagle* alone would insure him lasting fame. It is a classic among scientific books of travel. Here is a traveler of a new kind: a natural-history voyager, a man bent on seeing and taking note of everything going on in nature about him, in the non-human, as well as in the human world. The minuteness of his observation and the significance of its subject-matter are a lesson to all observers. Darwin's interests are so varied and genuine. One sees in this volume the seed-bed of much of his subsequent work. He was quite a young man (twenty-four) when he made this voyage; he was ill more than half the time; he was as yet only an obser-

ver and appreciator of Nature, quite free from any theories about her ways and methods. He says that this was by far the most important event of his life and determined his whole career. His theory of descent was already latent in his mind, as is evinced by an observation he made about the relationship in South America between the extinct and the living forms. 'This relationship,' he said 'will, I do not doubt, hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth, and their disappearance from it, than any other class of facts.'

He looked into the muddy waters of the sea off the coast of Chile, and found a curious new form of minute life — microscopic animals that exploded as they swam through the water. In South America he saw an intimate relationship between the extinct species of ant-eaters, armadillos, tapirs, peccaries, guanacos, opossums, and so on, and the living species of these animals; and he adds that the wonderful relationship in the same continent between the dead and the living would doubtless hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth, and their disappearance from it, than any other class of facts.

His observation of the evidences of the rise and fall of thousands of feet of the earth along the Cordilleras, leads him to make this rather startling statement: 'Daily it is forced home on the mind of the geologist that nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of the earth.'

There is now and then a twinkle of humor in Darwin's eyes, as when he says that in the high altitude of the Andes the inhabitants recommend onions for the 'puna,' or shortness of breath, but that he found nothing so good as fossil shells.

Water boils at such a low temperature in the high Alps that potatoes will not

cook if boiled all night. Darwin heard his guides discussing the cause. 'They had come to the simple conclusion that "the cursed pot" (which was a new one) did not choose to boil potatoes.'

In all Darwin's record we see that the book of nature, which ordinary travelers barely glance at, he opened and carefully perused.

V

Natural Selection turns out to be of only secondary importance. It is not creative, but only confirmative. It is a weeding-out process; it is Nature's way of improving the stock. Its tendency is to make species more and more hardy and virile. The weak and insufficiently endowed among all forms tend to drop out. Life to all creatures is more or less a struggle, a struggle with the environment, with the inorganic forces, — storm, heat, cold, sterile land, and engulfing floods, — and it is a struggle with competing forms for food and shelter and a place in the sun. The strongest, the most amply endowed with what we call vitality or power to live, win. Species have come to be what they are through this process. Immunity from disease comes through this fight for life; and adaptability — through trial and struggle species adapt themselves, as do our own bodies, to new and severe conditions. The naturally weak fall by the wayside as in an army on a forced march.

Every creature becomes the stronger by the opposition it overcomes. Natural Selection gives speed, where speed is the condition of safety, strength where strength is the condition, keenness and quickness of sense-perception where these are demanded. Natural Selection works upon these attributes and tends to perfect them. Any group of men or beasts or birds brought under any unusual strain from cold, hunger,

labor, effort, will undergo a weeding-out process. Populate the land with more animal life than it can support, or with more vegetable forms than it can sustain, and a weeding-out process will begin. A fuller measure of vitality, or a certain hardiness and toughness, will enable some species to hold on longer than others, and, maybe, keep up the fight till the struggle lessens and victory is won.

The flame of life is easily blown out in certain forms, and is very tenacious in others. How unequally the power to resist cold, for instance, seems to be distributed among plants and trees, and probably among animals! One spring an unseasonable cold snap in May (mercury 28) killed or withered about one per cent of the leaves on the lilacs, and one tenth of one per cent of the leaves of our crab-apple tree. In the woods around Slabsides I observed that nearly half the plants of Solomon's Seal (*Polygonatum*) and False Solomon's Seal (*Smilacena*) were withered. The vital power, the power to live, seems stronger in some plants than in others of the same kind. I suppose this law holds throughout animate nature. When a strain of any kind comes, these weaker ones drop out. In reading the stories of Arctic explorers, I see this process going on among their dog-teams: some have greater power of endurance than others. A few are constantly dropping out or falling by the wayside. With an army on a forced march the same thing happens. In the struggle for existence the weak go to the wall. Of course the struggle among animals is at least a toughening process. It seems as if the old Indian legend, that the strength of the foe overcome passes into the victor, were true. But how a new species could arrive at the result of such struggle is past finding out. Variation with all forms of life is more or less constant, but it is

around a given mean. Only those acquired characters are transmitted that arise from the needs of the organism.

A vast number of changes in plants and animals are superficial and in no way vital. It is hard to find two leaves of the same tree that will exactly coincide in all their details; but a difference that was in some way a decided advantage would tend to be inherited and passed along. It is said that the rabbits in Australia have developed a longer and stronger nail on the first toe of each front foot, which aids them in climbing over the wire fences. The Aye-Aye has a specially adapted finger for extracting insects from their hiding-places. Undoubtedly such things are inherited. The snowshoes of the partridge and rabbit are inherited. The needs of the organism influence structure. The spines in the quills in the tails of woodpeckers, and in the brown creeper, are other cases in point. The nuthatch has no spines on its tail, because it can move in all directions as well with head down as with head up. I have read of a serpent somewhere that feeds upon eggs. As the serpent has no lips or distendable cheeks, and as its mechanism of deglutition acts very slowly, an egg crushed in the mouth would be mostly spilled. So the eggs are swallowed whole; but in the throat they come in contact with sharp tooth-like spines, which are not teeth, but downward projections from the back-bone, and which serve to break the shells of the eggs. Radical or vital variations are rare, and we do not witness them any more than we witness the birth of a new species.

And that is all there is to Natural Selection. It is a name for a process of elimination which is constantly going on in animate nature all about us. It is in no sense creative, it originates nothing, but clinches and toughens existing forms.

The mutation theory of De Vries is a much more convincing theory of the origin of species than is Darwin's Natural Selection. If things would only mutate a little oftener; but they seem very reluctant to do so. There does seem to have been some mutation among plants, — De Vries has discovered several such, — but in animal life where are the mutants? When or where has a new species originated in this way? Surely not during the historic period.

Fluctuations are in all directions around a centre — the mean is always returned to; but mutations, or the progressive steps in evolution, are divergent lines away from the centre. Fluctuations are superficial and of little significance; but mutations, if they occur, involve deep-seated, fundamental factors, factors more or less responsive to the environment, but not called into being by it. Of the four factors in the Darwinian formula, — variation, heredity, the struggle, and natural selection, — variation is the most negligible; it furnishes an insufficient handle for selection to take hold of. Something more radical must lead the way to new species.

As applied to species, the fittest to survive is a misleading term. All are fit to survive from the fact that they do survive. In a world where, as a rule, the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, the slow and the frail also survive because they do not come in competition with the swift and the strong. Nature mothers all, and assigns to each its sphere.

The Darwinians are hostile to Lamarck with his inner developing and perfecting principle, and, by the same token, to Aristotle, who is the father of the theory. They regard organic evolution as a purely mechanical process.

Variation can work only upon a variable tendency — an inherent im-

pulse to development. A rock, a hill, a stream, may change, but it is not variable in the biological sense: it can never become anything but a rock, a hill, a stream; but a flower, an egg, a seed, a plant, a baby, can. What I mean to say is that there must be the primordial tendency to development which Natural Selection is powerless to beget, and which it can only speed up or augment. It cannot give the wing to the seed, or the spring, or the hook; or the feather to the bird; or the scale to the fish; but it can perfect all these things. The fittest of its kind does stand the best chance to survive.

VI

After we have Darwin shorn of his selection theories, what has he left? His significance is not lessened. He is still the most impressive figure in modern biological science. His attitude of mind, the problems he tackled, his methods of work, the nature and scope of his inquiries, together with his candor, and his simplicity and devotion to truth, are a precious heritage to all mankind.

Darwin's work is monumental because he belongs to the class of monumental men. The doctrine of evolution as applied to animate nature reached its complete evolution in his mind. He stated the theory in broader and fuller terms than had any man before him; he made it cover the whole stupendous course of evolution. He showed man once for all an integral part of the zoölogic system. He elevated natural history, or biology, to the ranks of the great sciences, a worthy member of the triumvirate — astronomy, geology, biology. He taught us how to cross-question the very gods of life in their coun-

cil chambers; he showed us what significance attaches to the simplest facts of natural history.

Darwin impresses by his personality not less than by his logic and his vast storehouse of observations. He was a great man before he was a great natural-history philosopher. His patient and painstaking observation is a lesson to all nature students. The minutest facts engaged him. He studies the difference between the stamens of the same plant. He counted 9000 seeds, one by one, from artificially fertilized pods. Plants from two pollens, he says, grow at different rates. Any difference in the position of the pistil, or in the size and color of the stamens, in individuals of the same species grown together, was of keen interest to him.

The best thing about Darwinism is Darwin — his candor, his patience, his simplicity, his devotion to truth, and his power of observation. This is about what Professor T. H. Morgan meant when he said, 'It is the spirit of Darwinism, not its formulæ, that we proclaim as our best heritage. He gave us a new point of view of the drama of creation; he gave us ideas that are applicable to the whole domain of human activities. It is true, he was not a pioneer in this field: he did not blaze the first trail through this wilderness of biological facts and records; rather was he like a master-engineer who surveys and establishes the great highway. All the world now travels along the course he established and perfected. He made the long road of evolution easy, and he placed upon permanent foundations the doctrine of the animal origin of man. He taught the world to think in terms of evolution, and he pointed the way to a rational explanation of the diversity of living forms.'

BOLSHEVISM FROM THE INSIDE

BY JOHN ALLEYNE GADE

I

'BOLSHEVISM is the worst enemy of the working classes' — 'The Soviet government has first deceived, and then strangled labor.' This is the judgment of many Russian labor leaders who have succeeded in escaping beyond the eastern frontiers of the Baltic provinces. Early in March, Gregoire Alexinsky, the well-known labor leader and representative of the Petrograd workmen in the second Duma, one who has spent almost as much time in exile or in prison as in championing the rights of the lower working classes, wound up a long talk with the words: 'I have consecrated my life to the cause of labor; that means now — to defeat Bolshevism.' This standpoint may be in part owing to Alexinsky's experience in a Soviet hospital, where the orderly, failing in an attempt to strangle him with his blanket, ran off with his valuables.

All legislation enacted since the New Year has been particularly directed against freedom of thought, speech, and action in the working classes, and to this end it has sought to crush their two representative bodies, the Coöperative Societies and the labor unions, or, rather, the professional unions, as these include in Russia the unions, not only of laborers, mechanics, and artisans, but also those of the professional men and artists.

The present tremendous effort toward economic reconstruction has resulted in the Soviet leader's frank announcement that the republic can be saved by the

employment of all males and females capable of working, in any manner, at any place, and for any length of time which the National Soviet of Supreme Economy may deem wise. Labor thus becomes a far more pliable tool than even soldiers in a great army. The laborer is to have no will or initiative of his own. Trotzky, expecting a remonstrance from the labor ranks throughout the world, anticipated this by stating that the Soviet government has destroyed the so-called capitalistic principles of free labor. Mobilizing it is the keystone of Bolshevik economy. 'Labor duty,' says another leader, 'means that a laborer must go whenever and wherever he is told to.' The laborer, in other words, becomes, according to American ideas, nothing but a slave.

Again, Trotzky attempts to defend the procedure required to maintain the rule of himself and his communistic comrades by declaring that 'The leading classes of labor have the right to force upon the other undeveloped portions of the labor masses the laws of labor duty.' Poor undeveloped portions! How their undeveloped state has been offered as an excuse for the tyranny of the dictators or the minority. Less than two per cent of Russia's one hundred and sixty millions acknowledged themselves out-and-out Communists, and many of these merely from fear.

Brother Goldmann of the All-Russian Union of Metal-Workers recently gave this official opinion on labor

unions: 'The professional unions have long since destroyed ideals.'

How has Bolshevism met the various points at issue with American labor? The question of working-hours — by increasing them and abolishing the Saturday half-holiday; the vote — by placing it entirely in the hands of Communist leaders, a small unrepresentative minority; physical conditions — by making them as bad as the world has ever seen; the question of wages and luxuries — by granting wages insufficient to supply the necessities of life, to say nothing of luxuries.

New decrees have been issued, promising insurance against sickness, accidents, old age, motherhood, widowhood, orphanage, and, in some cases, unemployment. The term 'insurance,' dating from 'bourgeois' days and signifying reparation for damages, has been supplanted by 'social support.' All the old insurance companies have been closed, their books and funds taken over by the government, and the entire subject of insurance of all kinds placed under the Department for Social Support.

The workmen I have questioned as to what sums they received when disabled have answered that as yet the organization of Social Support had not progressed sufficiently to allow payments; but the objectionable methods and the niggardly amounts wrung out of Western capitalists had been done away with; and as the state has always some kind of work for everybody, little 'social support' will be needed for non-employment.

II

Nowhere in the world was the Coöperative movement so highly developed as in Russia, where the Coöperatives played a great rôle in the nation's economic life and secured real benefits for the lower classes. As they no longer exist, it is a farce for any foreign gov-

ernment to emphasize its intention merely to trade through, or deal with the Russian Coöperatives, while avoiding the contamination of the Soviet government.

Russia gave the Coöperatives their death-blow early last autumn. During the first half of 1919 the sales of the Moscow head office alone amounted to almost half a billion roubles. The Coöperatives had been a factor with which even the Tsar's government was forced to reckon. The Soviet government has, from an economic point of view, taken no step which has more effectually brought Russia to the verge of ruin than by dissolving the Coöperative Societies — retaining merely their central organization and the empty framework. The Coöperatives are at present, as Krassin quite rightly states, mere government organs without purchasing, selling, or distributing power; and such work as they still perform is done by the order or with the sanction of the government. The financial independence which the Coöperatives still possessed after private initiative had been killed by the nationalization of the banks kept, for a while, their heads above water. The nationalization of the People's Bank in Moscow completed their financial ruin, and the subsequent independent establishment by the government of 'consumers' communes' forced the Coöperatives to give up the unequal struggle.

And now that the Coöperatives no longer exist, what is the result? A horse capable of hauling cost a purchaser, after close bargaining in Petrograd, a quarter of a million roubles; a cow, about half as much. Bread cost in the capital 240 roubles a pound, rye and barley, from 300 to 400. Beef brought 450 roubles a pound and eggs 100 roubles apiece. There are two prices for everything, and most of the shops can sell only upon government order. This

has, of course, its good as well as its bad side. On presenting at a government shop an order to purchase a hat or a pair of shoes, you pay from 80 to 90 roubles for the articles in question, while the speculators in the market round the corner charge you from 4000 to 5000 roubles.

The amount you can buy is as restricted as the price set upon it. King Edward VII's wardrobe would scarcely have met the approval of the inspectors of the Commissariat of National Economy. A friend of Tchitcherin's mistress, when discoursing upon the lady's good fortune and extravagance, exclaimed, 'Why, she even has three coats!'

A Moscow shopkeeper was recently asked: 'What do you want most of all?'

'I wish the doors of the Coöperatives were open once more, so that I might buy all the old things at the old prices.'

III

The Soviet government has not yet dared to come out flat-footed for the nationalization of all land, but has published a decree that the land has been given the peasants only on lease. Despite this the government has been beating round the bush, knowing what it would mean if it insisted upon taking away from the peasants what they have finally succeeded in acquiring after centuries of longing. The peasant class was very largely willing to fight against Denikin, Kolchak, and Judenitch, merely because they were told and believed that the White generals would, if victorious, once more deprive them of their land. In addition, they feel none too certain of their actual right of possession. Numbers of them have replied to my questioning, 'We have nothing with which to prove that the land now really belongs to us.' The peasant who has seized his landlord's property has in reality become a small bourgeois, antag-

onistic to Communism and upholding the rights of private ownership of property. And it is not a paradox to say that Russia has become, for the first time in her history, a bourgeois country, and that the process of *embourgeoisement* is continuing under the cloak of Communism. Foreign powers, considering how and when to act on the 'Russian problem,' have here something on which to reckon and build.

As a result there will inevitably come a sharp clash between the masses of the people, clinging to belief in capitalistic economy and private ownership, and the Bolshevik government, antagonistic to the wishes of these classes and obstructing their free development.

The government argues that economic conditions do not just yet allow the introduction of ideal agricultural organization and management on a communistic basis. The time is, in other words, not yet opportune for a complete nationalization of all property; but when they decide that it *has* come, very possibly one of the last acts of the Bolshevik drama will be played. An entirely new landowning class has sprung up. The poor middle class and wealthy peasants have been more or less transformed into an average well-nourished lot of farmers, far better fed than ever before, unwilling to sell anything to the government or cities for money, of which they have already an embarrassing quantity on their hands; and, furthermore, there is a smaller number of well-to-do farmers who have increased their holdings by more or less dishonest means. The last Moscow statistics state that, according to the reports from thirty-one provinces having about twenty-four million dessiatines of land that can be cultivated, 86 per cent is now in the hands of peasants, 9 per cent is Soviet farms, 2.5 per cent belongs to the parishes, and 2.5 to government institutions.

All the largest estates have been kept intact, and for government purposes.

The peasantry is the backbone of Russia and the Soviet government has this fact always in mind. The entire agricultural and industrial system has been upset by the lack of food-stuffs in certain regions; and as a result, the peasants, who previously planted and grew flax, hemp, or cotton, or bred cattle, have now seeded their fields with rye, wheat, barley, and oats. The area on which flax was formerly grown has thus decreased 30 per cent since pre-war times. Of hides only one million were collected in 1919, and only half as many are expected this year.

Thus far the peasants have been operating on their former equipment and stocks, but now, if a plough or a saw breaks, it cannot be replaced, and it is the knowledge of this which seems, above all else, to make the peasants to whom I have spoken restless. Formerly a peasant had four horses; then he came down to two; in the Petrograd government the commissars have ordered all peasants who have two horses to give up one. As most of the farming machinery cannot be operated with only one horse, the owner is now in the position of a man with one trouser-leg.

So far the peasants have in reality suffered comparatively little at the hands of the Communists. It must be remembered that the Red armies consist principally of peasants. As soldiers who received good rations, they had been quite content, and indeed had little cause for complaint. Their main desire has naturally been for the fighting to cease, that they might return to their farms. Their clothes they can spin themselves. They certainly are adverse to changing their products for anything as valueless as the city's moneys; but for salt or for a new saw, or furniture, they will produce from their hidden stores.

IV

Never has starvation or malnutrition taken place on so huge and hideous a scale. No, not even in Indian famines. Until now, the lack of nourishment has, from one point of view, rendered the intelligent and educated classes so weak and apathetic that they have lost all will-power and initiative. They have no thought for anything except the pangs of hunger. During Judenitch's retreat from Krassnaja-Gorka, I felt again and again as if I were face to face with a race of a new color. They had not the pallor of the corpses along the roadside, but were, rather, of an ashen-gray hue, like clayey soil or soapy water. Women and children walk hundreds of versts from village to village, searching for a few poods of flour in exchange for the clothes they can spare. My companion of this afternoon, who is just back from Petrograd, told me that he was waked night before last by the pitiful cries of children outside his car which had been side-tracked at Gatchina. He found two twelve-year-old boys who were returning to their mothers in Petrograd with fifteen poods of flour they had finally discovered in a country village. After tramping for five weeks before securing the precious bundle, they were being robbed by agents of the local Soviet.

The Food Commissar had on January 1 collected about ninety million poods of grain. The Central Russian grain dépôts contain to-day a sufficient supply for the laborers and peasants for three months, on the rations now allowed. This does not exactly spell success in one of the first grain-producing countries of the world.

The soldiers have received, not only the best rations, but sufficient to keep them in first-class fighting condition — a very vital factor in the willingness of many to join the colors, and, not the

least, of the officers of the old régime, to whom the new cause was exceedingly repugnant.

A very small leaf has been stolen from Hoover's book in the attempt to organize food-distribution in the large cities and feed the populace through soup-kitchens. These are divided into two groups: public and local kitchens. In Moscow alone, where Butiagine is food-dictator, over 370,000 receive what is probably their only square meal in a day. How little one such dinner satisfies hunger is best proved by the workingmen, who are allowed two meals, one on top of the other, the two containing four times the food of the non-workingman's meal. An evening supper of tea and sandwiches is also served in Moscow to some 200,000, also through public kitchens, local or factory kitchens, and workingmen's clubs. These are located in what used to be fashionable restaurants. The pianos are still on the stage, and bookshelves with reading matter have been added to the old decorations. Many of the fashionable diners of the old days are grateful now for permission to eat the third-class soup, with its floating bits of cabbage and herring, seated in the very same chairs where but a few years ago they complained if their caviar and champagne were insufficiently cooled.

The Bolshevik government is fully aware of the necessity of fighting against the ever-growing speculation. Some of the leaders were so fortunate as to send, at an early date, large sums abroad, procured either through theft or sales of other people's property, and to make good foreign investments. But such golden opportunities came to but few. The closing of all shops, with the exception of government stores and warehouses, naturally increases illegal buying and selling, and those who have the opportunity neither to steal nor to

graft can live only by speculation. That the only alternative to this is starvation is clear when the maximum wages, with the exception of those paid commissars, amount to from 3000 to 5000 roubles a month, and the very least sum on which one can live in Petrograd is 100,000 roubles a month. Even the little children speculate. Every once in a while the government vultures swoop down on the speculators in the Alexandrovsky Market in Petrograd and the Soukharevka Market in Moscow, and make a rich harvest of everything there for sale. And this is, literally, everything. There are even booths where the slacker, strong and healthy, can procure, for 40,000 roubles, on the day following his application, a paper properly stamped by innumerable soviets and commissaries exempting him from military service. The healthier the man, the higher the price. The raid being over, the excited cries and imprecations subside and speculation starts afresh. Minor Soviet officials are able to eke out their meagre salaries by selling government stores to the Jews.

Though all buildings are nationalized and their sale is prohibited, the owners sell them over and over again, each new buyer basing his purchase upon the ultimate fall of the present government and the return of property to its original private ownership.

Any man traveling takes along the old clothing he can spare, to barter for flour or other needed commodities.

Kameneff, who sees the seriousness of the situation, recently stated: 'Speculation is now destroying the very tissue of socialistic economy. All forces must be turned against it and then one of Socialism's last battles will be fought.' And Trotzky has seen, 'to his humiliation and shame, that the proletariat has turned to retail speculation.' This astute observer has himself never done anything except at wholesale.

Bribery in the government circles of Moscow is far worse than in Petrograd; in the former it exceeds the worst periods of the Imperial régime.

V

The greatest problem facing the Soviet government at present is that of transportation. This is almost paralyzed. The inefficiency and corruption of the Tsarist government, the wear and tear of war, when everything was sacrificed to meet temporarily the demands of the Western front, and finally the incompetency and negligence of the Soviet government, are now all bearing fruit. Rolling-stock cannot be renewed, as there are no domestic workshops and no foreign deliveries. Such skilled workmen as Russian railroads possessed were either called to the Red colors or, as is the case to a great extent, have become commissars and refuse to turn back into mechanics and engineers. Stecklov recently stated that foreign engineers, skilled workmen, and master-mechanics were just as badly needed by Russia as foreign locomotives and cars. It is now hoped that Scandinavian mechanics, and especially Swedish, of Socialistic and Communistic tendencies, may be lured to Russia by liberal pay and assurance that their families will be taken care of during their absence. The very best mechanics, especially from the metal and textile industries, were early sent to the front with the first detachment of soldiers from Petrograd and Moscow; most of these perished along the Don and in the Ukraine. The Red armies wallowed up what skilled mechanics were left, as well as the best workmen from Petrograd, Moscow, Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, and the Ural.

Lomonosoff, who is considered an expert in everything pertaining to rail-

way matters, returned to Russia from America last year. He has just declared that traffic could be kept up, even to its present miserable condition, only if the Bolsheviks repair five times the number of locomotives they are now repairing, namely, ten per cent instead of two per cent of those now broken down. Russia has only about 2700 'sound' locomotives. Firewood being the only fuel naturally decreases capacity. Before the war the average through train made about one hundred versts a day, but the present speed of the few trains that are despatched and not stopped or robbed *en route* is about sixty versts. Sixty per cent of the scanty and wholly insufficient pre-war engines are now out of commission, and almost all are badly worn. About two hundred are discarded every month.

Lomonosoff looked facts in the face when he concluded a recent speech in Petrograd by saying: 'The facts are very simple: as we have no engines, we cannot carry goods. Superhuman efforts are needed. If we continue as heretofore, spring will find us with 80 per cent of the engines out of commission, and this means that our trains will stop. Even if our negotiations with the Western Powers and the United States are successful, we shall get nothing for some time. Orders for engines taken now would mean November deliveries. . . . The fate of the republic depends to-day upon its railways, and these upon the engines. Three months ago Brother Trotzky cried: "Proletarians — to horse!" The Russian proletariat mounted, and the victory was won. Let the cry now be: "Proletarians — to your lathes! We have succeeded in defeating Kolchak and Denikin; now we must defeat engines."'

In Southeast Russia, in the Ural and Ufa districts, enormous grain stocks, enough to feed starving Russia and Western Europe, are rotting in store-

houses and granaries. Those who could repair locomotives and freighters are permitted to use the small available rolling-stock for the transport of a load of produce to their own factory or village. Such precious freight must, however, be well guarded on the way, and the percentage of food-trains which have been started and have got through to Petrograd and Moscow has been exceedingly low.

While cabinets and labor unions are squabbling in Western Europe and America about ten- and eight- and six-hour working-days, despite the crying necessity of 'speeding up' production, the Soviet government, anticipating a similar danger, passes resolutions for a double and triple shift on its railroads and in its boiler-works. The working-day is prolonged beyond eight hours, and the Saturday half-holiday goes by the board. Even the First of May, the great fête-day of the proletariat, is to be celebrated as a day of unusual toil, and all between the ages of eighteen and fifty, who have, during the last two years, done any railway work whatever, have been mobilized for this purpose.

The few trains running are practically at the service only of the military or government officials. Much 'pull' and many permits are requisite to procure a ticket, while the general public is forbidden access to the stations.

The case of the Moscow textile district, which requires a monthly delivery of over half a million poods of Turkestan cotton, illustrates sufficiently how industry is affected by the lack of rolling-stock. At present only two trains a month are running, and at this rate it would take more than a score of years to deliver the eight million poods of cotton now awaiting transportation to the factories. An equal period would be required for the delivery in Central Russia by the one

monthly train of the ten million pood of metals stacked in the Ural district.

When the Soviet government 'took over,' it found nothing but worn-out machinery from which the more valuable parts, such as copper, brass, and bronze, had been removed. Belting had all been cut up for shoe-soles. The existing machinery is principally 'scrap' and factories must be reëquipped if industrial life is to be started on the most modest basis. Indeed, so far as industrial undertakings go, the Soviet government has to a certain extent been forced to acknowledge its erroneous course. It has recognized that it is impossible to run elaborate machinery and intricate manufacturing without technical experts and men of trained organizing and managing capacity, who could now be found only among the detested bourgeoisie.

The All-Russian Council has thus recently been obliged to acknowledge the necessity of seeking technical expert among the bourgeois class, and has even urged the Communist workmen to receive them in a spirit of comradeship. 'The Council believes that a blind self-conceit led the working class to believe it could solve the vital question now facing Russia without employing bourgeois specialists in responsible positions.' The pill is sugared by all manner of further recommendations as to rapid technical education of the proletariat, which would fit its members in the immediate future to assume positions of responsibility in the management of industry. Commissars of trade are to be appointed, standing in the same relationship to the general managers of a plant in which the military commissars stand to the regimental commanders. No doubt the industrial chiefs' life will thereby be made as thoroughly miserable as that of many an officer whom we have heard bless the fate which delivered him from the claws of his tormentor.

VI

What does not Russia need? First of all, true, unselfish friends. How many of her own brave and devoted sons have gladly given their lives to bring peace out of the present conditions! I have seen thousands of them glad to die if it could only help.

But apart from human sacrifice, she needs the wherewithal to start work — tools and agricultural machinery and medicines and, most of all, rolling-stock and the food this can distribute.

The smaller Russian industries have been consolidated into larger institutions under government control, or absorbed directly by the government. About four thousand larger plants have been nationalized, or, to use Rykoff's recent words, 'The entire Russian industry has been transferred to the hands of the government and Soviet institutions and private industry is destroyed. Of Soviet Russia's entire industry, 41 per cent, employing 76 per cent of the laborers and representing three fourths of the national production, is now carried on by nationalized factories.' Power-plants are being erected for their supply, and new branches of industry are being developed, since Russia was forced by the blockade to depend upon herself. The procuring of all raw stuffs, as well as their distribution, is controlled by the Supreme Soviet of National Economy, assisted by the numberless affiliated local economic soviets.

Russia's principal industries are textile and metal. Of the 1191 metal industries, 614 have been nationalized and 166 united into trusts. Russia now produces about one third of the machinery made before the war, when most of her stock was reasonably new and valuable. Only seven per cent of her 700,000 spindles are at work and only seven per cent of her 164,000 looms are weaving. The textile industry, which,

in pre-war days, was surpassed by England and Germany only, is completely broken down. These are appalling figures and facts, but they are quoted from the best authorities.

The section of the Donez Basin was naturally of enormous importance to the Bolsheviks; but there again they are helpless, from lack of cars and the destruction of the bridges.

The desperate economic conditions are being met by conscription of labor and the conversion of various armies into so-called 'Labor Armies.'

With the defeat of the White armies and the resulting reduction of the Red forces, the Soviet government has been faced with the same problem as all other participants in the Great War — namely, how to assimilate its soldiers. They were of particular danger to the Soviet republic. Trotzky and Lenin conceived the idea of labor armies, thus putting off the evil hour. They have assisted the government on an enormous scale, in chopping trees, sawing wood needed for fuel, clearing streets and railroads, repairing roads and bridges, mending broken agricultural implements, accumulating and concentrating food-stuffs, and meeting in every way the transportation difficulties, and in fact rehabilitating industry, as well as agriculture, by ploughing and seeding the fields.

The trade unions have vigorously opposed the complete enslavement of labor, with the result that they have been loudly berated by the Soviet government.

Discipline in the Red armies improved greatly as time went on. Punishments were frequent and merciless. It is naturally far more difficult to maintain discipline in regiments roaming over several square miles of forest, or over the horizon-wide *polia*. The soldiers cannot see why they should not be filling their own wood-sheds or ploughing behind their home barns. As a re-

sult, desertions have occurred on a large scale, and 'starvation punishments' have been imposed.

Many of the skilled laborers have left the factories, tempted by the larger prospects of speculation. The *Ekonomičeskaje Zhišn* quotes a recent congress as follows: 'Inasmuch as enormous masses of laborers have run away from cities into villages, labor-mobilization had best take place in the matter.' Premiums are paid in the form of increased rations or pay for exemplary 'labor behavior,' while special prison camps have been established for the deserters, as also punitive deserter-labor-companies, whose duties are far from pleasant.

It is doubtful whether the labor-armies will, as Trotzky believes, acquire the military qualities which are of vital importance — namely, promptness and the same obedience that would be given to military orders. According to Sino-vieff, the future outlook of the labor armies is not very cheerful. 'They will have to remain mobilized for several years.'

All labor soldiers are provided with labor books, which must always be found in order when inspected if the holder is to receive his allotted rations.

It speaks volumes for the extraordinary power exercised by the government that the weak and unhomogeneous Russia of to-day is capable of putting forth, if only temporarily, so mighty an effort toward economic reconstruction as that of the labor-armies.

The Soviet government, knowing very well how little is to be expected from the Great Powers, really believes that a pound of flesh will be exacted in return for everything that is given. Convinced that it must rely upon itself and its own energy, it follows that any regeneration must very largely come from within — from Russia herself.

Every other nation, if sane, is busy setting its own house in order. America alone might enter Russia with altruistic motives. Her Red Cross or child-feeding organizations might be willing to labor in the name of charity. All others will come for concessions and selfish gain. The Bolsheviki have no illusions. Radek, the world's first propagandist, also knows that a world-revolution is for the time being out of the question, and that any *rapprochement* to the Western world is possible only if the Bolsheviki first promise to stop their propaganda. As a result, the Soviet government is now ready to promise this or anything else demanded in order to reestablish relations. The future will take care of itself, and, the doors once open, it will undoubtedly prove very easy to start the old underground propaganda machinery going all over the world.

Nothing has done more to weld the various parties together in Russia than the creation and fighting of the White armies and the Allied assistance furnished them, half-hearted as it was. Any general advance against Moscow attempted by the traditional enemy Poland, would rally to the Red color volunteers from every class. Almost all who fought in the Red ranks, whether from volition or compulsion, felt that they were fighting for Russia, either against foreign gold and lust, or against Russians who did not have the cause of Russia, right or wrong, at heart. The Red Army believed that the success of Denikin, Kolchak, and Judenitch would mean a 'return of reactionary force and much of the old detested order of things. The immense territories conquered by the White armies in their great advances were misruled, or, rather, unruled, as never before, and nothing was done to dispel doubts or inspire confidence, until it was too late.

A PERSONAL RECORD

BY RITA VON WAHL

DAMEN, POMERANIA, February 22, 1920.

DEAREST E——, —

Since the revolution of February, 1917, we have scarcely been able to correspond, so little could be said on post-cards. But now at last I can tell you of what I have been through.

Even in Petrograd, in the early days, the situation was alarming. I always dressed as simply as possible when I went out, in order not to attract attention. One day I was walking with my brother along the Nevski Prospect. Just ahead of us we noticed a strange group. A well-dressed woman in tears was taking off her clothes in the middle of the street. Before her stood a soldier with his girl, who already had the lady's fur coat and hat in her arms. When the girl was given the silk dress, as well, we heard the soldier say to the lady, —

'Thank you, madame. Now hurry along home, so as not to catch cold,' at the same time forcing the girl's dirty handkerchief into her hand.

Such things often occurred.

In April we returned to Dorpat, in Livonia, our province in Baltic Russia. Dorpat was quieter than Petrograd. We had many friends and relatives

there. The people, the Esthonians, were always celebrating their republic and the new autonomous government proclaimed after the revolution. My cousin's old overseer, even though he was educated above the average, said, 'How fine! Now we have an *automobile*.' He meant autonomy. The people are still very ignorant, yet want to rule.

There were many fires in the city. The soldiers, who came ostensibly to help, stole all they could. During April and May companies of Lett and Esthonian soldiers, as well as Russian soldiers, civilians, and even women, searched all the houses and apartments for wine or alcohol. I carefully hid our last bottles of old Madeira in my mattress, so they found nothing when they came to us. Twenty-four soldiers went to my brother's apartment one night and took a case containing thirty bottles of fine old wine. The next day we heard that the entire personnel of one of the hospitals was drunk! Just outside the town was a big brewing establishment belonging to an English company, the Tivoli. The cellars were large and strong, filled with beer and different wines. One night the soldiers and other 'honorable' people stormed the building, broke in, and drank without stopping. Two or three of them, dead drunk, fell into the big fermentation vat — their bodies were found there. All next day one saw drunken men, women, and young girls, sleeping in the streets and gardens, stretched out on the ground. There were comical sights, too. One clever soldier had filled

¹ The writer of this letter is a Russian lady, sprung from an old family, who before the war owned a vast estate called Lustifer, in Livonia. It is in substance an account of experiences in Dorpat and Riga after the revolution. It was written in French, since the author is unfamiliar with English, to a cousin, Miss Edna C. Latrobe, who vouches for its authenticity and kindly permits its publication by the *Atlantic*. The letter has been literally translated by Miss Latrobe.—THE EDITOR.

his leather trousers with wine after carefully tying up the legs. People carried away the wine in barrels and big pitchers.

After this the summer passed quietly enough. We feared more trouble in the autumn and winter.

In November the Bolshevik soldiers and their friends searched the apartments again. There was no wine. They took food, clothing, and jewelry. They came oftener every week, nearly always during the night. Unhappy were they who had not hidden their silver and jewelry! A band of these people went to Aunt Axella's house one evening and tore her wedding-ring from her finger. She had no other jewelry. Her daughter was wearing a simple little ring which she did not wish to give up. She told them it was not worth anything. No matter; they forced it from her, hitting her in the back. The same band came to our apartment the next night. They found no silver or jewelry — all we possessed we had buried in a corner of our park at Lustifer before we left there. I was wearing my Roman pearl earrings only, and Marianne a little silver bracelet. They tore them off, hurting us badly. They always carried knives.

The news from Petrograd grew worse. No one was safe anywhere. In the country the Bolsheviks were beginning their work. A band of them, composed of Estonian soldiers, ruled everything at Lustifer, our estate. They made our fine château very dirty. They held meetings every day and obliged all to come. After these meetings the leader, an Estonian sailor, would have a dance in our largest reception room. The men were always well armed. From time to time we heard what went on from the overseer and housekeeper, both good people and faithful to us. They were heartbroken, but could do nothing. The Bolsheviks took our horses and used everything we owned.

Thus the year 1917 ended. Each day had its surprises, but we were thankful that our lives were left us, and we still hoped that reason would win out and bring us peace and quiet at last. Our nerves were on edge — we never knew what would happen. Shots were heard at night, and frequently during the day too.

The New Year did not begin well. Lett and Estonian commissions went through all the apartments, requisitioning rooms for their people. They took two rooms in our apartment. They took almost the entire house of Uncle Boris to use as a casino for Bolshevik soldiers. There were two respectable Russian officers billeted on my brother. He was glad to have them — these poor souls suffered a great deal from the sad times. The commission returned to us the end of January and said roughly that the rooms would be occupied next day. We were in despair. The little dwelling which we refugees had taken was almost under the roof, and three more persons were coming into it!

The following morning, the first, a Russian officer, arrived. Toward evening came the other two — Jewish students turned soldiers — true Bolsheviks! The Jews took the big room which served us as sitting-room, dining-room, and all. The Russian lieutenant occupied Benita's room. He was quiet and pleased with everything. The Jews were constantly shouting at us. They wanted everything imaginable and were never content. I always told them we were refugees and had nothing ourselves. One day they got the same Lettish commission — fearful people — to return. One of them said that, if we did not satisfy these *gentlemen*, ten soldiers would be quartered on us. Oh, my dear, you don't know the terrible moments we went through! I was beside myself and told him what I thought of him. He was so angry that he sprang at me and

twisted my arm so violently that my cries were heard in the street. When people came running in, this beautiful commission quickly made off. The Jews were more polite from that day, but my arm pained me for a long time.

Silver, jewelry, and food were not enough. They started now on a hunt for *bourjoui* (capitalists — those who owned something). Our men were arrested day and night, — women and young girls too, — and dragged before the Soviet. The women were held a day, but the men were shut up in a big hospital and very severely treated. Their daughters and wives brought them food; if they dared exchange a few words, one of the Bolsheviki was always near to spy and treat them badly. My sister-in-law's two brothers had a very hard time. My brother was fortunate — he was able to hide himself and so escaped being arrested. He was obliged to remain hidden fifteen days.

There was shooting in the streets day and night. We went out as little as possible. Twenty Bolsheviki used to ride around in a big camion, firing off their guns to frighten the people. One day when I was in the street they came along. An old woman and a child were walking ahead of me. The Bolsheviki wanted to frighten us and fired. It was awful. The poor old woman fell down from fright. One shot passed near me among some trees; the other ruffians had fired into the air.

We were safe at home in the evenings, but always haunted by the fear that the Bolsheviki would return. Our Jews, very polite now, told me one day that they would protect us from the other Bolsheviki — we could rest assured we would not be disturbed again.

The report was that the German troops were advancing on Dorpat. The people were very excited.

The morning of February 10 one of our Jews came to speak to me, saying

it was true the Germans would soon arrive. 'We know it well,' said he, rubbing his hands together. He went on to say he was so happy with us, and begged us to let him stay on after the Germans arrived. He would even like to pay board for himself and his friend. I told him — because you had to be very careful with these people — that we were delighted he wanted to remain with us and was at last happy, but he must remember that another government was probably coming and it was possible they would take the room without asking us; however, we would do all we could to keep it for him. He was very pleased. These two Jews always had company and made a terrible noise. They were the source of much of our misery.

On the nineteenth of February the Russian officer who was billeted on us came in very much upset. He said that it was now certain the German troops were coming and that he must leave at once. He took his trunk and we never saw him again. Poor fellow, who knows what happened to him?

The twenty-first of February we heard that all our men who were imprisoned in the hospital had been taken away in the night to Petrograd by the Letts and Esthonians. From there they were sent to Siberia. The following days were most alarming. Scarcely anyone remained except women and children. We were sure some trick was going to be played on us.

The twenty-third of February the Germans were just outside the city. Very early that morning my brother, and seven other men, who also had escaped the Bolsheviki, came from their hiding-places and started in sledges for our estate, to capture the Bolsheviki who were still there. Everything went well. They reached Lustifer in the evening. My brother first went to the overseer's house. He asked him the news.

'For Heaven's sake, master,' said the faithful old overseer, 'don't enter the château! There is another big meeting and the men are all armed.'

My brother posted one of his friends before the entrance, another before a window of the drawing-room. With the others he entered the house. In the dining-room they found a man whom they easily disarmed. When they reached the drawing-room all the Bolsheviki leaped up from the table, seized their guns and fired. Luckily they aimed badly; none of our men was hurt. One of the Bolsheviki tried to jump out of the window: Boris shot him. He fell in the snow. Another, badly wounded, rolled on the floor. A third, a sailor, ran up to the next floor and tried to jump from the balcony: the friend of my brother who was outside caught him and shot him through the head. So the fight ended well. Boris put all the Bolsheviki in the dining-room, hands above their heads, and disarmed them. One young sport who had stayed in his room that evening they had to pull out of bed. The prisoners were locked up in the cellar for the Germans to sentence later.

The morning of February 24 my brother and his friends returned safely to Dorpat, delighted to have regained his property. The entire town was in turmoil — the German troops were to enter any moment.

At eleven o'clock we saw the first German soldiers. What a joy — now there would be some sort of order! That same day a train of sailors was to have come to Dorpat to take most of our women also to Siberia. The Germans had halted this train several stations outside and made all the Bolsheviki prisoners. Unfortunately they did not shoot them.

Spring and summer went by well enough under German government, though the government made many mistakes. As a rule it was too weak,

and also it estranged the best people. We spent the summer at our beloved Lustifer, in the overseer's cottage — the German General Staff was quartered in the château.

In the autumn misery began again. The Bolsheviki were returning by way of Plescau, and mingling with the Letts and Esthonians, who are very Bolshevistic in their ideas and character. The country was no longer safe. Everyone went to live in town. The early part of December, 1918, found us back in Dorpat, living in the apartment of an aunt who had already taken refuge in Riga. Here we hoped to be able to remain; but in a week the situation became so grave that everyone said, 'Sauve qui peut'; so we packed our trunks. The big ones we were obliged to leave in Dorpat, some in my aunt's apartment, some with the owner of a shop — a very good friend of ours who promised to hide them. We left Dorpat with hand luggage only.

The train was full of retreating soldiers and fugitives like ourselves. It was due to leave at six o'clock in the morning, but through chicanery of the Esthonians we were kept until three in the afternoon. After an hour's journey the train stopped at a wayside station. The engine was broken. The Esthonians gave us no other. We had to wait there nearly all night. The next morning we got an engine with a German engine-driver from the town of Walk. We arrived at Riga about ten o'clock next day. Ordinarily this journey takes nine hours. We were almost thirty-six hours *en route*.

The first few days we lived in the Ritterhaus. The large rooms had been prepared for refugees. The third day we found some rooms with a very nice family, and decided to stop in Riga. We did not want to go to Germany. We were hoping all along that the German troops would remain and the

Letts would come to their senses; but after ten days we understood only too well that all was over. Most of the German troops had already gone, as well as the wealthy townspeople and the Baltic German population. The Bolshevik forces had taken Walk and Werro the week before, and on January 3, 1919, the last German boat left the port of Riga under Bolshevik fire.

What cares and sadness surrounded us! We felt absolutely alone in the world. We had no news from Dorpat. We only knew that the Bolshevik terror reigned again. My sisters and I scarcely ever went out. The Bolsheviks would often stop people in the street, and shoot them without waiting to find out whether they belonged to the Whites and had a brother or husband in the Baltic regiment, or not.

Their first work was to empty the shops of materials, shoes, and comestibles, which they sent back into Russia and sold for enormous prices.

Fortunately for us, we had a great many friends and relatives who had remained in Riga. Each day arrests were made. Many of our friends were thrown into prison and miserably treated. Anyone who looked respectable was in great danger. Old gentlemen, women, young girls — the Bolsheviks made no exception. They searched with lists; not for an hour were you safe from them. One night eight armed civilians came and searched our two rooms. In one lived old Uncle Ivan and Aunt Tatiana. Aunt Tatiana was ill. The Bolsheviks confiscated nearly all our dresses and underwear, and some of my brother's clothes which I had hidden with mine. Some weeks later they came again, took all our food, and arrested poor Uncle and Auntie because they had heard their son was in the Baltic regiment. It was terrible, and we could do nothing for our poor old relatives.

The Bolsheviks made everyone in the prisons work for them. The women and young girls were obliged to clean out the lavatories and wash the bodies of the people who had been killed. There was a battalion of women Bolsheviks, among whom were little girls of thirteen and fourteen. They were all very elegant — silk gowns, furs, fine shoes, and covered with jewels. These creatures were absolute devils, worse than the men. It was often this Women's Battalion which made the executions. A friend who was kept in one of the prisons told me the windows looked on the courtyard and frightful scenes took place there. The women Bolsheviks were poor shots; so were the men sometimes, and on purpose; so they would only wound their poor victims, and then beat them to death with the butts of their rifles. Often they took their victims to the country, just outside the city, by the Duna (the river), where they made them dig large holes. Then they tore off their clothes, men and women, and shot them or killed them in another terrible way. After that they threw their bodies in the holes. Among the prisoners were often simple people who possessed some small means and had not revolutionary ideas.

The ideas of the Bolsheviks are: that no one may possess more than another, that everything must be shared. No marriage — the woman is there for everyone. Children will be brought up by the state. Money shall not exist: coupons will be given for the amount of work done, and special organizations provide the necessary supplies.

We have since heard that poor old Uncle Ivan was shot, and later Aunt Tatiana died of typhus.

Many of the prisoners were sent to an island in the Duna, and allowed to take with them only as much food and clothing as they could carry themselves. Hundreds died of hunger, especially the

children. A very young friend of mine was arrested and thrown into prison; her husband had been killed the week before. The poor little thing was *en-ciente* — she expected her baby in four or five days. She was shot without pity.

There was a big building in Riga containing forty small apartments. The Bolsheviks turned out all the occupants — men, women, old people, and children. They killed some of them, some they let go, others were obliged to live in the cellars.

One day, about two hundred children of different classes were driven past me in the street. It was a heart-rending sight. They were being taken to their death. They were all shot on the dunes near the city. When I think of it, my heart fails me.

In the market-place at Mittau the Bolsheviks shot a pretty and charming little fourteen-year-old girl. They tore off her clothes and made her dig her own grave before shooting her. The child died without a cry.

The educated prisoners all died like heroes, whereas the others shrieked and pleaded for mercy. It was frightful for those left alive.

Thus the terrible months passed. We still hoped that some day our Baltic regiment — the Whites — would come to deliver us.

The Bolsheviks allowed no news of the outside world to reach us — we knew nothing of what was happening. It was now the middle of May, and the sound of cannon, which we had heard since the beginning of the month, had come nearer. We were at the end of our strength. How all the poor people in the prisons suffered! Words fail me. My heart is still too heavy to tell of their martyrdom.

The 21st of May, in spite of the danger, I went out to see a cousin and her children who lived near by. She had been as fortunate as ourselves — all

were alive and well. Her momentary misfortune was that she and the two children had practically nothing to put on. A few days before, the Bolsheviks had begun to confiscate clothes, underclothes, and so forth. Each person was allowed to retain only two pieces of underclothes, one dress, one coat, one pair of shoes, two pairs of sheets for the bed, one towel. That was all. It was the same for men and children. The commission had already been to my poor cousin. She was disconsolate. I expected it myself each day.

There was great excitement all the morning of the 22nd. The White troops seemed to be drawing nearer, their aeroplanes were flying over the city. There was much firing at them from the roofs. The aeroplanes dropped bombs on the Bolshevik troops, who began to flee. When I went out to try to buy some food about eleven o'clock, the panic had reached its height; the terror-stricken Bolsheviks rushed past on foot, on horseback, in wagons. The streets were full of them, the elegant women of the battalion, soldiers, men and women in civilian clothes — all were trying to escape, and carrying big bundles in their hands and on their backs. I had much difficulty getting out of this pell-mell; had I fallen, I should have been trampled to death by the crowd.

I had reached home and had stood for some time at my window, whence I could see two streets seething with a mass of humanity. Everyone was running, yelling, with faces disfigured by fear. The sound of shooting and the whistling of bombs filled the air. Overhead were the aeroplanes, flying back and forth from their lines, observing the situation.

While I was watching this strange scene, the street emptied suddenly, as if swept by a mighty broom in the hands of a giant. The terrible crowd was gone. A great wind sprang up. The sun came

from behind the clouds. I could not understand it. I had the sensation of clapping my hands. A bullet whistled past, and I could scarcely believe my eyes — three young men in the uniform of our Baltic regiment appeared at the head of the street.

So the Whites were really in the city! I flung open the window crying, 'Hurrah!'

They answered, laughing, 'Shut the window; there is still firing!'

A few minutes later I was in the street with many others; everyone cried 'Hurrah!' asked questions, wept. The people were nearly crazy with joy at being delivered. I inquired for relatives who were in the Baltic regiment. Happily they were alive and well.

That afternoon I talked with an officer of the regiment, who told me all about the advance. The deeds of our Baltic troops were almost superhuman. The first to enter Riga were seventy-five men — part of the *Stosstruppe*. Forty versts, they had come, without stopping, bringing two small guns. They galloped into the city across the pontoon bridge. They drew up their guns alongside of the quay and began a rapid fire; then house-to-house fighting began. Two hours later more Baltic troops arrived with two armored cars.

In the meantime the seventy-five heroes of the *Stosstruppe* had taken a large part of the city. They reached the prisons just in time to prevent the fleeing Bolsheviks from shooting most of the poor prisoners. The fighting in the streets and around the prisons was terrible. Many of our brave young men lost their lives. German reinforcements arrived during the afternoon. Our heroes were worn out after such efforts, and you saw them sleeping on the pavement.

The Bolsheviks bombarded the suburbs of Riga a whole day before retreating farther. Nor did the street

fighting end at once. I often saw dead bodies lying about.

One morning we heard a shot in our courtyard. Our servant, a very fine Lettish woman, came and told us a Bolshevik Lett had just been killed there. He was a well-known commissar. It was most unpleasant for us, as bodies were always left several days where they fell. This dead Bolshevik was just under our kitchen window, in full sunshine of the month of May. Every day his face became more disfigured. There was a large hole in his head. Oh, I can never forget that terrible face and those ferocious eyes — immense, wide open, and his skin turning green. When I cannot sleep, all these sad and fearful sights return to me! Every day he was less clothed. First his boots were stolen, then his coat. We dared not open the windows which gave on the courtyard.

We were able to leave Riga on the 31st of May, thanks to our troops. We traveled comfortably and safely with some of the soldiers as far as Libau, and from there to Königsberg, where the Germans took good care of all us poor refugees. We remained in Königsberg several months; then we received a kind invitation to come to an estate in Pomerania, where we are now. In the spring we shall leave, as we have at last found means to earn our living in a small way. A cousin, also a refugee from Russia, is to run a boarding-house at a summer resort on the North Sea. We are to be the maids. It will be hard work, but not bad, as we shall all be domestics together.

God grant that the Bolsheviks cease their terrible deeds, and that they do not become stronger! No one can imagine what Bolshevism really means — it is 'death to everything!'

I have tried to tell you in this letter the horrors of Bolshevik rule.

Je vous embrasse mille fois!

RITA.

THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL FAIR AT BRUSSELS

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

YOU cannot miss it; for the Bruxellois have set it in the very heart of the city, in the beautiful park that spreads a green canopy between the palace and the parliament buildings. At least, the main section of the Fair is there; the machinery division has a separate home in the Palais du Midi, and the rich and romantic colonial display is in the Palais d'Egmont.

This first industrial fair differs from what we commonly understand by the term in more ways than in appearance. Nothing is for sale on the premises; the exhibitor is there only to take orders from sample specimens; for this is a wholesale market of the type of the famous old fairs of Nijni-Novgorod and Leipzig. Belgium's effort is part of an interesting general movement in Europe toward a return to the great wholesale market, a movement much stimulated by the astonishing success of the Lyons Fair last year. Norway hopes to hold one, as does Milan; Basel is just opening its fourth fair; the temporary buildings of the May Market in Paris are almost completed, while the century-old Leipzig Fair has had a quite unexpected demand for stalls: such a disturbed district as Finland, for instance, has asked for 100 places, Hungary for 100, while Poland seeks no less than 500.

One recurring recompense to one who lived through the German Occupation in Belgium is his wonder and happiness in the amazing accomplish-

ment of Belgium's courage and apparently inexhaustible effort of to-day, as he sees it against that remembered background of destruction and despair. This particular lovely park of the capital forms one of the black spots in that memory background. Facing, at one end, the palace, from whose dome, usually, the bright national flag flies, announcing that King Albert is at home, and, at the other end, the parliament buildings, its tall elms and pretty ponds and flower-plots are dearly loved by the people, and especially by the city's children. The Invader drove the children out, barred the high grilled iron gates, set up a few disfiguring barracks under the elms, and used the park spaces as a cavalry exercise ground. To the Bruxellois having daily to pass it, the barred gates and the arrogant officers riding inside were a symbol of their slavery. I have watched black-shawled women reach defiant hands between the iron bars, to scatter a few of the numbered bread-crumbs of hungry winters to the sparrows inside, condemned — they, too — to live under a conqueror.

And to-day I have come swiftly from Ostend across the unbroken 1920 spring garden of the two Flanders, — no garden in the world can be lovelier, — and unexpectedly face to face with a miraculously transformed Brussels Park; for an exquisite miniature city laughed from its green pavilions. About twelve hundred tiny portable houses

were tucked away under leafy boughs, beside tulip and azalea plots. And in these little buildings resurrected industrial Belgium was At Home to the world. Incidentally, I learned that the portable houses had been made at Antwerp and sent down to Brussels on canal-barges. Birds were singing, a Belgian soldiers' band played, and strangely across the music newsboys cried the latest reports of chaos in Berlin. It was all so incredible, as memory set it against the desolate past, so fairylike, so gay, — for the spirit of Belgium, free, is always a laughing spirit, — that one struggled between smiles and tears.

In the Fair City over 1625 firms had arranged their samples, and others were pressing for space. Of these 1200 were Belgian and 425 from outside: from France, Italy, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland; a strong representation from Great Britain, and a very limited one from Czecho-Slovakia and other young countries — and from the United States. Though great care had been taken to exclude the Germans, it was rumored that some had slipped in under cover of other nationalities; a common jest in the comic sheets turns on the ease with which the German slips into the coat of the Pole or the Czecho-Slovak. My eye quickly caught such familiar signs as Harrods', and Lipton's Tea, and the even more familiar one of the American Express Company, the O'Cedar Mop, Lux, the Monitor Store Company, and the Edison Lamp.

The Fair Committee has grouped industries under 120 classes from the point of view of their value and importance. One should spend much of his time in visiting those classes installed in the machinery and colonial palaces — and indeed the crowd is always compact about the diamond and copper and ivory and gum and rubber displays of the Congo companies. But one is tempted always to leave them, to re-

turn to the exhibits of the miniature city under the trees. There one finds the glass and silk and chemicals and porcelains and linens and lace, the wool and leather and iron-work, the horticultural and other products, for which Belgium is so well-known to the world. On the whole, the stands most difficult to approach because of the constant crowds before them are those displaying building materials, — whether tiles, or slate shingles, or marbles, or brick, or wood, — or household appliances of any sort; and undoubtedly the highest point of interest in the entire Fair has been a charming little white-and-green portable house, built of concrete sections, which the inventor claims can be set up for fifty francs less per square metre than the price paid by the government for the temporary wooden houses it is placing in the devastated areas. I have seen the wooden houses, and they do not bear comparison in appearance and comfort with this attractive white-and-green cottage, with its pretty window-boxes and brick entry and fireplace, its water-pipe system and convenient kitchen arrangement. The Fair is to continue a fortnight, and by the end of the first week the concrete portable house firm had received orders from the north of France alone amounting to three hundred million francs! Thus, in the midst of all the appearance of industrial reestablishment and success, one cannot escape the fact that just below this appearance is the still tremendous and poignant problem of Dixmude, Nieuport, and Ypres.

I looked down the textile avenue, past the green branches and stands, off across the city, where the great Palace of Justice closed the long vista, and from the main parkway to the King's Palace, where the flag floated. In the middle of this way stood the victory statue, the Brabançonne, — which I had seen set up in the Place de Ville on the

day of Liberation, — with forget-me-not beds about its feet; all about me clustered the tiny houses. We in the United States do not know this kind of picture. I cannot imagine any committee of American men thinking it possible to accomplish such an extensive and comprehensive exhibition plan in miniature. The note here is restraint rather than repetition, most careful selection of specimens, meticulous care in arrangement. The little houses are daintily curtained and gayly painted, often with quaint insignia, as well as with bright advertising slogans. Each morning, as I go by, women are about with pails and brushes, polishing windows and doorsteps, on the lookout for a possible dust blur anywhere. They brush off the washing-machine exhibit set up beside an embowered statue of Apollo with such cleverness that Apollo is in no wise offended.

When the wagons and little carts, some of them again drawn by dogs, unload their exhibit pieces, they furnish another contrast with American method. Belgian workmen handle each article as if it were fragile and precious. Each workman seems to have a feeling of responsibility, not only to his employer, but to the object he handles. The more one travels about Belgium watching its people at work, the more one must be impressed, not only by their love of work for the work's sake, but by their respect for what it produces. These qualities are in a large degree the secret of Belgium's resurrection. Her work-song sounds from the soil to the skies.

Perhaps one hears it most clearly in Flanders, where men and women and children, and their animals in close comradeship, are early and late in the fields. Indeed, all along the Flanders way, he who runs may read. This April, under a continuous bower of pear-bloom, the low-sloping red-tiled

farm cottages shone like jewels on the plotted plains, where the gold mustard-beds alternated with the claret-brown of freshly turned soil and the emerald of grain-plots. The rudest temporary hut has wall-flowers and mignonette beside the freshly scrubbed doorway, beneath the gayly painted lintel. Every living thing is at work, digging or planting or cutting or building or embellishing, or packing his *chicorée* and potatoes for export.

The work-song is loud and strong in the smoking Liège and Hainault regions, which have sent their metal and coal and quarry and chemical products to the Fair. The individual Belgian, in every district, asks you for little more than the freedom to go about his work. He says, substantially, 'What the government proposes to do about this particular tomb of a factory, or cemetery of a village, is not my primary concern. I shall not wait to find out. Only let the government keep out of my way and not bother me with its red tape and regulations.' And he sets about his reconstruction job.

Yesterday I came back from Furnes, where in the early morning lace-women balanced their cushions on odd planks or bars in the ruined fields, and began busily shifting their bobbins. Along the immortal Ypres-Menin way I saw men in the late dusk still sorting the bricks of a *débris*-heap, or trying to lay the tiles of a roof. And this morning, in the southwest, the director of one of the most important glass-factories in the country told me of the way his men (on the eight-hour schedule) linger at their work, eager to add something here or there if they can. All of which is just a glimpse behind the scenes of the sparkling Fair village in Brussels.

It was rewarding to go further behind the scenes in an attempt to get a closer view of the general industrial situation illustrated by exhibit speci-

mens in Brussels. And I have, as a result of my visits to the focal points of industry, a respectable *dossier* of facts and figures. They were given life and intense interest by talks with such leaders of Belgian industry and banking as M. Eloy and M. Allard, and by the friendliness of engineers and directors. But it would be futile to set down in detail figures which, happily, are continually changing. The most satisfactory thing one can do, after all, unless one's interest is specialized and technical, is to try to find out how far, in general terms, Belgium has advanced on the road of recovery, something of the momentum with which she is advancing, and above all, to take account of the precious racial trait or quality that makes her inspiring forward march possible.

II

Belgium is, of course, one of the most highly industrialized tracts in the world: the 1910 census showed 40 per cent of the population engaged in industrial pursuits, whereas in Germany, widely reputed for its industries, only $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and in France $23\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, of the population is thus engaged.

But it is important to bear in mind that the greater part of Belgian industry consists in the transformation and manufacture of raw products, and that since the Germans requisitioned the entire reserve of stocks, all attempts to rehabilitate industry have been at the mercy of a crippled transportation and an unfavorable exchange.

Europe's morning prayer to-day is, 'Give us our coal, our daily coal.' And in Belgium, as elsewhere, coal is at the base of all production. As to coal, she is very fortunate in one respect, and unfortunate in another. Before the war the mines yielded twenty-two million tons yearly, some of which was exported; but on the other hand, it was

necessary always to import coal, chiefly for coke, from Westphalia. To-day Belgium's coal production is completely back on a pre-war basis — indeed, the present production is 103 per cent of the pre-war production. But Belgium always imported a certain needed amount from Germany, especially of coke-making coal. And so, while she now is producing nearly enough coal to use as coal, she most seriously lacks coal for coke for her factories. The great blast furnaces at Thy-le-Château, for instance, are ready to operate, but they stand idle for want of coke. The solution rests with the increase of coal importations from Germany or elsewhere. If there were sufficient coke, the steel output would soon be doubled.

But, despite the coke famine, there have been marvelous accomplishments in the metallurgic field, which depends, too, on the importation of iron ore from the Grand Duchy and Lorraine; for Belgium has no iron mines on her own territory. We all know of the systematic destruction of the steel plants, of the ruins of such important works as the Cockerill, Ongrée, and Angleur establishments near Liège; of La Providence and others in the Charleroi district. They have had to push ahead literally foot by foot in their débris-covered areas, while they fought to regain their outside connections for import and export. M. Eloy told me that he believes that, despite the fact that they were three fourths destroyed, La Providence works at Marchienne may attain a normal production by the end of this year. Marichaye will be producing one fourth of its normal output by July, and Ongrée probably as much. On the whole, this major industry may be said to have recovered between one fourth and one third of its pre-war capacity.

But while the great production plants are still seriously crippled by the dif-

facilities of coke importation and of the reconstruction of their plants, the *petite metallurgie*, or the factories making up smaller steel products, such as nails, wire, and the like, are going on excellently: they are turning out about two thirds of their pre-war production. The locomotive works at Liège are now functioning, and, to cite only one example, the Fetre de Feze manufactory of tools expects to be quite reestablished by July. These smaller metal industries show up particularly well at the Fair.

After having looked down through the Occupation years on the dead plains where Mons and Charleroi lie, it has been thrilling this April, as soon as I had crossed the coal-deposit frontier at Manège, to look down on the clustered smoking chimneys of the Hainault basin, and on the coal-mine dump-hills on which the Belgians are encouraging delicate birch forests to take root. The Germans left the chimneys of Belgium standing, doubtless in the hope of one day possessing them, while they destroyed those in Northern France. It was good, too, to see the coal-carts again drawn by horses or donkeys instead of by the human animal. At La Providence steel mills, one finds the dramatic proximity of utter ruin and throbbing activity, fresh ore from Lorraine being dumped beside a group of workmen still battling to clear away twisted iron and fallen walls, with the new steel skeleton of a great hall, made on the premises, etched against the satin sky.

In close neighborhood with the steel plants of Hainault, are the glass factories for which Belgium has long been famous, and in which she covers all the varieties of production between the basic common window-glass of such a plant as Mariemont, and the plate and mirror glass of Roux, and, finally, the 'articles de luxe' made in the Val

Saint Lambert near Liège, with their countless exquisite forms of brilliant crystal, unsurpassed in any country. On the whole, this important glass industry has regained a 60 per cent production. Here again the one hundred per cent return is chiefly a question of coal. For Belgium finds all the necessary sand in her own rich quarries, which, though ruthlessly used by the Germans, especially in the porphyry sections, are rapidly regaining a normal position. I spent some time in the Mariemont works. From the circle of human beings moving back and forth before the white-flamed furnace mouths, swinging and blowing the long cylinders into shape, past those who cool and carry and spread and polish them, I came to those who finally pack the clear sheets between straw in the wooden cases marked Alexandria or Mexico or China or Canada. In every working group was revealed one of the primal secrets of Belgium's industrial success: it is the attention to minute detail and finish.

The plate and mirror works at Roux have been in operation since February, 1919. Aside from their exports to us, they have other American connections. They set up the first American oven in Belgium. And the Director, M. Jean Jean, had on the day of my visit, just completed arrangements for the purchase of American coal, which, he said, he could buy cheaper there than in England. At the Charleroi works at Roux, in contrast with Mariemont, everything that can be is accomplished by machinery. The director told me that his greatest personal pleasure in the re-establishment of his plant was in finding that his men, — there are 1250, — who had been enforcedly idle for over four years, had taken hold again with no apparent loss of skill, and with a spirit that admitted no slacking anywhere. Of their product 90 per cent is

exported, of which 60 per cent goes to England and the United States.

One is tempted to go farther and farther away from the little park city in Brussels. There are the various textile industries: the linen looms of Courtrai, still very seriously crippled because of the lack of imported flax; the woolen mills of Verviers, in better condition, since they have been getting wool from England, and during the last three months have been exporting the woven fabrics; and, of greater interest still, since the United States is one of their best patrons, the artificial silk factories of Toubise and Oburg and Alost, where a silk substitute is produced from wood-pulp or cotton-powder or rice-straw. In 1914 Belgium produced one fourth of the world-output of this 'silk,' selling in a year as much as 140,000,000 francs' worth. With these industries, recovery is not a question of coal, but of necessary ether and alcohol. On the Fair grounds I heard that a Belgian company is about to erect an important artificial-silk factory in the United States.

One might go farther and farther, even to the lovely valley of Oudenarde, and Knokke with its brick and tile and ceramics factories, which have not only already furnished roofs for the destroyed sections about it, but are exporting to Northern France; or way off north, to the chemical works of the Campine — everywhere one would find the same inspiring progress and faith in an ultimate complete victory. Industry as a whole is employing 76 per cent of its 1914 personnel, and in the coal and transport departments more than its 1914 numbers. Belgium's total exports for January and February of this year were equal to one half the entire

exports of 1919, among the most important of these being textiles and glass.

The April report of the *Echo de la Bourse* on the activity of the port of Antwerp further illustrates what is back of the Fair at Brussels. During the first three months of 1920, 1876 ships, aggregating 2,252,217 tons, put into port. In 1914, there were 1748 ships aggregating 3,493,425 tons. In view of the present Scheldt controversy, it is interesting to notice that the report for Rotterdam entries during the first quarter of 1920 reads 773 ships, of 889,987 tons.

One of my most vivid memories of desolation is of the Antwerp docks at the close of 1916. Not a human step broke the silence of the long landing-platforms, grass grew between the paving-stones, not a boat lay at anchor, but off in the distance a single giant canal-boat poured a stream of golden wheat, the life-blood of Belgium and Northern France, into the 'Commission for Relief' smaller barges below by its side. This week I revisited the docks, now a forest of funnels and masts, a teeming sea-world of barge and ship and schooner, with the wharves heaped with wares from the corners of the earth.

Belgium has been bound for four and a half years, but nothing can hold her now she is free. Through Antwerp she reaches her hand to accept from and to give to all the world. These are days when we need encouragement. Well, we can find it if we will, in Belgium, in what the gay little Fair represents. Belgium kindled our spirit during the war; then we heard her stern chant of courage and endurance, and the will to die, if honor or duty demanded. To-day we can hear, if we listen, her passionate work-song, the song of her will to do and to do well.

WHAT ARE AMERICANS?

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

To many thousands of intelligent Englishmen the United States is merely a foreign nation, distant three thousand miles from Great Britain. Social and economic conditions in America, when discussed in British magazines, can be expected to arouse in their readers little more than mild and passing interest. Naturally, however, equally intelligent Americans have a lively interest in British or Continental comment upon affairs in their own country. Hence those who read Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer's paper in the February British *National Review*, entitled 'Americans Mirrored in the English Mind,' found food for reflection in the lively comment and criticism it contained, and were inclined to give most of the paper amused approval. At one point, however, the mirror distorted the image, and the real population conditions in the United States seem not to have been understood. At any rate, just where Mr. Hueffer should have made an important explanation, he falls into his only serious misstatement. It relates to the composition of the American population, as follows:—

'To begin with, you must dispossess your mind of the idea that there is an American people at all, as we understand a people in Europe. . . . If you took the whole population of Europe, mixed it roughly in a mortar, added a certain flavoring of Africans, Asiatics, and the like, crushed it with your pestle and scattered the result thinly over the Continent, you would have something approximating to America. It would, however, more closely ap-

proximate to a "people" than do the Americans at present; for instead of being properly mixed, they are divided into ethnographic strata, which only touch at the edges. America tries to forget this, and succeeds by vigorous newspaper propaganda in making Europe forget it, because in these stirring times it is well to belong to a "united people."'

Curiously enough, almost every English writer upon American conditions fails to understand the composition of our American population, or at least to make clear or accurate statements concerning this subject. American men of letters or affairs returning to the United States from visits to England often complain of the apparent inability of Englishmen—however well educated—to understand America. All sorts of misconceptions exist in Great Britain concerning American characteristics, intentions, and ideals, and particularly concerning the American people themselves. In the hope that a brief analysis of facts which seem to be so uniformly overlooked or misinterpreted may be of real service in making American social conditions and problems more clearly understood, an American ventures to answer the heretofore seemingly unanswered question, 'What are Americans?'

The United States has become, and is likely to continue to be, so great a factor in European affairs, that some knowledge at least of the real composition of the American people becomes increasingly important. The British public ought to make a business of un-

derstanding us. The affairs of the world demand it. In the United States, also, there are many citizens who are themselves as ignorant of this subject as if it did not intimately concern them. Racial excitements, moreover, have added to the confusion. It is time that the fog should be cleared away, even in America.

In 1790 the white population of the United States was, in round numbers, 3,200,000. In 1910 (the result of the Census of 1920 not being available, this analysis is based upon the Census of 1910) it was 82,000,000, and in 1920 it may be estimated at 94,000,000, or about thirty times the number returned at the First Census. Of what is this large total composed?

In 1910 the census classified the population as follows:—

White—

Natives of Native Parentage	49,488,575
Natives of Foreign or Mixed Parentage	18,897,837
Foreign-Born	13,345,545

Colored—

Negro	9,827,763
Indian, Japanese, Chinese, etc.	412,546
Total	91,972,266

Increase in the white population has been derived from two obvious sources:

natural increase of the population enumerated at the First Census, and arrivals since 1790, their children and descendants.

The United States, according to what seems to be the European view, consists principally of a conglomerate of immigrants from all nations and their children, loosely held together by self-interest. It is important, therefore, first to test the accuracy of this belief.

Together, the foreign-born and natives of foreign and mixed parentage, as specified above, in 1910, numbered, in round figures, 32,500,000. To this important section of the population Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany together contributed more than half.

Persons born in England, Scotland, Wales, and English Canada, with the natives of the United States having one or both parents British or English Canadian, together constituting the British element, numbered 5,100,000.¹ Deducting this element from the total census class already referred to as foreign-born and natives of foreign or mixed parentage, leaves a remainder of 27,400,000.

Persons born in Ireland resident in the United States and natives of the United States having one or both par-

¹ PERSONS RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES BORN IN GREAT BRITAIN (INCLUDING ENGLISH CANADIANS), IN IRELAND, AND IN GERMANY, AND NATIVES HAVING ONE OR BOTH PARENTS BORN IN THOSE COUNTRIES—1850-1910

Census Year	BRITISH ELEMENT			IRISH ELEMENT			GERMAN ELEMENT*		
	Total	Born in Great Britain or English Canada	Natives having one or both parents born in Great Britain or Canada	Total	Born in Ireland	Natives having one or both parents born in Ireland	Total	Born in Germany	Natives having one or both parents born in Germany
1910	5,063,311†	2,040,837	3,022,474	4,504,456	1,352,251	3,152,205	8,282,770	2,501,333	5,781,437
1900	4,665,843	1,952,419	2,713,424	4,827,131	1,615,459	3,211,672	8,111,668	2,813,628	5,298,040
1890	3,983,500	1,929,844	2,053,656	4,795,681	1,871,509	2,924,172	6,857,229	2,784,894	4,072,335
1880	1,428,598†	**	1,854,571	**	1,966,742	**
1870	1,120,414†	**	1,855,827	**	1,690,533	**
1860	787,775†	**	1,611,304	**	1,276,075	**
1850	479,093†	**	961,719	**	583,774	**

* Prior to 1900, persons reporting Poland as country of origin are not included.

† English, 2,323,706; Scotch, 659,705; Welsh, 248,956; Canadian (English), 1,830,944.

‡ English Canadians computed prior to 1890.

** Not separately tabulated prior to 1890.



STATES IN WHICH THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF PERSONS BORN IN GREAT BRITAIN AND ENGLISH CANADA EXCEEDS THE NUMBER OF PERSONS BORN IN IRELAND. 1910

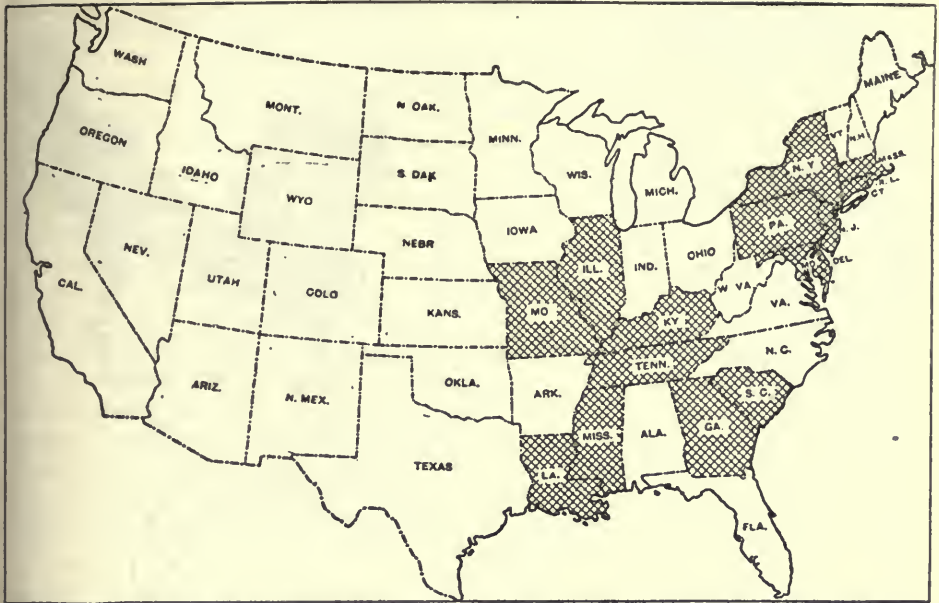
ents born in Ireland, together numbered, 4,500,000.¹ Deduction also of this group leaves 22,900,000.

Of this remainder, which, it will be remembered, now comprises the foreign-born and natives of foreign or mixed parentage exclusive of the British and Irish, the German element — persons born in Germany and natives of the United States having one or both parents of German birth — numbered 8,300,000.¹ Deduction in turn of the German element leaves 14,600,000 as the contribution in 1910 of all other foreign nations to the population of the United States.

In determining the number of persons in the British, Irish, and German elements, as given above, three classifications only have been employed: foreign-born, natives having both parents born in the same foreign country, and natives having one parent native and the other born in one of the three countries specified.

¹ See table on p. 271 (footnote).

Study of the foreign elements in the United States always leads quickly to the statistical complexities of 'mixed foreign parentage.' This constitutes, of course, a fourth classification of the foreign element, by country of origin, and even though not utilized here, it should be clearly understood. Persons included in this group are defined by the Federal Census as 'natives having mixed foreign parentage.' They include, for example, those having fathers born in Germany and mothers born in England, or the reverse. Persons thus classified comprised in 1910 large and significant groups. Mixed foreign parentage necessarily is an important fact in the population of the United States. Under this classification, in 1910, the British, Irish, and German elements appeared, in round numbers, as follows: persons having one parent born in Great Britain or Canada (English) and the other born in some other foreign country, 580,000; persons having one parent born in Ireland and the other born in some other foreign



STATES IN WHICH THE NUMBER OF NATIVES HAVING IRISH PARENTS EXCEEDS THE NUMBER OF NATIVES HAVING BRITISH OR ENGLISH-CANADIAN PARENTS. 1910

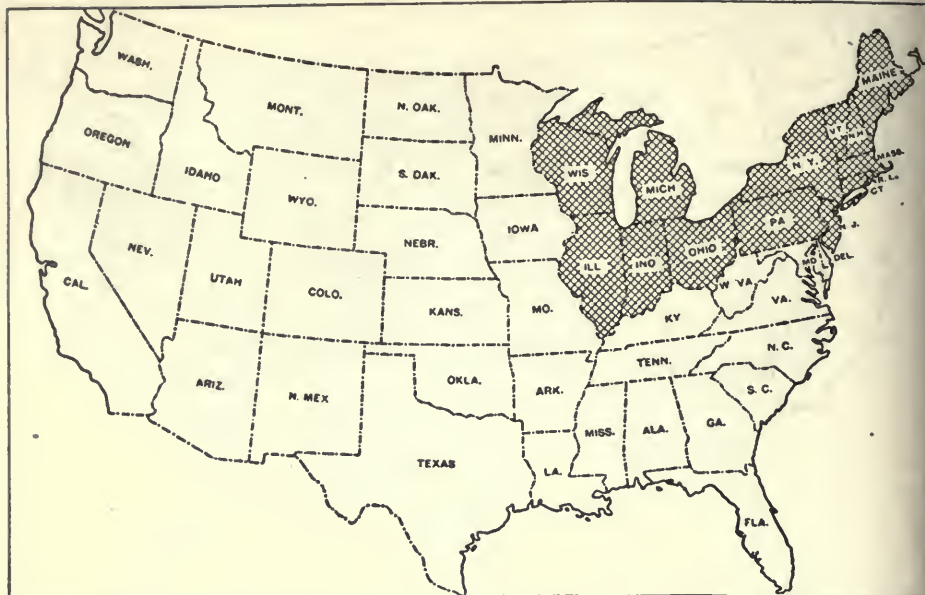
country, 360,000; persons having one parent born in Germany and the other born in some other foreign country, 430,000; total, 1,370,000. Such combinations lead at once toward the troubled waters of racial antagonisms, so that the natives concerned obviously cannot be classified as identified with any one foreign nation. The degree of readiness, however, which both sexes of each of the three leading immigrant nationalities manifest to marry outside of their own race is suggested by the figures given above for 1910.

British immigration began, of course, with the earliest settlers, and has continued in varying volume to the present time. Between 1880 and 1890 the number of persons born in Great Britain, living in the United States and also those born in Germany, showed the largest increase reported thus far for those countries in any one decade. Much earlier — between 1850 and 1860 — the Irish-born reached maximum numbers arriving during a census ten-

year period. The largest number thus far of persons in the United States of English, Welsh, and Irish birth was reported at the Census of 1890. The German-born attained their maximum numbers thus far at the Census of 1900; Scotch- and English-Canadian-born, at the Census of 1910.

Persons born in Great Britain and English Canada, considered together, showed in 1910 the highest total thus far reported. In contrast, persons born in Ireland decreased sharply in number after 1890, so that in 1910 the number of Irish-born in the United States had declined more than half a million souls from the maximum return made twenty years earlier. This was a reduction from 1890 to 1910 in the Irish-born living in the United States of 28 per cent. The census reported in 1910, for the first time, a decrease in the number of persons of German birth living in the United States. This decrease amounted to about 12 per cent.

Natives of Great Britain and of



THREE GEOGRAPHIC DIVISIONS OUT OF NINE (FOURTEEN OUT OF FORTY-EIGHT STATES) IN WHICH RESIDE 83.5 PER CENT OF THE IRISH-BORN, 72.2 PER CENT OF THE BRITISH-BORN, AND 69.8 PER CENT OF THE GERMAN-BORN. 1910

Canada (English), in 1910, together exceeded the natives of Ireland in forty-two out of forty-eight states; while in the second generation, persons born in the United States, of British and English-Canadian parentage, exceeded those having Irish parents in thirty-two states or two thirds of all. In 1850 the number of persons in the United States born in Ireland was nearly double the number born in Germany, but in 1880 the German-born exceeded the Irish-born and ever since have greatly outnumbered them.

Among the Irish-born in the United States, the females greatly outnumbered the males. Among the British- and German-born the males were in excess.

The number of natives having parents born in Ireland to each thousand persons Irish-born was 1562 in 1890 and 2331 in 1910, the proportion having increased 50 per cent in thirty years, although the Irish-born element decreased sharply during that period.

The same analysis of the British element shows 1064 natives in 1890 to every thousand British- and English-Canadian-born, and 1481 in 1910; and of the German element, 1462 in 1890 and 2311 in 1910. Thus the number of natives reported a decade ago as having parents of Irish and of German birth was more than double the number of the natives themselves of those countries then in the United States.

In 1910 three out of nine geographic divisions, — the New England, the Middle Atlantic, and East North Central States, — comprising fourteen out of forty-eight states, contained 72.2 per cent of the persons living in the United States born in Great Britain and Canada (English), 83.5 per cent of those born in Ireland, and 69.8 per cent of those born in Germany. Hence the other geographic divisions, comprising the remaining thirty-four states, vast and widely diversified areas representing somewhat more than half the entire

population of the nation, claimed but 27.8 per cent of the British-born, 16.5 per cent of the Irish, and 30.2 per cent of the Germans. The fourteen states in which these elements tend to concentrate contain the great Atlantic seaboard urban centres and the principal industrial areas.

It would be reasonable to expect the second or native generation to push forth into other communities. The extent of this tendency is easily measured. Of all natives having British, Irish, and German parentage (or one native parent), those resident in the fourteen states before specified constituted 65, 79, and 66 per cent respectively. It is clear that the tendency to spread is not especially pronounced.

Having deducted the British, Irish, and German elements from the population reported as of foreign birth or parentage, it will be recalled that there remained in 1910 in the foreign-population class 14,600,000 persons. The principal racial elements comprised in this total were: Austro-Hungarians, 2,000,000; French and Canadian French, 1,200,000; Italians, 2,100,000; Russians (principally Hebrews), 2,500,000; Scandinavians, 2,800,000; in all, 10,600,000.

Nationals of these countries also tended to concentrate in the three geographic divisions previously specified, in proportions even greater than those shown by the British-, Irish-, and German-born. The proportions of such concentration in 1910 were: Austrians, 80 per cent; Italians, 83 per cent; Russians (Hebrews), 85 per cent, and French Canadians, 91 per cent.

Withdrawal of the groups shown above leaves still about 4,000,000 persons of foreign birth and parentage as reported in 1910. These are divided between native white persons of mixed foreign parentage, already defined (about one third), and natives, or children of natives, of all the remaining

countries of the world. Contributions by individual countries were comparatively small and do not justify detailed consideration.

The foregoing brief summary sketches the distribution of the foreign-born and their children in the population of the United States as reported at the last census. Large as the aggregate is (about one third of the total population of the nation), does it justify the European conception of a mongrel America? Before such a claim could be admitted, it would be necessary to attack, and prove to be largely foreign, the principal element of the white population, to which thus far no reference has been made. This element, classified by the census as 'natives of native parentage,' numbered in 1910 nearly fifty millions of persons, and constituted much the largest group of the population of the United States. Has this great majority section of the people a foreign or mongrel character?

At the First Census the white population was principally English and was practically all of British origin. A small proportion was Irish. There were Dutch in and about New York, a few Germans in various scattered communities, and still smaller and negligible numbers of natives of other countries. The immense majority of the white population was of English descent or parentage. So great, indeed, was this preponderance that to all intents and purposes the entire population was homogeneous and Anglo-Saxon. This was the basic or original population of the nation, from which all census computations begin; and this original white stock, for the first half-century of the Republic, was exceedingly prolific. Hence, a very large part of the fifty millions of Americans classified in 1910 as 'natives of native parentage' is descended from the basic British stock

(or the minor but fully assimilated elements) enumerated in 1790. It is important, however, to determine approximately the proportion.

From 1790 to 1830 practically no immigration to the United States occurred. Such accessions as there were came chiefly from Great Britain. The total immigration for this forty-year period was estimated in 1850 to have been approximately 234,000. It was also estimated in 1850 that the number of persons arriving after 1790, and their offspring, numbered approximately 3,000,000. At that census (1850) the total white population was 19,500,000. The native white population enumerated in 1790 had increased, therefore, in sixty years to 16,500,000, or fivefold.

The subject of increase in the original white population enumerated in 1800 was carefully analyzed in 1909 by the Federal Census Office. One of the three methods of inquiry employed eliminated as accurately as possible the foreign element. By this method 35,500,000 was established as approximately the number of persons in the total population in 1900 who were descended from the white population enumerated in 1800. Assuming an increase of 10 per cent from 1900 to 1910 in the native stock, this element in the United States in the latter year doubtless closely approximated 39,000,000.

Classification based solely on descendants of the original white population resident in the United States in or before 1800 is too exclusive for a study of present conditions, since immigrant arrivals from 1790 to 1860 (a large proportion of whom were British), and their descendants, have now become so identified with America that for all practical purposes they are part of the original stock. Furthermore, it should be remembered that German emigrants to America prior to 1860 were nearly all serious and high-minded men and women, most of

whom were fleeing from oppression. They were easily and quickly assimilated.

Since, then, the descendants of persons arriving between 1790 and 1860 are indistinguishable, as all Americans will agree, from the distinctly native stock, there is no good reason why they should not be included. It was estimated by the Census Bureau that in 1900 the contribution to the native white population by immigrants arriving between 1790 and 1853 amounted to 1,500,000, and by those arriving between 1853 and 1870, to 6,000,000.¹ Of this total of 7,500,000, comprising the contribution of persons arriving prior to 1870, at least half can be regarded as representing arrivals from 1790 to 1860, and their offspring now completely identified with the native element. Allowing an increase of 10 per cent during the succeeding decade, and combining this group with the estimated original stock, the total in 1910 was 43,100,000.

It will be recalled that in 1910 the total number of native whites of native parentage was 49,500,000. Thus, in addition to the element of native stock as above specified, there were 6,400,000 persons apparently not eligible to that classification. Since this group comprises the grandchildren of all foreign-born other than those of persons who arrived before 1860, it must contain the grandchildren of the combined British elements arriving since 1860; but to determine accurately what proportion of the entire group is of British parentage is obviously impossible, though the Anglo-Saxon element undoubtedly was large. It will be observed that natives having one or both parents British or English Canadian formed roughly one sixth of the total native whites of foreign, or mixed foreign and native, parentage. If this proportion be utilized in

¹ United States Census, 'Century of Population Growth,' p. 87.

the absence of an accurate one, approximately 1,100,000 persons had British grandparents. This figure may thus be utilized to represent the number of persons having English, Scotch, Welsh, and Canadian-English ancestors in the entire white population having foreign grandparents who arrived since 1860. The aggregate of original stock reinforced by offspring of later British stock thus computed becomes 44,200,000.

The foregoing analysis has indicated the development and probable numerical strength of the homogeneous element constituting the native white stock. Why, then, should not newcomers of British stock since 1860, and their children, be regarded as allies, as well as their grandchildren? With common ancestry and ideas, they should, for some purposes, at least, be reckoned with the original stock element. In Rhode Island, far back in the early Colonial days, colonist arrivals were entered in the town records as 'from home,' if from Great Britain, or as 'foreigners' if from other countries. Clearly the only foreign-born eligible for classification for any purpose with the original stock would be the natives of Great Britain. Furthermore, emigration to the United States of persons born in Great Britain has no doubt occurred in each year that has elapsed since natives of Britain founded the North American colonies in the seventeenth century. Hence the number of natives of England, Scotland, Wales, or Canada (English) returned as residing in the United States in 1850, and at each succeeding census, may be regarded merely as the late manifestation of the oldest immigration movement to eastern North America. It will be recalled that there were enumerated at the Census of 1910 5,100,000 persons of Anglo-Saxon birth or parentage. By including this element with the native and allied stock, the total becomes 49,300,000.

In the second division of the table on page 271, the Irish element in 1910 was shown to include four and a half million persons. This total includes the so-called Orange group, or North of Ireland Scotch-Irish, opposed in all particulars to the Celtic Irish, and identified by race-sympathy and religious beliefs with natives of Great Britain. The proportion formed by this group of all those persons in the United States classified as Irish or of Irish parentage is not known. Approximately one quarter of the present population of Ireland is Protestant. Hence, if only 10 per cent of the persons classified as belonging to the Irish element in the United States should be regarded as of Scotch or North of Ireland ancestry, and classified on the basis of race and belief with the British element, as these people insistently demand, rather than with the Irish, the latter would be reduced about half a million persons, and the former increased correspondingly. Inclusion of the Scotch-Irish element with the native and allied stock increases the total to 49,800,000 in 1910.

The Census of 1920 is likely to show stationary numbers, or even a decrease, for the principal elements of the foreign-born, and increase for all the native elements. The total population in 1920 will be found to approximate 105,000,000, of which, as estimated at the outset, the whites number about 94,000,000. Applying again but 10 per cent increase to the distinctly native and allied elements, the latter group increases in 1920 to 54,800,000.

Since this analysis has been concerned solely with the white population, the negroes have not been considered. In a sense the negro is the most native of all racial elements. He alone has no historic background. Brought to North America by force, from savage environment, mostly during the Colonial period, the American-born negroes quickly

lost all tradition of their African origin. In 1920 the negro knows nothing but America. Moreover, his interests are associated with the native whites, and he takes his ideas and ambitions from them. He has little use for the foreign-born. The Civil War freed the African element from slavery, and though its members are still principally employed in the humbler callings, the race as a whole has made great progress. In all justice, at least half the negro population, comprising the more intelligent element, ought to be classed as standing with native white stock in purposes and ideals.

Thus far, racial composition alone has been considered. Such information, however, presented as clearly and concisely as possible, is only a necessary preliminary in answering the question, 'What are Americans?'

Primarily they are a mighty company of nearly fifty-five millions of men, women, and children of British ancestry, including the descendants in the second or later generations of Irish, German, and other immigrants who came to America sixty years ago, or earlier, and including also later Anglo-Saxon arrivals and their children, welded into one vast and surprisingly homogeneous element. This element is the pillar which supports the Republic. It is the element which manages and controls the United States. Even in places where it is in a minority, it generally leads. The activities of the nation, infinite in variety and extent, both intellectual and material, are principally in the hands of persons of the native and allied stock. The farmers are largely native, as are lawyers, clergymen, physicians, school-teachers, bankers, manufacturers, and managers. Yet this is no exclusive company or class, since these vocations are open to all who qualify.

At the close of the Revolution, the

young Republic occupied a sparsely settled but extended coast-line. Through the years that followed came the steady march westward and northward into the wilderness of the descendants of the early settlers. Connecticut and Rhode Island Colonial stock, for example, moved north along the Connecticut River and west to Ohio. Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania sent their sons and daughters to the Middle West; Virginia and North Carolina to Tennessee and Kentucky; South Carolina and Georgia to Arkansas, Missouri, and northwestward. Iowa was settled largely by New England, and in turn contributed to the settlement of California and Oregon.

Hence it comes about — no American needs to be told — that the great central, inspiring, and controlling element of American population over a domain of three million square miles is singularly homogeneous and singularly at one in ideals. Any intelligent stranger from New England, entering the home of a well-to-do family selected at random in a far Southern state, would, upon inquiry, find similar origin, — perhaps the same English county, — and the existence of opinions, hopes, and principles varying from his own only to the extent which might be expected as a result of totally different climate and different environment. He would find, also, exactly the same language, varied only by a slight local accent. Were he similarly to enter a farmhouse in Iowa, he would be likely to find the descendants of respected citizens of his own state, or even county, a century ago; and they probably would exhibit among their household goods some prized bits of furniture or silver that were brought over by the Pilgrims or made in Colonial days. In such households are found the old national spirit, and here, also, the traditions of the past. They are substantially the

same in this basic national stock, whether its members be resident in New England, the far South, or the far West.

The American native stock, with its assimilated early additions, is the greatest Anglo-Saxon element in the world. In numbers it is greater than the entire combined population of England, Scotland, Wales, and Canada. It possesses, except in small areas in the South, a strikingly high average of education. The real American, like his distant British forebears, is undemonstrative. He is patient under provocation, but intensely independent, and, once aroused, rather pugnacious. During the past century the native-stock element has been so strong of character that it has imparted its own ideals to many hundred thousand newcomers. It was this element that aroused itself when America entered the Great War. Large as were both population and geographic area, the nation then had no two opinions. Men and women of Maine and Oregon and Florida were doing the same things in war-preparation and doing them in the same way.

The average native American is not especially pro-British. The ancestors of many of this element emigrated from Great Britain two or three centuries ago. The relationship is far removed. Moreover, the Revolution left lingering traces of animosities only recently wiped out by the realization that German influences were potent even in 1776. Nevertheless, the American and the Briton, springing in the main from the same blood, speak the same language of ideals and purposes. They have much the same weaknesses and likewise similar elements of strength. When General Haig, in his famous appeal to the British armies in the dark days of 1918, told his men that their 'backs were against the wall,' a thrill went through listening America. The Anglo-Saxon stock *understood*.

It is high time that public opinion in the United States should be reminded, and also that the perplexed Englishman should be informed, of the significance of the great basic population of the Republic. Talk of serious disagreements between Great Britain and the United States is preposterous. Were Irish agitators to attempt to precipitate trouble, the great Anglo-Saxon bulk of the nation would be heard from in no uncertain tones. Meanwhile, it is hard — especially for foreign observers — to realize that, just as the waves break and roar upon the surface over untroubled deeps, so on the surface of the great body of the American people, nearly fifty-five millions strong, Irish agitators roar and the restless and frothy of other nationalities shout and intrigue. With us, patient endurance is part of the great task of assimilation.

Englishmen, as a matter of fact, should not become impatient concerning breaches of propriety in America over Ireland. They who themselves have struggled vainly for centuries to solve the Irish problem should have full understanding and sympathy with Americans when they realize that the same problem has been thrust upon our unwilling shoulders, although Ireland is no part of America's business.

It is not surprising that even the most intelligent visitors to America from England and the Continent completely fail to grasp the facts here outlined. The traveler from Europe generally lands at New York. With its huge population and wealth, New York has become the world's capital in both respects. All the races of the earth meet there. Out of every thousand of population, 786 are foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and but 193 are in the class even of white natives of native parentage. Is this extremely large foreign element in New York exceptional? Have not world-capitals through the

centuries been gathering-places for the nations? Obviously assimilation is well-nigh impossible. In fact, it is creditable that so much of American traditions and ideals persists, and remarkable that, comprising less than one fifth of the total, the native grandparentage element, as classified by the census, still controls so great a part of New York's business, finance, and society.

In the fourteen states comprised in the three urban and industrial geographic divisions elsewhere referred to there were twenty-nine cities in 1910 with a population exceeding 100,000. In every thousand of the aggregate population of these cities the white natives of native parentage number but 266. Within the same geographic areas were forty smaller cities with populations, in the same census year, ranging between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand. In these cities white natives of native parentage averaged 418 persons per thousand. But if we discard both groups of cities and consider only the population (in the same geographic areas) residing in cities of less than fifty thousand inhabitants, and in towns and country districts, the number of white natives having native parents rises sharply to 595 in each thousand inhabitants. Thus, outside of large cities, even in the foremost industrial states, white persons either of original native stock, or, at the other extreme, those having foreign grandparents, contribute three fifths of every thousand of population, in contrast to the low proportions shown by the large cities in the same group of states.

Leaving New York, the traveler from England or the Continent journeys to other cities, generally located in industrial states; he seldom has access to the inner life of a community: he lives in hotels and public places, he sees and hears principally the foreign element; he marvels (as does Mr. Hueffer) at

the dangerously numerous and separate strata of American society and passes by in ignorance the myriad homes of the native stock which bind the whole of that society together. He knows nothing of the hundred thousand cities, towns, and villages scattered over the wide domain of the Republic in which the native Americans follow their profitable tasks in field and factory and mine.

In all justice it must be added that the burden of control and assimilation does not fall entirely upon the original or native element. We rejoice to testify that there are thousands of newcomers, foreign-born, and especially their children, of all races, who have realized the real meaning of America, and their own opportunity. They exist in all walks of life. They labor earnestly and helpfully with those who have the widest vision. Many of these allies are to be found among the Italians and Scandinavians even of recent arrival. There are many Germans and Irish who take no part in agitating, but perform irreproachably their duties as citizens and workers. For such men and women the opportunity in America is as wide as the continent. When they join the native element in the effort to preserve the Anglo-Saxon ideals of law, order, and wise freedom, every privilege is theirs.

If, to bewildered observers, whether at home or in distant Europe, America seems inconsistent and uncertain; if there appear vagaries on the part of government or public; if echoes of the shouts of agitators who claim to voice American opinions resound through the land and across the water, remember then the unruffled fifty-five millions. Assuredly they are the placid deeps of the nation, which lie far beneath the roaring surface waves. If foreign complications were actually threatened by the latitude allowed to public expression, swift and overwhelming would be their condemnation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PINK LUSTRE

ON a day when the wind is in the east you run in, urged by a cheering intent, to see Aunt Selina, and she informs you, with a light humor vastly becoming to a lady in her eighties, that she has, as to her powers of locomotion, set, — or, to use housewife's patter in preserving-time, jelled, — and can scarce move hand or foot. Her enemy is upon her. At last she is old. But you, harking back to the immediate past of her late seventies, 'deny the allegations.' She never will be old. With the first sun-ray she will find herself at the piano, rehearsing, not the tinkling tunes of yesterday, as their quavers peep out from 'Ladies' Annuals,' but the great old delights of everybody's past and present; she may even make circumspect way into the garden, as soon as the dirt begins to dry, kneel in the spring ceremonial she loves, and, with long-practised hand, transplant a few Canterbury bells.

Thus you venture to prophesy. She shakes her head. Then she wavers. She is within a hair's line of accepting the ameliorating prophecy, but on one point she holds firm.

'This, at least,' she says, 'I have learned: that I have done with things, even with presents, your presents, Sweet Thing. Don't give me any more silk bags or cushions or footstools, or any of the buffers you are always tucking in between me and this rude old world. The minute has come when they're going to worry me to death: the sight of them, the dusting, the putting away, the thought of them, even. Yes, I have done with things.'

'Joined the Anti-Thing Society?' you suggest; and she returns wistfully, —

'I am the Anti-Thing Society, I myself, in my own proper person.' Then she smiles, somewhat in her fashion on non-rheumatic days, and concludes out of mock solemnity, 'I am all soul.'

Leaving her and musing along over age and youth, it comes over you that although you yourself are many a lap behind the eighties, you also may as well have done with things. After all, the ones you really care about are impalpable as air, and they are, besides, imperishable. You recall what seems to you the one significant passage in Arnold Bennett's *Glimpse*, the enhanced vision of the disembodied spirit when he 'had a view of the whole human race engaged in the business of moving matter from one place to another.' Your mind traverses the reach of years you have spent in this moving of matter, tons of it: suit-cases with their plethora of ignobly perishable stuff, shoes, gowns, brushes, paper, pens, long, long lists of impedimenta that have often bred in you the vain regret that you were not started on this mortal journey in fur or feathers, not subject to the ignominy of having your life-progress set to an echo of the elevator man's chant when he wafts you from bottom to top of a department store.

How is humanity handicapped in its fancied need of these orderly accessories to living! And recalling the struggle with matter on a still larger scale, the mind baulks at it anew: the building of houses by the laying of one brick upon another, the furnishing, the assembling of bureaus and beds and curtains and pitchers and double boilers, spades and

rakes and beet-seed and onion. It is the litany of the material, the tangible, the earthy, which man did not bring into this world, and which he shall carry out no farther than the oblong house builded by the pickaxe and the spade. Your entire life has been a dream of things, acquiring, conserving, cherishing, rejecting — and acquiring again. You could have done at least the manual labor of a hundred epics in this time you have spent in the struggle, perpetually renewed, over subjugated atoms. And there is a further step it is as well not to take in these speculations, lest the imagination turn fantastic. For were the atoms subjugated after all? Certain it is that you go and they remain, subject to no ordered period of decay, only to chance and change.

The bust outlasts the throne,
The coin, Tiberius.

Rossetti's lady dies, but her portrait lives. Your best beloved disappears into the great obscurity, but she leaves her dress behind, her gloves curved to the moulding of that hand, the worn, pathetic slipper she loved next to her bedside book, in lazy hours. These are still here, poignant reminders of her eternal absence, —

. . . though of herself, alas!
Less than her shadow on the grass
Or than her image in the stream.

But, as for you, thinking on these things, at last you are emancipated. The breath of a word has done it. Aunt Selina, snatching at her own immunity, has also shared, by suggestion, with you, a new freedom, at once attainable. You walk lightly and eat your bread in hope. You are pure spirit, ready for flight from the body of this death, yet you also think with delight of the years possibly left you here, because they are to be spent in absolutely untrammelled progress on the open road. Once, on this road of

free choices, you drove a loaded van, whereas now you step off on your free feet. Your generosity becomes astounding to such as happen to express an unthinking admiration for your spoons or your lace. What to you is the lineage of silver, what the exquisite meandering of a priceless web? You scatter with both hands, not like her who gave her breast-pin to a more worldly sister because of its potentiality of dragging the owner's soul to hell, but in the sheer exhilaration of 'traveling light.' You even dream of a dizzying possibility, a blinding race, though it imply an Icarus fall, toward those epics still uncharted in the dizzying ether, your native air now since you forswore earth-pilgrimage and the tyranny of things.

A week or two, a month, a season, your exaltation stands every test of habit and fresh allurements. Then you halt before the window of the antique-shop that has more than once inoculated you with the fever-germ of possession, and your eye is met by the pink lustre tea-set you probably were born dreaming of, have dreamed of all your life, and have not yet found in its entirety. The spider hung up on his web of expectation inside the shop comes out and psychologically pounces.

'Got your lustre at last,' he says.
'Full set, every piece a gem.'

'Ah!' you return, with a carelessness often assumed for trade purposes in the past and, it may be, so unconvincingly as to deceive nobody. 'I'm out of the notion now. Sorry.'

He smiles that smile which, though of an unimpeachable decorum, has all the value of a wink, and you, too, smile, going on and musing, —

'Think you've got me, don't you? Well, you have n't. I'm not the man I was. What is pink lustre to pure spirit of the upper ether? For that's what I am, I tell you, pure spirit. I've done with things.'

That night, before you settle down to evening tranquillities, you telephone Aunt Selina about your find, because she, too, has been for years on the pink-lustre quest; adding, with what seems to you a neat humor, that you thought you knew all about pink lustre, its desirability and perfection. But here it is, going a mile or two further on the road of actual use, and starting up just at this time, to show you how little need the soul has for any form of matter whatsoever, since if you find that you don't in the least covet its glazed loveliness, there's nothing created you could covet.

'And is n't it a joke,' you inquire, 'one of those dear old queernesses the celestial humorists love to play on mortal man, that just now, in the nick of time, when we are, so to speak, under conviction of past materialism, they should flaunt this old heart's desire before us, just to show us on how firm a foundation is set our tent of no desire at all?'

It is a joke, she owns, and you chuckle in unison. Then you settle to your reading and the fire purrs and the train shrieks through the fog its regret at being too far away to lay a sooty finger on you, and at the desk is the run of the pen with a beloved hand guiding it; and although your book is a well of deepest pleasure and you eye to eye with Truth at the bottom of it, somehow it is limpid enough to let a sudden light pierce down to Truth and you, and you look up, a finger between the leaves, in luxurious musing, and you are confronted by — what but *things*? There they are all about you, the patient, kind ministrants to your comfort and your safety and delight. It is not as if you saw them, as but half an hour ago when you plunged into your bath of pleasure, with the careless recognition of habit. Some inward eye has flashed open on them, and

their beauty and their preciousness are blinding almost, they search the heart with such a poignancy of sweet relationship. Words forgotten rush into your mind, all to the defense of these disparaged friends and servitors. You remember that lovely paragraph touching the Egyptians, in the *Golden Bough*.

'Not only human beings, but gods and animals, stones and trees, natural and artificial objects, everybody and everything had its own soul or double. The doubles of oxen and sheep were the duplicates of the original oxen or sheep; the doubles of linen or beds, of chairs or knives, had the same form as the real linen, beds, chairs, knives. So thin and subtle was the stuff, so fine and delicate the texture of these doubles, that they made no impression on ordinary eyes. Only certain classes of priests or seers were enabled, by natural gifts or special training, to perceive the doubles of the gods, and to win from them a knowledge of the past and the future.'

Humbly you know that you are not of those who can by gift interrogate the doubles of the gods; but does that prevent you from perceiving the doubles of these dear and kindly beds and chairs and knives? You can at least see what the kettle is trying to say when it boils your water for you, and how the benevolent old chair loves to receive you when you drink the cup of tea the kettle makes. 'Spirits of old' that walked the sands of Egypt and built her temples, tell us whether pink lustre is not spirit, too? Why, these are all your friends, your family, your homely loves! Done with things? You've just begun with them. The inward eye convinces you of that. You can't indeed, in the sardonic old phrasing that was but now a step in your formula of repudiation, take them with you on that mysterious, long-anticipated journey where you wear not even your own body; but who knows whether you may not find the

doubles of them that the inward eye has glimpsed in their integrity for the first time? You are told there are 'many mansions.' You have been used to considering that the great imagery of a poetic book. But why not mansions and one of them for you? And why not, when you cross the sill, and the low-hung lintel is, in generous breadth, an ample arch of welcome, why not the double of these fire-dogs you have loved so many years? why not the kettle ready by the hearth, the candles that have thrown absurd enchanting shadows all your life? why not these ever blessed *things*? And because one thought always signals another kindred thought to keep it company, a little door in the cupboard of your mind flies open and you remember Harold Monro, who has sung the too-seldom-heeded claim of things.

Since man has been articulate . . .
 He has not understood the little cries
 And foreign conversations of the small
 Delightful creatures that have followed him
 Not far behind;
 Has failed to hear the sympathetic call
 Of Crockery and Cutlery, those kind
 Reposeful Teraphim
 Of his domestic happiness; the Stool
 He sat on, or the Door he entered through;
 He has not thanked them, overbearing fool!
 What is he coming to?

It is he, this Harold Monro, who may not perceive the doubles of the gods, — an austere height to climb, a dim grove to penetrate, — but who does give a heartening call to these dumb comradeships of ours. He, too, has had his moments of ignoring them; but now, hav-

ing once seen them with the inward eye, he humbly beseeches them to accept his altered frame of mind. He promises them: —

You, my well-trampled Boots, and you, my Hat,
 Remain my friends: I feel, though I don't speak,
 Your touch grow kindlier from week to week.

You sit in a gentle ecstasy of recognition and gratitude toward these darlings of your outer life. Going up to bed, you touch the stair-rail with an impetuosity of benediction. The playing shadows on the ceiling break into inarticulate language of these homely wonders you have just begun to understand — your other family, only a step outside the human circle. The pillow is ready with the cool caress it never denies your cheek. You float off at one with things — for are not they and you a part of everything?

In the morning it is the same. Your first thought at breakfast is of Mytyl and Tytyl after their return from the reality of things with the Fairy Bérylune, and their impulse to salute the beneficent, unpretending friends of daily life: 'Good-morning, Water! Good-morning, Bread!'

And all day — for some revelations are not of the moment but forever — it is the same, and at night Aunt Selina telephones. Her voice is as the voice of one newly entered upon life, not leaving it.

'I have bought the pink lustre,' she exults. 'I am keeping six cups and saucers and six plates. The rest I'm sending you, and you'll get all of it by-and-by.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Leighton Parks, one of the most interesting and eloquent preachers of the Episcopal Church, was from 1878 to 1904 rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston. Since 1904 he has been the rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** is one of the most brilliant of contemporary essayists and story-tellers. Her admirers will be peculiarly interested in an essay which shows an unfamiliar and very positive side of her character. **William James** wrote as he talked. These letters come nearer to a reincarnation of the man in his habit as he lived than any modern collection with which we happen to be familiar.

* * *

William J. Locke is one of the pleasantest and most popular British novelists of the present day. **L. Adams Beck** is an Englishman who has traveled much, and has gone deep into Oriental lore, having among other things translated a volume of ancient Buddhist writings.

I have always thought [he writes] the Book of Kings in the Bible an uncommonly dull book, but it struck me that the Wives of the Kings might be more amusing. Accordingly, the stories I am doing now are all scenes from the lives of the Wives of the Kings in various times and places. 'The Incomparable Lady' is one.

Other stories in this series will follow. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie**, missionary, poet, essayist, and sympathetic observer continues her inimitable proof of what a thing it is to have a biographer in the family. **Sarah N. Cleghorn** is a familiar poet and occasional novelist.

* * *

In this issue the serial publication of the Story of **Opal Whiteley** comes to an end.

The journal of these first years, including more than twice the amount of material which has appeared in the *Atlantic*, will appear in book form about the first of September. Perhaps the best test of the permanence of this new classic of childhood comes from reading it aloud to children of the

diarist's own age; for children have eyes to see and ears to hear the things of childhood.

* * *

George Boas is now connected with the Department of Public Speaking of the University of California. Number 13 may not be identified. It is sufficient to say that he speaks from first-hand and repeated experience. His point of view is as unexpected as it is interesting. **Herbert Ravenel Sass**, a South Carolinian, is a journalist by profession, and by natural attraction a naturalist. Our older readers will remember his delightful paper on the birds in a Charleston garden, printed half a dozen years ago. **George Herbert Clarke**, editor and poet, is Professor of English at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. **Randolph Elliott** sends us from San Francisco these vivid impressions of a deservedly famous old-time private school.

* * *

John Alleyne Gade, an architect of New York, as U.S. Commissioner to the Baltic Provinces was nearer to the seat of trouble in those regions than any other American diplomatic representative. He writes from first-hand accurate knowledge. **Rita von Wahl** belongs to an old family of Baltic Sea Barons, which formerly owned a large estate in Livonia. Her experiences under Bolshevik rule show plainly enough why she and others in a like position welcomed the appearance of the German army of occupation. **Charlotte Kellogg**, wife of Vernon Kellogg, had the distinction of being the only woman member of the C.R.B. working in Brussels during the war. She has recently revisited the field of her old labors. **William S. Rossiter**, long an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic*, was formerly an official of the Federal Census Office. He is at present Chairman of the Joint Advisory Committee to the Director of the Census from the American Statistical and American Economic Associations. His striking paper proves the falsity of many current opinions.

We are glad to give space to this interesting comment on Herr Rohrbach's discussion of the German situation.

SIR,—

It would be a perfectly just criticism of Mr. Paul Rohrbach's article in your May number to say that when, in 1871, Prussia squeezed France for the uttermost farthing, France paid in full and on time. It does not, now that the tables are turned, look well to see the Hun whining, 'They starved us,' and casting about to sow discord among the Allies by crying that the terms are too hard, and at the same time not keeping the terms he agreed to. A yellow streak has appeared in German modes of thought and consequent actions that must be eliminated before she can fill her place among the nations. To some this would appear to be her departure from Christian ethics, which applies equally to those in the Roman obedience and to her Protestants; so the trouble must lie in her educational training, or in a racial defect. Those who have most knowledge of her educational institutions know how far they have departed from any Christian standard, as they also know how far many of our own institutions and professors have been disposed to follow the Roman lead to the detriment of what we pride ourselves on, namely, our Christian civilization.

W. C. HALL.

* * *

Do our readers recall the delicate and original story which Miss Wilson contributed to the April *Atlantic*? Here is an interesting footnote to that very unusual sketch of character.

HONOLULU, T. N., 20 May, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I ripped the cover from the *Atlantic* and dipped into 'A Marginal Acquaintance' while I stood on a sweep of thick *maniani* turf, fringed around with hibiscus and plumeria and palms, waiting for the car to come and take me home. My eyes ran down the pages the faster for a certainty that was growing in my brain. With the line, 'While training to become a nurse,' it reached full stature. I no longer felt the languid Hawaiian air. I was transported across nine years and two thousand miles to a hospital room, with a stiff breeze from San Francisco Bay blowing into it. I was struggling out of anesthesia, conscious of but one comforting thing in an aching world—the steady grip of Miss Peeple's hand.

My slowly clearing brain discovered her to be a short, squareish woman, with a face whose very immobility made it the more dependable. She stayed with me that night long after the night nurse came to relieve her. She had what seemed an omniscient knowledge of where I hurt, and of what a pillow slipped in here and another doubled up there would do to relieve me.

The next day, after she came upon *Nostromo* among the books my husband had brought down, she commenced to talk a little. I was hardly

more than out of college, and we compared the courses in composition she had taken in her years of special work in English at Stanford University with those which I had had at California. When she learned (what was an easy thing to learn in those days when it was the proudest fact of my experience) that a story written for one of them had been accepted by the *Atlantic*, she confessed to me her own attempts at marketing manuscripts. But, plead as I would, at the manuscripts themselves I was never permitted a glance.

Of her life I learned a great deal. She had been orphaned early. Her grandmother had brought her up. They had lived on the tiniest of small incomes, which she had eked out, as soon as she could, by teaching. For as long as she could remember there had been two things she wanted to do: to write and to travel. When her grandmother died, she had gone to Stanford to fit herself, if she could, for the former of them. The house in which she lived at Palo Alto was so small that a sofa and chair which had been the elder woman's could not be got into it, but had to be left on the porch. Miss Peeple's had loved them. They had been a sign of the only real relationship which her existence had brought her. (To me, with all the warm companionship of college just behind me and the dearer companionship of marriage just begun, she seemed the loneliest, the most pathetic figure.) But scanty as her space was, when winter came her pennies would not stretch to heating it, and for mere wood and coal she had to sell the lovely walnut things with their suave early Victorian curves. It chanced I knew the man who bought them of her, who came offering her a price, week after week, until her physical need drove her to accept it. He is a scholar, a distinguished gentleman, married to a rich wife. I shall never forgive it to him that he bargained with Miss Peeple's in her extremity; that for ten dollars he possessed himself of her treasures.

It became apparent to her that she could not write. She had not money enough to travel. So she started, at forty-something, her hospital training. She had an idea that with that equipment she might become a sort of nurse-companion to some wealthy elderly woman and realize her foiled desire to see the world.

I have said she was pathetic. It was the last thing she desired to be. Her tales, even that of the departed furniture, crackled with dry humor. To me she talked nonsense, in burlesqued Elizabethan English. She would come into the room with a square sloop, demanding: 'Hast seen the towel that I left erstwhile?' Or she would depart with the announcement: 'I go; but I'll return anon to brush thy curly locks, fair lady.' My locks have never been so well-cared-for, my fingernails so unremittingly 'done,' as in those two weeks of Miss Peeple's shameless spoiling.

The girls of less than half her age who were in training with her had come, I could see, to depend on her interest and to wait for her advice. Because she was much in my room, the whole pack of them would gather there in the little space toward the end of the afternoon when

patients temporarily cease from troubling. They addressed her by all manner of half-teasing, wholly affectionate variations of her name, which differed by only two letters from the one Miss Wilson has given her. One of them, a high-headed, tall young beauty, with no family to go to, and a half-dozen youths offering up candy and theatre-tickets and motor-rides, confided to me that she had saved herself some bad moments by 'talking things over beforehand' with Miss Peeples.

When I had gone home from the hospital, she used to come out, now and again, to our Sunday night suppers. At them she was a somewhat silent guest. 'I don't meet people well,' she said after one of them. 'I'll ring you up, some time when I have an afternoon free, and if you're going to be alone, I'll come out. Then I can talk.' Within the month she was dead.

Life did its best, by the personality it gave her and the circumstances in which it placed her, to make and keep Miss Peeples no more than a marginal acquaintance of all the world. Miss Wilson has in that one felicitous phrase summed up most of her characteristics and all of her limitations. She was shy, plain, precise; she was inarticulate; she was poor. But she was brave; I think through a hard life she never knew self-pity; I know she was a lonely woman who yearned to her kind.

For justice's sake, then, and because I loved her, I have been constrained to bear witness to the unquenchable humanity of Miss Peeples.

Yours very sincerely,
AN OLD AND CORDIAL FRIEND.

* * *

Nowadays, when even the theologians are losing their 'punch,' nobody spoils for a fight quite so spiritedly as the naturalist. Mr. Clough's ingenious and suggestive paper on the Soaring Hawk brought many hot replies. We print, however, this moderate comment.

You have 'done gone and done it' again. In Mr. Clough's article on the 'Mystery of the Soaring Hawk' you win a responsive thrill—one of many—from one who loves a good piece of writing, whether it be narrative, expository, or descriptive. For clearness, Mr. Clough could not well be surpassed. He has given us an excuse, too, for lying out on a sunny slope, gazing heavenward. This has always been a favorite posture of mine, but heretofore conscience has always interferred with urgings to be about more useful business. But now, let there be only a hawk in the field of vision, and mind is occupied and conscience at rest.

Here, then, are the first-fruits of such cogitation. Mr. Clough does not go quite far enough. He explains the upward motion but not the forward. He also leaves out of consideration the third point of support, the tail. Without this essential organ, I feel sure that the bird would be 'driven down the wind' as surely as a keelless ship. How, then, is this wide-open fan of a tail

used? Between the alternate wing-beats, does the tail lift the posterior parts, so that the head points slightly downward, allowing the creature to 'coast' a little before the next lifting of wing?

And now, having put the question, I feel that my duty to science is accomplished, and shall retire modestly from the field, leaving the answer to men of Mr. Clough's ability.

Respectfully yours,
PAUL S. BURDICK.

* * *

It is in the remoter places of the earth we think, that the *Atlantic* has its nearest friends. In Angola, for instance, only the amiable hippopotamus can divide its popularity.

MISSAO AMERICANA,
K. 501, C. F. BENGUELA,
ANGOLA, AFRICA, Jan. 20, 1920.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has arrived, and how I did enjoy Beebe's article, 'The Home Town of the Army Ants.' In fact, our whole little community here has read it with great interest. It was especially timely, as we are having an unusual number of visitations from various raiding parties of army ants. None of us, however, has had the good fortune to find their home town. One day last week they marched through our yard, a column six deep, all day long. I longed to follow them, but there was work to do, so it was evening before I got a chance. They were still hurrying along between the walls of earth they had thrown along their path. Sometimes the line rushed along on top of the ground, and sometimes it vanished into the ground; always, however, by a little careful digging I found them again still going on. It was fascinating, and I was completely oblivious to the fast-approaching storm, until I met some natives hurrying to get under cover before the rain came. I told them that I was trying to find 'the village of the chief of the army ants,' and asked whether they knew where it was. They did not, but they said it was far, far away in the bush, for they had crossed the paths of several armies going west, and the Ndona must hurry home for it was soon going to rain *yaka-handangala*, which meant a steady downpour for several hours. So my attempt at investigation bore no fruit.

It seems that the *orisonde* are both a blessing and a curse here. So far as my own personal experience is concerned, only the blessings have been apparent. Last dry season they raided our kitchen at night, and the boys had a lively time getting them out in the morning; but after they were gone we found to our joy that not a cockroach was left, and we have been free from the horrid nuisances ever since. And only last week we discovered the ants in our cornfield, creeping into the ears of corn to eat the worms that might be there, and we were n't a bit sorry for that. Though they are often found marching through the yard, we have no especial complaint—yet!

They are sure death, however, to any animal

they set upon, if it cannot escape. One of the worst stories is that of their attack on a sitting hen. When the lady of the house went out to examine her poultry, she found, in the place where the hen ought to be, only bones, feathers, and bits of shell. The ants had been there.

There is also the story that the natives would take a person condemned as a witch and tie him in the path of the army ants. They enjoyed the result much as the old Romans enjoyed the gladiatorial combats between criminals. That army ants are not averse to a diet of human flesh is evidenced by an incident that occurred a number of years ago at Cisamba. An epidemic was sweeping the country, and white traders as well as natives were suffering. A number of these white men came to Cisamba to be under the medical care of Dr. Currie, and were lodged in small houses at some distance from Dr. Currie's residence. At last, all had recovered but one man, who was still very weak and who had temporarily lost his sight. He was alone in his house, with no native boy to tend him. In the middle of the night Dr. Currie heard a faint call, and fearing that his patient was worse, he pulled on his slippers and went with all speed to the house where the Portuguese was sleeping. He found that the ants had first attacked the bed. To escape them the sick man tried to get out of bed, but was too weak to walk and fell upon the floor.

When Dr. Currie arrived, the Portuguese was a mass of ants, and the room was full. Dr. Currie swung the man on his shoulder and rushed to his own house with him, where he worked for hours getting off the ants that were on his patient and himself. Their whole bodies were bitten, and even their heads. It is dreadful to think of what might have happened if the call had not been heard.

I am very busy and very happy in my work here. We have forty-five girls in school and they are forty-five different problems. I have been very fortunate not to have had any fever yet, and although heavy colds are prevalent now, due no doubt to constant rain and dampness, I have escaped so far with only a slight sore throat. We are having an unusually rainy season and are daily living in expectation of a visit from a hippo. There are many of them down the river, but ordinarily our stream is too small to attract them. It is much swollen now with the rains, and we hope Mr. Hippo will deign to visit us this season. I'm so eager to see one.

Most sincerely yours,

LEONA STUKEY.

If we may trust the impression our correspondence makes upon us, Opal's story has reduced the average age of new readers by some three or four decades. A young member of the *Atlantic's* circle sends this delightful contribution.

A WONDERFUL CAT

By Cecelia Reiniger (age 5)

Once upon a time there was a beautiful mountain. It had all beautiful colored stripes upon it. It had red and green and yellow and orange and brown and lavender and purple stripes on it. And it had silver and gold! It was so beautiful it just shined! It shined in the sunlight! It was God's mountain.

And some of God's people climbed way up to the top of that nice mountain that was so lovely and beautiful. And when they got to the top they saw a little hole, and they thought they would find something so wonderful and gorgeous! And what do you think they saw? They saw the most gorgeous and wonderful cat, that had the most gorgeous fur of silver and gold and green. And all colors that were all pure and would never rub off. My, but it was a gorgeous cat!

Do you know whose cat that was? It belonged to the best man in the world. It was God's cat.

When God lived down on this world he lived on that mountain, and he owned a million houses, and a million cats, and that was his best cat. He lived there for years and years and years, just five years. And then some real, real, real bad men killed God, and God died and went to Heaven, where his good blessed-heart Father was. And God forgot to take his cat with him. So God made the cat die and took it up to Heaven with him.

And then what do you think happened? There was a great well. The top of it was way up in Heaven, and the bottom of it was way down on this earth. And the cat fell down to the bottom of that well! But it did not get hurt! Because it was a magic cat, and a magic God, and a magic well.

And the bottom of that well ended right in the bottom of a house. It went right through the house. And the people heard the cat fall in that wonderful well. And the bottom of that well was made of straws and mud and painted so it would stick together. And there was grass on the bottom.

And the people broke the straws and mud so they could see what was inside of it. And what do you think they saw? That cat! They were just scared green, as green as grass and as white as snow! Because they thought that cat would get dead or hurt. But it did not, because there was nice soft grass at the bottom of that well.

And do you know, that well had wonderful steps in it. And the people climbed up the steps to take the cat up to Heaven to God Dear, who was so wonderful and good and nice, and minded everything everyone said. And God was so happy to get his cat back that he let them all stay there forever and ever and ever.

And after everyone got dead and got up to Heaven, God made this world all soft, so soft that no one could get hurt if they fell on it out of Heaven. Because, you know, some people up there haven't any manners. And they might not know that this air was just air, and they might walk on it and fall out.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1920

THE NEWER JUSTICE

BY LOUIS BARTLETT

I

IF we were transported to the shores of Borneo, we might see a group of natives gathered together under the tropical palms, watching two men sitting on their haunches, facing each other across an earthenware dish containing lime-water. Each holds a clam in his raised hand, and, at a signal, drops it into the lime-water. It would not occur to us that this is a Court of Justice, that the two men leaning over the dish are litigants, and that he whose clam first winces on falling into the lime-water loses the case. The people of Borneo believe that their gods give this as a sign to show who is in the right.

This seems a curious method; yet less than a thousand years ago our ancestors tried their cases according to the same principle. They did not dip clams in lime-water, but used other means of getting what they thought to be an expression of the Divine will. For example, in trying a man accused of theft, a long pointed stick was placed between the pages of the psalm-book at the words, 'Thou art just, O Lord, and thy judgment is right.' Two persons held the stick between them, with the psalter hanging down; and at the upper pointed end there was a wooden needle, like that of a compass, carefully bal-

anced that it might turn. The accused was made to stand before them, and one of those holding the stick said to the other, three times, 'He has this thing,' and the other replied, 'He has it not.' Then the priest said, 'May He deign to make this clear to us by whose judgment all things in Heaven and earth are given. Thou art just, O Lord, and thy judgment is right; turn away the iniquities of mine enemies and thy truth scatter them.' Then, if the needle turned in the course of the sun, the accused was held guiltless; if it turned the other way, he was punished for the crime.

These two illustrations, one from Borneo and the other from the France and Germany of the Middle Ages, typify the primitive method of arriving at justice. It is crude and bears no relation to the matter in dispute. Men looked for a Divine sign to tell them who was right. They did this in the early days of all civilizations.

When we think of 'justice,' our minds picture immutable principles of right, innate in our consciences, which have been recognized by mankind since the earliest days. There is a court scene in one of Racine's plays, where the young lawyer rises to propound a thesis which he believed had had the approval of

mankind from earliest days. 'Before the beginning of the world,' he begins; and is interrupted by the judge who says, 'Pardon me, young man, but let us pass on to the Flood.'

In truth, men's ideas of justice have changed from the earliest times; and we are witnessing to-day greater and more rapid changes than have previously occurred in the world's history. The first stage is illustrated by the trial in Borneo; the second by the fixed and formal procedure of *The Merchant of Venice*. Shylock may have his exact pound of flesh, but

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of
flesh;

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

The third stage, which began in England during the sixteenth century, was in the direction of doing away with the rigid formulas and allowing the Lord Chancellor to do equity, that is, to consider the facts and decide as he personally thinks in accord with moral ideas. Theoretically this is a good plan, but it soon developed as great abuses as the system it supplanted. To be successful, it presupposes a judge of great learning, of great probity, and great wisdom — qualifications very difficult to find in practice. And it was found that decisions, instead of being equitable, reflected the bias of individual judges, as they were no longer in accordance with rule. The next movement was in the direction of making rules for the guidance of the courts through legislation. We all lament the great volume of law passed annually or biennially by all state legislatures. It is, in large part, a codifying of the prevalent ideas of right conduct. It marks a tendency back to the second stage of development, — a stage of rules and formulas,

— but now leavened with the moral sense of the community. The fundamental ideas of this stage of legal development are equality before the law, and security of persons and property. And this security is based on property and contract as fundamental ideas.

This system is the one under which our generations grew up. Its contribution to the science of administering justice is through working out the idea of individual rights. They are put at the foundation of the legal system, and these rights are largely of property and contract.

From the point of view of this stage of legal development Joseph H. Choate was entirely justified when he said in his argument in the Income-Tax cases that a fundamental object of the law was the preservation of the rights of private property. This system exalts property and lowers the value of the person. In the last quarter of the last century, and even in the first decade of this, it was the commonly accepted theory of promoting justice. An extreme case of this was the decision by Justice Field, which is still the law in California, that a woman is not entitled to a divorce for failure to provide, even if her husband has contributed nothing to her support, if in the meantime she has earned a living for herself. For her earnings are community property, over which the husband has control, and if he allows her to keep them and live off them, he is supporting her! We still have (though in diminishing numbers) the strict and upright judge who aims to decide each case in the cold and pure light of the law. His conscience is always clear; and he retires each night serene in the knowledge of duty well done, first looking under the bed to make sure that no idea of social betterment lurks there, to disturb his peaceful slumbers.

Within the last few years a tendency

has become manifest to inquire whether this strict insistence upon the right of property and contract does really promote justice. We are turning again toward moral ideas; but this time moral ideas have taken on a new form. The social sciences are teaching us the interdependence of all people in the community, and that the enforcement of a contractual right may work an injury upon the community. The old theory of freedom of contract is found to be practically false. A man working for a mining company, the sole employer in a given locality, is theoretically free to accept employment on the terms offered; but practically there is no such freedom. Starvation is the alternative to accepting a job on the company's terms. The law is therefore stepping in and taking away the so-called freedom to contract, by such laws as minimum-wage laws; by abolition of the company stores; by acts requiring payment in money at stated intervals, exempting certain property from execution, and so forth. It is being seen more and more clearly that the community as a whole is interested in the welfare of each individual, and that, as the condition of one class improves, the condition of the entire community is bettered. We have not gone very far along this road, but the dependence of all upon each is being more clearly recognized each day. We see that causes operating injuriously to one class will presently affect all. The world is in the situation of the man who, when his wife had indigestion, took a pill, on the sound theory that, having eaten the same thing, he would have the indigestion sooner or later.

II

Justice has been thought of largely in the past tense, as being a matter merely of court administration; and the courts never have been well equipped

to control future conduct or prevent future injustice. To illustrate: if a man were injured through the negligence of a common carrier, a judgment in such amount as the jury considered a fair compensation for the injury was supposed to do justice to the injured man. But in practice this is not so. The injured person has to employ an attorney, so that from a third to a half of what he receives goes for expenses of litigation. A large part of his own time is spent in waiting on his attorney and the courts, and this is a loss for which he receives nothing. The strain under which he labors during the period of litigation probably prevents him from rehabilitating himself and fitting himself for a new occupation. The long delay before receiving his money may force his young children to earn a living instead of completing their educations, and preparing for better and more useful positions in life. It is evident that this law of damages does not in any sense bring about a just result, either to the man himself, or to his children from whom opportunity has been taken. It is a failure in a social sense. It takes the facts as of the date of the injury, and does not consider the daily change in circumstances that occurs to every human being and those who are dependent upon him or who have relations with him.

The Roman law-writer Ulpian expressed a much broader view of justice in his definition that 'justice is the constant and perpetual desire to give every man his due.' If we understand the expression 'his due' to mean the satisfaction of his reasonable wants, due regard being had to its effect upon the reasonable wants of his neighbor, we get a definition more nearly in accord with the trend of present-day thought.

The modern idea of justice regards life as a growing organism, constantly changing its form, and endeavors to mould the course of the future as well

as to pass judgment on the past. To cite a recent illustration — we have in California a Corporation Commissioner whose business it is to see that securities are not offered to the public unless they comply with certain minimum requirements that make for the safety of the investment. He does not guarantee that an investment is sound, but many elements of fraud and of risk are removed. The old plan, under the legal doctrine of *caveat emptor* (let the purchaser beware), left the burden of inquiry entirely upon the investor, who, nine times out of ten, was not qualified to make the necessary inquiry and had not the necessary data to form a judgment. If he made a mistake, he was left with a right of action which might be valueless because of the difficulties of proof, or of the insolvency of the promoters. A judgment might have no value. Justice in the sense of giving him his due could not be obtained.

This illustration brings home to us very forcibly that justice is not merely the enforcement of rights by the courts. It is not a matter of merely remedying past conduct or of redressing wrongs that have been committed. It should consist also in ordering life so that injuries do not occur.

A generation ago, the great lawyer was the man who swayed juries or whose clear reasoning obtained favorable judgments from the court. The office-lawyer is now the more successful man, judged by his income; and he is also the more useful man, if we consider his real function to be promoting justice. The old jibe that the successful lawyer is the one who best advises his clients to break the spirit of the law, while obeying its letter and remaining immune from prosecution, has a basis of fact; but that sort of thing is occupying a smaller and smaller place in the activities of the office-lawyer. His business is to make business work smoothly

— to do away with the causes of contention which mean lost motion and inefficiency in the business world. He is becoming a business adviser as well as a legal adviser. By removing friction and by mapping out better methods, he is coming to occupy more and more the position of one who makes a real contribution to the production of the world's wealth. He is the lubricant in the machine of business. And when he comes to realize that business is not concerned merely with property and contract, but deals in human values, and that its welfare and that of the community are indissolubly bound together, he will return to the position of leadership in the community that was his in the middle of the last century.

The new conception of justice is emerging from the conflict between capital and labor, and both sides of the controversy are making definite and positive contributions. The labor-union movement, which has been groping its way for many decades, arose or became powerful when we were making a god of property and contract rights; when the theory that men are free to contract as they will was pushed to such an extreme that it threatened the welfare of the race. Sweatshops, forcing women and children to work long hours, sapping their vitality, denying them leisure and opportunity for education and advancement, were the normal thing under the old theory of freedom of contract. Now we see that this principle, like all principles of law, must be modified in the social interest. Whenever rights of property or contract are seen to work harm instead of good, a change has been, or will be, made in the direction of 'giving every man his due,' or permitting him to satisfy his reasonable wants, without interfering with a like privilege in his neighbor.

It is a noteworthy fact that extreme cases of disregard of the human values

have been responsible for the two periods in our history when the United States Supreme Court was in disrepute. The Dred Scott case precipitated the Civil War; and the income-tax decision in the nineties, preventing the government from taxing people according to their means, lowered the respect of the people, not only for that court, but for all courts.

One of the fundamental difficulties in adjusting the conflict between capital and labor is the insistence, by capital, on the supremacy of property and contract rights; while labor urges that these should be limited and modified in the social interest. Labor is gradually making headway; and that headway will be much accelerated by the growing knowledge that what is in the social interest is also good business and productive of dividends.

The recent draft law taught us a great deal about the importance of proper living conditions. It brought about a partial inventory of the human resources of the country; and it was found that about 30 per cent of the young men of the country between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, when they should have been at their best, were unfit for strenuous military service. Of these, the major part were unfit because of social conditions. I do not mean by this to say that they were products of the slums. And while I have no exact data on the subject, my observation as member of an exemption board leads me to the belief that if this 30 per cent of unfit had been brought up in the proper surroundings, with wise parents to guide their development, very few of them would have failed to pass the most rigid tests. In other words, their defects had been caused largely by their surroundings or conditions in life.

Now the effect upon the industry of the nation of this high percentage of subnormal lives is bad — distinctly bad,

judged even by the most cold-blooded, calculating material standard. For the industrial product of these people is necessarily inferior. Capital is learning this, and a very serious effort is now being made to improve the quality of labor and to reduce the labor turnover. Better working conditions are the order of the day. Progressive employers are voluntarily offering more favorable conditions to their employees. They are themselves recognizing the wisdom of framing their contracts in the social interest. This change has come about through the pressure of labor-unions, which has aroused public opinion, which in turn has forced legislation, and which is finally educating the employers, so that the more intelligent and farseeing of them accept this type of law gladly, and find that in the long run it is 'good business.' A few years ago one never heard of a playground for the employees of an industrial plant. To-day, as we ride from the suburbs into the larger cities through manufacturing districts, we see the employees playing volley-ball or quoits on playgrounds outfitted by the factories. Some of them operate schools and gymnasiums as well.

III

We are witnessing to-day the beginning of a new movement, which may go far. I mean the government control of business in the public interest. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been functioning for over thirty years, limiting the freedom of contract between the railroads and the shipper, by fixing rates and the character of service, and preventing discrimination between different patrons of the road. 'Innkeepers' must afford accommodations to all who apply; and in California they must furnish nine-foot sheets. During the war the government fixed the price of wheat, of steel, and of many

other commodities. This was done 'to win the war' — which is another way of saying 'for the common good.'

How far will this principle be applied? It is hard to say. But that it will go further, there is no doubt. Recently, here in Berkeley, an attempt was made to have milk declared a public utility, over which a more complete public control could be exercised. The attempt failed; yet if we look over what has been done by law to regulate that business, by introducing the tuberculin test in our dairies, and by prescribing standards of cleanliness in producing and distributing milk, we cannot fail to be impressed with the length to which the law has gone within the last few years, in invading what used to be thought of as the sacred rights of property.

Curiously enough, this regulation of business is an ancient principle of the common law, though it has survived in the last few centuries only in such departments as common carriers, who must serve on equal terms all those who apply, and innkeepers, who must afford entertainment to all comers so long as accommodations are available. The ancient 'Year Books,' which contain the earliest records of court decisions in England, reveal to us that some centuries ago business was generally regarded as of public interest. The 'common farrier' must shoe any horse brought to him; the 'common mill' must grind everybody's grain; the 'common shaver' must barber everyone.

But gradually these occupations lost their public character, and became private businesses, run (supposedly) in the sole interests of their owners. Even the 'common scold' disappeared with the abolition of the ducking-stool.

There is a marked reaction now going on; a real tendency to return to this ancient principle. I am not referring to extreme cases, — such as declaring milk a public utility, — but to the means ap-

plied by business itself to make money; to what is considered 'good business.' 'Service' is now the watchword. We see it blazoned on the billboards at night; and the newspapers are full of it by day. Advertising men have taken Truth as their motto. It pays.

Now what does this really mean, in terms of the relation of business with the public? It means that business recognizes that, to be successful, it must supply the reasonable wants of the public, continuously, with a standardized product that can be depended on, year in and year out; it does away with individual bargaining, and sells to all comers alike, at fixed prices that are reasonable to the public and yield a fair profit to the manufacturer. It is not such a far cry from the 'common farrier' who shod each horse offered at a fixed price, because that was the condition of his trade. Does it not fit in with Ulpian's definition of justice — the constant and perpetual desire to give each man his due?

IV

We seem to have wandered far from the courts, in our search for justice in this modern world. And rightly, too. For the courts have been engaged, primarily, in dealing with the past — with acts that leave consequences, perhaps, but consequences ordinarily must be judged as of the date of the acts themselves. And as we think about it, we see that, when the courts' decisions come, they often seem like an unhealed graft upon the tree of life, instead of a stately branch that has grown there. We have been accustomed to think of the courts as the only public instruments of justice; and in truth it has been largely so. Not strictly, in a historic sense, for exceptions may be found; but one of the most significant developments of the last generation — a development that is in its infancy —

is the growth of institutions that parallel the courts, and that ultimately will have the greatest influence in promoting justice.

I have said that the courts act upon what is past. That is not true in an exact sense, because some of the processes of the court, such as injunctions and decrees of specific performance, control future conduct. But it may be said that the regulation of future conduct is very imperfectly done by them. They may paint the signpost, but they do not turn the horse's head into the right road. And, after all, justice consists, not in correcting or punishing past injustice, but 'in the constant and perpetual desire to satisfy the reasonable wants of every man.'

Institutions to do this are springing up on every hand. Some are volunteer organizations, not endowed by the state with any public functions — as, for instance, advertising associations, chambers of commerce, labor unions, and other bodies, which do a great deal to create 'just' conditions by moulding public opinion and laws and by bargaining. But as the need for solving specific and clearly seen problems arises, the state provides an agency for performing them. Let us glance back a moment, and see how.

Toward the end of the last century, — the period which Roscoe Pound calls that of the 'maturity of the law,' — emphasis was placed upon individual rights: security and the inviolability of property and contract. At the same time, in America at least, court procedure was so slow and expensive that great dissatisfaction was felt with the administration of the law. So that, when changes were made in the substantive law, by socializing it, by limiting the rights of property and freedom of contract, other agencies than the courts were created to enforce them. Our Industrial Accident Board is an instance

of this. The principle of law that was grafted upon our institutions was that the employer insures his employees against industrial accidents, and is liable for a predetermined compensation, even though he be without fault. And instead of leaving this to be adjudicated by the courts, we create a new body whose duty it is, not only to determine the compensation, but to prevent, or reduce the number of accidents by appropriate regulation of industry. We have connected the past with the future; we remedy, in a way, the injury sustained, realizing the while that so-called 'compensation' is always inadequate, and that the real cure for industrial accident is its prevention, through safety devices and the proper training of employers and employees. Our courts are not equipped to do this. They still need to be vastly improved before the 'justice' they render — even in the limited sphere allotted to them — is at all adequate. If we compare an action for damage for personal injuries against a railroad, with its long delays, new trials, appeals, and heart-breaking expense, with the speed and certainty of an award by the Industrial Accident Board to an employee injured in the same accident, we cannot fail to be impressed with the failure of the court and its legal rules and processes. Our new agency not only looks to the future and prevents injuries in untold cases, but substitutes easily applied and certain rules of compensation and a summary procedure for the legal refinements and slow processes of the courts. A great deal of the speed and certainty is due, doubtless, to having experts to make the decisions; but the more certain rules of law and the simplified procedure account for most of it.

This principle, of having a body of specialists to pass on existing facts and lay down rules of future conduct having the force of law, is one that is receiving

wide application. The Interstate Commerce Commission was its first conspicuous success in this country. Its business is primarily to find out what are 'reasonable' rates for interstate transportation, and to enforce them.

And what is that but an endeavor 'to give each man his due'? The ultimate test of a rate is: is it fair — fair to the railroad, to its security-holders, to the shippers, and to the public? Our state public utility commissions do the same with intrastate commerce, and regulate the rates that may be charged by all public utilities and the service they render the public, at the same time controlling the capital that goes into them and the manner of its expenditure.

These are two, merely, of the agencies created to equalize opportunities — for by equalizing them we more closely satisfy the reasonable wants of all. In some European countries 'Commerce Courts,' where matters of business are speedily and summarily decided, work differently, but toward the same end. I shall not attempt to catalogue the business institutions, official and unofficial, that have this for their aim; it is sufficient to point out that these agencies have made good, and are promoting justice through their control of future conduct. They promote justice largely in the sense that it is more just to educate a man to avoid crime, than to tempt him or let him fail through his ignorance, and then punish him for it.

V

An equally important change is happening within the courts themselves. I mean the change typified in the Juvenile Courts, Courts of Domestic Relations, and so forth. The significant thing about them is not that those brought before them are not treated as criminals; it is that their delinquencies or failures are related to their surround-

ing and their lives. They are treated as social beings. We all remember when the boy who stole was imprisoned with confirmed criminals, without inquiry into his antecedents, his family, or his surroundings. Sometimes he was sent to a reform school, which was anything but what its name implies. We do differently now. In the more progressive states — and fortunately California is included in the number — we have probation officers, visiting nurses, and social workers, who find out why the boy has done wrong, and help to remove the causes, and to create conditions favorable to right living. Domestic Relations Courts, where they exist, operate in the same way. And latterly, through psychopathic clinics and sympathetic handling, it has become possible to fit the delinquents into some place in life where they can develop the good that is in them, secure from the temptations to which they yielded. In other words, these 'Courts of Justice,' with their technically trained assistants, no longer spend their time deciding whether crime has been committed; they are engaged in moulding lives into greater usefulness, and in giving opportunities and training that those who come before them have not had. 'Justice' wears a changed aspect there. It is more like Janus — looking backward, it is true, to find out what happened; but looking forward, also, with the wisdom of experience, and confidently facing a brighter future.

A very significant thing about this, and one which to my mind portends a great change in the administration of our Anglo-Saxon laws, is that in the Juvenile Court, the Domestic Relations Court, and the special tribunals, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the method of ascertaining the facts is departing more and more from that sanctioned by law in the courts. We are all tempted to laugh when the

trial-lawyer jumps up to remark that a question is 'irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial.' And yet that objection is responsible for a great many new trials, appeals and reversals, and failures of justice. The objection amounts to this: that the evidence, if given, should be disregarded in rendering a decision. And the distrust of our courts seems to have reached the point that we fear that, if the answer is given, the judge or jury will not have sense enough to disregard it.

Now the judge of the Juvenile Court listens to everything; finds out all about the child, his parents, his surroundings, and knows a lot about the relation of the child with others that he could never have learned sitting as a trial judge in a criminal case. And he is wise enough to use some of that knowledge, too. He is working for the future of the child, as well as judging his past. He is trying to fit him into society, and does it better for all this latitude in questioning. Another thing. The court itself collects in an expert way much of the evidence on which it acts, instead of depending on the testimony brought to it. The psychopathic expert, the social worker, the probation officer are trained observers. Our Railroad Commission, through its engineering staff, collects most of the data on which it acts. It wastes little time in lawyers' wrangles over facts it has itself ascertained. These methods make for speedy judgments and fair ones. On the other hand, expert opinion, as used in the courts, is almost a byword; it is furnished by the interested parties, and experience has shown that, generally speaking, it is unreliable.

This new method of getting information is sound common sense. It is the way we act in our ordinary affairs in reaching judgments; and used by trained minds, it presents little danger

of injustice. It is the method of taking testimony used in Continental Europe, where the Roman Law furnishes the basis of the judicial systems. And we find that it is used in practice in our inferior courts, when the record is not taken by a court reporter, and that it promotes speed and, in the hands of able men, justice also.

It is probable that this method of ascertaining the facts will find wider application as time goes on.

The limits of this article do not permit a consideration of the subject of justice for the poor, which is rightly receiving the increasing attention of jurists. Ex-President Taft said in an address to the Virginia Bar Association, 'Of all the questions which are before the American people I regard no one as more important than the improvement of the administration of justice. We must make it so that the poor man will have as nearly as possible an equal opportunity in litigation with the rich man, and under present conditions, ashamed as we may be of it, this is not the fact.' We have reasonable grounds to believe that the Conciliation and Arbitration Courts, the Small Claims Courts, Public Defenders, and other experiments now being tried, will help to remedy this inequality and gradually effect a new standard in this field.

Thus the changes that are taking place in our conception of justice, both as to substantive law and on the side of its administration, are in the direction of humanizing it, of making the remedies available to all, of recognizing the dependence of people upon each other, and of making the law fit the changing needs of the individual and the community. They are bringing closer the day when justice will be what Ulpian called it, 'the constant and perpetual desire to give each man his due.'

PETER

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

‘WHAT are you thinking of, Peter?’

At the sound of the voice Peter’s tail moved slightly. Peter’s meditations were not to be disturbed by idle questions. They were too profound — far more profound than the speaker imagined. They had nothing to do with material things.

Like his master, Peter was a philosopher. There the likeness ceased. The master’s philosophy ended in perplexity, Peter’s in serenity; for he was the only living creature that had seen its god.

There was not the slightest doubt about it. Every earthly pleasure, every material satisfaction, was traceable to that strange being sitting hour after hour in the leather chair with the big folio open on his knees. Nothing had ever thrown the faintest shadow of doubt on Peter’s conviction. Nothing the being in the chair might do in the future could invalidate his divinity; and in this knowledge was supreme content.

Peter made no pretence of understanding his god. Long since he had acknowledged that his ways were past finding out. He was under no obligation to explain the amazing futility of his actions. It was enough for Peter that the master was the dispenser of good and evil; that he was asleep by his fire, would presently walk with him in the wood, and sup with him on their return.

Nor did it matter to Peter that he was misunderstood. He was not bothered by what he did not know. He

took life and god as they were given him. It was well that he had not mastered all the accents of language — the pity and the vanity of the question addressed to him. For Peter, in the belief of the master, was a rank materialist, credited only with sordid thoughts of supper, foolish thoughts of the squirrel that had mocked him from the oak, animal thoughts of the fire’s warmth and the rug’s softness. Whereas Peter was thinking of none of these things. They counted for nothing in comparison with the friendship and companionship of his god. For Peter had found what man had been seeking ever since he emerged from the slime; what he had prayed to before priests were born. How many images he had fashioned in tears and broken in scorn! how many puppets lifted to thrones and dragged in dust! Peter had had no *via dolorosa*. He was born with an organized judgment, superciliously designated by the master as instinct. Peter *knew*. He would sleep a little longer, till the folio was closed, and the voice said: ‘Arise, and follow me.’

Peter was not blind to his privileges. He only had free entrance to the Holy of Holies. In this respect he took precedence over Tom and Mary. He had a tolerant affection for Tom and Mary, though they often offended his dignity. That he was distinctly superior to both was indisputable. There was also a woman who came occasionally into the temple, sharing his rights. But Peter was discriminating. She was not

a god — only a worshiper, like himself. Peter gave her his left-over love. She was kind, not masterful, and possessed the power of rendering him uneasy, even jealous. Peter could fight for a bone. That was a trivial matter. The precious thing was the master's affection — not to be divided. His nearest approach to intimacy was the master's knee. The woman had his arms. A vague sense of injustice troubled Peter's serenity. His objections to tramps were of a different order. Life after all was a mystery, the woman the greatest of all. Peter's sense of right and wrong was keen. He accepted the master's whip without flinching. He knew he had no business to flush that partridge. But the woman's punishments were unmerited, besides being ridiculous, and her praise unearned; the master's, rare, worthy of a god.

But of death, the greatest of mysteries, Peter knew nothing.

For his associates Peter entertained a tolerant contempt. What the woman did not know, he knew: that the cat was a fawning egoist, selfish to the core and incapable of self-abnegation. The master was not so easily deceived. The poultry he took under his protection, as every fox on the hillside was aware. Peter loved authority, but used it tactfully, shutting his eyes when the puppy raided the hennerly and ran riot among silly folk who did not know the difference between malice and fun. His only real acquaintance was the master's horse. Deep down in his consciousness was the spiritual sign of distinction was the fact that he was of a superior race — the only race in the animal kingdom which preferred the society of man to that of its own kind.

Peter opened his eyes.

The light was failing fast. All hope of the comradeship and freedom of the open air was over. He gave a long

sigh and closed his eyes again. The master had forgotten. The enemy of all joy was still on the knee. A fleeting memory crossed Peter's brain, of a day of wrath, when he had scattered his enemy in mouthfuls over the floor. Jolly days those, in spite of the whacks! Now were the sober years of discretion. Not for him to question the doings of a god.

He knew precisely what was to happen. Mary and Tom would come in to be kissed good-night. Next they would roll with him on the rug and pull his ears. He did not mind that overmuch. He had been a puppy himself, and love was love in all its forms. Then the woman would come in.

Peter gave a low growl.

The master looked up.

'What's the matter, Peter — dreaming?'

No, Peter was not dreaming. He rose, nosed the folio from the knee, and rested his head in its place — his own place. The master laid his hand on the head, smoothing back the silky ears. Peter's eyes were mute, as human tongues sometimes are, for sheer happiness.

Then came night, exile, when the woman had her way, and he went on guard.

Peter was conscious of his faults. They had been pointed out to him times innumerable, whereby his virtues had become a second nature of which he was not conscious at all. The master extolled his patience, obedience, politeness. Peter would have laughed in his sleeve, if he had had one. Certain things were inexpedient to do. But character, unacquired native virtues, inherited from ancestral experience under the law of the jungle, were his. He was proud, without vanity. He lapped the water at the spring without seeing the reflection, and passed the woman's long mirror with superb

indifference. He was thus ignorant of the gray hairs gathering about his eyes.

Of abstract time he had no knowledge. Memory and anticipation were his. He could put two and two together, but not two and four. He knew, but he did not know that he knew. That something was happening, he was painfully aware — something sinister, unaccountable, which warned him that it was better to creep under the four bars he used to take with one flashing leap; to seek the flat stone warmed by the sun — something intangible, persistent, which neither growl of protest nor curling lip, revealing white fangs, intimidated.

The evidence was unmistakable. Tom and Mary were growing rough, the woman less hospitable, and his friend the horse inconsiderate. Time was when he ran two miles afield for the road's one. Every leaf-strewn lane, every sun-flecked valley on the hills Peter knew by heart — but not the Valley of Shadows. At its gate he entered, uneasy, but fearless, comforted and secure in the unfailing loving-kindness of his god.

There came an evening when Tom and Mary passed all bounds. Such hugs and kisses and tears! Peter bore this uneven distribution of affection with his customary courtesy, shook his ruffled garments into form, turned three times deliberately, and lay down — no longer in his once favorite position, hind legs outstretched, nose between paws. That had long since been abandoned out of respect for the craven enemy that tormented him. Peter's remedies against hidden foes, too cowardly to fight in the open, were few — the field-grass, and sleep — always sleep. Sleep now was not even forgetfulness. Proud as ever, the semi-conscious whine of sleep was his last capitulation to the enemy.

Flat on his side, he heard far away the subdued murmur of conversation, opening his eyes at the sound of his name — to close them again. They were speaking of him, not to him.

Then, suddenly, the master rose, with decision, put on his hat and coat and spoke.

'Come, Peter.'

Peter, wincing, bounded to his feet, wide-awake in a second. His friend the horse was at the door. It was humiliating to be lifted to the seat. There were tears in the woman's eyes, which usually happened when the master went on a journey. Peter curled himself up on the seat. If the master was going on a journey, he was going.

Peter knew every road-turning with his eyes shut — but not this road, nor its ending. The place and its tenant were strangers. That the master should leave him with this stranger was something unprecedented. But Peter followed obediently. Was not the friend of the master his friend also?

The room whose door closed upon him was a strange one — straw for carpet. Where was the furniture? Peter sniffed, suspiciously. There was a strange odor. Peter was a judge of odors. This one, attached to no personality, was disquieting. He listened, — the sound of wheels was dying away, — then barked furiously. For the first time in his life he felt utterly lonely. He so far forgot himself as to howl. But betrayal never entered his mind. He took three uncertain steps, — the room was growing dark; his legs wobbled, — steadied himself with an effort, then tumbled over on his side, seeing visions, visions of wood and stream, of rug and fireside, — and master, — stretched out the traitor legs and gave a long low sigh.

Going on his last journey, Peter took his god with him.

'THESE WILD YOUNG PEOPLE'

BY ONE OF THEM

(John F. Carter, Jr.)

FOR some months past the pages of our more conservative magazines have been crowded with pessimistic descriptions of the younger generation, as seen by their elders and, no doubt, their betters. Hardly a week goes by that I do not read some indignant treatise depicting our extravagance, the corruption of our manners, the futility of our existence, poured out in stiff, scared, shocked sentences before a sympathetic and horrified audience of fathers, mothers, and maiden aunts — but particularly maiden aunts.

In the May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* appeared an article entitled 'Polite Society,' by a certain Mr. Grundy, the husband of a very old friend of my family. In kindly manner he

Mentioned our virtues, it is true,
But dwelt upon our vices, too.

'Chivalry and Modesty are dead. Modesty died first,' quoth he, but expressed the pious hope that all might yet be well if the oldsters would but be content to 'wait and see.' His article is one of the best-tempered and most gentlemanly of this long series of Jeremiads against 'these wild young people.' It is significant that it should be anonymous. In reading it, I could not help but be drawn to Mr. Grundy personally, but was forced to the conclusion that he, like everyone else who is writing about my generation, has very little idea of what he is talking about. I would not offend him for the world, and if I apostrophize him somewhat brutally in the following paragraphs, it is only because I am talking of him generically;

also because his self-styled 'cousin' is present.

For Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould has come forward as the latest volunteer prosecuting attorney, in her powerful 'Reflections of a Grundy Cousin,' in the August *Atlantic*. She has little or no patience with us. She disposes of all previous explanations of our degeneration in a series of short paragraphs, then launches into her own explanation: the decay of religion. She treats it as a primary cause, and with considerable effect. But I think she errs in not attempting to analyze the causes for such decay, which would bring her nearer to the ultimate truth.

A friend of mine has an uncle who, in his youth, was a wild, fast, extravagant young blood. His clothes were the amazement of even his fastest friends. He drank, he swore, he gambled, bringing his misdeeds to a climax by eloping with an heiress, a beautiful Philadelphian seraph, fascinated by this glittering Lucifer. Her family disowned her, and they fled to a distant and wild country. He was, in effect, a brilliant, worthless, attractive, and romantic person. Now he is the sedate deacon of a Boston Presbyterian church, very strong on morality in every shape, a terror to the young, with an impeccable business career, and a very dull family circle. Mrs. Gerould must know of similar cases; so why multiply instances? Just think how moral and unentertaining *our* generation will be when we have emerged from the 'roaring forties'! — and rejoice.

There is a story, illustrative of Californian civic pride, about a California funeral. The friends and relatives of the departed were gathered mournfully around the bier, awaiting the arrival of the preacher who was to deliver the funeral oration. They waited and waited and waited, but no preacher appeared. Finally, a messenger-boy arrived with a telegram. It was from the clergyman, and informed them that he had missed his train. The chief mourner rose to the occasion and asked if anyone would like to say a few kind words about the deceased. No one stirred. Finally a long, lanky person got up, cleared his throat, and drawled, 'Wa-a-al, if no one else is goin' to speak, I'd like to say a few things about Los Angeles!'

I would like to say a few things about my generation.

In the first place, I would like to observe that the older generation had certainly pretty well ruined this world before passing it on to us. They give us this Thing, knocked to pieces, leaky, red-hot, threatening to blow up; and then they are surprised that we don't accept it with the same attitude of pretty, decorous enthusiasm with which they received it, 'way back in the eighteen-nineties, nicely painted, smoothly running, practically fool-proof. 'So simple that a child can run it!' But the child could n't steer it. He hit every possible telegraph-pole, some of them twice, and ended with a head-on collision for which *we* shall have to pay the fines and damages. Now, with loving pride, they turn over their wreck to us; and, since we are not properly overwhelmed with loving gratitude, shake their heads and sigh, 'Dear! dear! We were so much better-mannered than these wild young people. But then we had the advantages of a good, strict, old-fashioned bringing-up!' How intensely *human* these oldsters are, after all, and how fallible! How they always

blame us for not following precisely in their eminently correct footsteps!

Then again there is the matter of outlook. When these sentimental old world-wreckers were young, the world was such a different place—at least, so I gather from H. G. Wells's picture of the nineties, in *Joan and Peter*. Life for them was bright and pleasant. Like all normal youngsters, they had their little tin-pot ideals, their sweet little visions, their naïve enthusiasms, their nice little sets of beliefs. Christianity had emerged from the blow dealt by Darwin, emerged rather in the shape of social dogma. Man was a noble and perfectible creature. Women were angels (whom they smugly sweated in their industries and prostituted in their slums). Right was downing might. The nobility and the divine mission of the race were factors that led our fathers to work wholeheartedly for a millennium, which they caught a glimpse of just around the turn of the century. Why, there were Hague Tribunals! International peace was at last assured, and according to current reports, never officially denied, the American delegates held out for the use of poison gas in warfare, just as the men of that generation were later to ruin Wilson's great ideal of a league of nations, on the ground that such a scheme was an invasion of American rights. But still, everything, masked by ingrained hypocrisy and prudishness, seemed simple, beautiful, inevitable.

Now my generation is disillusionized, and, I think, to a certain extent, brutalized, by the cataclysm which *their* complacent folly engendered. The acceleration of life for us has been so great that into the last few years have been crowded the experiences and the ideas of a normal lifetime. We have in our unregenerate youth learned the practicality and the cynicism that is safe only in unregenerate old age. We have been forced to become realists

overnight, instead of idealists, as was our birthright. We have seen man at his lowest, woman at her lightest, in the terrible moral chaos of Europe. We have been forced to question, and in many cases to discard, the religion of our fathers. We have seen hideous speculation, greed, anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, unmasked and rampant and unashamed. We have been forced to live in an atmosphere of 'to-morrow we die,' and so, naturally, we drank and were merry. We have seen the rottenness and shortcomings of all governments, even the best and most stable. We have seen entire social systems overthrown, and our own called in question. In short, we have seen the inherent beastliness of the human race revealed in an infernal apocalypse.

It is the older generation who forced us to see all this, which has left us with social and political institutions staggering blind in the fierce white light that, for us, should beat only about the enthroned ideal. And now, through the soft-headed folly of these painfully shocked Grundys, we have that devastating wisdom which is safe only for the burned-out embers of grizzled, cautious old men. We may be fire, but it was they who made us play with gunpowder. And now they are surprised that a great many of us, because they have taken away our apple-cheeked ideals, are seriously considering whether or no *their* game be worth *our* candle.

But, in justice to my generation, I think that I must admit that most of us have realized that, whether or no it be worth while, we must all play the game, as long as we are in it. And I think that much of the hectic quality of our life is due to that fact and to that alone. We are faced with staggering problems and are forced to solve them, while the previous incumbents are permitted a graceful and untroubled death. All my friends are working and working

hard. Most of the girls I know are working. In one way or another, often unconsciously, the great burden put upon us is being borne, and borne gallantly, by that immodest, unchivalrous set of ne'er-do-wells, so delightfully portrayed by Mr. Grundy and the amazing young Fitzgerald. A keen interest in political and social problems, and a determination to face the facts of life, ugly or beautiful, characterizes us, as it certainly did not characterize our fathers. We won't shut our eyes to the truths we have learned. We have faced so many unpleasant things already, — and faced them pretty well, — that it is natural that we should keep it up.

Now I think that this is the aspect of our generation that annoys the uncritical and deceives the unsuspecting oldersters who are now met in judgment upon us: our devastating and brutal frankness. And this is the quality in which we really differ from our predecessors. We are frank with each other, frank, or pretty nearly so, with our elders, frank in the way we feel toward life and this badly damaged world. It may be a disquieting and misleading habit, but is it a bad one? We find some few things in the world that we like, and a whole lot that we don't, and we are not afraid to say so or to give our reasons. In earlier generations this was not the case. The young men yearned to be glittering generalities, the young women to act like shy, sweet, innocent fawns — toward one another. And now, when grown up, they have come to believe that they actually were figures of pristine excellence, knightly chivalry, adorable modesty, and impeccable propriety. But I really doubt if they were so. Statistics relating to, let us say, the immorality of college students in the eighteen-eighties would not compare favorably with those of the present. However, now, as they look back on it, they see their youth through a mist of muslin,

flannels, tennis, bicycles, Tennyson, Browning, and the Blue Danube waltz. The other things, the ugly things that we know about and talk about, must also have been there. But our elders did n't care or did n't dare to consider them, and now they are forgotten. We talk about them unabashed, and not necessarily with Presbyterian disapproval, and so they jump to the conclusion that we are thoroughly bad, and keep pestering us to make us good.

The trouble with them is that they can't seem to realize that we are busy, that what pleasure we snatch must be incidental and feverishly hurried. We have to make the most of our time. We actually have n't got so much time for the noble procrastinations of modesty or for the elaborate rigmarole of chivalry, and little patience for the lovely formulas of an ineffective faith. Let them die for a while! They did not seem to serve the world too well in its black hour. If they are inherently good they will come back, vital and untarnished. But just now we have a lot of work, 'old time is still a-flying,' and we must gather rose-buds while we may.

Oh! I know that we are a pretty bad lot, but has not that been true of every preceding generation? At least we have the courage to act accordingly. Our music is distinctly barbaric, our girls are distinctly *not* a mixture of arbutus and barbed-wire. We drink when we can and what we can, we gamble, we are extravagant — but we work, and that's about all that we can be expected to do; for, after all, we have just discovered that we are all still very near to the Stone Age. The Grundys shake their heads. They'll *make* us be good. Prohibition is put through to stop our drinking, and has n't stopped it. Bryan has plans to curtail our philanderings, and he won't do any good. A Draconian code is being hastily formulated at Washington and elsewhere, to prevent

us from, by any chance, making any alteration in this present divinely constituted arrangement of things. The oldsters stand dramatically with fingers and toes and noses pressed against the bursting dykes. Let them! They won't do any good. They can shackle us down, and still expect us to repair their blunders, if they wish. But we shall not trouble ourselves very much about them any more. Why should we? What have they done? They have made us work as they never had to work in all their padded lives—but we'll have our cakes and ale for a' that.

For now we know our way about. We're not babes in the wood, hunting for great, big, red strawberries, and confidently expecting the Robin Red-Breasts to cover us up with pretty leaves if we don't find them. We're men and women, long before our time, in the flower of our full-blooded youth. We have brought back into civil life some of the recklessness and ability that we were taught by war. We are also quite fatalistic in our outlook on the tepid perils of tame living. All may yet crash to the ground for aught that we can do about it. Terrible mistakes will be made, but *we* shall at least make them intelligently and insist, if we are to receive the strictures of the future, on doing pretty much as we choose now.

Oh! I suppose that it's too bad that we are n't humble, starry-eyed, shy, respectful innocents, standing reverently at their side for instructions, playing pretty little games, in which they no longer believe, except for us. But we are n't, and the best thing the oldsters can do about it is to go into their respective backyards and dig for worms, great big pink ones — for the Grundy tribe are now just about as important as they are, and they will doubtless make company more congenial and docile than 'these wild young people,' the men and women of my generation.

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. III

EDITED BY HIS SON, HENRY JAMES

[THE letters which have been selected for this number of the *Atlantic* were all written during the last ten years of William James's life.

In 1899 he went abroad. When he sailed he had no conception of the point of exhaustion to which the previous years of unremitting work had brought him, and he expected to spend a few months at a German watering-place and then write out the lectures on 'Natural Religion,' which he had agreed to deliver on the Gifford Foundation in Edinburgh. A heart-strain, due to over-exertion in the Adirondacks just before he sailed, brought on a general collapse as soon as he was out of harness. The Gifford lectures were postponed until 1901 and 1902, and James led the life of an exile and completely inactive invalid for two years. To certain friends at home who wrote to him fully and often he was touchingly grateful; and though he could do no work, he sometimes wrote, and more often dictated to his wife, replies that were remarkably copious. The first letter that follows was sent from Professor Charles Richet's Château de Carqueiranne, near Hyères on the south coast of France. Professor Richet had put his country place at the disposal of William James and of F. W. H. Myers, who also had been 'invalided south,' and for a few weeks the two were together under the same hospitable roof.

Francis Boott was nearly a generation older than James, and was spending his last years in Cambridge. He was the subject of one of James's papers, which may be found in *Memories and Studies*.]

To Francis Boott

[Dictated]

CHÂTEAU DE CARQUEIRANNE,

Jan. 31, 1900.

DEAR OLD FRIEND, —

Every day for a month past I have said to Alice, 'Today we must get off a letter to Mr. Boott'; but *every* day the available strength was less than the call upon it. Yours of the 28th December reached us duly at Rye and was read at the cheerful little breakfast table. I must say that you are the only person who has caught the proper tone for sympathizing with an invalid's feelings. Everyone else says, 'We are glad to think that you are by this time in splendid condition, richly enjoying your rest, and having a great success at Edinburgh' — this when what one craves is mere pity for one's unmerited sufferings! *You* say, 'It is a great disappointment, more I should think than you can well bear. I wish you could give up the whole affair and turn your prow toward home.' That, dear sir, is the proper note to strike, 'La voix du cœur qui seul au cœur arrive'; and I thank you for recognizing that it is a case of agony and patience. I, for one, should be too glad to turn my prow homewards, in spite of all our present privileges in the way of simplified life and glorious climate.

What would n't I give at this moment to be partaking of one of your *recherchés déjeuners à la fourchette*, ministered to by the good Kate. From the bed on which I lie I can 'sense' it as if present — the succulent roast pork,

the apple sauce, the canned asparagus, the cranberry pie, the dates, the To Kalon¹ — above all the *rire en barbe* of the ever-youthful host. Will they ever come again?

Don't understand me to be disparaging our present meals, which, cooked by a broad-built sexagenarian Provençale, leave nothing to be desired. Especially is the fish good, and the artichokes, and the stewed lettuce. Our *commensaux*, the Myerses, form a good combination. The house is vast and comfortable and the air just right for one in my condition, neither relaxing nor exciting, and floods of sunshine.

Do you care much about the war? For my part, I think Jehovah has run the thing about right, so far, though on utilitarian grounds it will be very likely better if the English win. When we were at Rye an interminable controversy raged about a national day of humiliation and prayer. I wrote to the *Times* to suggest, in my character of traveling American, that both sides to the controversy might be satisfied by a service arranged on the principle suggested by the anecdote of the Montana settler who met a grizzly so formidable that he fell on his knees, saying, 'O Lord, I hain't never asked ye for help and ain't a-going to ask ye for none now. But for pity's sake, O Lord, don't help the bear.' The solemn *Times* never printed my letter, and thus the world lost an admirable epigram. You, I know, will appreciate it.

I hope you are getting through the winter without any bronchial trouble, and I hope that neither the influenza nor the bubonic plague have got to Cambridge yet. The former is devastating Europe. If you see dear Dr. Driver, give him our warmest regards. One ought to stay among one's own

¹ An American claret in which James as well as his correspondent discovered great merit.

people. I seem to be mending, though very slowly, and the least thing knocks me down. This noon I am still in bed; a little too much talking with the Myers yesterday giving me a strong pectoral distress which is not yet over. This dictation begins to hurt me, so I will stop. My spirits now are first-rate, which is a great point gained.

Good-bye, dear old man; we both send our warmest love and are,

Ever affectionately yours,

WM. JAMES.

[The next letter is included in its entirety. The reader is not expected to be particularly interested in the way in which the members of the Harvard Philosophical Department divided up the departmental work in the year 1900, but the first page of the letter is too expressive of the warmth of James's interest in the College and his colleagues to be omitted.]

To George H. Palmer

CARQUEIRANNE, Apr. 2, 1900.

GLORIOUS OLD PALMER, —

I had come to the point of feeling that my next letter *must* be to you, when in comes your delightful 'favor' of the 18th, with all its news, its convincing clipping, and its enclosures from Bakewell and Sheldon. I have had many impulses to write to Bakewell, but they have all aborted — my powers being so small and so much *in Anspruch genommen* by correspondence already under way. I judge him to be well and happy. What think you of his wife? I suppose she is no relation of yours. I should n't think any of your three candidates would do for that conventional Bryn Mawr. She stoneth the prophets, and I wish she would get X — and get stung. He made a *deplorable* impression on me many years ago. The only comment I heard

when I gave my address there lately (the last one in my 'Talks') was that — had hoped for something more technical and psychological! Nevertheless, some good girls seem to come out at Bryn Mawr. I am awfully sorry that Perry is out of place. Unless he gets something good, it seems to me that we ought to get him for a course in Kant. He is certainly the soundest, most normal all-round man of our recent production.

Your list for next year interests me muchly. I am glad of Münsterberg's and Santayana's new courses, and hope they'll be good. I'm glad you're back in Ethics, and glad that Royce has 'Epistemology' — portentous name, and small result, in my opinion, but a substantive *discipline* which ought, *par le temps qui court*, to be treated with due formality. I look forward with eagerness to his new volume.¹ What a colossal feat he has performed in these two years — all thrown in by the way, as it were. Certainly Gifford lectures are a good institution for stimulating production. They have stimulated me so far to produce two lectures of wishy-washy generalities. What is that for a 'showing' in six months of absolute leisure? The second lecture used me up so that I must be off a good while again. No! dear Palmer, the best I can possibly hope for at Cambridge after my return is to be able to carry one half-course. So make all calculations accordingly. As for Windelband, how can I ascertain anything except by writing to him? I shall see no one, nor go to any University environment. My impression is that we must go in for budding genius, if we seek a European. If an American, we can get a *sommité!* But who? in either case? Verily there is room at the top. Z—

¹ The second volume of *The World and the Individual* (Gifford Lectures at the University of Aberdeen).

seems to be the only Britisher worth thinking of. I imagine we had better train up our own men. A—, B—, C—, either would no doubt do, especially A— if his health improves. D— is our last card, from the point of view of policy, no doubt, but from that of inner organization it seems to me that he may have too many points of coalescence with both Münsterberg and Royce, especially the latter.

The great event in my life recently has been the reading of Santayana's book.² Although I absolutely reject the platonism of it, I have literally squealed with delight at the imperturbable perfection with which the position is laid down on page after page; and grunted with delight at such a thickening up of our Harvard atmosphere. If our students now could begin really to understand what Royce means with his voluntaristic-pluralistic monism, what Münsterberg means with his dualistic scientificism and platonism, what Santayana means by his pessimistic platonism (I wonder if he and Mg. have had any close mutually-encouraging intercourse in this line?), what I mean by my crass pluralism, what you mean by your ethical idealism, that these are so many religions, ways of fronting life, and worth fighting for, we should have a genuine philosophic universe at Harvard. The best condition of it would be an open conflict and rivalry of the diverse systems. (Alas! that I should be out of it, just as my chance begins!) The world might ring with the struggle, if we devoted ourselves exclusively to belaboring each other.

I now understand Santayana, the man. I never understood him before. But what a perfection of rottenness in a philosophy! I don't think I ever knew the anti-realistic view to be propounded with so impudently superior

² *Poetry and Religion*.

an air. It is refreshing to see a representative of moribund Latinity rise up and administer such reproof to us barbarians in the hour of our triumph. I imagine Santayana's *style* to be entirely spontaneous. But it has curious classic echoes. Whole pages of pure Hume in style; others of pure Renan. Nevertheless, how fantastic a philosophy! — as if the 'world of values' were independent of existence. It is only as *being*, that one thing is better than another. The idea of darkness is as good as that of light, as ideas. There is more value in light's *being*. And the exquisite consolation, when you have ascertained the badness of all fact, in knowing that badness is inferior to goodness, to the end — it only rubs the pessimism in. A man whose eggs at breakfast turn out always bad, says to himself, 'Well, bad and good are not the same, anyhow.' That is just the trouble! Moreover, when you come down to the facts, what do your harmonious and integral ideal systems prove to be? in the concrete? Always things burst by the growing content of experience. Dramatic unities; laws of versification; ecclesiastical systems; scholastic doctrines. Bah! Give me Walt Whitman and Browning ten times over, much as the perverse ugliness of the latter at times irritates me, and intensely as I have enjoyed Santayana's attack. The barbarians are in the line of mental growth and those who do insist that the ideal and the real are dynamically continuous are those by whom the world is to be saved. But I'm nevertheless delighted that the other view, always existing in the world, should at last have found so splendidly impertinent an expression among ourselves. I have meant to write to Santayana; but on second thoughts, and to save myself, I will just ask you to send him this. It saves him from what might be the nuisance

of having to reply, and on my part it has the advantage of being more free-spoken and direct. He is certainly an *extraordinarily distingué* writer. Thank him for existing!

As a contrast, read Jack Chapman's 'Practical Agitation.' The other pole of thought, and a style all splinters — but a gospel for our rising generation — I hope it will have its effect.

Send me your Noble lectures. I don't see how you could risk it without a MS. If you did fail (which I doubt) you deserved to. Anyhow, the printed page makes everything good.

I can no more! Adieu! How is Mrs. Palmer this winter? I hope entirely herself again. You are impartially silent of her and of my wife! The *Transcript* continues to bless us. We move from this hospitable roof to the hotel at Costebelle to-day. Thence after a fortnight to Geneva, and in May to Nauheim once more, to be reëxamined and sentenced by Schiott.

Affectionately yours,

W. J.

To Josiah Royce

BAD-NAUHEIM, Sept. 26, 1900.

BELoved ROYCE, —

Great was my, was *our* pleasure in receiving your long and delightful letter last night. Like the lioness in Æsop's fable, you give birth to one young one only in the year, but that one is a lion. I give birth, mainly to guinea-pigs in the shape of postcards; but despite such diversities of epistolary expression, the heart of each of us is in the right place. I need not say, my dear old boy, how touched I am at your expressions of affection or how it pleases me to hear that you have missed me. I too miss you profoundly. I do not find in the hotel waiters, chambermaids and bath-attendants, with whom my lot is chiefly cast, that unique mix-

ture of erudition, originality, profundity and vastness, and human wit and leisureliness, by accustoming me to which during all these years you have spoilt me for inferior kinds of intercourse. You are still the centre of my gaze, the pole of my mental magnet. When I write, 't is with one eye on the page, and one on you. When I compose my Gifford lectures mentally, 't is with the design exclusively of overthrowing your system, and ruining your peace. I lead a parasitic life upon you, for my highest flight of ambitious ideality is to become your conqueror, and go down into history as such, you and I rolled in one another's arms and silent (or rather loquacious still) in one last death-grapple of an embrace. How then, O my dear Royce, can I forget you, or be contented out of your close neighborhood? Different as our minds are, yours has nourished mine, as no other social influence ever has, and in converse with you I have always felt that my life was being lived importantly. Our minds, too, are not different in the *Object* which they envisage. It is the whole paradoxical physicomoral-spiritual Fatness, of which most people single out some skinny fragment, which we both cover with our eye. We 'aim at him generally' — and most others don't. I don't believe that we shall dwell apart forever, though our formulas may.

Home and Irving Street look very near when seen through these few winter months, and though it is still doubtful what I may be able to do in college, for social purposes I shall be available for probably numerous years to come. I have n't got at work yet, — only four lectures of the first course written (strange to say), — but I am decidedly better to-day than I have been for the past ten months, and the matter is all ready in my mind, so that when, a month hence, I get settled

down in Rome, I think the rest will go off fairly quickly. The second course I shall have to resign from, and write it out at home as a book. It must seem strange to you that the way from the mind to the pen should be as intraversable as it has been in this case of mine — you in whom it always seems so easily pervious. But Miller will be able to tell you all about my condition, both mental and physical, so I will waste no more words on that to me decidedly musty subject.

I fully understand your great aversion to letters and other off-writing. You have done a perfectly Herculean amount of the most difficult productive work, and I believe you to be much more tired than you probably yourself suppose or know — both mentally and physically. I imagine that a long vacation, in other scenes, with no sense of duty, would do you a world of good. I don't say the full fifteen months, for I imagine that one summer and one academic half-year would perhaps do the business better. You could preserve the relaxed and desultory condition as long as that probably, whilst later you 'd begin to chafe; and *then* you 'd better be back in your own library. If *my* continuing abroad is hindering this, my sorrow will be extreme. Of course I must some time come to a definite decision about my own relations to the College, but I am reserving that till the end of 1900, when I shall write to Eliot in full. There is still a therapeutic card to play, of which I will say nothing just now, and I don't want to commit myself before that has been tried.

You say nothing of the second course of Aberdeen lectures, nor do you speak at all of the Dublin course. Strange omissions, like your not sending me your Ingersoll Lecture! I assume that the publication of [your] Gifford vol. II will not be very long delayed. I am eager to read them. I can read phil-

osophy now, and have just read the first three *Lieferungen* of K. Fischer's *Hegel*. I must say I prefer the original text. Fischer's paraphrases always flatten and dry things out; and he gives no rich sauce of his own to compensate. I have been sorry to hear from Palmer that he also has been very tired. One can't keep going forever! P. has been like an archangel in his letters to me, and I am inexpressibly grateful. Well! everybody has been kinder than I deserve.

[In the August number, a letter to Henry W. Rankin dealt with 'demon possession' and Christian miracles. As was there explained, Mr. Rankin had supplied James with references to many books that had interested him while he was preparing for the Gifford Lectures. The next letter is addressed to the same correspondent, at a date when the first 'course' was drawing to its close in Edinburgh. It will be recalled that these lectures appeared in book form as the *Varieties of Religious Experience*.]

To Henry W. Rankin

EDINBURGH, June 16, 1901.

DEAR MR. RANKIN, —

. . . You have been so extraordinarily brotherly to me in writing of your convictions and in furnishing me ideas, that I feel ashamed of my churlish and chary replies. You, however, have forgiven me. Now, at the end of this first course, I feel my 'matter' taking firmer shape, and it will please you less to hear me say that I believe myself to be (probably) permanently incapable of believing the Christian scheme of vicarious salvation, and wedded to a more continuously evolutionary mode of thought. The reasons you from time to time have given me, never better expressed than in your letter

before the last, have somehow failed to convince. In these lectures the ground I am taking is this: The mother-sea and fountain-head of all religions lies in the mystical experiences of the individual, taking the word mystical in a very wide sense. All theologies and all ecclesiasticisms are secondary growths superimposed; and the experiences make such flexible combinations with the intellectual prepossessions of their subjects, that one may almost say that they have no proper *intellectual* deliverance of their own, but belong to a region deeper, and more vital and practical, than that which the intellect inhabits. For this they are also indestructible by intellectual arguments and criticisms. I attach the mystical or religious consciousness to the possession of an extended subliminal self, with a thin partition through which messages make irruption. We are thus made convincingly aware of the presence of a sphere of life larger and more powerful than our usual consciousness, with which the latter is nevertheless continuous. The impressions and impulsions and emotions and excitements which we thence receive help us to live; they found invincible assurance of a world beyond the sense; they melt our hearts and communicate significance and value to everything and make us happy. They do this for the individual who has them, and other individuals follow him. Religion in this way is absolutely indestructible. Philosophy and theology give their conceptual interpretations of this experiential life. The farther margin of the subliminal field being unknown, it can be treated, as by Transcendental Idealism, as an Absolute mind with a part of which we coalesce, or by Christian theology, as a distinct deity acting on us. Something not our immediate self *does* act on our life! So I seem doubtless to my audience to be blowing

hot and cold, explaining away Christianity, yet defending the more general basis from which I say it proceeds. I fear that these brief words may be misleading, but let them go! When the book comes out you will get a truer idea. Believe me, with profound regard,

Yours always truly,

WM. JAMES.

To Henry L. Higginson

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 1, 1902.

DEAR HENRY, —

I am emboldened to the step I am taking by the consciousness that though we are both at least sixty years old and have known each other from the cradle, I have never but once (or possibly twice) traded on your well-known lavishness of disposition to swell any 'subscription' which I was trying to raise.

Now the doomful hour has struck. The altar is ready, and I take the victim by the ear. I choose you for a victim because you still have some undedicated human feeling about you and can think in terms of pure charity — for the love of God, without ulterior hopes of returns from the investment.

The subject is a man of fifty, who can be recommended to no other kind of a benefactor. His story is a long one, but it amounts to this, that Heaven made him with no other power than that of thinking and writing, and he has proved by this time a truly pathological inability to keep body and soul together. He is abstemious to an incredible degree, is the most innocent and harmless of human beings, is n't propagating his kind, has never had a dime to spend except for vital necessities, and never has had in his life an hour of what such as *we* call freedom from care, or of 'pleasure' in the ordinary exuberant sense of the term. He is refinement itself mentally and mor-

ally; and his writings have all been printed in first-rate periodicals, but are too scanty to 'pay.' There's no excuse for him, I admit. But God made him; and after kicking and cuffing and prodding him for twenty years, I have now come to believe that he ought to be treated in charity pure and simple (even though that be a vice), and I want to guarantee him \$350 a year as a pension to be paid to the Mills Hotel in Bleeker Street, New York, for board and lodging and a few cents weekly over and above. I will put in \$150. I have secured \$100 more. Can I squeeze \$50 a year out of you for such a non-public cause? If not, don't reply and forget this letter. If 'ja,' and you think you really can afford it, and it is n't wicked, let me know, and I will dun you regularly every year for the \$50.

Yours as ever,

WM. JAMES.

It is a great compliment that I address you. Most men say of such a case, 'Is the man deserving?' Whereas the real point is 'Does he need us?' What is 'deserving' nowadays?

[After delivering the last Gifford Lectures James had returned to Cambridge, with the resolution to devote his remaining years to the formulation of his philosophy. His working powers has been permanently impaired. He had passed his sixtieth birthday. But the writing and correspondence in which he engaged between 1902 and 1910 were none the less marked by a truly youthful enthusiasm and *élan*. He gradually freed himself from college duties, and, in the full consciousness of his ample preparation and ripened judgment, turned to the philosophic questions which had always been most fascinating to his imagination. The discussion that was aroused by his pragmatism, by his later papers on

pluralism and radical empiricism, and by his definition of truth, excited him; and he threw himself into controversy in a spirit that somehow combined the rough exuberance of a boy at play with a mellow good-nature that was of the essence of his own mature genius.]

To Theodore Flournoy

CAMBRIDGE, Mar. 26, 1907.

DEAR FLOURNOY,—

Your dilectissime [*sic*] letter of the 16th arrived this morning and I must scribble a word of reply. That's the way to write to a man! Caress him! flatter him! tell him that all Switzerland is hanging on his lips! You have made me really *happy* for at least twenty-four hours. My dry and businesslike compatriots never write letters like that. They write about themselves—you write about *me*. You know the definition of an egotist: 'a person who insists on talking about *himself*, when you want to talk about *yourself*.'

Reverdin has told me of the success of your lectures on pragmatism, and if you have been communing in spirit with me this winter, so have I with you. I have grown more and more deeply into pragmatism, and I rejoice immensely to hear you say, 'Je m'y sens tout gagné.' It is absolutely the only philosophy with *no* humbug in it, and I am certain that it is *your* philosophy. Have you read Papini's article in the February *Leonardo*? That seems to me really splendid. You say that my ideas have formed the real *centre de ralliement* of the pragmatist tendencies. To me it is the youthful and *empanaché*—, who has best put himself at the centre of equilibrium when all the motor tendencies start. He (and Schiller) has given me great confidence and courage. I shall dedicate my book, however, to the memory of J. S. Mill.

I hope that you are careful to dis-

tinguish in my own work between the pragmatism and the 'radical empiricism' ('Conception de Conscience,'¹ etc.) which to my own mind have no necessary connexion with each other. My first proofs came in this morning, along with your letter, and the little book ought to be out by the first of June. You shall have a very early copy. It is exceedingly untechnical, and I can't help suspecting that it will make a real impression. Münsterberg, who hitherto has been rather pooh-poohing my thought, now, after reading the lecture on truth which I sent you a while ago, says, I seem to be ignorant that Kant ever wrote, Kant having already said all that I say. I regard this as a very good symptom. The third stage of opinion about a new idea, already arrived: *1st*: absurd! *2nd*: trivial! *3rd*: we discovered it! I don't suppose you mean to print these lectures of yours, but I wish you would. If you would translate my lectures, what could make me happier? But, as I said apropos of the *Varieties*, I hate to think of you doing that drudgery when you might be formulating your own ideas. But, in one way or the other, I hope you will join in the great strategic combination against the forces of rationalism and bad abstractionism! A good *coup de collier* all round, and I verily believe that a new philosophic movement will begin! . . .

I thank you for your congratulations on my retirement. It makes me very happy. A professor has two functions: (1) to be learned and distribute bibliographic information; (2) to communicate truth. The *1st* function is the essential one, officially considered. The *2nd* is the only one I care for. Hitherto I have always felt like a humbug as a professor, for I am weak in the

¹ *La Notion de Conscience, Archives de Psychologie, V, No. 17. June, 1905; later included in Essays in Radical Empiricism.*

first requirement. Now I can live for the second with a free conscience.

I envy you now at the Italian Lakes! But good-bye! I have already written you a long letter, though I only *meant* to write a line!

Love to you all from
W. J.

[Bergson's book, greeted in the next letter, was the *Évolution Créatrice*.]

To Henri Bergson

CHOCORUA, June 13, 1907.

O MY BERGSON, —

You are a magician, and your book is a marvel, a real wonder in the history of philosophy, making, if I mistake not, an entirely new era in respect of matter, but unlike the works of genius of the 'transcendentalist' movement (which are so obscurely and abominably and inaccessiblely written), a pure classic in point of form. You may be amused at the comparison, but in finishing it I found the same after-taste remaining as after finishing *Madame Bovary*; such a flavor of persistent euphony, as of a rich river that never foamed or ran thin, but steadily and firmly proceeded with its banks full to the brim. Then the aptness of your illustrations, that never scratch or stand out at right angles, but invariably simplify the thought and help to pour it along! Oh, indeed you are a magician! And if your next book proves to be as great an advance on this one as this is on its two predecessors, your name will surely go down as one of the great creative names in philosophy.

There! have I praised you enough? What every genuine philosopher (every genuine man, in fact) craves most is *praise* — although the philosophers generally call it 'recognition'! If you want still more praise, let me know, and I will send it, for my features have been on a broad smile from the first page to

the last, at the chain of felicities that never stopped. I feel rejuvenated.

As to the content of it, I am not in a mood at present to make any definite reaction. There is so much that is absolutely new that it will take a long time for your contemporaries to assimilate it, and I imagine that much of the development of detail will have to be performed by younger men whom your ideas will stimulate to coruscate in manners unexpected by yourself. To me at present the vital achievement of the book is that it inflicts an irrecoverable death-wound upon Intellectualism. It can never resuscitate! But it will die hard, for all the inertia of the past is in it, and the spirit of professionalism and pedantry as well as the æsthetic-intellectual delight of dealing with categories logically distinct yet logically connected, will rally for a desperate defense. The *élan vital*, all contentless and vague as you are obliged to leave it, will be an easy substitute to make fun of. But the Beast *has* its death-wound now, and the manner in which you have inflicted it (interval versus *temps d'arrêt*, etc.) is masterly in the extreme.

I don't know why this later *rédaction* of your critique of the mathematics of movement has seemed to me so much more telling than the early statement — I suppose it is because of the wider *use* made of the principle in the book.

You will be receiving my own little 'Pragmatism' book simultaneously with this letter. How jejune and inconsiderable it seems in comparison with your great system! But it is so congruent with parts of your system, fits so well into interstices thereof, that you will easily understand why I am so enthusiastic. I feel that at bottom we are fighting the same fight, you a commander, I in the ranks. The position we are rescuing is 'Tychism' and a really growing world. But whereas I have hitherto

found no better way of defending Ty-chism than by affirming the spontaneous addition of *discrete* elements of being (or their subtraction), thereby playing the game with intellectualist weapons, you set things straight at a single stroke by your fundamental conception of the continuously creative nature of reality. I think that one of your happiest strokes is your reduction of 'finality,' as usually taken, to its status alongside of efficient causality, as the twin-daughters of intellectualism. But this vaguer and truer finality restored to its rights will be a difficult thing to give content to. Altogether your reality lurks so in the background, in this book, that I am wondering whether you *could n't* give it any more development *in concreto* here, or whether you perhaps were holding back developments, already in your possession, for a future volume. They are sure to come to you later anyhow, and to make a new volume; and altogether, the clash of these ideas of yours with the traditional ones will be sure to make sparks fly that will illuminate all sorts of dark places and bring innumerable new considerations into view. But the process may be slow, for the ideas are so revolutionary. Were it not for your style, your book might last 100 years unnoticed; but your way of writing is so absolutely commanding, that your theories have to be attended to immediately.

I feel very much in the dark still about the relations of the progressive to the regressive movement, and this great precipitate of nature subject to static categories. With a frank pluralism of *beings* endowed with vital impulses, you can get oppositions and compromises easily enough, and a stagnant deposit; but, after my one reading, I don't exactly 'catch on' to the way in which the continuum of reality resists itself so as to have to act, etc., etc. The only part of the work which I felt

like positively criticising was the discussion of the idea of nonentity, which seemed to me somewhat over-elaborated, and yet did n't leave me with a sense that the last word had been said on the subject.

But all these things must be very slowly digested by me. I can see that, when the tide turns in your favor, many previous tendencies in philosophy will start up, crying, 'This is nothing but what *we* have contended for all along.' Schopenhauer's blind will, Hartmann's unconscious, Fichte's aboriginal freedom (reëdited at Harvard in the most 'unreal' possible way by Münsterberg) will all be claimants for priority. But no matter — all the better if you are in some ancient lines of tendency. Mysticism also must make claims and, doubtless, just ones. I say nothing more now — this is just my first reaction; but I am so enthusiastic as to have said only two days ago, 'I thank Heaven that I have lived to this date — that I have witnessed the Russo-Japanese War, and seen Bergson's new book appear — the two great modern turning-points, of history and of thought!'

Best congratulations and cordiallest regards!

WM. JAMES.

[The next post-card was written in acknowledgment of Professor Palmer's comments on *A Pluralistic Universe*.]

To G. H. Palmer

CAMBRIDGE, May 13, 1909.

'The finest critical mind of our time!' No one can mix the honey and the gall as you do! My conceit appropriates the honey — for the gall it makes indulgent allowance, as the inevitable watering of a pair of aged rationalist eyes at the effulgent sunrise of a new philosophic day! Thanks! thanks! for the honey.

W. J.

To T. S. Perry

NAUHEIM, May 22, 1910.

BELOVED THOS., —

I have two letters from you — one about . . . Harris on Shakespeare. *Re Harris*, I did think you were a bit supercilious *a priori*; but I thought of your youth and excused you. Harris himself is horrid young and crude. Much of his talk seems to me absurd, but nevertheless *that's the way to write about Shakespeare*; and I am sure that, if Shakespeare were a Piper-control, he would say that he relished Harris far more than the pack of reverent commentators who treat him as a classic moralist. He seems to me to have been a professional *amuser*, in the first instance, with a productivity like that of a Dumas, or a Scribe; but possessing what no other amuser has possessed, a lyric splendor added to his rhetorical fluency, which has made people take him for a more essentially serious human being than he was. Neurotically and erotically, he was hyperæsthetic, with a playful graciousness of character never surpassed. He could be profoundly melancholy; but even then was controlled by the audience's needs. A cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals, accepting uncritically every theatrical and social convention, he was simply an æolian harp passively resounding to the stage's call. Was there ever an author of such emotional importance whose reaction against the false conventions of life was such an absolute zero as his? I know nothing of the other Elizabethans, but could they have been as soulless in this respect? — But *halte-là!* or I shall become a Harris myself! . . . Ever thine,

W. J.

[The correspondence with Henry Adams which follows preceded James's

death by less than three months. It is concerned with Adams's *Letter to American Teachers*, originally printed for private circulation, but recently published with a preface by Mr. Brooks Adams, under a new title: *The Degradation of Democratic Dogma*.]

BAD-NAUHEIM, June 17, 1910.

DEAR HENRY ADAMS, —

I have been so 'slim' since seeing you, and the baths here have so weakened my brain, that I have been unable to do any reading except trash, and have only just got round to finishing your *Letter*, which I had but half-read when I was with you at Paris. To tell the truth, it does n't impress me at all, save by its wit and erudition; and I ask you whether an old man soon about to meet his Maker can hope to save himself from the consequences of his life by pointing to the wit and learning he has shown in treating a tragic subject. No, sir, you can't do it — can't impress God in that way.

So far as our scientific conceptions go, it may be admitted that your Creator (and mine) started the universe with a certain amount of 'energy' latent in it, and decreed that everything that should happen thereafter should be a result of parts of that energy falling to lower levels; raising other parts higher, to be sure, in so doing, but never in equivalent amount, owing to the constant radiation of unrecoverable warmth incidental to the process. It is customary for gentlemen to pretend to believe one another, and until some one hits upon a newer evolutionary concept (which may be to-morrow), all physicists must play the game by holding religiously to the above doctrine. It involves of course the ultimate cessation of all perceptible happening, and the end of human history. With this general conception as *surrounding* everything, you say in your *Letter*, no one can

find any fault — in the present stage of scientific conventions and fashions. But I protest against your interpretation of some of the specifications of the great statistical drift downwards of the original high-level energy. If, instead of criticising what you seem to say, I express my own interpretation dogmatically, and leave you to make the comparison, it will doubtless conduce to brevity and economize recrimination.

To begin with, the *amount* of cosmic energy it costs to buy a certain distribution of fact which humanly we regard as precious seems to be an altogether secondary matter as regards the question of history and progress. Certain arrangements of matter on the *same energy-level* are, from the point of view of man's appreciation, superior, while others are inferior. Physically a dinosaur's brain may show as much intensity of energy-exchange as a man's; but it can do infinitely fewer things, because as a force of detent it can only unlock the dinosaur's muscles, while the man's brain, by unlocking far feebler muscles, indirectly can by their means issue proclamations, write books, describe Chartres Cathedral, etc., and guide the energies of the shrinking sun into channels which never would have been entered otherwise — in short, *make* history. Therefore the man's brain and muscles are, from the point of view of the historian, the more important place of energy-exchange, small as this may be, when measured in absolute physical units.

The 'second law' is wholly irrelevant to 'history,' save that it sets a terminus; for history is the course of things before that terminus, and all that the second law says is that, whatever the history, it must insert itself between that initial maximum and that terminal minimum of difference in energy-level. As the great irrigation-reservoir empties itself, the whole question for

us is that of the distribution of its effects — of *which* rills to guide it into; and the size of the rills has nothing to do with their significance. Human cerebration is the most important rill we know of, and both the 'capacity' and the 'intensity' factor thereof may be treated as infinitesimal. Yet the filling of such rills would be cheaply bought by the waste of whole sums spent in getting a little of the down-flowing torrent to enter them. Just so of human institutions; their value has in strict theory nothing whatever to do with their energy-budget — being wholly a question of the form the energy flows through. Though the *ultimate* state of the universe may be its vital and psychological extinction, there is nothing in physics to interfere with the hypothesis that the *penultimate* state might be the millennium — in other words a state in which a minimum of difference of energy-level might have its exchanges so skillfully *canalisés* that a maximum of happy and virtuous consciousness would be the only result. In short, the last expiring pulsation of the universe's life might be, 'I am so happy and perfect that I can stand it no longer.' You don't believe this and I don't say I do. But I can find nothing in 'Energetik' to conflict with its possibility. You seem to me not to discriminate, but to treat quantity and distribution of energy as if they formed a single question.

There! that's pretty good for a brain after eighteen Nauheim baths — so I won't write another line, nor ask you to reply to me. In case you can't help doing so, however, I will gratify you now by saying that I probably won't jaw back. It was pleasant at Paris to hear your identically unchanged and 'undegraded' voice after so many years of loss of solar energy.

Yours ever truly,

WM. JAMES.

[Post-card]

NAUHEIM, June 19, 1910.

P.S. Another illustration of my meaning: The clock of the universe is running down, and by so doing makes the hands move. The energy absorbed by the hands, and the *mechanical* work they do, is the same day after day, no matter how far the weights have descended from the position they were originally wound up to. The *history* which the hands perpetrate has nothing to do with the *quantity* of this work, but follows the *significance* of the figures which they cover on the dial. If they move from O to XII, there is 'progress'; if from XII to O there is 'decay,' etc., etc. W. J.

[Post-card]

KONSTANZ, June 26, [1910].

Yours of the 20th, just arriving, pleases me by its docility of spirit and

passive subjection to philosophic opinion. Never, never pretend to an opinion of your own! that way lies every arrogance and madness! You tempt me to offer you another illustration — that of the *hydraulic ram* (thrown back to me in an exam. as a 'hydraulic goat' by an insufficiently intelligent student). Let this arrangement of metal, placed in the course of a brook, symbolize the machine of human life. It works, clap, clap, clap, day and night, so long as the brook runs *at all*, and no matter how full the brook (which symbolizes the descending cosmic energy) may be; and it works always to the same effect, of raising so many kilogrammeters of water. What the *value* of this work as history may be depends on the uses to which the water is put in the house which the ram serves.

W. J.

(The End)

A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

HEAVEN is in my hand, and I
Touch a heart-beat of the sky,
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,
Lone flute of God, how can you sing
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,
And given my spirit wings until it stirred
Like you — a bird!

AN ISLAND MEMORY

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

It was our last day on the island, — the exquisite bit of land known in the old chants as *Pari*, — and *Terei* and I slept late on our mats, for the night had been one of feasting and dancing. At seven *Tamarua* came in to wake us.

'You sleep well,' he said with a smile; 'it was three when we left the dancing, but I was not sleepy; I took my canoe and went to the reef to fish. Since you must leave us to-morrow, there will be a feast in my house at midday. Will you ask your friends to come?'

A plunge into the lagoon drove away the vestiges of sleep; and when we had breakfasted, we set out for the house of *Amani*. A schooner lay at anchor before the settlement, rocking gently to the swell which came in over the reef. The music of the surf filled the air with a deep undertone, now soft, now loud, as flaws of wind — forerunners of the trade — died away, or rustled the palms above our path. Inland, beyond the flat lands of the coast, the island rose in fantastic contours of peak and spire and razor-backed ridge — the home of wild goat and jungle-fowl, as little known to-day as in the times of Captain Cook. In places one's eye caught the glimmer of a waterfall, outlined, like a streamer of lace, against cliffs of volcanic rock. The remote heights were veiled in masses of cloud.

The night's fishing was over and the fishermen had returned, to breakfast and doze through the morning in their houses of openwork bamboo. On the beach before each hut a canoe was

hauled up — long narrow craft, shaped from the trunk of a *puka* tree and equipped with a light outrigger. Women stood knee-deep in the streams flowing down from the mountains; draped in bright *pareus*, laughing and exchanging gossip as they did the family laundry or ducked their small, struggling offspring. Other babies — naked, brown, and smiling — splashed busily in the shallows or paddled about, clinging to bits of wood. Everyone seemed either laughing aloud or on the verge of laughter: one had only to look, to receive a smile and a friendly greeting.

'Do you wonder at my declaring that I'll never leave the Islands again?' said *Terei*, an old-timer in the South Seas, who had just returned from a visit to England and the United States. 'I tell you, man, these are the only people in the world who have n't forgotten how to laugh!'

Presently our path turned inland, to lead us through silent groves of coconut and into the bush — tangled thickets of candlenut, ironwood, and hibiscus. Here and there a great tree rose clear of the low, matted vegetation — a *utu*, with huge glossy leaves and bearing the fruit used to poison fish, or a stately *puka*, favorite of canoe-builders. Close to the sea, the *pandanus* grew everywhere, sprawling at strange angles on its cluster of stilt-like roots, suggesting the poles of a teepee. It is a useful plant in the Islands; the beautiful *rurutu* mats, like the hats of *Manihiki*, are woven of its leaves; and among the

atolls, and in times of famine on the richer islands, its pulpy fruit is mixed with arrowroot to form a nourishing food.

Over the tree-tops, snowy terns, with pointed wings and long, forked tails, soared and wheeled restlessly — small lonely spirits, hovering above the silent bush.

A path led off to the right, just beyond a brook, and we followed it to the house of our friend, set in an old clearing, shaded by breadfruit, mango, and mountain plantain. As we drew near, I heard a shriek of mingled amusement and consternation; a youthful figure emerged from beneath a tree, dropped one of the long poles used for knocking down fruit, and bounded off toward the house with fluttering pareu and streaming black hair. Amani met us at the door, a twinkle of the eye illuminating his grave and friendly smile. He wore a two-yard strip of print about the waist, '*Ia ora na, orua*,' he said, using the curious pronoun which denotes that two persons are addressed. There were mats spread on the verandah, and we sat down to smoke while Terei told our host of the invitation.

Amani's mother — Tuira, the Lightning — came out to greet us, straight and slender at sixty in her loose gown of black. She was an unusual woman, this old Tuira, who could neither read nor write, and whose life had been passed on a dot of land in the Pacific — a strong woman, shrewd, fearless, and tolerant. Her dark eyes, brilliant and wide-set, the aquiline features, the nobly modeled head, proclaimed the daughter of chieftains: a headwoman among the Island people.

When she had returned our filial greetings, — for both Terei and I had been adopted informally as members of the family, — Tuira raised her voice to call the cook, one of those mysterious Polynesian dependents, half-servant,

half-relative, whose exact status is a riddle to the foreigner. She was an Austral Islander from Rimatara, — about thirty, I judged, — and her rather tragic face retained the vestiges of uncommon beauty. Her parents, when they christened her, could scarcely have anticipated her future profession, for she was named 'No Food!'

'Ë,' called Tuira, in her soft deep voice; 'the throats of Terei and Pupure are dry — bring something that they may drink.'

'Io,' came a clear hail from the back of the house; 'I come.'

As we set down our glasses, the three sisters of Amani — laughing, bare-foot, and dressed in white — appeared: Patii, the Asker; Maara, most graceful of the Island dancers; and young Tapu, whose laugh was a delight to hear. Amani left us to dress; the girls went inside to put on their slippers of white satin — treasured possessions, which might have been carried by hand, while their owners walked in comfort, if neighborly eyes had not been on the lookout along our path.

Maara came out of the house with a small basket of cocoanut frond in her hand. From the bushes by the door she filled her basket with blossoms of *tiaré-taina*, *poti-murea*, and frangipani — exquisite waxen things, delicately perfumed. Plucking a leaf of hibiscus, she doubled it over, sewed the sides together, and packed the flowers carefully into this green receptacle, turning down the point of the leaf and sewing it in place to make a cover. The others appeared; Terei took up his accordion and I my guitar, left at the dance the night before, and we straggled off along the path to the settlement.

I noticed, as we went on, that Tapu, walking beside me, was in a serious mood. She was limping a little; when I glanced at her suddenly, I surprised

an expression which, on another countenance, might have been called grim. The dark clouds we had seen about the peaks of the interior were gathering overhead; the sunlight grew watery and faded away. I heard a roar behind us like breakers on a reef — a squall of rain passing over the treetops. My companion needed no hint from me; in common with the other ladies of the party she was already stripping off her shoes, and next moment, with a sigh of relief, she handed me these instruments of martyrdom. I unfurled my umbrella, with which I proposed to shelter the slippers in my right hand, the guitar in my left, Tapu, and myself. A few large drops pattered on the leaves, the roaring grew closer, the squall struck us with a rush. For three minutes the air seemed filled with sheets of flying water; then the rain ceased, the clouds broke, and the sun shone down with greater heat than before. We were a bedraggled company. There was laughter when Tamarua greeted us at his door.

It was a feast without chairs or tables, knives or forks. We seated ourselves on mats, in two rows, facing across a double line of young banana leaves — a dark-green tablecloth, spread on the floor. For dishes, we had leaves of the hibiscus; for forks, our fingers; for knives, our teeth. Maara opened her flowers and distributed the blossoms without which no Islander feels fully dressed. Tapu seized a frangipani and drew a chuckle from the company by placing it over my right ear. No Food and Anoano (the Wish) — a girl of Tamarua's household — came in from the ovens to set platters of food on the leaves before us. I heard old Tuira's voice speaking rapidly and seriously; Tapu snatched away my flower, removed the two gardenias with which her own ears were adorned, and bent her head. The

laughter and talking ceased abruptly. I glanced about: every flower had disappeared, every head was bent. Tuira began solemnly to say grace.

She finished. The buzz of talk began where it had ceased, flowers were hastily replaced, a laugh rang out. Tamarua raised his glass. 'Manuia tatou!' he shouted; and when the glasses were empty, 'Eat!'

No urging was needed. We began with raw filets of albacore, soaked for six hours in lime juice and served with the sauce called *mitiari*, compounded of cream expressed from the meat of a ripe cocoanut, sea-water, onion, red pepper, and the juice of limes. Platters of chicken and young pig — baked underground — succeeded the fish; the pitchers of *mitiari* were refilled, and mounds of yam, taro, and breadfruit laid on the banana leaves. Last of all, plates of the pudding called *poki* were set before us — a purée of wild plantain and arrowroot, much more delicious than it sounds.

'Take warning,' said Tapu mockingly; 'it is an old saying that he who eats of the plantain will never leave the Islands.'

At last Tamarua sighed and stood up, not without an effort. His name means Two Men, and no two of my acquaintance at home could have kept pace with him that day. Under my eyes he had devoured an entire chicken, half of a suckling pig, the best part of an enormous root of taro, and breadfruit and yams unchecked. Now he stood up and proposed that the dancing should begin.

Anoano and No Food cleared away the remains of the feast; Terei unlimbered his accordion; I tuned the guitar. They danced the old-fashioned European dances — learned a generation before from sailors and the captains of trading vessels: waltz, schottische, polka, and quadrille. It was hot in the

house, despite the trade-wind blowing through the latticed walls, the musicians, at any rate, streamed perspiration and were glad when, at the end of two hours of alternate playing and dancing, someone suggested a swim.

There was a pass in the reef opposite the settlement, and the channel, showing deep blue against the green of shallower water, ran close to shore — a broad five-fathom groove in the floor of the lagoon; a place of luminous depths and blue caverns hollowed in walls of coral, peopled by iridescent fish. The sand shelved off from the beach to the edge of the coral, where one could stand waist-deep and gaze down, through thirty feet of translucency, to where the blue *pakoti* darted past in shoals. There were dangers here, when one stopped to think of them — a *noo* might lie buried in the sand to impale one's foot on its poisonous dorsal spine; an octopus might fling out an arm from its cave to grasp the swimmer's leg; a hideous *tona*, with jaws capable of engulfing a man, might dart out of its lair in the folds of coral; a hungry shark might slip in through the pass.

One heard hints of these things from the Paumotan divers — mention of silent struggles for life at incredible depths. There was a woman of Hikueru — stout, middle-aged, and matter-of-fact — known from Mangareva to Apataki for the depths at which she could work.

'How deep?' she said, in answer to a question; 'it makes little difference, — eighteen, nineteen, twenty fathoms [120 feet], — it is the same when one knows how. The weight carries you down, but when it is time to come up, you must remember to rise slowly — that is all. They say it makes one deaf, but I am not deaf. I am forty, and I can bring up as much shell as any man. Sharks? Most of them we do not mind, but now and then a bad one comes.

You can tell him at once, for he approaches slowly, while the good ones come fast and pass on. Twice, at a hundred feet, I have flattened myself on the coral and clung there while a great *mongo* pushed at me with his nose, for he could not bite me as I lay. Each time I was lucky; I found a lump of loose coral at hand and struck him on the snout — his tender spot. That hurt him and he swam away, while I rose quickly to the boat, for I knew that presently he would come back.'

The beauty of our bathing-place made us dismiss its unpleasant possibilities from mind; by daylight, and with many bathers together, the danger was remote. Tamarua had found an old canoe with the outrigger missing, and he and Terei held it firmly in the shallows while a load of girls clambered in and seated themselves gingerly in the bottom. When all were ready, a gentle push set it moving toward deep water. The fun was to see how far it would go without capsizing, for without its outrigger it was never meant to float right-side-up. The loading, the brief voyage, and the final disaster — to a chorus of delighted shouts — made a game of which the players seemed never to tire. Out by the edge of the channel, Tapu was beckoning to me, a small fluted shell in her hand. She raised her arm as I floundered alongside, and flung the shell far out into deep water. I took a long breath and dived.

It is not easy to convey in words the beauty of such a place, seen from beneath the water — the cool radiance of the light, the quivering play of color from blue to green, the shapes and tinting of the coral, the jeweled fish, gliding past in silent companies. I was a couple of fathoms beneath the surface and had sighted the shell, drifting downward in slow and erratic curves, above me and ahead, when I caught a

glimpse of a large moving shadow, crossing a patch of sandy bottom. I began to rise, peering about hastily — not without disquieting thoughts. Then I perceived the cause of the shadow. On my left and a little below me, Tapu was swimming straight for the shell — paddling easily and naturally, at unhurried speed — planning to surprise me in the under-water game at which she excelled. In this quivering, opalescent light, — against the tinted background of the coral, — her graceful motions, the floating cloud of her hair, the barbaric pattern of her *pareu*, made a picture I shall not forget. I watched her reach up and seize the shell; next moment we rose to the surface side by side, laughing and out of breath.

The sun was low in the west when we tired of the water and waded through the shallows to the beach. Old Tuira herded the girls off toward the house. We had taken a plunge at the mouth of a mountain stream, and now we sat among the pandanus roots until our skins were dry. Tamarua brought a bottle of cocoanut oil for the rub which always follows a swim — an ancient custom in Polynesia, and one which has much to do, I fancy, with the unblemished complexions of the race.

As we dressed and lit cigarettes, I heard Tuira calling to her son.

‘My mother says that you must come home with us — you and Terei,’ said Amani; ‘this is your last evening, and we shall eat together.’

On the way back, along the shore and through the bush, we said little — the shadow of parting was on us all. These people, whom we had known less than a month, had taken us in and made much of us; to-morrow we must sail away. It was possible, in the spaces of the South Pacific, that we might never again sight their island — landfall of unearthly beauty when at dawn its high and ragged skyline is sil-

houetted against banks of cloud; never clasp their hands again, or warm to their friendly smiles of greeting.

Thinking these thoughts, I sat on the verandah while the others went about the task of preparing dinner. Presently, without a word, Tuira came and sat on the mat beside me, taking my hand in hers — the Island parting. The western sky flushed and faded; the shadows deepened and the light grew dim.

Patii, Maara, Terei, and Amani were gathering fruit, and seemed to have recovered their spirits in this harvesting of food — transformed by the Islanders into a pastime. Each man carried a long pole of hibiscus wood, with which, after many ineffectual lunges, he knocked down the fruit, while a girl stood beside him, on tiptoe, to catch the descending mango, breadfruit, or alligator pear. When their baskets were full, they went behind the house to cook the meal.

Tapu stole out and slipped down beside her mother. The trade-wind had died away; it was very quiet in the bush, and cool, now that the sun had set. A colony of mynah birds, roosting in thickets of wild orange, set up a drowsy twittering; the solemn voice of the Pacific, breaking on the distant reef, rumbled its chant of eternity. Where could one find greater peace than here, in this place of unspoiled loveliness? Was not man meant to live in this fashion, — close to the old realities, — rather than in the complex and bewildering structure of civilization? Commerce, art, culture, scientific advance — what did they amount to, when the last word was said? Was it not best to make merry in simple ways; to feel the sun and rain; to eat the food one’s hands had produced; to be weary in the evening, when people gather to speak of homely things? Old questions, these — disturbing, forever without an answer.

Tuira had risen and was pulling at my sleeve: the meal was ready. An hour later, when we had said good-night, Terei and I took the path to the settlement.

There was music in the house of Tamarua — the quickening music of the native dance, stamping of feet, and laughter. Our host was sitting cross-legged on a mat, singing in a metallic voice the song of the *hura*, while his fingers vibrated over the strings of a guitar. An elderly white man, naked except for a red and yellow waist-cloth, sat in a chair, smiling as he beat time with his bare foot. This was Whitmore, for many years a trading captain, now retired to spend the evening of his life among the scenes of old boisterous days. Two native boys, with red flowers above their ears, were dancing; and, facing them, No Food and Anoano went through the curious figures of the *hura*. They had worked hard that day to give us pleasure, and now they were having their fun in good Island fashion. The chorus of the song was always the same, but Tamarua improvised words for each stanza of the verse. He was something of a humorist, judging from the shouts of laughter as we entered.

The dancing ceased; glasses were filled; I took the guitar and Terei took up the song. Urged by whispers and pats on the back, No Food stood up, swaying until she had caught the time. Then, turning her head slowly right and left, as she raised her folded arms to hide her eyes, she began to move across the room, propelled by the movements of one bare foot, while the other tapped time on the floor. She stopped, facing Tamarua, placed her hands on her hips, and smiled. He was up at a bound; as the music went faster, the others began to dance, until the old captain, unable longer to resist the spell of the *hura*, stood up to show the

youngsters what their grandmothers had taught him.

The dancing stopped after a time, and we gathered about Whitmore for a smoke. The two girls were asleep on the floor; I glanced at No Food, admiring the contours of her face — softened and youthful in sleep. The old man noticed my glance.

‘Fine girl, that,’ he remarked; ‘I’ve known her since she was a kiddie. Had a hard life — people all died in the epidemic, four years ago. I brought her up here on the Tureia — my last trip with the old packet. She’s related in some sort of way to your friend Amani, and I knew the family would take her in. I had a passenger aboard, an Austrian who had planted an atoll in the Paumotus. He got on the soft side of the girl there, and I had n’t been ashore six hours before he was off with her in another schooner — bound for his island. He was no good. A year later she was back here. Let me see — she was fourteen then — must be eighteen now. Poor kid; looks thirty, eh? Well, boys, let’s turn in; it’s late.’

There was a great deal to do next morning: gifts to select and present, luggage to be packed and stowed aboard the boat, and a long session of farewells. To Anoano and No Food, we gave a silk handkerchief each; to Amani, a pair of canvas shoes; to Tamarua, an assortment of fishing tackle; to each of the sisters of Amani, the six yards of calico which make an Island frock.

Our friends were waiting for us when we brought our boxes to the shore — waiting to load us down with their presents: hats, wreaths, fans, necklaces of bright shell from the atolls. When the last farewell had been said and it was time to go aboard, Tapu sprang at me, a strip of pandanus fibre in her hand.

‘Quick!’ she cried; ‘take off your hat; I am going to make you a better one.

It shall be waiting when you return.'

As the tape of fibre went around my head, I saw Maara hastily measuring the head of Terei. Old Tuira had my hand in both of hers, and was speaking in her deep soft voice.

'Go now,' she said, 'but come back to us, my son.'

It was evening, and we lay by the rail, smoking not too cheerfully. The clouds along the western horizon were aglow with color, but we had no eyes for the sunset; our faces were turned eastward, to where the ridges of Pari were fading from sight — high and remote against the dusky sky.

'20'

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

WE were in London, — a maiden uncle and a presumably maiden aunt and I, — and I was showing my relatives the town, which I knew well, with a fine air of proprietorship. It happened years ago. There were omnibuses in those days — not huge, self-propelled motor-buses driven at a breakneck pace through the crowded streets, but gayly painted, lazy, rotund coaches like huge beetles, driven by men with a strong family resemblance to the elder Weller.

With my party I had been climbing from the top of a bus going east to the top of another going west, when the suggestion was made that the next sight should be a bit of the roast beef of Old England. We were for a moment off the beaten track of the buses, and the only vehicle in sight was a disreputable-looking four-wheel cab, usually denominated a 'growler,' no doubt from the character of the driver. Rather against my judgment, we entered it and I gave the order, 'Simpson's, in the Strand.' The driver roused himself and his beast, and we started, but had gone only a

short distance when, in some inexplicable way, the man, who was subsequently discovered to be drunk, locked the wheels of the cab in attempting to make a sharp turn, and completely upset the ramshackle vehicle. Within there was great confusion. Just how it happened I never knew, but in some way my foot got outside the broken window; the horse moved, I heard something snap, felt a sharp pain, and knew that my leg was broken.

A crowd gathered, but the omnipresent policeman was on the spot in a moment, and order was quickly brought out of confusion. My companions were unhurt, but it was instantly realized that I was in real trouble. More policemen arrived, numbers were taken, explanations demanded and attempted; but accidents happen in the crowded streets of London at the rate of one a minute or so, and the rules are well understood. A shrill blast on a whistle brought several hansoms dashing to the scene. I had become the property of the Corporation of the City

of London in general and of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in particular. The custom is that, when one is hurt in the streets of London, one is taken at once to the nearest hospital. His not to reason why: 'It's an 'ard and faast rule.'

Fortunately, the hospital was near at hand, and in a very few moments I found myself lying on a bench in the casualty ward, writhing in agony, surrounded by a crowd of young men curious to know how it happened. The general opinion, as voiced by a young cockney, who seemed to be in authority, was that I had had a 'naasty one,' and that Mr. Pattison would probably 'take it hoff at the knee.' It was my intention to expostulate with Mr. Pattison when he arrived, and I hoped he would come quickly; but when he appeared, he seemed so intelligent and sympathetic that I indulged myself in the hope that I and 'it' would be safe in his hands.

The entrance of a seriously injured man into a London hospital confers no distinction upon him — he is regarded, not as an individual, but simply as another casualty, making six, or sixteen, taken to the operating-room that morning. My arrival, therefore, was taken quite as a matter of course. A few questions were asked by a recorder, and as soon as I had told him who I was, where I lived, my age and best friend, I was picked up, placed on a stretcher, and carried away, I knew not whither.

Within the hospital there was neither surprise, confusion, nor delay. They might have been expecting me. Almost before I knew it I was being rapidly but skillfully undressed. I say undressed, but in point of fact my trousers and one shoe were first removed with the aid of several pairs of shears in skillful hands. I was curious to see for myself the extent of the injury which seemed so interesting to those about me, but

this was not permitted. Someone ventured the opinion, for which I thanked him, that, as I was young and clean, I had more than an even chance to save my leg; another remarked that there was no place in the world like 'Bart's' for fractures, and that with luck my wound might begin to heal 'by first intention.' Meanwhile I divined rather than saw that preparations for a serious operation were under way. Nurses with ominous-looking instruments wrapped up in towels made their appearance, and I heard the word 'chloroform' used several times; then a rubber pad was put over my face, I felt someone fumbling at my wrist, and was told to take a deep breath. In a moment I was overcome by a sickening sensation occasioned by something sweetish; I felt lifted higher, higher, higher, until suddenly something seemed to snap in my head, and I awoke in exquisite pain and very sick at the stomach.

Several hours had elapsed; I found myself quite undressed, and in a bed in a large room in which were many other beds similar to mine, most of them occupied. Leaning over me was a white-capped nurse, and at the foot of the bed was a very kindly-looking woman, a lady of mature years wearing an elaborate cap, whom I heard addressed as 'Sister.' I had lost my identity and had become merely 20, Pitcairn Ward, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, — one of the oldest and, as I was to discover, one of the best hospitals in the world.

I was in great agony and very lonely. Things had happened with such rapidity that I could scarcely realize how I came to be where I was. I inquired for my relatives and was told that they would 'be here presently.' I asked for Dr. Pattison, and was told that he, too, would 'be here presently.' From the pain I felt I made no doubt that he had after all taken 'it' off at the knee, as prophesied.

'Presently' I heard outside the door a great scuffling of feet, as of the approach of a considerable crowd; then the door opened, and there entered a group of students, led by an elderly and distinguished-looking man who, visiting a row of cots in turn, finally came to mine, and, without speaking to me, took my chart from a nurse and studied it attentively. A moment later Mr. Pattison came up and explained what he had done, to all of which the distinguished man, addressed as Mr. Willett, listened closely, expressing his satisfaction and saying 'exactly' several times.

Finally Mr. Willett addressed the crowd gathered in a semi-circle about my bed. 'The patient is suffering from a compound comminuted fracture of the tibia and fibula; he was fished out of an overturned four-wheeler just by the Charterhouse Gate. Mr. Pattison has just performed an operation. He has—' Here followed a rapid and technical account of what had been done to me,—and it seemed ample,—what complications might ensue, and what was hoped for, ending by congratulating Mr. Pattison on having made a very good job. 'Six hundred yards of plaster bandage, eh? Good, very good.'

I was in great pain and too ill to listen with much attention to what more he said. At last, as an afterthought, Mr. Willett again took the chart from the nurse and, glancing at it indifferently for a moment, said, 'Ah, an American, eh?' Then, turning to me, he added, 'They've brought you to the right shop for fractures, my lad; there's no place in the world where you would be better off than just where you are, and Mr. Pattison has made as clean a job as the best surgeon in'—glancing at the chart again—'Philadelphia could have done.'

'But, doctor,' I piped (I did not then know that surgeons in England are always addressed as Mister), 'it's not

to be forgotten that Dr. Pattison has been working on excellent American material.'

Mr. Willett almost dropped the chart in amazement, and Sister told me to 'Sh-h, don't talk back.' Such a thing was unheard of, for a poor devil lying on a cot in a great charity hospital of London to bandy words with one of the greatest surgeons in England.

Mr. Willett was too surprised to say anything; he simply turned on his heel and walked away, followed by his students and the Sister, leaving the nurse to tell me that I must never, never talk back to Mr. Willett again. 'He's never to be spoke to 'nless he asks a question.'

At half-past five supper was served. I did n't get any, did n't want any. By eight o'clock we were being prepared for the night. How I dreaded it! We were a lot of poor, forlorn men and boys, twenty-four of us, all more or less broken somewhere, all suffering; some groaning and complaining, some silently bearing their agony. In the cot next to mine there was a great burly fellow who called me 'Matey' and said I was in luck. I did n't care much to pursue the subject, but asked him how he made that out. 'You've 'ad one leg broke twice, Hi 'ear; that hain't 'nuthin'. Hi 've 'ad both legs hoff at the knee, and Hi've a missus and six kiddies.'

I was inclined to agree with him; but a Susan-Nipper-like person said, 'No talking,' and I was glad she did.

The pain was dreadful. I wanted a great many little attentions, and got them from a nurse whose name after all these years I here record with respect and affection—Nurse Hare. Midnight came; I was suffering terribly; finally I asked Nurse if I could not have a hypodermic. She said she thought I could, and presently came and jabbed a little needle into my arm, at the same

time telling me to be very quiet in order that the drug might take effect. At last I fell into a troubled sleep, only to start out of it again. Still, I got a little sleep from time to time, and finally morning came. A few days later, when Nurse Hare and I were exchanging confidences, she told me the hypodermic was of cold water only. 'I could n't 'ave given you a 'ypodermic without orders,' she said.

Morning comes slowly in London; sometimes in December it can hardly be said to come at all; but breakfast comes. By six o'clock the gas was lit, hot water and basins and towels were passed about to those who could use them. Confusion took the place of comparative quiet. I had not tasted food for almost twenty-four hours. I was hungry. The pain in my leg was a deep throbbing pain, but it could be borne. I began to look about me; someone said, 'Good morning, 'Twenty,' and I replied, 'Good morning, Seventeen. What kind of a night did you have?' 'Rotten; 'ad the 'ump.' It occurred to me that I had always wanted to talk a pure and undefiled cockney, and that I now had an excellent opportunity to learn. Breakfast, which came to me on a tray, was delicious: porridge and milk, tea, bread, butter, and jam. I wanted a second round, but something was said about temperature, and I was forced to be content.

Late in the day, as it seemed, but actually about nine o'clock, my uncle came to see me. Poor fellow, he too had passed a sleepless night and showed it. What he could do for me? There was just one man I wanted to see above all others, my friend Hutt, — or as he himself pronounced it, 'Utt, — the bookseller in Clements Inn Passage. Would my uncle go and bring him to me? He would; he did not say so, but he would have fetched me a toothpick from the farthest inch of Asia if I had asked

for it. He had never seen Mr. Hutt, he had only been in London some forty-eight hours, he did not know his way around, and was as nervous as a hen. I told him as well as I could where Hutt's shop was, and he started off; as he went, I noticed he was carrying my umbrella, which had a rather curious horn handle studded with round-headed silver tacks — quite an unusual-looking handle. I am telling the exact truth when I say that my uncle promptly lost his way, and an hour later my friend Hutt, hurrying along the crowded Strand, saw a man wandering about, apparently looking for someone or something, *and carrying my umbrella*, went up, and calling my uncle by name (he had heard me speak of him), asked if he could direct him anywhere. My uncle was amazed, as well he might be, and conducted my friend, or rather was conducted by him, to my bedside.

When Mr. Willett came in on his rounds later in the day, my uncle entered upon a rather acrimonious discussion with him on the subject of my being a charity patient in a public ward. Mr. Willett explained very patiently that I should have every attention, but as for private rooms, there were none. Whatever I needed the hospital would supply, but under the rules nothing could be brought in to me, nothing of any kind or character, and no tips or fees were permitted. Finally my uncle, dear old man, broke down and cried, and then Mr. Willett, like the gentleman he was, said, —

'I tell you what I'll do. There are no private rooms, but so sure am I that your nephew would not in a week's time go into one if there were, that I promise that, when he can be moved without danger, I will personally put him in a nursing home and take care of him myself if he wishes it; but I know from experience that your nephew will find so much of interest going on about him

that he will wish to remain here. We have had gentlemen here before — why, sir, nobility even.'

With this we were forced to be content, and it turned out exactly as Mr. Willett prophesied.

My greatest discomfort arose from being compelled to remain always in one position. With my leg in a plaster cast, in which there were two windows through which my wounds were observed and dressed, and securely fastened in a cradle, I was compelled to remain on my back, and I could move only my upper body without assistance. At first I found this desperately irksome, but I gradually became accustomed to it. I was greatly helped by a simple device which I thought at the time a great blessing; and I have never seen it elsewhere, and wonder why. In the wall about eight feet above the head of each bed was set a stout iron bracket, a bracket strong enough to bear the weight of a heavy man. From the end of the bracket, about thirty inches from the wall, hung a rope, perhaps five feet long; a handle-bar, with a hole in it, through which the rope passed, enabled one to adjust the handle at any height desired above the bed. A knot at the end of the rope prevented the handle slipping off and fixed the lower limit of its travel, but it could be adjusted by another knot at any higher point desired. The primary object of this device, which was called a pulley, was to enable the patient to lift himself up in bed without subjecting his lower body to strain of any kind. But it had many other purposes. From it one could hang one's newspaper, watch, or handkerchief, and it served also as a harmless plaything. Have you seen a kitten play with a ball of wool? In like manner have I seen great men relieve the monotony with their pulley, spinning it, swinging it, sliding the handle up and down, for hours at a time.

II

Without suggesting that I was in any way a conspicuous person in the ward, I am bound to say that my fellow patients treated me as a 'toff,' in other words, as a swell. This was due solely to the fact that I had a watch. Such a possession in a public ward of a London hospital is like keeping a carriage or a gig; to use Carlyle's word, it is a mark of respectability. Frequently during the night I would hear some poor sleepless sufferer say, 'Hi siay, Twenty, wot time his it?' It occurred to me that it would be a nice thing to have one of my friends go to Sir John Bennett's, the famous clockmaker, and buy a small clock with a very soft strike, which would mark the hours without disturbing anyone. I spoke to Nurse Hare about it, and she to someone in authority. The answer came; no gifts could be accepted while I was in the hospital. After my discharge any gifts I might see fit to make should be sent to the hospital to be used as the authorities thought best, and not to any ward in particular. Another 'ard and faast rule,' and a good one.

Before a week had passed, Christmas was upon us. The afternoon before, I sent out for a copy of 'The Christmas Carol,' which I had read so often before and have read so often since on Christmas Eve. Through this little book Dickens has, more than any other man, given Christmas its character of cheer and good-will; but it reads better in London than elsewhere.

'How's the weather outside?' I asked, looking up from my book, of a 'dresser' who had just come in.

'There's snow on the ground and a regular "London particular" [fog], and it's beginning to sleet.'

I thanked my lucky stars that I was in bed as warm as toast, and wondered what I would get for a 'Christmas box,'

that is to say, a Christmas present, for we were all looking forward to something. There was to be a tree in the adjoining ward, but as I could not be moved, I was to have my presents brought to me. I can still see the gifts I received from kindly disposed ladies! Useful gifts! A little game of cards played with scripture texts, a handkerchief primarily intended for mental stimulation, with the alphabet and numbers up to ten printed thereon, a pair of socks, hand-knitted, of a yarn of the consistency of coarse twine, a pair of pulse-warmers, and a book, — a copy of *The British Workman*, — and last, but not least, a pair of stout, hob-nailed shoes. Ladies, too, came and offered to read to me, assuming that I could not read to myself, and in other ways showed their kindness of heart. God bless them every one!

No one ever worked harder at a foreign language than I did at learning cockney. I drawled my *o*'s and *i*'s, and lengthened my *a*'s, and dropped my *h*'s and picked them up again and put them in the wrong place, and I had the best instructors in London. A few in the ward could read, but more could not, and almost without exception they spoke that peculiar dialect which is the curious inheritance of the Londoner. Those of us whose memories go back twenty-five years or so remember it as the medium of that great music-hall artist, Albert Chevalier. His songs were then all the rage, as were, too, Gus Ellen's. As we became better acquainted, we sang them together, and I then acquired an accomplishment which has even yet not entirely deserted me. (I should have said that it was the custom for the surgical wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital to take in accident cases continuously until all the beds were full; as a result, most of the patients entered about the same time, and we came to know one another, by num-

ber, very intimately in the two- or four- or six-weeks' residence.)

Mr. Willett was quite right, I would not have been moved into a private room for something handsome. There were so many men worse off than myself, that I forgot myself in thinking of others. 'Twenty-one' lost both feet; I certainly was fortunate compared with him. 'Seventeen,' while cleaning a plate-glass window from a ladder, had slipped and plunged through the window, damaging himself horribly in half a dozen ways; I certainly was lucky compared with him. 'Eight' had undergone three serious operations and another one was contemplated. In short, as soon as I became reasonably comfortable, I began to feel quite at home. I had my books, papers, and magazines, and spent hours in playing checkers for a penny a game with a poor chap who had lost an arm. He almost always beat me, but a shilling was not much to pay for an afternoon's diversion.

No one could spend two months or so in St. Bartholomew's Hospital without seeking to know something of its history. Its origin is shrouded in antiquity. In the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, wedged into a corner of Smithfield just outside the gate, is the tomb of its founder, Rahere, a minstrel or court-jester of Henry I. While on a pilgrimage to Rome, he was stricken with a serious illness, during which he made a vow that, if he lived to get back to London, he would build a hospital in thanksgiving. Thus it was that in the year 1102 a priory and hospital were founded. Thanks to the protests of the citizens of London, it not only escaped the attentions of Henry VIII, when he entered upon his period of destruction, but it was even said to have been re-established by him. Thenceforth it came to be regarded as the first of royal hospitals. In receipt of a princely income, it has from time out of mind been the

scene of great events in surgical and medical science. Harvey, physician of Charles I, and discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was chief physician of the hospital for more than thirty years. A roll of the distinguished names would be tedious, but Mr. Willett was quite right when he said that I had come to the right shop for fractures. 'We make a specialty of fractures' might have been adopted as a slogan, had slogans been in vogue when the famous surgeon, Percival Pott, was thrown from his horse and sustained a compound fracture, and with difficulty prevented a brother surgeon from giving him first aid with a knife and saw. How he directed the treatment of his own case and saved his leg, is one of the many legends of the place.

But to return to Pitcairn Ward. It was a large room with a high ceiling, with two rows of beds, twelve to a row, on either side of a wide aisle. It was heated by a soft-coal-burning device, something like a range, but with a large open grate, the smoke from which curled lazily up the chimney. One morning it was discovered that the fire was out; and as this seemed to indicate neglect and certainly meant work for the ward-maid, each patient as he awoke and made this discovery sang out cheerily, 'Fire's out.' To these remarks the maid usually replied by asking the speaker to mind his own business; or perhaps she contented herself by making faces or sticking her tongue out at him.

Presently a curious sound was heard from the chimney, as of a fluttering of birds, followed by a curious cry, 'Peep, peep, peep,' which was instantly recognized by those familiar with it as being the professional call of the chimney-sweep. Someone cried, 'Sweeps!' The effect was instantaneous. As, when one discovers a ship in mid-ocean and announces the fact, all rush to the rail, so all who could crowded in wheel-chairs

around the fireplace, only to be told to 'Be haff' by the ward-maid, who did not like to have the morning's routine interfered with.

Soon the sounds grew louder until, at last, a tall, slender lad, black with soot from head to foot, armed with brushes and brooms, slid down into the grate, leaped out, gave a little scream, bowed, and disappeared almost before we could clap our eyes upon him. My intention had been to ask the little urchin to get into a bed next to mine, at that moment vacant, and to give an imitation of Charles Lamb's chimney-sweep 'asleep like a young Howard in the state bed of Arundel Castle.' I probably saved myself a lot of trouble by being so surprised at this quick entrance and get-away that I said not a single word. 'A chimney-sweeper quickly makes his way through a crowd by being dirty.'

Anything kinder, anything more considerate than the authorities of the hospital, from Mr. Willett down to the ward-maid, could hardly be imagined. There was, however, one ordeal against which I set my face like flint: namely, shaving. Shaving was, I think, an extra; its cost, a penny. Every day a man and a boy entered the ward, the boy carrying a small tub filled with thick soapsuds, the man with a razor, incredibly sharp. One cried, 'Shaves?' and perhaps from two or half a dozen beds came the word, 'Yus.' No time was lost in preliminaries. A common towel was tied around one's neck, and a brush like a large, round paint-brush was dipped into the thick lather. With a quick movement, the result of much practice, the boy made a pass or two from ear to ear; with a twist and a return movement, the cheeks, lips, mouth, and chin were covered with soap. The man wielded a razor in much the same manner, and the victim spent the next hour or two patting his face with his

hands, then withdrawing them and looking at them, as if he expected to see them covered with blood. The operation was complete.

I use the word 'operation' advisedly; although chloroform was not administered, I always insisted that it should have been. The first surgeons were barbers; at least, the two trades were closely allied, and in England they seem to be allied still. Thanks to the kindness of one of the 'dressers,' when I became well enough to be shaved, I had a real barber in from a nearby shop. It cost me half a crown and was a prolonged agony rather than a brief one — that was the chief difference; in essentials the operation was the same. Is it surprising that in England gentlemen invariably shave themselves?

Some men make excellent patients, I am told, when they are very ill, and allow their bad traits to come to the surface as they become convalescent. It was so in my case. I grew tired of the life, and began inquiring how much longer my leg was to be kept in plaster. Fortunately I had no idea of the ordeal of removing a plaster cast which reached from one's toes to one's hip. At last the day came, and I shall never forget it. I had first been permitted to limp around the ward on crutches for a few days, and soon learned to manage them very nicely; and when a time was set for my leg to come out of plaster, I was very thankful. It was the work of hours; every tiny hair on my leg was firmly set in plaster of Paris, and the removal of the cast occasioned such continuous pain that several times I thought I should faint. At last, however, the task was accomplished, and I looked down at the leg which had been the subject of so much discussion, which had been 'dressed' so often. It was a poor thing, but mine own; no one else would have had it: a poor, shrunken, shortened, emaciated member, but

whole, thank God! I did not then know that a year after the accident happened I should be walking as well as ever; and let me say that I have never had a twinge of pain in it since. Mr. Willett and Mr. Pattison, and 'Sister' and Nurse Hare, I doff my hat to you.

Measurements were taken for a leather stocking, which was a work of art; and finally a date was set for my dismissal. A room had been secured for me in a not distant lodging, for I still had to go to the hospital once or twice a week to have the rapidly healing wounds dressed. I made my departure from the hospital early one afternoon, in what was called a private ambulance; but I am certain that the vehicle was generally used as a hearse. The stretcher on which I was laid was on casters, and was pushed into the rear door of a long low contrivance with glass sides.

As we prepared to drive away from the hospital gate, an effigy, that, of Henry, the Eighth of that name, looked down upon me from his niche over Smithfield Gate. A crowd gathered, and from my horizontal position the unusual sight of so many people moving about in perpendicular made me dizzy. I closed my eyes and heard someone inquire, 'Is he dead?'

I was very unhappy, and still more so when, half an hour later, I found myself in a very tiny bedroom, as it seemed to me, and in *a bed with no pulley*. I could have cried; indeed, I think I did. I wanted to go back to the hospital; I felt that I was being neglected and would die of suffocation. A maid came in and asked if I wanted anything. 'Want anything!' I certainly did, and I gave her a list of things I wanted in the most approved cockney. As she left my room, I heard her say to another maid just outside the door, 'Ave you 'eard that bloke hin there talk? Faaney 'im tryin' to paass 'isself hoff as comin' from New York!'

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

IV. THE WAGES OF YOUTH

JÉAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

DETROIT in 1868, says the old gentleman, was different. Many a true Detrouiter has told us this, and we know by hearsay of that vanished golden age. Robert at twenty-one was there in time. In that far superior Detroit he set about to earn a living, and this is what offered: he might have been a baggage-man, had he not explained that he must leave in September to enter college. But for this indiscretion again, he might have been a rough carpenter working for the government in the lighthouses along the Lake shore. And at last he signed up as purser aboard the Sea Bird, plying between Cleveland and Toledo. With Robert waiting to board her as purser, the Sea Bird burned to the water's edge.

Without a harsh word for Detroit, Robert went west to Chicago. And almost at once he begins to make that city over. Many a thing he did for Chicago before he became a minister, and this is the first: he worked for a month on the new directory.

The critical cases were given to Robert, claims the old gentleman, because he had a way with him. With this way of his he came to be in strange houses — the houses of foreigners who suspected the uses of the census, the houses of irritable housewives loath to leave their work. And, on a day, the house of a woman in a decent dress who bids him

be seated. He takes out his little book to list the inhabitants of that house, and he observes as they pass the door that they look in at him, and that they are girls. Two of them, more curious than the others, come in and eye him closely.

'When the madame told them what I wanted,' says the old gentleman, 'and that I had come to list them, they laughed and rushed away. And then she said to me, "Young man, this is no place for you." She said it very kindly, too.'

Such segregations were new to Robert, who pondered them on that day of '68; but the old gentleman at this end of time thinks rather of that maternal kindness in that least likely place.

Having put Chicago, red lights and all, upon the map, young Robert enters a box-factory, and here he meets with his first machine. There was such a lack of affinity between him and a machine as cannot be put in words. We make out that there was no heart in that machine. For a week he took away the boards it threw him with an incredible punctuality and without let or breathing. The heels of his one pair of shoes wore away in the service of that machine, and still without ceasing he slaved. Until on the morning of the sixth day he just *could n't* go to work. He *could n't*. He sacrificed that blood-money, packed his carpet-bag, and set

out on a country road to the south of Chicago. There was room on that spring day in the prairie lands about the city of Chicago for the escape of a lad from a box-machine.

Young like that, and with your carpet-bag in your hand and the prairies all before you, you cannot do better than trust to a man with a wagon. A taxi could never do as much for you — never. Seated by the man in his wagon, you tell him what you need and he tells you where it may be had. At the cross-roads it is to be had, and he drops you there. Sure enough, you sleep that night under a farmer's roof, — the roof provided for you by the man with the wagon, — and this in spite of the judgment passed upon you by the farmer's wife, which is adverse. She is heard to tell her husband that you are no farm-hand, but just a shop-clerk. Could a taxi driver have put you to bed in that house?

Because of a way he had with a given horse, a poor temperamental mare, Robert worked all summer on that farm. And the day he remembers well was the fourth of July. Yes, and the day after. Very early on the morning of the fourth of July the farmer and his wife and the other hired hand — for there was another — went away to Chicago. They went to celebrate the Fourth, and the hired hand wore Robert's best trousers. He was an Austrian, and bigger than Robert by a good deal; but, never mind, he had begged the loan of the trousers and they just *had* to fit.

Robert had a long, delicious, solitary day cultivating corn. Not being an experienced American, he knew no better than to work on the Fourth of July. No bigger than usual, — smaller indeed than usual, — we see him at the very heart of the wide prairie summer, busy in the corn, and the odd sound we hear is himself singing. He

sang 'Nancy Lee' all that day, says the old gentleman, complacently; he had just learned to sing it. And late that night, when the farmer returned, the Austrian was not with him.

The trousers!

On the morning of the fifth, Robert on the temperamental mare set out to find his trousers. 'What, in all Chicago?' we ask. But no, Robert thought he would know where to look: he would look in the saloons. You see how wise he was for a teetotaler. And in the very first saloon, on the outskirts of the town, there were indeed the trousers. They were cleaning out the saloon, after the wreckage of the Fourth. You are to remember what they were — trousers of a very special decency, and Robert meaning to go to college and to be a minister and all!

Robert certainly had a way with tipsy men, for there are the two of them, going away from the saloon and back to the farm. Robert on his horse rides to the rear of the trousers that are, oh, so pitiful. They pitifully halt and stumble. And if presently you think you see the trousers a-horseback, the beggar riding and Robert afoot, you are right; for so it is, the old gentleman confesses it. And just as you foresaw, the beggar gives the mare a cut and off they go at full gallop, back again to the pit from which the trousers have been digged. And it is all to be done over, with the difference that Robert rides, and it is evening.

II

On a day in September Robert asked for his wages, as he must now be going to college. Forty-two dollars the farmer owed him, and well he knew that his farm-hand must be going to college, and when. But never a cent would he be paying him then, for there was his hay, said he, in the field. And there for all of Robert it is standing to this day.

At the crossroads Robert sat down by his carpet-bag and took account of the five cents in his pocket. He sits and sits, looking up and down the road that is empty in the September sunlight, and presently he feels a tear.

'Oh, but *why?*' we exclaim, terribly upset, because by now we are inured to poverty and we had banked on Robert not to cry.

'Because I thought there would be a man with a wagon,' explains the old gentleman, off the top of this remembrance; and then he says that it was a tear of self-pity, Robert's first, and that feeling it there on his cheek, he jumped up and was angry. He starts off with his carpet-bag while we hurry up the man with the wagon — it is a load of hay this time, and not alert.

In those days the street-car came to the end of Archer Avenue. There Robert was dropped by the hay wagon. And that would have been all right, too, but the fare was six cents, and Robert with five in his pocket! Surely you begin to feel now how wrong it is to add a penny to the five-cent fare. Robert parleys with the conductor of that street-car before he goes aboard; do not think that he is the only lad who has done so, and with shame. Yes, he says that he felt like a beggar when the conductor told him to come aboard anyway and 'We'll see what we can do.' And from the foot of Archer Avenue to the heart of Chicago the conductor ignores Robert, who remembers him to this day. 'And that was the day,' says the old gentleman, glad to turn from these hard details to romance, 'that I entered college.' 'But you had not a penny,' we remind him; but oh, yes, he had; for he collected at once and upon that very day ten dollars that were owing him.

'Now who could have owed you ten dollars?' we ask him. But he has forgotten long ago — some poor fellow, he

tells us, and that you must never despair of the return of money you have loaned; neither, indeed, must you expect it. And he will tell us strange tales of money returned after many years, — from good men and bad men, — and do we remember the English bride and groom who brought a puppy to pay their hard-luck loan?

We remember too, too many of the old gentleman's loans, and we like to forget them. We think it fortunate that his debtor of 1868 paid him ten dollars and not a pup. We bring him back to that September day in the heart of Chicago, and himself about to enter college.

There is nothing adequate in us to feel what the old gentleman so obviously felt — and feels — of the thrilling climactic value of this event. We try to feel it, and we can only feel that here is Youth come at last by desperate ways to his 'hunger's rarest food and water ever to his wildest thirst.' We follow him, after his registration, along Cottage Grove Avenue and the railroad track, upon a never-to-be-forgotten walk which he took solely to savor this consummation. But we follow him at a distance, not to disturb him with our thoughts of the probable bleakness of the old building where he has registered, and of the odd fancy that has lighted for a celebration upon a railroad track. It must be surely that he has meat to eat that we know not of. And this brings us back to the matter of a living.

'But surely,' we ask him, 'you did not let the farmer keep the forty dollars you had earned!'

That he did not. On every Saturday afternoon for eight weeks he dunned that farmer, from whom on each visit he received five dollars. And with this and the money he earned from delivering the *Chicago Republican*, he lived. He rose at four and delivered papers until eight, and he lived, we are begged

to believe, uncommonly well. And he was a great walker! Let us hope so. And that to this day, when he sees a lad at a meal of pancakes and coffee in a restaurant, he thinks of himself in those wonderful academic days. It was then, he tells us, that he fell into his cherished way of working late at night. And in those days, too, he made friends.

This is the way he made a friend in church: he was standing in the aisle while the minister was praying, and he saw — don't ask him how — a pair of shoes beside his own. They were old country shoes. And when the prayer was done, he looked up from the shoes into the face of a youth like himself, and that was the beginning of a friendship.

There is this about selling newspapers — you don't keep it up. All the most interesting newsboys are ex-newsboys. They may have loved the calling that had them up before the dawn, but for financial reasons they have left it, little materialists that they are. And Robert was like that. On a day in November, the sun having risen later than usual on that day, he set out to get him a new job.

'I thought I would go along South Water Street,' says the old gentleman, 'and go up every stair. At the corner of Wells Street and at the top of the first stair I saw an open door, and at a table, with his back to the door, a man writing like thunder. He wore a slouch hat. He heard my feet and that I paused at the door, and he said, but he did not turn around, —

'Well, what can I do for *you*?'

'I want a job, sir.'

'What can you do?'

'Anything, sir.'

'We don't want *you*, sir!' came the instant report from that man, who never turned to look at our Robert at the door!

One of the lovers of our old gentleman begs to know why in all these

words about him there is no word of his eyes and his voice. And at this reproach we claim that we are saving them up. But in our hearts we wonder how could that man in the slouch hat not have turned to the voice at the door? For then he would have seen the eyes — and who knows? But no, there he is through all the years, never turning, and writing like thunder.

Now Robert going down the stairs is saying to himself, 'There must be a *reason*! He did n't look at me, so it was n't that. Or ask me other questions. There must be a *reason*!' And before he went up the next stair he thought he had light.

There, in an office full of youths addressing envelopes, Robert begs to speak to Mr. Wells. 'How did you know his name was Wells?' we ask the old gentleman, who says, 'The name was on the door.' And presently he says to Mr. Wells, —

'I want a job, sir.'

'What can you do?'

'I can address envelopes,' clips out Robert, little flashes of the new light shining through the chinks of him. And when Mr. Wells says, but that is only boy's work, Robert answers, in the best melodramatic form, 'All I want is to earn my bread, sir!'

And so he does: he earns his bread addressing envelopes. But oh, he has such a way with envelopes that his employer remarks it. On the very first pay-day it is remarked, and his life-story is inquired into, and his aims are asked after, and this searching question is put: —

'Can you live on five dollars a week?'

'I have to, sir,' says Robert, with exactly the accent that you imagine you hear when you are reading these things in a book.

And then you hear that on Monday he is to be made foreman of all those young scribes!

Do you hear that, you who write like thunder, never turning the head?

As foreman he received ten dollars a week, and there was once more money to send home. We seem not to have heard from home this long time, but that is only because the news is too sad. The old gentleman was wishing not to tell us the news, for Murdo is ill and his mother is dead. People will not be wishing to know these things, they are too sad, the old gentleman tells us; and we remark in him the beginning of a secret look and a look of warning. We have a feeling that if we pass too often this way we will come to a door marked, 'Strictly Private,' and with fresh paint. So we withdraw. We turn to the door marked, 'Business Only.' And there we come upon a figure in the grand manner — and this is My Employer!

There is this difference between My Employer and the statues of frock-coated, estimable men to be seen in parks — he has a heart. He has a most practical and lively interest in young men who go to college. He pays them exorbitant wages, and like Joseph in the car of Pharaoh, they go abroad adorned with the symbols of trust and office. In My Employer's chariot they go abroad, and there is an Ethiopian to drive them. They collect rents. They are all day gone collecting rents, and munching on a lunch put up by the wife of My Employer. Fabulous things happen to them, both of good and of evil. To Robert himself there happened the affair of The Barber Who Would Not Pay His Rent. On a Saturday night he would not pay his rent; rather he would pay it on a Monday. And on the Monday his house was not to be found among the houses upon Front Street. Hundreds of detached small houses there were on Front Street, all alike, and among them, neither on that Monday nor thereafter, was there found any timber of number 632, or ser-

pent on a pole, or smell of a barber. The house, I do assure you, had vanished. The old gentleman believes that the barber took it away on wheels, thus breaking the Sabbath; but the Aladdin look of Robert, in these days of the late sixties, makes us wonder.

We had supposed that My Employer's name was Wells, but no, his name is now Forsythe. He is a lawyer. Robert was a present from Mr. Wells to Mr. Forsythe, and there would be mention in the inventory — be sure of it — of the eyes and of the voice. And of 'thirty-two sound teeth; small but comely; willing; of good habits, and has a way with him. Teetotaler.'

From the day Robert receives ten dollars a week and is delivered over to My Employer, we seem to lose him. He passes and repasses us on his weighty errands in the chariot of Pharaoh, and he would salute us if he saw us, never doubt it; but all his eye is upon My Employer. When we reproach him with this, as we cannot always forbear to do, he has his reasons. On such a day Long John Wentworth called upon My Employer, and on another day, N. B. Judd. We are to understand from the old gentleman that really nothing of importance occurred in Chicago without the let of My Employer.

'Well, there was the fire,' we suggest; and the old gentleman is taken back a bit. He cannot prove that My Employer either provided or prevented the fire. Having brought him to earth, we try to get news of our Robert.

'Do tell us,' we beg, 'what Robert lost in the fire!'

And the old gentleman says, taken by surprise like this, — and make what you like of it, —

'That was the summer I had met your mother.' And then with immediate craft he amends, 'I lost my mother's letters.'

And many books he lost, though he

saved a dictionary. And this he claims to have observed, standing at the bridge at Wells Street, over which the refugees streamed on that illuminated night, that all the men were talking and talking and talking and all the women were silent. Did you ever? And oh, yes, he remembers now that he lost in the fire a valuable stone set in a ring and given him by My Employer!

We give it up. We wait until the day when My Employer calls him to the inner office and makes him the familiar offer — the offer made by the Francie Henrys of the farm and by the eloquent uncle of the doctor's practice. There is the august person of My Employer making the familiar proffering gesture, and Robert once more the gesture of refusal. We know we have him back again minus the chain of office and the seal-ring lost in the fire. But oh, if you hear a chinking in the pocket of Robert who has returned to us, that is a real chinking, and of more than two bawbees! For a little while there is that chinking, and it is surely an odd sound, a kind of sound of fairy gold soon to vanish by way of the post and other ways.

III

In those days Robert lived on the second floor of the dormitory of a theological seminary. Often he wearied of Chicago. 'I was often homesick then,' says the old gentleman. 'Oh, I could have painted the heather on the hills and the very rocks among the heather!'

'But all the time you were with your Employer you never said a word of this,' we urge, 'and we thought —'

'Because it was too sad,' says the old gentleman, hoping we will let him off without the story of Katie. But that we could never do — and Robert with a sound of money in his pocket.

It would be on a night of the summer of '72, not a moonlight night. There

were four theological students in the old hall, the rest were on vacation. The old gentleman thinks that there were stars. Robert was asleep in his room above the entrance, and he woke suddenly to a cough that was his mother's cough.

'I thought it was my mother coughing,' says the old gentleman, 'and I knew it was not. I sat up in bed and I heard the cough again. Down at the outer door. I put my head out of the window and there in the starlight I saw a woman. "Who's there?" I called, and she turned her face up. "It's me, Rubie," she said; "it's Katie." And it was my sister Katie.'

A bed was made for her that night in one of the empty rooms, and there that Highland girl slept after what lonely journeyings. What did they talk of, those two who had been parted now six years? The old gentleman cannot bring himself to tell us. There is not a brother left to him, and of his little sisters here is Katie looking to him for what it is now too late for him to do. She was very intelligent, he tells us, and very brave. She had need to be. She was with him six weeks, and of a day in the last of these weeks we have this account. That it was raining. And that Robert was walking up and down his room as a young man does who is making a sermon — and so he was: Robert was making a sermon to preach that very Sunday. And that Katie was not turning her head away from the window at all; she was looking out at the rain. And that she said, —

'Robert, if I should die would you bury me here?'

And that Robert then asked her would she like to be going home now?

And that she said, 'O Rubie, I would fine like to be going.'

And they went. At once.

This is how Robert came to go home in the summer of '72. And on the dock in New York there came up to him a

young Scot with his wife — and would Robert give her over to her mother in Greenock? She was that homesick there was nothing else for it. And it may be three months will do it, the husband thinks.

But why did he pick on Robert? And we are reminded that the whole of them were Scotch, and it would be the white tie. At which, upon looking well at Robert, we do observe that he wears a white tie.

‘Did you go second cabin?’ we ask.

But no, because of Katie they went first cabin. And when they came to Greenock the mother of the little homesick bride came out in a boat, and the girl, except that Robert restrained her, would have gone over the side before she could get down the ladder. And when they came to their own home village of the three corners, there truly it was, and oh, but it was little and wee! All perfect it was, as remembered, but so low and under such a sky as you could lay hands upon. You could never have believed it.

And there is another boy that cannot be yourself selling tickets from your very window. The first man you meet in the street is the blacksmith you worked for; and you are glad to see him, but he cannot remember you. He is looking at your white tie and at your young face that is too eager, with the ironic indifference of the aged.

‘Don’t you remember me?’ you ask him.

And he says, ‘I canna just seem to remember.’

Ah, well, there are two little sisters in the house; they will trouble to remember who is the young man at the door, with poor Katie come home so soon. They cook a haddock for him, remembering gleefully more than they ever knew. But when the young stranger with the white tie knocks on the door of his father’s workshop, that old man

looks at him long and asks, ‘Now *wha* might *ye* be?’

This is the work of six years, plus a white tie.

The old gentleman has little to say of his two weeks in that village. He casts about for pleasing adventures with which to enliven us. He tells us how he knocked upon a door to claim his clean linen, and there across the ironing-table was Euphemia, her skirts kilted to her knees like the Highland girl she was. ‘You remember,’ says the old gentleman, ‘I kissed her once.’

And we remember. But surely the memory of one kiss does not make a summer, and we feel a growing bleakness in the village of three corners. We bear it as long as we can and then we say, ‘Oh, let’s go home!’

‘I was just thinking of that myself,’ says Robert; ‘but first I must go to see my old aunt in Nigg.’

When Robert went to see his old aunt in Nigg, his father went with him. And it was observed of old Winter that he talked more to that son of his, home on visit, than ever he had been known to talk to another. Aye, wherever they went together, they talked. On this day young Robert wore an overcoat. Chilly he was, most like, and his aunt, thinking as much, went to a cupboard from which she brought a brown bottle and two glasses.

‘Three, surely,’ we say; but the old gentleman remembers well that it was two. And said she, —

‘You’ll have a drop, Robert.’

Robert said, ‘Not any, thanks.’

‘Aye, lad,’ said she, ‘but you’re chilly.’

‘No, really, aunt,’ says our Robert, ‘I make it a habit not to take it.’

‘Ah, but you’ll tak this, man,’ she tells him with an obvious zest; ‘it’s *smuggled!*’

‘Even so, aunt, do not press me, for I have religious scruples against it.’

Oh dear, oh dear! Who could abide it! 'Releegious scruples, is it? Aye, aye!' and she wags her head. 'Releegious scruples!' And if a flash from old eyes could blast a white tie, then that tie is blasted. 'Nay, it's just proud you are, and not wishing to drink with your old aunt!' She busies herself filling the glasses, flicking him with her glance and muttering about 'releegious scruples — aye, aye!'

'Now, John,' she says to Robert's father, 'you'll tak a drop.' And she sits at the table. She folds her hands under her apron. John folds his old hands by his glass. The two of them look at Robert — he of the white tie — and she says in an accent of sharpest irony, 'Noo, Robert, you'll ask the blessing!'

Robert asks the blessing on the whiskey he would not drink. So much for him and his religious scrupling in the very home and birthplace of that art.

'It was not my conviction vexed her,' explains the old gentleman, 'but my manners. If I had never mentioned my scruples at all, but had raised the glass to her and to my father, I need only have said, "Slyanche!" — and that is the old Gaelic toast — to have taken the curse off my abstinence.'

But Robert thought of this too late. We know those words that come to mind too late and can never now be said.

Odd, is n't it? But Robert cannot remember his second going-away. Too

many have gone away before him, who are not there to see him go. He cannot remember was it afternoon or evening, or what it was. But he remembers that, when he came to sail from Greenock, there was that Scotchman's bride at the boat, and she was just begging him to take her home with him, for home is in the West after all.

'She cried and all,' says the old gentleman; 'but I remembered how her husband had said, "three months would do it," and here was no more than two weeks gone. So I left her.'

And she crying and all!

There was something very special about the spire of Trinity Church in those days when seen from a ship's deck. You saw it from the Narrows, as you entered New York harbor. It was very high — the old gentleman says so. It thrust up into the bright air above the soil of America in a particular way. Robert, still sad from that little wee village of three corners and something strange and haunted there, saw this spire from the ship, and in his heart he felt a thrilling recognition and an appropriation — it was as if he took possession then of his country and of his man's estate. Hail! he said. And oh, he said, farewell. Farewell!

But many a time since, the old gentleman has wished — I have heard him wish it — that Robert had raised his glass to his old aunt and to his father, saying, 'Slyanche!'

(The End)

ENGLISH WAYS—AND BYWAYS. II

I

'BY LOVE UNFEIGNED'

BEFORE leaving Shrewsbury, I had told Ruth on which train I would leave Saltbridge; and, as I had to change trains at Manchester, she could send a wire to the station there if she had any special orders to give me. The wire was awaiting me, and from it I found that not only had Ruth gone off 'on her own' to Deepford, but that she had received an invitation from the Sanfords asking us both to come to them. She said that she was proceeding to London, and that she would go to the Sanfords by train, and hoped I would meet her there with the car.

So I returned to Shrewsbury, and the next day drove slowly through Stratford-on-Avon, where I had been before, and so did not stop, waiting till Ruth and I could make the pilgrimage together. I caught a glimpse of the spire of the parish church and could 'visualize' the smug bust in the chancel which an ungrateful town permits to be called Shakespeare!

I stopped the night at Banbury, where there is one of those old coaching inns which affect the imagination like an old print. The following day I went on to Oxford, where I left the car, and ran up to London for some necessary shopping.

When I returned to Oxford, I went again on my way and spent the night at Ipswich, in the same inn in which Mr. Pickwick had his compromising adventure with the lady in curl-papers. But there was nothing seen to recall that joyous night. No one I saw looked as if he had heard of the most distinguished guest the inn had ever entertained!

The next day I reached the Sanfords' for tea. I understand now why the heroine in an English novel always arrives at tea-time! It is the ideal hour. One does not have to dress for a function and is received into the family at once.

This family consists of but two persons, — the husband and wife, — a lovely couple. I do not know which of them we loved best when the visit was over. An antestor of Mr. Sanford was one of the Non-Jurors — and that night I lay in his bed. As a bed, it was a good bed, but as a place for sleeping, it was naught — as Touchstone would have said. As I lay awake, I thought of the noble folly of the Non-Jurors, and of Macaulay's unsympathetic picture of them; though curiously enough, the only time he speaks well of a bishop, so far as I remember, is when he praises the 'Seven Bishops.' How characteristic this is! They are admirable when they defy the Stuart, but contemptible when they refuse to bow the knee to his Dutch hero! These thoughts led me on to Henry Esmond, — that most interesting prig, — and so on, hour after hour, the mind wandered through the history of England till I longed for the scenery of the land of Nod!

I would not have you think that my wakefulness was due solely to the imagination awakened by the old Non-Juror's bed. It was due to a more modern and more material cause, namely, the strong Ceylon tea, which was so good that I had taken more than I am accustomed to. What we call 'English Breakfast,' the English call 'China' tea, and, so far as my experience goes, it is seldom served. Certainly it could not have been expected at the Sanfords',

because he is largely interested in the cultivation of Ceylon tea and, not unnaturally, thinks it superior to China. It is undoubtedly good, but so strong that it is apt to be followed by a sleepless night on the part of the uninitiated.

The next day was Sunday, which began, I need not say, with a bountiful breakfast, at which, of course, we served ourselves, Mr. Sanford walking round the room with a little blue bowl in his hand, eating porridge and talking delightfully. By the way, do you believe the story of the American *belle-mère*, who, arriving at the castle of her noble son-in-law, late at night, and coming to the dining-room for the first time at breakfast, and seeing no servants, said to her daughter, 'Honey, can't you get no "help" at all over here?' I do not. Ruth does, and begged me not to tell the story here, lest it be thought that the good lady was typical!

I do not think Mrs. Sanford would have believed it. But, if she had, she would have understood, for she has many American friends and a more sympathetic understanding of our problems than anyone I have met in England so far. Mr. Sanford was rather inclined to be depressed about England, and deplored the present policy of the Liberal government — especially in regard to land. Of course, I know nothing about the matter, but I could not help thinking I heard a faint echo of the old Non-Juror's voice. This, however, is sure: he is the quintessence of the Feudal System at its best, having its deep sense of responsibility.

We walked to the little church, which is at their gate, and as we drew near and met the people on their way to worship, I was struck by the affection — so much better than perfunctory respect — with which my hosts were greeted by farmers and tenants alike.

Mr. Sanford showed Ruth and me into the second pew in the transept,

while he and his wife occupied the one in front of it, which is the Squire's. He read the Lessons, and I wished I could read as well! I once heard a distinguished minister at home praised for his reading of the Bible because it 'sounded so modern — as if he were reading the paper.' Well, his reading was not in the least like that! He read with deep reverence, as 'the covenant made with our fathers' and now delivered unto us.

The rector, a cousin of our host's, was indisposed, and his place was taken by a nearby vicar. The sermon had neither the interest of the morning paper, nor the awe of an ancient revelation! Indeed, it was a stupid thing — one of those I guessed which, it is said, can be bought 'ready made,' and of any shade of Churchmanship. This one had no color at all!

The preacher was invited to dine with the Squire and accepted. He must be a survival. He explained the difficulty the country parson has in collecting his tithes. Turning to his host, he said, 'I had a most disagreeable task last week; Scroston was in arrears again, and I had to distrain his cow.'

Mr. Sanford looked much distressed, and said, 'I don't think I should have done that.'

'Nor should I, had it been a personal matter: but one must consider one's successor. If a precedent were once established, it might lead to much trouble.'

And to this there seemed to be no reply!

After dinner, when the neighboring parson had left, Mr. Sanford suggested a 'look round.' Ruth said she had some letters to write, which in England means a nap, so we started off together. In my ignorance, I supposed a 'look round' meant a stroll about the place. I soon found it meant something more like what we call a 'hike.'

There is a widespread impression among Americans that England is a

small place. Let anyone go with an English gentleman after a good Sunday dinner, for a 'look round,' and I venture to say he will change his mind! I suppose I am 'soft' from motoring, but I know I was 'all in' when we at length reached home. But my host, no longer a young man, seemed as fresh as when we started.

He had been much amused by my attempts to make up to a farmer whom we met — also 'taking a look round.' We were crossing a beautiful field, in which were some noble oaks, and, by way of making myself agreeable, I remarked to him, 'I have been telling Mr. Sanford how much I admire your trees. You must be proud of them.'

'Aye, they look well to a town-dweller, but I never notice them except at hayin', and then I wish they was anywhere else.'

'But you turn your cattle into this field sometimes, I suppose; and they must enjoy the shade on a hot day.'

'Well, if they stand under one of them on a hot day, they'll be in a draft, and get a chill and maybe die.'

This certainly was not encouraging, but I did not know enough to stop. Just then some heifers came nosing round and I said, 'That's a beautiful heifer.'

'Which one?' said the farmer.

'The white one,' said I.

'I wish you lived about here and I could sell her to you. No *farmer* would buy her.'

'Why not?' said I.

'We think the white ones is "saft,"' he replied.

This, as I say, gave great satisfaction to Mr. Sanford, who recounted it at tea, with great gusto.

The servants all went to evening service, but the family did not; so I 'wrote letters.'

Supper was served at nine, and then all the servants came in for prayers:

'cook' first and the kitchen-maid last, the butler standing aside to close the door, then solemnly taking his place.

Mr. Sanford read a chapter, and after that a beautiful prayer that all might be faithful in their duties, kind and considerate to one another, honor the King and love the Church. Then Mrs. Sanford took her place at the harmonium and played several hymns, in which all the servants joined — I thought the footman's tenor worthy of a church choir, and I suspect he thought so too! and I am sure the housemaid agreed with us both! Altogether the singing was beautiful.

When the service was over, Mr. Sanford said, very simply, —

'My friends, we have now come to the beginning of another week and I wish to thank you all for faithful service. If at any time I have been impatient with any of you, I ask your forgiveness. And now I bid you all good-night.'

The butler showed them all out, looking at the footman, I thought, as much as to say, 'Have you any complaint to make about the master? If so, kindly address yourself to me!' As for me, I confess I had a lump in my throat.

As we drove away next morning, Ruth said, 'I suppose by this time you have become a Tory!'

'No,' I said, 'not quite; but if you ever hear me say a word against England again say, "Sanford," and I will cry, "Peccavi!" How cheap and self-conscious Democracy seems after this glimpse of English gentlepeople. Where can their like be found?'

II

VESTED INTERESTS

I think Ruth has written you some nonsense about me to which I hope you will pay no attention. She is somewhat of a romancer. I do not mean that the bare facts are not as she states them;

but I have your own high authority for the dictum that 'A fact is often a most misleading thing'!

At any rate, I know she could not have told you about the interesting conversation we men had over our cigars after dinner last night. After the ladies withdrew, Sir William asked me many questions about our church. He wished particularly to learn how the 'Anglican Church in the States' got on without the supervision of the State. I explained how rectors were 'called,' and bishops elected, and deputies to the General Convention chosen, etc. He was greatly interested, and said that, unless something was done to give the laity a voice in the management of the parish, he believed the days of the Church of England were numbered. I asked him why he felt so despondent and he said, —

'Take the case of this parish; the rector is an uncouth creature who was given the living by a man to whom his father was tutor, and who probably took orders with this in view, for he is far more interested in his glebe than in the cure of souls. He will not listen to any suggestions, but goes his own way. All the money goes into his hands, and there is no accounting to anyone. I do not suggest that he is dishonest, but I do say that a man who had the right feeling would recognize that the people should know the amounts given and the purposes for which they are used.'

I said, 'Surely there is a churchwarden.'

'True, but he is the schoolmaster, appointed by the rector and dependent upon him. The service is conducted in a most slovenly manner, and the music is quite painful. I offered to pay for a proper choirmaster, but he said that was an insult to his wife's sister, who plays the organ. The result of his bad manners and dictatorial spirit is that the congregation has dwindled to a mere handful, and they are mostly

children whom the schoolmaster compels to come. The fact is that Dissent is increasing at an alarming rate, and I think that soon there will be nothing left but the parson and the glebe!'

'Can the Bishop do nothing?' I asked.

'Apparently not. The Bishop says that, if a responsible person will prefer charges, he will take the matter up; but that "a man cannot be deprived of his living because he happens to be unpopular." Of course, if the Church of England exists to provide livings, there is nothing more to be said. But if its purpose is to minister to the people, a way must be found to accomplish that. But I fear the attempt will prove fatal to the Establishment.'

Of course, you and I should not feel that this would be fatal to the Church; but what these men fear is that, if the impartial hand of the State is withdrawn, the Church will become a sect, or, rather, as many sects as there are now parties. And if Disestablishment comes before the laity have gained their rights, we can guess what the Ecclesiastic-clerical, and especially the sort of laymen to whom Thomas Browne once referred as 'Ecclesiastical eunuchs,' will make of it.

Mr. Buckthorne, who had kept silent while we were talking, now said, 'This is a hard case, but it is nothing to what our parish has to endure.'

I said, 'What is your trouble? What has your parson done?'

'You might better ask, what has he not done! In the first place, there is a very ugly story about a farmer's daughter — the rights of which I neither know nor wish to know; but as a result none of the farmers will have anything to say to him. In the second place, he sits in the bar of the public house every Saturday night till closing time, drinking with the village toppers, and consequently the respectable tradesmen will not come into the church. And finally

it is reported, — I do not say it is true, for I should not like to bring such a charge against any man without positive proof, — but I do know it is commonly believed that he has *shot partridges sitting!* and, of course, after that, no *gentleman* will have anything to do with him.'

'I should hope not!' cried Sir William, indignantly.

No, I did not laugh at this moral anticlimax. I again asked if the Bishop could do nothing.

'Oh, the Bishop has been appealed to, and, being a good man himself and a gentleman, is, of course, greatly distressed. I was one of those who went to see him, but all he could say was, "Dear me, this is very sad. But it is to be remembered that the man is a rector and has a vested interest in the living. Of course, if responsible people can be found to substantiate these charges, undoubtedly he could be brought to trial; but it must not be forgotten that the law against libel is very stringent, and I should not care to move unless I could be assured that a verdict in my favor was a little more than probable." And so the matter was dropped.'

What shall we say to these things? Well, the obvious thing is that it is not Royalty, as the Fourth-of-July orators used to declaim, not the House of Lords, as the Hyde Park speakers are asserting, nor the palaces of the Bishops, as some of our Nonconformist friends believe; it is the 'vested interests,' which the new Democracy must blast out of Church and State before the people can determine their own destiny.

I suspect, if we were face to face, you, with your skeptical spirit, would suggest that there is something else to be said, which is that this quiet and intelligent-looking Mr. Buckthorne may have been feeding me on the same diet I served to his sister; at any rate, if not about the lesser immorality of his par-

son, at least about his heinous crime of shooting partridges sitting.

I do not deny that this is possible; and indeed, much as I should wish to believe such a story, I am almost in hopes it is not true; for, if you will read to the end of this long story, — which must, however, be left to my next, — you will see why I have to-day a fellow feeling for the wretch which, last night, I should have thought impossible!

III

'THE AULD UN'

We had intended to take our departure the next morning, but Sir William was so insistent that we should stay at least a part of the day, that we decided to wait until the afternoon. This gave great pleasure to Ruth, who wished to see the garden — she is still dreaming of that country parsonage, where she will have a garden of her own!

As there was nothing in particular for me to do, our host suggested that I might take a gun and go out with him to 'pick up a few rabbits.' I told him that the only ones I was likely to pick up would be those shot by someone else, for I had not handled a gun since I was in college. But, evidently, he felt about that as you would feel if a brother parson were to say that he was so rusty in his Greek that he could not read his New Testament. It would not seem credible!

You must know that nothing can be done in England without 'dressing for the part.' Sir William was already arrayed for the *battue*, but I had to get out some knickerbockers, which took time because the troublesome footman had put them away. However, they were found at last, and they with my Norfolk jacket made me presentable; so we started with the keeper, who carried over his shoulder a sack in which were evidently live creatures of some

sort, for the bag was constantly agitated. I hoped they might be rabbits for me to 'pick up,' but they proved to be ferrets.

When we reached the warrens, these crawling creatures — which look like diminutive dachshunds — were cast out of the bag and promptly melted into the earth. Soon there was heard a faint squealing, and the keeper announced that one of the young ferrets was killing a rabbit and would be of no further use to us. But the others had a deeper sense of duty, — or were better sportsmen, which seems to mean the same thing, — for soon the rabbits began to pop up all over the place. Sir William had potted two before I could get my gun to my shoulder. The keeper called my attention to the fact that it was necessary to 'look lively,' but that is a thing I have never been good at.

However, I determined that I would do better the next time the rabbits appeared. This I did; for a moment later, I saw a little bunch of fluff no bigger than your fist roll over and then lie still. One would have thought I had killed a bull moose, so generous was the applause of the keeper and Sir William. I felt as Mr. Winkle — or was it Mr. Tupman? — felt when he shut his eyes and brought down the bird! I shot a number of times more, but without success, and began to think I really must look more lively still. And I did! There were a few moments when no more rabbits appeared, though, from time to time, one of those slimy ferrets would come to the surface, stretch its long neck, and look around to see if anything of interest appeared, and then silently melt again into the earth. Suddenly a head appeared from a hole some distance away. Sir William did not move — evidently had not seen it; so, thinking this was my chance, I fired and the creature rolled over, kicked once or twice, and then lay still.

I looked for applause, but as you may have noticed, the audience does not always respond at the moment one expects!

There was a moment of silence, and then Sir William exclaimed, 'Good Lord! You've shot the ferret!'

The keeper groaned as if he had lost his only child and said, with tears in his voice, 'It was the auld un!'

There was nothing to be said, and the keeper sadly buried his favorite, and I felt as if I were one of that party who had buried Sir John Moore: —

Not a drum was heard,

Slowly and sadly we laid him down!

We walked away without a word. There came, however, to my mind a story Sir William had told me, of an American who came over to one of the great 'shoots' in Yorkshire, and asked his host as they started out the first morning how much he ought to give the keeper. He replied, 'It depends on where you hit him.' I laughed then, but I was not laughing now! For I was wondering what sum would make good the loss of an 'Auld Un.'

I gave him what I could afford, — indeed, more, — but I am not sure he will ever be the same man again! I know one thing. I could have bought a fat red deer for what that little handful of fluff cost me!

As we started to leave the little clump of pines which had been the scene of the murder, the keeper threw the sack on the ground and said to the boy who had accompanied us, — to bring home the rabbits, I suppose, — 'You can bring 'em home, Jock.'

He evidently had not the heart to gather up the remaining ferrets, and so strode away after Sir William. The boy looked up at me with a grin, and held up the index finger of his right hand, on which there was the scar of a bite. I gathered that he and the 'Auld Un' had

not been the best of friends, and that there was one of the party who did not mourn its untimely death!

I hurried after the others and, when I caught up with them, broke my gun to eject the lethal cartridge and the one that had not been fired. But my host said, 'Oh, I would n't do that: we might meet a grouse on the way back. Jenkins,' he said, turning to the keeper, 'have you seen any hereabouts?'

'There was a brace, Sir William, in the stubble-field this morning. They may be around now; we might take a look.'

'I think, then,' said Sir William, 'we will cut through the Green Lane and see what there is in that field.'

We had hardly entered the lane when a bird rose from behind a bush with a whirr that startled me; but I fired almost without taking aim, and brought it down. There was an awful silence, and then Sir William said, in a strained voice, 'I hardly know what we had better do. Still, as it is done, Jenkins, you had better send it up to the Hall.'

'Excuse me, Sir William,' said Jenkins, 'but there would be a lot of talk in the servants' hall, and I think it would be better if I took it home and burnt the feathers, and no one but ourselves need be any the wiser. Thank God, the boy is back in the wood! And I don't suppose the gentleman will talk.'

After a long pause, my host replied with a sigh, that he supposed that would be best.

Perhaps you will be asking, what was the trouble? I knew no more than you! At first I thought I must have killed the twin brother of the 'Auld Un'; but reflected that ferrets do not fly. It could not have been one of the keeper's children, as I feared when I caught a glimpse of his face, for children do not have feathers to burn! At last I said, rather testily, I fear, 'Would you mind telling me what is the trouble?'

Sir William looked at me, more in sor-

row than in anger, and solemnly replied, 'It was a PHEASANT!'

Even then I did not understand. But little by little it came out that I had committed the unpardonable sin. For the time of pheasants was not yet! There is a heavy fine for shooting them out of season, but that did not trouble my generous host. It was the shame of the thing! If it were ever known among his fellow sportsmen that he or his keeper had been seen with a dead pheasant in his possession before the appointed day, he was a ruined man!

Never again can I laugh at Mr. Winckle! It is true, I had not posed as a sportsman, but I should have had the moral courage to decline to have anything to do with a sport which might bring sorrow to the owner of the beloved 'Auld Un' and entail a shameful secret on my kindly host.

Much as I like them, I was glad to leave these kindly people, and one of them at least, I am sure, was glad to have me go! I can only hope that I may not be hereafter bracketed in his mind with the miscreant who is suspected of shooting partridges 'sitting'!

IV

CHURCH AND STATE

We were now headed again for Chester, but stopped the Sunday at Malvern. We had to go to the hotel near the station, because the more select one was full; but we found it very comfortable, and the people with whom we came in contact made up for the exclusiveness of the smaller one.

On Sunday morning, Ruth announced that she was going to take a day off; so I went to the Abbey alone. It is a beautiful building in spite of restorations; but as usual I was more interested in the people than in the building. As I had to look with Ruth's eyes as well as my own, the first thing I was struck by

was the number of children in church, and secondly by the beauty of the girls' hair. There were scores of girls whose hair would have made the fortune of the owner of a capillary tonic. It was long and glossy, and fine as silk. Sometimes it seemed to me the color was rather pale, but it floated over their shoulders in waves of beauty. I thought of St. Paul's remark that a woman's glory is her hair! Which showed a keener observation than one would have expected from him on such a subject. Indeed it is almost the only thing he says about women that appeals to the modern mind!

You remember Newman's remark in the *Apologia*, that, if there is anything more dreary than the Anglican service, he does not know what it is? Well, that may have been true in his day, before the Oxford Movement had revealed the beauty of the Liturgy, but could hardly have been said of the service at the Abbey that morning. But the sermon! I learned afterwards that the vicar was ill and that a young curate had been suddenly called on to take his place. It would have been far better had there been no sermon at all. The service was enough. I believe it is often enough, and the trouble with us parsons is that we do not know when to stop! I do not mean after the sermon has begun, but before it! Certainly, in this church, had the organist been taken suddenly ill, they would not have called on a choir-boy to play the organ, nor should that curate have been allowed to fret the congregation as he did. Well, it had one merit: it was but ten minutes long.

As I walked away, I was joined by a man whom I had noticed at the hotel. He abruptly remarked, 'Beastly sermon!'

Well, 'dog will not eat dog,' so I only said, 'Did you think so?'

'I should say I did. I call it a dis-

grace to allow such an exhibition. Damn lazy beggar, he did n't even get his text right! I wonder if there is any other profession in which such incompetence would be permitted? I do not know what his stipend may be; I only know he is grossly overpaid, no matter how small it may be.'

There did not seem to be anything to say that would not sound like an anticlimax after such eloquence, so I kept silence — a thing, by the way, an Englishman never resents.

One often hears it said that Englishmen do not care for sermons, but I suspect they like them as much as other people, when they can get them! I have been wondering since if I should have been so much impressed by the girls' hair if there had been more men in the church!

As you know, the *cause célèbre* is making great excitement here as all over the world — perhaps more here. As the judges were expected to give their decision yesterday, I hurried to the railway station this morning to get a Sunday paper. But there are no such things here! It seems incredible that the result of this portentous trial is known all over the world except less than a hundred miles from the spot where the verdict was given. But it is so!

In the evening I attended the service at the little church near the hotel — Ruth's day off lasting into the evening! Not that I am surprised. We parsons work off the nervous strain in the act of preaching, and forget that the family has the strain without the relief! At any rate, that is the way with Ruth. I think she expects each Sunday that I shall come what the English call a 'cropper,' so I am glad when she can be induced to rest on the Lord's Day. But, on the other hand, a parson is like an actor, of whom I have heard it said that, if he gets a night off, he goes to some other theatre! Well, apart from its religious influence, which I trust

was not altogether lacking, I am glad I went to this church, for reasons I will now explain.

When the time for the notices came, the parson, with more hesitations and swallowings than I can describe, said, 'My brethren, at this morning's service (ahem!) I reminded you that a trial in which the whole world is interested [swallow], and in which questions of the most momentous importance were to be decided (ahem!), was being held (ahem!), and I suggested [swallow] that it would be well, if in your private prayers (ahem!) you would ask that the judges might be guided to a right judgment. Since then, however [a fearful swallow], I have been informed that a private telegram (ahem!) has been received, by a person present at this morning's service, saying (ahem!) that the judgment had been rendered yesterday. Possibly (ahem!) it may seem to some of you [swallow] that prayers offered after an event (ahem!) could in no wise affect that [swallow] event [swallow], and (ahem!) were therefore quite futile. But while this is (ahem!) a not unnatural, it is [swallow] a hasty conclusion. It may be that they will not immediately (ahem!) effect a reversal of a judgment, which, I am sure, we all feel was wrong. But even if that should be the result, who can put a limit to the Divine Omnipotence? I do not believe those prayers were in vain — I do not believe any prayers are in vain. I believe that, in ways we cannot foresee, God will bring good out of evil.'

You will note how, when he got on his own ground of personal experience, his confidence increased and his hesitations ceased. Illogical as it all sounds when it is put down in 'cold' type, I could not but admire the man's courage in sticking to his guns. And I suspect he had laid hold of a great truth which he could not quite swing — as who could? — and shall watch this

case with new interest to see if public opinion (which somehow we dissociate from the influence of God's Spirit) does not compel the court to do justice in spite of all.

I suppose there must have been a sermon, but I cannot remember anything about it. I had enough to think of in meditating on the notice! I wonder how often this is the case!

On returning to the hotel, I went into the smoking-room for a final pipe. There were three other men there, evidently 'gentry' — you know the type and also the oppressive silence of such places. One would have supposed that no one of them had ever seen the other! For a long time no one spoke. Finally one of them said, —

'That was an extraordinary remark of the parson's this morning, asking the congregation to ask in their prayers that the French judges might be led to a right judgment when many of us knew they had already rendered their decision!'

The silence which followed was so long that I thought the others did not wish to be drawn into a discussion on such a subject. But I was mistaken. One of them, when he 'got good and ready,' as they used to say in the part of the country I know best, expressed himself as follows: —

'It was worse than futile, it was highly improper. I felt incensed! I should never dream of praying for the damned scoundrels — I should consider it almost blasphemous.'

Another long silence, and then he continued: 'Moreover, I resent any attempt on the part of a parson to dictate to me what I should or should not pray for. I consider such things entirely private between me and my Maker. His advice was an infringement of personal liberty, and I highly resent it.'

As no one said anything for a little

space, I had time to rejoice in this exhibition of sturdy Protestant independence; but finally the silent member of the party spoke.

'I am thankful to say,' he remarked, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, 'that I was not present. My wife told me about it, and I said to her, "My dear, this only illustrates what I have often said, that the clergy never intrude into politics without making damn fools of themselves."'

I fled and sought for Ruth! At length I found her sitting in the drawing-room with three ladies — probably the wives of the smokers. She did not see me and this is what I heard: —

First Lady. Do you mean to say you like to live in America?

Ruth. Yes, very much.

First Lady. But do you not have a great deal of lynching there?

Ruth (confusedly). I am sorry to say we do have a good deal.

Second Lady. What is lynching?

First Lady. Why if a man is unpopular in a community, the leading people drag him away to a convenient tree and hang him. Sometimes they burn him. Shocking, is it not?

Second Lady. It would be shocking as a regular thing, but I confess it seems to me a most admirable custom for certain occasions, and I should be glad if it were brought over with other American inventions that we have found so convenient. Think what it would mean to wake up to-morrow and learn that Lloyd George had been hanged in the night!

Third Lady (vindictively). Yes, and better still, the whole Liberal cabinet.

Third Lady. Oh, that would be more than one could hope for.

First Lady (whose humanitarianism seems to have been poisoned by party politics, but who is trying to prevent a Reign of Terror in England). Surely you would except John Burns?

Second Lady. Perhaps I should. I sometimes think that he has really repented, and that now his face is set toward the light.

At that moment Ruth turned and caught my eye. She followed me out of the room, and though choking with laughter, said, 'I would give a good deal if you had not overheard that conversation!'

'Wouldn't have missed it for the world,' I replied; 'I have another to go with it and I shall call them "Church and State!"'

V

THE CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN

The average American returns from England declaring that the climate is wretched, and I have often shared that opinion myself; but, after all, where can one enjoy the twilight as in the British Isles? We do not know what it means, at home. But here, from eight to ten in the evening is the most enjoyable part of the day. We were sitting in the garden of the hotel in this pleasant time, I smoking and Ruth thinking, — I wonder of what? there was a far-away look in her eyes, — when a man came out of the dining-room and settled himself in one of the basket-chairs on the lawn, not far from us, and drawing out a dainty case, lit a small cigar, whose aroma floated to us.

I glanced at him indifferently but when Ruth said, 'That is an interesting face,' I looked at him more carefully. He was evidently a clergyman, but his dress was not that of the conventional parson, with the rigid 'dog-collar.' He wore a waistcoat, which buttoned to the throat, but was open enough to show a lawn cravat and a shirt of fine linen, which softened his somewhat formal costume. He looked not unlike the portrait of Dean Stanley which hangs in your study, and evidently be-

longed to the same period, or a little later. His face showed breeding and was one that would attract attention. It lacked, however, the high intelligence of Stanley, being rather weak—indeed, almost self-indulgent, in a refined way. Suddenly I recalled him. It was the Reverend Henry Waitland, rector of a fashionable West End ‘Chapel of Ease.’ I had last seen him when I was in college, at one of John Ropes’s Sunday dinners. I remembered that I had been told that he was a well-known man in London, a friend of Ellen Terry and other celebrities. Indeed, he had the reputation of being more interested in the drama than in divinity! I thought it might please Ruth to meet him, so I strolled over and introduced myself, reminding him of our last meeting.

He was polite, but not enthusiastic. Indeed, I was reminded of the remark of the ‘con man’ on the steamer! However, when he caught a glimpse of Ruth, and learned she was my wife, he seemed to think better of us, and asked to be presented.

When we had talked a little about Boston, and he found that Ruth knew the right people, he thawed out and began to talk about London and the distinguished people he had known. It was most interesting to hear about the people one knew from books, and get the impressions of an eye-witness.

Ruth asked him what a ‘Queen’s chaplain’ was. He laughed and said it was a man who had to leave his own congregation and go to Windsor to preach before the Queen whenever ‘commanded.’ Ruth remarked that she should think that would be a bore. But he said it was an honor. This sounded like a snub, but was evidently intended only as a statement of fact.

‘Still,’ he added, ‘I will not deny that it is sometimes inconvenient. For instance: a year or two before the

Queen’s death, I was summoned to preach the Easter sermon before Her Majesty, and would much have preferred to stop at home for that day. However, I went to Windsor, and found that my old friend Ponsonby was to take the service; but as I was to preach, he suggested that I read the Gospel. But imagine my surprise when, instead of saying the Collect for Easter, he said a collect which for the life of me I could not recall, or rather could not tell to what Sunday it belonged! You may imagine my embarrassment! I said to myself, “Whatever shall I do? Shall I read the Gospel for Easter, or shall I match Ponsonby?” It seemed the decent thing to stand by him, but then I said to myself, “How *can* I match Ponsonby, when I don’t know this minute what Epistle he is now reading? And then I said to myself, “You have nothing to do with Ponsonby. You have been commanded to preach before Her Majesty on Easter Day, and your business is to read the service appointed for that day!” And that is what I did.

‘After service the Queen sent for me, and after saying a few pleasant things, added: “I was both astonished and annoyed that Mr. Ponsonby should not have read the Collect for Easter.” I did n’t want to be unfair to Ponsonby, but I said, “You may imagine my feeling, ma’am, when I heard a collect for I did not know what day; and though I said to myself, ‘Shall I match Ponsonby?’ I did think it best to read the Gospel appointed for the day.”

“You were quite right,” said the Queen, “and I shall tell Mr. Ponsonby how much I dislike any deviation from the appointed service.”

‘So you see,’ he added, ‘that honors have their burdens.’

Now, I ask you, has Trollope any clerical story to equal this?

Leighton Parks.

THREE WOMEN

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

BESSIE STOKOE

HE stood with the other young herds
At the Hiring to-day;
And I laughed and I chaffed and changed words
With every young hind of them all
As I stopped by the lollipop stall;
But never a word did he say.

He had straggly long straw-colored hair
And a beard like a goat;
In his breeches a badly-stitched tear
That I longed, standing there in the crush,
To re-mend, as I hankered to brush
The ruddle and fluff from his coat.

But his bonnie blue eyes, staring wide,
Looked far beyond me,
As though on some distant fellside
His dogs were collecting the sheep,
And he anxiously watched them to keep
A young dog from running too free, —

And I almost expected to hear
From the lips of the lad
A shrill whistle sing in my ear,
As he eyed that green hillside to check
The fussy black frolicking speck
That was chasing the gray specks like mad.

So I left them, and went on my way
With a lad with black hair;
And we swung and rode round all the day
To the racket of cornerake and gong;
But I never forgot in the throng
The eyes with the far-away stare.

THREE WOMEN

The jimmy-smart groom at my side
Had twinkling black eyes;
But the grin on his mouth was too wide;
And his hands with my hands were too free;
So I took care to slip him at tea
As he turned round to pay for the pies;

And I left him alone on the seat
With the teapot and cups
And the two pies he'd paid for to eat.
If he happens to think of the cause,
It may teach him to keep his red paws
For the handling of horses and pups.

But alone in the rain and the dark
As I made for the farm,
I halted a moment to hark
To the sound of a shepherd's long stride;
And the shy lad stepped up to my side,
And I felt his arm link through my arm.

So it seems after all I'm to mend
Those breeches, and keep
That shaggy head clipped to the end,
And the shaggy chin clean, and to give
That coat a good brush, and to live
All my days in an odor of sheep.

ELLEN CHESTER

After working all day at the tan-pits,
With strong hands tanned horny and hard
And stained by the bark brown as leather,
He would come every night from the yard.

And I from my work at the laundry,
With hands soused in suds clean and white
And soft to the touch as old linen,
Would meet him half-way every night;

I'd meet him half-way every evening,
Though always I shuddered to feel

Those hard fingers gripping my fingers
And crushing my soft hands like steel.

But now I'm forgot and forsaken;
And eagerly waiting he stands
For a girl coming home from the gardens
With weathered and grubby red hands.

As unseen in the dark of a doorway,
I watch him alone and apart,
My cold fingers fumble my bosom,
To loosen his clutch on my heart.

AGATHA TODD

Young lads tramping, fifes and drums—
Down the street the racket comes;

And the drumsticks drub again
On my stretched and aching brain;

While the screeching of the fife
Just goes through me like a knife.

Yet I thought that music gay
When Dick Lishman marched away;

And I laughed; for what was he
But a lad who bothered me —

But a man of many men
I had little need of, then?

Now I know that, if the fife
Cut my heartstrings like a knife,

Rattling drumsticks, rub-a-dub,
On my coffin-lid would drub;

And my heart would never rest
In the hollow of my breast,

But would always start and beat
To the tramping of dead feet.

AN ENHANCER OF TIME

BY MARGARET LYNN

ALWAYS have I wanted a clock for myself. By 'always' I mean since I first cast a desiring eye upon the possessions of maturity. Such a wish has root, I am sure, among moral instincts and is a credit to the wisher. It has enduring quality, also, proving its worth. My yearning went through successive stages, fixing itself in turn on cuckoo clock, grandfather's clock, banjo clock, but in time recognizing each one as not the thing of ultimate desire. A finer clock must be waiting somewhere.

But all this time I conducted no search for it. So peculiar a possession cannot be attained by ordinary way of traffic. You must wait, in a sort, for your clock to come to you. You cannot step out and buy one, like a kitchen range or a dictionary. An object so intimate must seek you, as well as you it. With all my eagerness to find mine, I yet hesitated always, fearful of not having the vision to recognize it when I saw it. It was far better to be without one than to attempt life with the wrong one.

Recently, however, my longing has been redoubled. I have acquired a house. That is to say, I have acquired the exclusive right to occupy it by paying monthly what is technically known as rent, but what I regard as an offering to the god of contentment. At this point of my account I am obliged to exercise great self-control, to keep from changing my theme and lucubrating on my house instead of my clock. No other subject could be so engaging — nor, I fear, so pervasive, so ubiquitous. All conversational roads lead to it; even

bypaths and scarcely seen sheep-tracks bring me gladly homing to my theme. I look with wonder and puzzled admiration on people who are householders, even house-owners, and who bear the glory both lightly and modestly. I realize that I must have known scores of persons who have houses, even houses beautiful in their eyes, but who allow the fact to pass as a matter of course. Such restraint is to be emulated, and at this moment bids me not pause on my other joys, sweet though they be, but pass on to my clock.

Even my house beautiful did not bring a timepiece with it, and my mantel above my fire was still empty when on a golden day not long ago I wandered into the second-hand-furniture store which stands next to the place where a householder may pay her monthly gas-bills. There ought to be some term more beautiful or quainter or racier than second-hand-furniture store, every syllable of which is prosaic, for that place of expectation and discovery and tragedy and plaintive romance. Every time you enter one it is an adventure in possibilities. This time I was following the lure of a tip-top round table, of which my Neighbor had told me. The second-hand-furniture-store-keeper — you can easily see the desirability of another word — denied having it, as they always do, according to some mystery of the trade, and I had to find it myself, as I always do, according to no mystery at all. It proved to be a disappointment, as also frequently happens. The man, when he had been introduced

to it, said it was walnut. And when I found a broken place on one of its rounds where it flaked up in white fibres when scraped, he said it had been jammed and would naturally do that way. He spoke as if it were a bruised apple.

I was unconvinced, but I could n't contradict a man in his own profession. So I merely stood off and put my head on one side dubiously and said that I did n't like the lines of it, which is always a convenient thing to say when all your other objections have been overruled. *Lines* is the only word I know that applies to furniture at any time. Having said it this time, I regarded the matter as settled and myself as excused from purchasing, and turned away in a brisk business-like manner.

And there, at my very elbow, was my clock. I knew it at once and recognized it as mine—I who had laughed at love at first sight and raised my eyebrows over affinities! No one is so accursed by fate, no one is so utterly desolate, but there is a clock waiting for him somewhere if he will just delay until he has formulated his last and best ideal. As proof of that, here was the incarnation of my dream, my last and best—no cackling cuckoo-clock or pompous grandfather's clock, or anything else but a little old mahogany Seth Thomas, right-lined and mellow-colored, dignified but genial, gracious though austere, self-contained yet temperamental. In literary quality it combined a humanitarian classicism with reserved romanticism; in doctrine it was, I should say, liberal Presbyterian. Along with its sociable air, it wore also the slight gravity which a clock should have, marking the reverence it feels for the time it measures. For adornment it wore, not the customary crude Renaissance landscape, but a piece of illumination in wonderful red and blue and gold, undoubtedly a detail from some fine old rubrication. At least, it had the com-

bined mellowness and freshness of an old manuscript, and the faint, very faint, ecclesiastical suggestion which rightfully belongs to a clock. All in all, in richness of personality, my clock was surpassing.

All this I saw at a glance. Nevertheless I stayed my haste and made delays. You can't spend everything you have, even on an affinity. I jiggled the pendulum and flipped the hammer, I raised doubts as to the wood and skeptically questioned the works—though all the time with secret apology. In the end the man was glad to take fifty cents for it. He could n't send it home, since he did n't deliver; but he could put it into a neat box just the right size—a second-hand box stood ready—and tie it with a second-hand string in such a way as to form a handle, and I could carry it home myself. I did so, speculating on how I should have carried the table home, had I bought it.

From this point on, I can best give the history of our relations, so far as they can be disentangled from my less important affairs, in the form of a journal. I never could keep a diary for myself, but there is a peculiar appropriateness in setting down in such methodical form the outline of one's experiences with time.

Saturday, 16th. I brought the clock home. Perhaps I should say the clock came home, for I had as much a sense of being accompanied as of bringing. Without waiting for the polishing or adjusting which it obviously needed, I put it up on my mantel and it settled down with an air of satisfaction which gave sweet gratification to me. Even when we were coming home I had wondered how it would like my house. But it seemed to fit into place like an acorn in its cup or a flower in its calyx. It put, as I knew it would, the last and finest touch to my house, which I had thought almost perfect before. My Neighbor,

who is a most sympathetic person, came in and rejoiced with me, as a neighbor should. It was with great reluctance that I left it and went out to pour at a tea. But my best thoughts and, I suspect, my finest conversation; were still with my new possession, and as the result of my eloquence a large part of the tea-guests came home with me when I came, to look at my prize. All the finernatured of them at once saw its qualities; I suppose there are always persons to whom a clock is simply a machine.

I sat up late to-night, merely enjoying it. It seemed like reestablishing my house. For this is to be not simply a marker of time, but a marker of *my* time. No relation could be more intimate. It is to be interwoven in all my experience, to time my duties, and announce my joys, and limit my sufferings. Another self — if there is such a thing — could not be nearer. After all, our widest notion of existence includes only two eternities and a clock.

But I did not try to set it going; acquisition was enough for one day.

Sunday, 17th. My Neighbor came in early this morning — she never misses church — and we wound the clock and found that it will go. Unfortunately the pendulum-plate is missing — though I was sure it had one when I looked at it in the second-hand store — and the pendulum-wire waggles away nervously, with an erratic motion. There is an eager good-will about it, though, that goes to your heart, and shows what its fundamental disposition is.

Not long ago I took a short trip on a local motor train, which has a charming way of picking up and transporting the life of the people along its path. I have traveled all the way to California with less sociability than was condensed into those two hours. If I had time I should ride up and down on that road often, so pleasing is it. The chief interest was afforded by a large party who got on at

Weston and got off at River Falls, where they were going to have a surprise dinner for old Mr. Daniel Bates — some of them called him uncle — who used to live at Weston and who now had 'had locomotor ataxia for ten years, but was the cheerfulest thing you ever saw.' They were carrying all the material for their dinner with them, even to the live rooster whom they were treating to a ride before putting him into the pot. 'Sister Aggie' sat with me chiefly, though they all changed places many times, and conversed agreeably about the symptoms of locomotor ataxia combined with cheerfulness.

My clock reminded me at first of old Mr. Bates. It certainly had the manner of locomotor ataxia, if I know what that is, but it was also the cheerfulest thing ever seen. It went five days before night, and even then indicated perfect willingness to go on if I would wind it again. But there was a pathos about its gay endeavor which I could not stand. The lovely lady who reincarnates Portia came in and said that it would not do; it must not be wearing its little heart out that way. So we went to bed in a silent house.

Monday, 18th. When I came in from a lecture this morning, my clock was ticking in regular rhythmic beats, with a serenity which showed it had returned happily to old-time habits. There was a complete at-homeness about it that was the most musical thing I had ever heard. I was willing to think that this was a natural happening, and sat down to listen to its systole and diastole, in perfect content. But my Neighbor came presently to show me that she had been in before and had tied two lead dress-weights to the end of the pendulum, with a pink ribbon. My Neighbor is both practical and æsthetic, as well as neighborly. She now had a proposal to make; she would put my clock in order for me and regulate it, for a considera-

tion. A church society of some kind was requiring each member to bring to it a dollar which must not be part of her regular income, but earned by some abnormal form of usefulness. I don't know whether the purpose was religious or purely economic — instituted to discover new industries. My Neighbor said that she had eighty cents already, and for twenty she would see that my clock went, and throw in the dress-weights and the pink ribbon. I am no bargain-driver and I accepted the offer, only stipulating for the usual guarantee of a year's running.

Thursday, 21st. The clock is still going. I spent an hour this morning polishing it and bathing its face and hands. The very terminology of a clock shows how human it is. Its door-knob proves to be pewter. Its rubrication seems much finer since I cleaned the glass.

Even in all my yearnings for a clock I did not dream how romantic and subtle the relation with one would be. The sternest-faced one is not merely a monitor and a conscience. It is that, to be sure, when necessity calls, but it is also a companion, a sympathizer. It is your assurance of continuity and consistency of action, even of individuality. The very sight of its face gives guarantee that you are you and have been for some time, and that you will probably still be to-morrow.

Friday, 22nd. This is my birthday and my Neighbor brought me a brass pendulum-plate which she had wheedled out of a second-handed man. She took back the dress-weights and the ribbon. As this is a screw-up plate she thinks she will now be able to regulate the works better. I don't greatly mind having them unregulated; for if the clock is fast, it seems to me to be so because it has an ardent disposition and an eager heart; and if it is slow it seems to me to be serene and quiet-hearted,

and I like it both ways. I don't care to have my clock keep exactly the time that every clock is supposed to keep. However, my Neighbor wants to regulate it.

Monday, 25th. I made a very annoying mistake to-day. In the midst of a call I suddenly remembered that the clock was slow, and I absent-mindedly rose and turned it ahead fifteen minutes. It was very tactless, and I was immediately embarrassed. However, my caller did not leave, but only used the occasion to remind me that last week when several agreeable persons were pleasantly drinking tea with me, I suddenly and quite irrelevantly exclaimed, 'Listen! the clock is going to strike six!' I was only wishing to call attention to the tone of the stroke. But I must be more careful, for they all went home very soon, and I remember that the last time they came to tea before that, they stayed until half-past seven, and everybody's dinner had to be put back.

Wednesday, 27th. The clock has stopped.

Thursday, 28th. My Neighbor, who has not yet received her twenty cents, came and got the clock and took it home, uttering her intention of taking it to pieces and cleaning it. My Neighbor secretly wishes she were a tinker instead of a lady, and would like to have me buy a dozen clocks and let her take them all to pieces.

I let it go with trepidation, for it is, and can be, my only one, and there are clockmakers; but my Neighbor is a 'magerful' person and has me a good deal under her thumb, where she keeps me for the purpose of dispensing favors to me.

Saturday, 30th. My Neighbor brought back the clock, going briskly, and apologetic for its lapse. She found the lost pendulum-plate up among the works.

It was a rare union of heart and head,

I must say. My Neighbor took home the pendulum she gave me for my birthday — for the nucleus of a new clock, I suppose. She now has both the dress-weights and the pendulum. She also raised her price to a quarter, because here eighty cents have shrunk to seventy-five.

Tuesday, 3d. I have known clocks that, when you sat down before them, in front of the fire, would bid you not stay there too long — not more than twenty minutes at most, and they will tell you when they are up — but be off and about those duties. Mine is different. It beams at me sympathetically or joyously, according to my needs, and takes up our intercourse at exactly the point where we dropped it, and is always urging me to stay a little longer.

But there are people who are willing to know the time from just any clock.

Wednesday, 4th. Since its return, the clock has settled down again on the mantel with an air of renewed satisfaction, as if even its brief absence had added to its joy in being here. As for me, I find courage grow under its protection. I should find the face-to-face prospect of unmeasured time too appalling without it as an intermediary. It ekes time out to me by degrees and makes it a serviceable instead of an awful thing.

Still, it has its whims. When I try to write verse I find I must be iambic. I can't get a dactyl or an anapest into the room. There are times when it insists on ticking off heroic couplets — a form I detest — to me, to a length that is annoying.

Saturday, 7th. I had to spend a large part of the morning rearranging my walls. It began when the clock, now thoroughly at home, said that, if it was to be on the mantel, it must be in the exact middle; and the lady who is Portia abetted it. So it literally threw out my magnificent Annunciation Angel,

who had been supposing himself the greatest thing in the room. It also refused in turn Savonarola, and Michael Angelo's notions of creation and an innocent etching — the last, because it looked too new. I spent more than an hour offering it pictures and having them rejected; and in the end it had its pick of my few humble treasures. I noticed that it finally chose the meekest and most gently orthodox of them all, ones which were quite willing to be subordinate to it. And yet through the whole performance its manner was so engaging and so whimsically deprecatory that I was rather charmed than impatient, although it spoiled my morning's work. At the end it seemed to say quaintly, 'Now we are all perfectly comfortable'; and I was really as well pleased as it was.

Sunday, 8th. My Neighbor collected her quarter. I wanted to charge her for the artistic joy she had had, coming up here three times a day to tinker with a clock like this; but she said that a subtle pleasure of that kind could not be paid for in material form, and she would not try.

I am glad that the clock cannot indulge in reminiscence. I may be only a step-owner, but it is simply the mere accident of missing my rightful generation that kept me from being the original one. In all those sealed-up experiences of which I shall never hear, my clock must have had relations with people, even emotional relations, but I don't wish to know of them. Anyway, I am sure it never felt for anyone else what it now feels for me.

Saturday, 14th. When I came in very late to-night from unprofitable occupations, my clock said very distinctly, 'Wherever have you been all this long time? I have been looking for you for hours. Now light the fire and take that chair and let's sit up late and think about things and have a good time.'

FIRE OF BEAUTY

BY L. ADAMS BECK

Salutation to Ganesa the Lord of Wisdom, and to Saraswatî the Lady of Sweet Speech!

This story was composed by the Brahmin Vîsravas, that dweller on the banks of holy Kâshi; and though the events it records are long past, yet it is absolutely and immutably true because, by the power of his *yoga*, he summoned up every scene before him, and beheld the persons moving and speaking as in life. Thus he had nought to do but to set down what befell.

What follows, that hath he seen.

I

Wide was the plain, the morning sun shining full upon it, drinking up the dew as the Divine drinks up the spirit of man. Far it stretched, resembling the ocean, and riding upon it like a stately ship was the league-long Rock of Chitor. It is certainly by the favor of the Gods that this great fortress of the Rajput Kings thus rises from the plain, leagues in length, noble in height; and very strange it is to see the flat earth fall away from it like waters from the bows of a boat, as it soars into the sky with its burden of palaces and towers.

Here dwelt the Queen Padmini and her husband Bhimsi, the Rana of the Rajputs.

The sight of the holy ascetic Vîsravas pierced even the secrets of the Rani's bower, where, in the inmost chamber of marble, carved until it appeared like lace or the foam of the sea, she was

seated upon cushions of blue Bokhariot silk, like the lotus whose name she bore floating upon the blue depths of the lake. She had just risen from the shallow bath of marble at her feet.

Most beautiful was this Queen, a haughty beauty such as should be a Rajput lady; for the name 'Rajput' signifies Son of a King, and this lady was assuredly the daughter of Kings and of no lesser persons. And since that beauty is long since ashes (all things being transitory), it is permitted to describe the mellowed ivory of her body, the smooth curves of her hips, and the defiance of her glimmering bosom, half veiled by the long silken tresses of sandal-scented hair which a maiden on either side, bowing toward her, knotted upon her head. But even he who with his eyes has seen it can scarce tell the beauty of her face — the slender arched nose, the great eyes like lakes of darkness in the reeds of her curled lashes, the mouth of roses, the glance, deerlike but proud, that courted and repelled admiration. This cannot be told, nor could the hand of man paint it. Scarcely could that fair wife of the Pandava Prince, Draupadi the Beautiful (who bore upon her perfect form every auspicious mark) excel this lady.

(Ashes — ashes! May Maheshwara have mercy upon her rebirths!)

Throughout India had run the fame of this beauty. In the bazaars of Kashmir they told of it. It was recorded in the palaces of Travancore, and all the lands that lay between; and in an evil hour — may the Gods curse the

mother that bore him! — it reached the ears of Allah-u-Din, the Moslem dog, a very great fighting-man who sat in Middle India, looting and spoiling.

(Ah! for the beauty that is as a burning flame!)

In the gardens beneath the windows of the Queen, the peacocks, those maharajas of the birds, were spreading the bronze and emerald of their tails. The sun shone on them as on heaps of jewels, so that they dazzled the eyes. They stood about the feet of the ancient Brahmin sage, he who had tutored the Queen in her childhood and given her wisdom as the crest-jewel of her loveliness. He, the Twice-born, sat under the shade of a neem tree, hearing the gurgle of the sacred waters from the Cow's Mouth, where the great tank shone under the custard-apple boughs; and, at peace with all the world, he read in the Scripture which affirms the transience of all things drifting across the thought of the Supreme like clouds upon the surface of the Ocean.

(Ah! that loveliness is also illusion!)

Her women placed about the Queen — that Lotus of Women — a robe of silk of which none could say that it was green or blue, the noble colors so mingled into each other under the latticed gold work of Kāshi. They set the jewels on her head, and wide thin rings of gold heavy with great pearls in her ears. Upon the swell of her bosom they clasped the necklace of table emeralds, large, deep, and full of green lights, which is the token of the Chitor queens. Upon her slender ankles they placed the *chooris* of pure soft gold, set also with grass-green emeralds, and the delicate soles of her feet they reddened with lac. Nor were her arms forgotten, but loaded with bangles so free from alloy that they could be bent between the hands of a child. Then with fine paste they painted the Symbol between her dark brows, and, rising, she shone divine as a nymph

of heaven who should cause the righteous to stumble in his austerities, and arrest even the glances of Gods.

(Ah! that the Transient should be so fair!)

II

Now it was the hour that the Rana should visit her; for since the coming of the Lotus Lady, he had forgotten his other women, and in her was all his heart. He came from the Hall of Audience where petitions were heard, and justice done to rich and poor; and as he came, the Queen, hearing his step on the stone, dismissed her women, and smiling to know her loveliness, bowed before him, even as the Goddess Umā bows before Him who is her other half.

Now he was a tall man, with the falcon look of the Hill Rajputs, and moustaches that curled up to his eyes, lion-waisted and lean in the flanks like Arjoon himself, a very ruler of men; and as he came, his hand was on the hilt of the sword that showed beneath his gold coat of Khincob. On the high cushions he sat, and the Rani a step beneath him; and she said, raising her lotus eyes:—

‘Speak, Aryaputra, son of a gentleman — what hath befallen?’

And he, looking upon her beauty with fear, replied, —

‘It is thy beauty, O wife, that brings disaster.’

‘And how is this?’ she asked very earnestly.

For a moment he paused, regarding her as might a stranger, as one who considers a beauty in which he hath no part; and, drawn by this strangeness, she rose and knelt beside him, pillowing her head upon his heart.

‘Say on,’ she said in her voice of music.

He unfurled a scroll that he had crushed in his strong right hand, and read aloud: —

“Thus says Allah-u-Din, Shadow of God, Wonder of the Age, Viceregent of Kings. We have heard that in the Treasury of Chitor is a jewel, the like of which is not in the Four Seas — the work of the hand of the Only God, to whom bepraise! This jewel is thy Queen, the Lady Padmini. Now, since the sons of the Prophet are righteous, I desire but to look upon this jewel, and ascribing glory to the Creator, to depart in peace. Granted requests are the bonds of friendship; therefore lay the head of acquiescence in the dust of opportunity and name an auspicious day.”

He crushed it again and flung it furiously from him on the marble.

‘The insult is deadly. The *soor!* son of a debased mother! Well he knows that to the meanest Rajput his women are sacred, and how much more the daughters and wives of the Kings! The jackals feast on the tongue that speaks this shame! But it is a threat, Beloved—a threat! Give me thy counsel that never failed me yet.’

For the Rajputs take counsel with their women who are wise.

They were silent, each weighing the force of resistance that could be made; and this the Rani knew even as he.

‘It cannot be,’ she said; ‘the very ashes of the dead would shudder to hear. Shall the Queens of India be made the sport of the barbarians?’

Her husband looked upon her fair face. She could feel his heart labor beneath her ear.

‘True, wife; but the barbarians are strong. Our men are tigers, each one, but the red dogs of the Dekkan can pull down the tiger, for they are many, and he alone.’

Then that great Lady, accepting his words, and conscious of the danger, murmured this, clinging to her husband:—

‘There was a Princess of our line whose beauty made all other women

seem as waning moons in the sun’s splendor. And many great Kings sought her, and there was contention and war. And, she, fearing that the Rajputs would be crushed to powder between the warring Kings, sent unto each this message: “Come on such and such a day, and thou shalt see my face and hear my choice.” And they, coming, rejoiced exceedingly, thinking each one that he was the Chosen. So they came into the great Hall, and there was a table, and somewhat upon it covered with a gold cloth; and an old veiled woman lifted the gold, and the head of the Princess lay there with the lashes like night upon her cheek, and between her lips was a little scroll, saying this: “I have chosen my Lover and my Lord, and he is mightiest, for he is Death.” — So the Kings went silently away. And there was Peace.’

The music of her voice ceased, and the Rana clasped her closer.

‘This I cannot do. Better die together. Let us take counsel with the ancient Brahmin, thy *guru* [teacher], for he is very wise.’

She clapped her hands, and the maidens returned, and, bowing, brought the venerable Prabhu Narayan into the Presence, and again those roses retired.

Respectful salutation was then offered by the King and the Queen to that saint, hoary with wisdom — he who had seen her grow into the loveliness of the sea-born Shri, yet had never seen that loveliness; for he had never raised his eyes above the choirs about her ankles. To him the King related his anxieties; and he sat wrapt in musing, and the two waited in dutiful silence until long minutes had fallen away; and at the last he lifted his head, weighted with wisdom, and spoke.

‘O King, Descendant of Rama! this outrage cannot be. Yet, knowing the strength and desire of this obscene one and the weakness of our power, it is

plain that only with cunning can cunning be met. Hear, therefore, the history of the Fox and the Drum.

'A certain Fox searched for food in the jungle, and so doing beheld a tree on which hung a drum; and when the boughs knocked upon the parchment, it sounded aloud. Considering, he believed that so round a form and so great a voice must portend much good feeding. Neglecting on this account a fowl that fed near by, he ascended to the drum. The drum being rent was but air and parchment, and meanwhile the fowl fled away. And from the eye of folly he shed the tear of disappointment, having bartered the substance for the shadow. So must we act with this *bud-mash* [scoundrel]. First, receiving his oath that he will depart without violence, bid him hither to a great feast, and say that he shall behold the face of the Queen in a mirror. Provide that some fair woman of the city show her face, and then let him depart in peace, showing him friendship. He shall not know he hath not seen the beauty he would befoul.'

After consultation, no better way could be found; but the heart of that great Lady was heavy with foreboding.

(Ah! that Beauty should wander a pilgrim in the ways of sorrow!)

To Allah-u-Din therefore did the King dispatch this letter by swift riders on mares of Mewar.

After salutations — 'Now whereas thou hast said thou wouldst look upon the beauty of the Treasure of Chitor, know it is not the custom of the Rajputs that any eye should light upon their treasure. Yet assuredly, when requests arise between friends, there cannot fail to follow distress of mind and division of soul if these are ungranted. So, under promises that follow, I bid thee to a great feast at my poor house of Chitor, and thou shalt see that beauty reflected in a mirror, and so seeing,

depart in peace from the house of a friend.'

This being writ by the Twice-Born, the Brahmin, did the Rana sign with bitter rage in his heart. And the days passed.

III

On a certain day found fortunate by the astrologers — a day of early winter, when the dawns were pure gold and the nights radiant with a cool moon — did a mighty troop of Moslems set their camp on the plain of Chitor. It was as if a city had blossomed in an hour. Those who looked from the walls muttered prayers to the Lord of the Trident; for these men seemed like the swarms of the locust-people, warriors all, fierce fighting-men. And in the ways of Chitor, and up the steep and winding causeway from the plains, were warriors also, the chosen of the Rajputs, thick as blades of corn hedging the path.

(Ah! that the blossom of beauty should have swords for thorns!)

Then, leaving his camp, attended by many Chiefs, — may the mothers and sires that begot them be accursed! — came Allah-u-Din, riding toward the Lower Gate, and so upward along the causeway, between the two rows of men who neither looked nor spoke, standing like the carvings of war in the Caves of Ajunta. And the moon was rising through the sunset as he came beneath the last and seventh gate. Through the towers and palaces he rode with his following, but no woman, veiled or unveiled, — no, not even an outcast of the city, — was there to see him come; only the men, armed and silent. So he turned to Munim Khan that rode at his bridle, saying, —

'Let not the eye of watchfulness close this night on the pillow of forgetfulness!'

And thus he entered the palace.

Very great was the feast in Chitor, and the wines that those accursed should not drink (since the Outcast whom they call their Prophet forbade them) ran like water, and at the right hand of Allah-u-Din was set the great crystal Cup inlaid with gold by a craft that is now perished; and he filled and refilled it — may his own Prophet curse the swine!

But because the sons of Kings eat not with the outcast, the Rana entered after, clothed in chain armor of blue steel, and having greeted him, bid him to the sight of that Treasure. And Allah-u-Din, his eyes swimming with wine, and yet not drunken, followed, and the two went alone.

Purdahs [curtains] of great splendor were hung in the great Hall that is called the Raja's Hall, exceeding rich with gold, and in front of the opening was a kneeling-cushion, and on a gold stool before it a polished mirror.

(Ah! for gold and beauty, the scourges of the world!)

And the Rana was pale to the lips.

Now as the Princes stood by the purdah, a veiled woman, shrouded in white so that no shape could be seen in her, came forth from within, and kneeling upon the cushion, she unveiled her face, bending until the mirror, like a pool of water, held it, and that only. And the King motioned his guest to look, and he looked over her veiled shoulder and saw. Very great was the bowed beauty that the mirror held, but Allah-u-Din turned to the Rana.

'By the Bread and the Salt, by the Guest-Right, by the Honor of thy House, I ask — is this the Treasure of Chitor?'

And since the Sun-Descended cannot lie, no, not though they perish, the Rana answered, flushing darkly, —

'This is not the Treasure. Wilt thou spare?'

But he would not, and the woman

slipped like a shadow behind the purdah and no word said.

Then was heard the tinkling of chooris, and the little noise fell upon the silence like a fear, and, parting the curtains, came a woman veiled like the other. She did not kneel, but took the mirror in her hand, and Allah-u-Din drew up behind her back. From her face she raised the veil of gold Dakka webs, and gazed into the mirror, holding it high, and that Accursed stumbled back, blinded with beauty, saying this only, —

'I have seen the Treasure of Chitor.'

So the purdah fell about her.

The next day, after the Imaum of the Accursed had called them to prayer, they departed, and Allah-u-Din, paying thanks to the Rana for honors given and taken, and swearing friendship, besought him to ride to his camp, to see the marvels of gold and steel armor brought down from the passes, swearing also safe-conduct. And because the Rajputs trust the word even of a foe, he went.

(Ah! that honor should strike hands with traitors!)

IV

The hours went by, heavy-footed like mourners.

Padmini the Rani knelt by the window in her tower that overlooks the plains. Motionless she knelt there, as the Goddess Umá lost in her penances, and she saw her Lord ride forth, and the sparkle of steel where the sun shone on them, and the Standard of the Gold Disk on its black ground. So the camp of the Moslem swallowed them up, and they returned no more. Still she knelt and none dared speak with her; and as the first shade of evening fell across the hills of Rajasthan, she saw a horseman spurring over the flat; and he rode like the wind, and, seeing, she implored the Gods.

Then entered the Twice-Born, that saint of clear eyes, and he bore a scroll; and she rose and seated herself, and he stood by her, as her ladies cowered like frightened doves before the woe in his face as he read.

'To the Rose of Beauty, The Pearl among Women, the Chosen of the Palace. Who, having seen thy loveliness, can look on another? Who, having tasted the wine of the Houris, but thirsts forever? Behold, I have thy King as hostage. Come thou and deliver him. I have sworn that he shall return in thy place.'

And from a smaller scroll, the Brahmin read this:—

'I am fallen in the snare. Act thou as becomes a Rajputni.'

Then that Daughter of the Sun lifted her head, for the thronging of armed feet was heard in the Council Hall below. From the floor she caught her veil and veiled herself in haste, and the Brahmin with bowed head followed, while her women mourned aloud. And, descending, between the folds of the purdah she appeared white and veiled, and the Brahmin beside her, and the eyes of all the Princes were lowered to her shrouded feet, while the voice they had not heard fell silverly upon the air, and the echoes of the high roof repeated it.

'Chiefs of the Rajputs, what is your counsel?'

And he of Marwar stepped forward, and not raising his eyes above her feet, answered, —

'Queen, what is thine?'

For the Rajputs have ever heard the voice of their women.

And she said, —

'I counsel that I die and my head be sent to him, that my blood may quench his desire.'

And each talked eagerly with the other, but amid the tumult the Twice-Born said, —

'This is not good talk. In his rage he will slay the King. By my yoga, I have seen it. Seek another way.'

So they sought, but could determine nothing, and they feared to ride against the dog, for he held the life of the King; and the tumult was great, but all were for the King's safety.

Then once more she spoke.

'Seeing it is determined that the King's life is more than my honor, I go this night. In your hand I leave my little son, the Prince Ajeysi. Prepare my litters, seven hundred of the best, for all my women go with me. Depart now, for I have a thought from the Gods.'

Then, returning to her bower, she spoke this letter to the saint, and he wrote it, and it was sent to the camp.

After salutations — 'Wisdom and strength have attained their end. Have ready for release the Rana of Chitor, for this night I come with my ladies, the prize of the conqueror.'

When the sun sank, a great procession with torches descended the steep way of Chitor — seven hundred litters, and in the first was borne the Queen, and all her women followed.

All the streets were thronged with women, weeping and beating their breasts. Very greatly they wept, and no men were seen, for their livers were black within them for shame as the Treasure of Chitor departed, nor would they look upon the sight. And across the plains went that procession; as if the stars had fallen upon the earth, so glittered the sorrowful lights of the Queen.

But in the camp was great rejoicing, for the Barbarians knew that many fair women attended on her.

Now, before the entrance to the camp they had made a great *shamiana* [tent] ready, hung with shawls of Kashmir and the plunder of Delhi; and there was set a silk divan for the Rani,

and beside it stood the Loser and the Gainer, Allah-u-Din and the King, awaiting the Treasure.

Veiled she entered, stepping proudly, and taking no heed of the Moslem, she stood before her husband, and even through the veil he could feel the eyes he knew.

And that Accursed spoke, laughing. 'I have won — I have won, O King! Bid farewell to the Chosen of the Palace — the Beloved of the Viceregent of Kings!'

Then she spoke softly, delicately, in her own tongue, that the outcast should not guess the matter of her speech.

'Stand by me. Stir not. And when I raise my arm, cry the cry of the Rajputs. NOW!'

And she flung her arm above her head, and instantly, like a lion roaring, he shouted, drawing his sword, and from every litter sprang an armed man, glittering in steel, and the bearers, humble of mien, were Rajput knights, every one.

Allah-u-Din thrust at the breast of the Queen; but around them surged the war, and she was hedged with swords like a rose in the thickets.

Very full of wine, dull with feasting and lust and surprise, the Moslems fled across the plains, streaming in a broken rabble, cursing and shouting like low-caste women; and the Rajputs, wiping their swords, returned from the pursuit and laughed upon each other.

But what shall be said of the joy of the King and of her who had imagined this thing, instructed of the Goddess who is the other half of her Lord?

So the procession returned, singing, to Chitor with those Two in the midst; but among the dogs that fled was Allah-u-Din, his face blackened with shame and wrath, the curses choking in his foul throat.

(Ahi! that the evil still walk the ways of the world!)

V

So the time went by and the beauty of the Queen grew, and her King could see none but hers. Like the moon she obscured the stars, and every day he remembered her wisdom, her valor, and his soul did homage at her feet, and there was great content in Chitor.

It chanced one day that the Queen, looking from her high window that like an eagle's nest overhung the precipice, saw, on the plain beneath, a train of men, walking like ants, and each carried a basket on his back, and behind them was a cloud of dust like a great army. Already the city was astir because of this thing, and the rumors came thick and the spies were sent out.

In the dark they returned, and the Rana entered the bower of Padmini, his eyes burning like coal with hate and wrath, and he flung his arm round his wife like a shield.

'He is returned, and in power. Counsel me again, O wife, for great is thy wisdom!'

But she answered only this, —

'Fight, for this time it is to the death.'

Then each day she watched how the baskets of earth, emptied upon the plain at first, made nothing, an ant-heap whereat fools might laugh. But each day as the trains of men came, spilling their baskets, the great earthworks grew and their height mounted. Day after day the Rajputs rode forth and slew; and as they slew it seemed that all the teeming millions of the earth came forth to take the places of the slain. And the Rajputs fell also, and under the pennons the thundering forces returned daily, thinned of their best.

(Ahi! that Evil rules the world as God!)

And still the earth grew up to the heights, and the protection of the hills was slowly withdrawn from Chitor, for

on the heights they made they set their engines of war.

Then in a red dawn that great Saint Narayan came to the Queen, where she watched by her window, and spoke.

'O great lady, I have dreamed a fearful dream. Nay, rather have I seen a vision.'

With her face set like a sword, the Queen said, —

'Say on.'

'In a light red like blood, I waked, and beside me stood the Mother, — Durga, — awful to see, with a girdle of heads about her middle; and the drops fell thick and slow from That which she held in her hand, and in the other was her sickle of Doom. Nor did she speak, but my soul heard her words.'

'Narrate them.'

'She commanded: "Say this to the Rana: 'In Chitor is My altar; in Chitor is thy throne. If thou wouldst save either, send forth twelve crowned Kings of Chitor to die.'""

As he said this, the Rana, forespent with fighting, entered and heard the Divine word.

Now there were twelve princes of the Rajput blood, and the youngest was the son of Padmini. What choice had these most miserable but to appease the dreadful anger of the Goddess? So on each fourth day a King of Chitor was crowned, and for three days sat upon the throne, and on the fourth day, set in the front, went forth and died fighting. So perished eleven Kings of Chitor, and now there was left but the little Ajeysi, the son of the Queen.

And that day was a great Council called.

Few were there. On the plains many lay dead; holding the gates many watched; but the blood was red in their hearts and flowed like Indus in the melting of the snows. And to them spoke the Rana, his hand clenched on his sword, and the other laid on the small dark

head of the Prince Ajeysi, who stood between his knees. And as he spoke his voice gathered strength till it rang through the hall like the voice of Indra when he thunders in the heavens.

'Men of the Rajputs, this child shall not die. Are we become jackals that we fall upon the weak and tear them? When have we put our women and children in the forefront of the war? I — I only am King of Chitor. Narayan shall save this child for the time that will surely come. And for us — what shall we do? I die for Chitor!'

And like the hollow waves of a great sea they answered him, —

'We will die for Chitor.'

There was silence and Marwar spoke. 'The women?'

'Do they not know the duty of a Rajputni?' said the King. 'My household has demanded that the caves be prepared.'

And the men clashed stern joy with their swords, and the council dispersed.

Then that very great saint, the Twice-Born, put off the sacred thread that is the very soul of the Brahmin. In his turban he wound it secretly, and he stained his noble Aryan body until it resembled the Pariahs, foul for the pure to see, loathsome for the pure to touch, and he put on him the rags of the lowest of the earth, and taking the Prince, he removed from the body of the child every trace of royal and Rajput birth, and he appeared like a child of the Bhils — the vile forest wanderers that shame not to defile their lips with carrion. And in this guise they stood before the Queen; and when she looked on the saint, the tears fell from her eyes like rain, not for grief for her son, nor for death, but that for their sake the pure should be made impure and the glory of the Brahminhood be defiled. And she fell at the old man's feet and laid her head on the ground before him.

'Rise, daughter!' he said, 'and take

comfort! Are not the eyes of the Gods clear that they should distinguish? — and this day we stand before the God of Gods. Have not the Great Ones said, “That which causes life causes also decay and death”? Therefore we who go and you who stay are alike a part of the Divine. Embrace now thy child and bless him, for we depart. And it is on account of the sacrifice of the Twelve that he is saved alive.’

So, controlling her tears, she rose, and clasping the child to her bosom, she bade him be of good cheer since he went with the Gods. And that great saint took his hand from hers, and for the first time in the life of the Queen he raised his aged eyes to her face, and she gazed at him; but what she read, even the ascetic Visravas, who saw all by the power of his yoga, could not tell, for it was beyond speech. Very certainly the peace hereafter possessed her.

So those two went out by the secret ways of the rocks, and wandering far, were saved by the favor of Durga.

VI

And the nights went by and the days, and the time came that no longer could they hold Chitor, and all hope was dead.

On a certain day the Rana and the Rani stood for the last time in her bower, and looked down into the city; and in the streets were gathered in a very wonderful procession the women of Chitor; and not one was veiled. Flowers that had bloomed in the inner chambers, great ladies jeweled for a festival, young brides, aged mothers, and girl children clinging to the robes of their mothers who held their babes, crowded the ways. Even the low-caste women walked with measured steps and proudly, decked in what they had of best, their eyes lengthened with *soorma*, and flowers in the darkness of their hair.

The Queen was clothed in a gold robe of rejoicing, her bodice latticed with diamonds and great gems, and upon her bosom the necklace of table emeralds, alight with green fire, which is the jewel of the Queens of Chitor. So she stood radiant as a vision of Shri, and it appeared that rays encircled her person.

And the Rana, unarmed save for his sword, had the saffron dress of a bridegroom and the jeweled cap of the Rajput Kings, and below in the hall were the Princes and Chiefs, clad even as he.

Then, raising her lotus eyes to her lord, the Princess said, —

‘Beloved, the time is come, and we have chosen rightly, for this is the way of honor, and it is but another link forged in the chain of existence; for until existence itself is ended and rebirth destroyed, still shall we meet in lives to come and still be husband and wife. What room then for despair?’

And he answered, —

‘This is true. Go first, wife, and I follow. Let not the door swing to behind thee. But oh, to see thy beauty once more that is the very speech of Gods with men! Wilt thou surely come again to me and again be fair?’

And for all answer she smiled upon him, and at his feet performed the obeisance of a Rajput wife when she departs upon a journey; and they went out together, the Queen unveiled.

As she passed through the Princes, they lowered their eyes so that none saw her; but when she stood on the steps of the palace, the women all turned eagerly toward her like stars about the moon, and lifting their arms, they began to sing the dirge of the Rajput women.

So they marched, and in great companies they marched, company behind company, young and old, past the Queen, saluting her and drawing courage from the loveliness and kindness of her unveiled face.

¶ In the rocks beneath the palaces of Chitor are very great caves — league-long and terrible, with ways of darkness no eyes have seen; and it is believed that in times past spirits have haunted them with strange wailings. In these was prepared great store of wood and oils and fragrant matters for burning. So to these caves they marched and, company by company, disappeared into the darkness; and the voice of their singing grew faint and hollow, and died away, as the men stood watching their women go.

Now, when this was done and the last had gone, the Rani descended the steps, and the Rana, taking a torch dipped in fragrant oils, followed her, and the Princes walked after, clad like bridegrooms but with no faces of bridal joy. At the entrance of the caves, having lit the torch, he gave it into her hand, and she, receiving it and smiling, turned once upon the threshold, and for the first time those Princes beheld the face of the Queen, but they hid their eyes with their hands when they had seen. So she departed within, and the Rana shut to the door and barred and bolted it, and the men with him flung down great rocks before it so that none should know the way, nor indeed is it known to this day; and with their hands on their swords they waited there, not speaking, until a great smoke rose between the crevices of the rocks, but no sound at all.

(Ashes of roses — ashes of roses! Ah!

for beauty that is but touched and remitted!)

The sun was high when those men with their horses and on foot marched down the winding causeway beneath the seven gates, and so forth into the plains, and charging unarmed upon the Moslems, they perished every man. After, it was asked of one who had seen the great slaughter, —

‘Say how my King bore himself.’

And he who had seen told this: —

‘Reaper of the harvest of battle, on the bed of honor he has spread a carpet of the slain! He sleeps ringed about by his enemies. How can the world tell of his deeds? The tongue is silent.’

When that Accursed, Allah-u-Din, came up the winding height of the hills, he found only a dead city, and his heart was sick within him.

Now this is the Sack of Chitor, and by the Oath of the Sack of Chitor do the Rajputs swear when they bind their honor.

But it is only the ascetic Vísravas who by the power of his yoga has heard every word, and with his eyes beheld that Flame of Beauty, who, for a brief space illuminating the world as a Queen, returns to birth in many a shape of sorrowful loveliness until the Blue-throated God shall in his favor destroy her rebirths.

Salutation to Ganesa the Elephant-Headed One, and to Shri the Lady of Beauty!

JUST BECAUSE I WANT TO PLAY

BY EDWARD BOK

I

I HAVE disappointed my friends.

Not only that, but some of those friends are convinced of my ill health. Others go further: there comes a curious look in their eyes, and I know they wonder whether it is not possible that there may be something mentally wrong with me.

And why?

For two reasons: —

Just because I said that I wanted to play, and forthwith resigned from active business.

And, second, that thus I have refused to be like other American business men, who insist upon working until they have one foot in the grave, with the other dangling dangerously over the edge; who want to 'drop in the harness,' as they call it. Now, to my way of looking at it, there can be no possible objection to a man 'dropping in the harness' if he is bent upon doing so. But why should I not have the privilege as well of dropping with the blinders off, if I so prefer?

My friends will not have it so, however. Even so acute a student of human affairs as the editor of the *Atlantic* immediately wrote to me upon my announced retirement from business and hoped 'I would soon get well'! Yet never in my life had I felt more fit, as the English put it. Others go further. One of my friends has given me twelve months in which to 'degenerate,' as he politely termed my parting with mental capacity. And as the time is rolling on toward the end of this period, I feel his

anxious eye upon me. I think he is really disappointed that no visible signs of the 'degeneration' have appeared as yet, and I know he leads me into an argument on some abstruse subject with the sole intent of seeing whether my mind still works in anything like an orderly fashion. Another friend, only last evening, fixed my complete mental collapse at two years. He was, at least, more considerate, since he gives me still more than a year and a half of the capacity to understand what others are talking about — and to read the *Atlantic* with ordinary intelligence.

All this is the point of view of my friends when I explain my 'why.' It never occurs to them, however, that I may have a 'why' also upon their point of view; and I dare say that my point of view upon their point of view is infinitely stranger and more inexplicable to them than is theirs to me.

To me, theirs is essentially the American point of view — and more's the pity that one can speak of it so. Not that I do not consider myself an American. I do by training, if not by birth; and sometimes I like to think that this latter parental gift makes me somewhat of a better American than the average American-born. For I have tried to take on and into myself the best that America has to offer, but I have also held on to some of the best of my Dutch ideals and ideas. And one of the latter is to enjoy the results of a lifetime of work while the capacity is still there

with which to enjoy them. The European, with an older civilization and larger experience behind him, has learned this; the Englishman likewise has felt it; but the American has still to grasp the truth that the great adventure of life is something more than work — and money.

One of the most pathetic sights in our American business life is the inability of men to let go, not only for their own good, but to give the younger men behind them a chance. They hang on beyond their years of greatest usefulness and efficiency: convince themselves that they are indispensable to their business, while, in scores of cases, the truth is exactly the opposite: the business would be distinctly benefited by their retirement and the resultant coming to the front of the younger blood in affairs. A great many men in pivotal positions apparently do not see that they often have it within their power to advance the fortunes of a number of younger men by stepping out when they have served their time; while by refusing to let go they often work dire injustice, and even disaster, to their younger associates.

The real trouble with the American business man is that in many instances he is actually afraid to let go because, out of business, he would not know what to do. For years he has so immersed himself in business, to the exclusion of all other interests, that at fifty or seventy he finds himself a slave to his business, with positively no inner resources. Retirement from the one thing that he does know would naturally leave such a man useless to himself, his family, and his community: worse than useless, as a matter of fact, for he would become a burden to himself and a nuisance to his family. You rarely ever find a European or English business man reaching a mature age devoid of outside interests: he always lets the

breezes of other worlds blow over his mentality when he is in affairs, with the result that, when he is ready to retire from business, he has other interests to fall back upon. This is rarely the case with the American business man. It is becoming more frequent that we see American men retiring from business and devoting themselves to other interests, and their number will undoubtedly increase as time goes on and we learn the lessons of life with a richer background. But one cannot help feeling regretful that the number is not growing larger more rapidly.

A man must unquestionably prepare years ahead for his retirement. I do not mean alone financially, which naturally is paramount, but mentally as well. I have been interested to note that, in nearly every case where a business man has told me that I have made a mistake in my retirement, and that the proper life for a man is to stick to the game and see it through, — to 'hold her nozzle agin the bank,' as Jim Bludso would say, — it has been a man with no resource outside of his business. Naturally, my action is a mistake in the eyes of such a man; but think of the pathos of such a position, where, in a world of so much interest and an age so fascinatingly full of worth-while things, a man has allowed himself to become so absorbed in his business that he has become a slave to it and to it alone, and cannot imagine another man happy without the same bone at which to gnaw.

It is this lesson that the American business man has still to learn: that he is not living a four-squared life if he concentrates every waking thought on his material affairs. He has still to learn that man cannot live by bread alone. The making of money, the accumulation of material power, is not all there is to living. Life is something more than those two things, and the man who misses this truth misses the

greatest joy and satisfaction that can come into his life — that is, from service for others.

Some men argue that they can give service and be in business too. But 'service' with such men generally means the drawing of a check for some worthy cause and letting it go at that. I would not for a moment belittle the giving of contributions, but it is a poor nature that can satisfy itself that it is serving humanity by the mere signing of a check. There is no form of service so easy and so cheap as to give a check to an object with the interest stopping there. Real service is where a man gives himself with his check, and that the average business man cannot do if he remains in affairs. Particularly true is this of to-day, when every problem of business is so engrossing, demanding a man's fullest time and thought. It is the rare man who can devote himself to business and be fresh for the service of others afterward. No man can, with efficiency to either, serve two masters so exacting as are these. He can do one or the other effectively; both, he can do only ineffectively. Besides, if his business has seemed enough worth while to demand his entire attention, are not the great uplift questions equally worth his exclusive thought? Are they any easier of solution than the material problems?

II

As I see it, a man should divide his life into three periods.

First, that of education, acquiring the fullest and best within his power.

Second, that of achievement: achieving for himself and his family, and discharging the first duty of any man — to see that in case of his incapacity those who are closest to him are provided for. But such provision does not mean an accumulation that becomes to those he leaves behind him an embarrassment

rather than a protection. To prevent this, the next period confronts him.

Third, service for others. That is the acid test where many a man falls short: to know instinctively and truly when he has enough, and to be willing, not only to let well enough alone, but to give a helping hand to the other fellow; to recognize, in a practical way, that we are our brothers' keepers; that a brotherhood of man does exist elsewhere than in a war-oration or an after-dinner speech. Too many men make the mistake, when they reach the point of having enough, of going on pursuing the same old game: accumulating more money, grasping for more power, until either a nervous breakdown overtakes them and a sad incapacity is the result, or they drop 'in the harness,' which is, of course, calling an early grave by another name. They cannot seem to get the truth into their heads that, as they have been helped by others, so should they now help others.

No man has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something to it: either he must make its people better or happier, or he must make the face of the world more beautiful or fairer to look at. And the one really means the other.

Take the really tragic picture that we all too often see in our American family life, where the father has become so completely a slave to his business that he has no time to be a father. If the saying be true that everything achieved in this life is at the expense of something else, it would seem sometimes that a man's material success is too often bought at the cost of the fatherly relation. I saw an instance of this only a few days ago, when a fine lad of twenty ran home just overnight from college, to consult his father as to what at that age looms so very important: a heart affair. He found his father talking with a business friend, and the

mother took the boy off to her room, the father saying that he would be up shortly. But he became engrossed in the topic under discussion, and when he went upstairs at midnight the boy, tired of waiting, had gone to bed. In the morning, father and son went to the city together; but the father had some 'important papers' to look over, and the boy, fearful of disturbing him and knowing that he would not secure his attention for the subject in mind, remained silent, and the two parted without the highly desired confidences being exchanged.

Too busy! 'Father is such good company,' said a son, looking at his father absorbed in some business papers; 'but the trouble is, he is so busy you can't get hold of him.' How often one hears this of the successful man; and the sons or daughters proceed with their lives, their enjoyments, and leave the father out! 'He is *so* nice,' said a daughter of a busy, successful man, 'but we do not feel as if he belonged to us any more. It is always business, business. He has got himself into so many things that he really has n't time for us.' What a picture to contemplate!

One of the loveliest girls I know said to me of her father: 'How I wish father would do what you have done! He could easily do it. As it is, we hardly see anything of him; he is hardly ever at home, and when he is, he is busy at meetings or conferences in the evenings, or he has business friends at the house. It is always that horrid business.' A man who had recently retired from a pivotal position told me that what brought him to a decision was his daughter's saying to him, 'Dear Daddy, I could love you so much if I only had a chance to get acquainted with you.'

Wife after wife complains of the husband's utter absorption in business, to the exclusion of herself and her children;

and yet the husband goes on piling up more money, reaching out for more power; and, pray, for what? The wife repeatedly says, 'We have plenty. Let up now and take some pleasure.' The children look longingly to their father for those parental times to which they are entitled. But the man has grown, as it were, to his desk, until, as Charles Lamb says, the very wood has entered his soul. And unless he awakes in time, either he passes away or his children pass out of his home, and the great, deep, satisfying feeling of a father's relation has never been his. It has all been sordid materialism: he has sold his highest self for a mess of pottage. In truth, what shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his child?

'All very beautiful,' will say some men. 'But that's idealism.' Of course it is. But just what is the matter with idealism? What, really, is idealism? Do one tenth of those who use the phrase so glibly in these days know its true meaning and the part it has played in the world? The worthy interpretation of an ideal is that it consists of an idea: a conception of the imagination which perceives ideals. But all ideas are first ideals; they must be. The producer brings forth an idea, but some dreamer has dreamed it before him either in whole or in part. Where would human history be to-day were it not for the ideals of men? Washington, in his day, was decried as an idealist. So was Jefferson. It was a remark commonly made of Lincoln that he was 'a rank idealist.' Morse, Watt, Marconi, Edison — all were adjudged idealists. We say of the League of Nations that it is ideal, and we use the term in a derogatory sense. But that was exactly what was said of the Constitution of the United States. 'Insanely ideal,' was the term used of it. The idealist, particularly to-day when his need is so great, is not to be scoffed at. It is through him,

and only through him, that the world will see its new and clear vision of what is right and true. It is he who has the power of going out of himself, a power which too many utterly lack nowadays; it is he who, in seeking the ideal, will, through his own clearer perception, or that of others, transform the ideal into the real. 'Where there is no vision, the people perish,' is a thought well worth remembering in these days. Where would the world be to-day were it not for the vision of the idealist?

I notice, however, that the vast majority of my friends mistake my idea when I say that 'I want to play.' 'Play' to them means tennis, golf, horseback, polo, travel, and the like. (Curious how seldom one has mentioned reading.) No one enjoys some of these play-forms more than I do; but God forbid that I should spend the rest of my days on the golf-course or in the saddle. In moderation, yes; most decidedly. But 'play' means — at least to me — something more than all this. Play is diversion: an exertion of the mind as well as of the body. There is such a thing as mental play as well as physical play. We ask of play that it shall rest, refresh, and exhilarate us. Is there any form of mental activity that does all these so thoroughly and so directly as when one is doing something he really likes to do; doing it with all his heart, and conscious all the time that he is helping to make the world better for someone else? Can man raise himself to any higher possible standard or eminence, and thus to greater exhilaration, mental and physical, than when he is serving?

A man's 'play' can take any form. If his life has been barren of books or travel, let him read and see the world. But he reaches his high estate through either of these worlds only when he reads or travels to enrich himself, so that he may give out what he gets from the printed line he reads or the new

worlds he sees, and thereby enrich the lives of others. He owes it to himself to get his own refreshment, his own pleasure; but he can get all that without pure self-indulgence.

Other men, with more active bodies and minds, feel drawn to the modern arena of great questions that puzzle. It matters not in which direction a man goes, any more than the length of a step matters so much as does the direction in which it is taken. He should seek those questions which engross his deepest interest, whether literary, musical, artistic, civic, economic, or what not. Our cities, towns, and communities of all sizes and kinds, urban and rural, cry out for men to solve their problems of every sort. There is room and to spare for the man of any bent. The ancient Greeks looked forward, on coming to the age of retirement, which was definitely fixed, to a rural life; and they hied themselves to a little place in the country, held open house for their friends, and 'kept bees.' While bee-keeping is unquestionably interesting, there are other and more vital occupations awaiting the hand of the retired American man. The main thing is to secure that freedom of foot movement that will let a man go where he will and do what he thinks he can do best, and prove to himself and to others that the acquirement of the dollar is not all there is to life. No man can realize, until he has awakened some morning and felt its exhilaration, that sense of freedom that comes from a condition where he can choose his own doings and control his own goings — can walk about and not to and fro, as Charles Lamb said of his retirement. Time is of more value than money, and it is that which the man who retires feels that he possesses.

Hamilton Mabie once said, after his retirement from an active editorial position, 'I am so happy that the time has come when I elect what I shall do';

which is true; but then he added, 'I have rubbed out the word "must" from my vocabulary'; which was not true. No man ever reaches that point. Duty of some sort confronts a man in business or out of business, and duty spells 'must.' But there is less 'must' in the vocabulary of the retired man; and it is this lesser quantity that gives the tang of joy to the new day.

It is a wonderful point of inner personal satisfaction to reach when a man can say, 'I have enough.' I like to think that he is made over by it, that his soul and character are refreshed by it. He begins a new life; he gets a sense

of a new joy that he has never had; he feels, for the first time, what a priceless possession is that thing that he never knew before — freedom. And if he seeks that freedom at the right time in his life, when he is at the summit of his years and powers, and at the most opportune time in his affairs, he has the supreme satisfaction that is denied to so many men, and the opposite of which comes home with such cruel force to them: that they overstayed their time; they wore out their welcome.

There is no satisfaction that so thoroughly satisfies as that of going while the going is good!

TRISHKA AND TROSHKA

BY EDWIN BONTA

In a few short hours, between sunrise and sunset, the 'dark people' had succeeded in shattering the power of an age-long dynasty. But they were to find that another power, the rule of habit, was not so easily broken. And even under the new order of things, the habits of the old — habits of thought, word, and deed — still persisted below the surface of life, ready to spring up and reassert themselves at unexpected moments.

Discipline was no light matter in the army of the Tsar. It was a thing to be lived and breathed — not to be lightly put on or off with one's uniform. And habits bred in barracks or on the drill-ground were not soon forgotten.

First came the captain, ordering 'Attention!' Springing to their feet, his men, they clicked their heels together

and turned to stone, arms tense at their sides, chins thrown up convulsively, eyes fastened on a point in the angle of the ceiling.

The colonel entered. 'Hail, Children!' he said. And his 'children,' — his men of stone, — thinking to express the measure of their loyalty in the noise of their voices, and still gazing fixedly at the point in the angle of the ceiling, made the barracks rock with the concussion of their response: 'HEALTH WE WISH YOU, MASTER COLONEL!'

A strange custom, was it not? But yet as much a part of their daily life as is the simple salute our doughboy accords to his officer. And it was thus, no doubt, that the subjects of Artaxerxes and of Esar-haddon were wont to shout, 'O king, live forever!' above the rumble of their chariot-wheels, rolling

through the teeming streets of Shushan or of Nineveh.

There lived in Moscow during the first year of the Bolsheviki two sons of an aristocratic house, Trífon Ivánich Zhéd-rinskoy and Trofím Ivánich Zhéd-rinskoy. The elder got his given name from good St. Tryphon, on whose festival he had first appeared in this troubled world: the younger had been born on the day sacred to St. Trophimus. Hence it came about that these two unlike brothers started life with two very like names, Trífon and Trofím, familiarized by established custom into Tríshka and Tróshka.

We recall the elder of the two, during the hot summer days, going about in a cream-colored satin blouse that buttoned under one ear and hung down openly over his sleek thighs, gathered at the waist with a crimson cord with tassels. He had held some sort of commission in the Imperial forces, and had looked very handsome indeed in his well-cut uniform.

Tróshka, the younger, although he too had been an officer, was still only an awkward youth in frame and carriage. He was tall and thin and stoop-shouldered, with great hands hanging out of his short coat-sleeves. In spite of aristocratic traditions, clothes, to him, were merely something that had to be bought once in a while — and paid for.

His habitual mood was quiet and his speech slow, while his elder brother talked much, and in many languages.

One night in August young Tróshka came in tense with alarm. A friend in the government printery had secretly told him that 'in a few days' time they would post an order requiring all former officers to report in person at the Lafortevski Hospital.'

No doubt that meant arrest! Already many of their acquaintance had been suspected of counter-revolution-

ary plotting, had been seized and imprisoned.

'It cannot be,' said the elder, not wishing to believe it.

'May God smite me! It will be,' was the reply.

'But what to do, then?' — the elder turned to him appealingly.

Tróshka had already outlined a plan in his mind — to Petrograd, and thence across the nearby frontier into Finland. There the friendly White Guards were in possession; there they would be comparatively safe. But it was needful to set off at once, before these notices were posted — after that the Red Guards would be watching at the stations and prevent their getting into any train.

'Yes, and they'll prevent even to-day,' interrupted the elder. 'Without passes they won't give access now; and if an ex-officer go and ask for a pass — O Lord my God! It can't be done.'

But it was done.

At the station barrier Tróshka, in the crush of a throng of travelers, presented two board-bills impressively receipted with a rubber stamp. The Red Guard held them upside down, studied the purple imprint dumbly, and frowned a helpless assent as the surging crowd swept the pair past him. And by racing to the train and fighting their way through a car, they got an upper berth in a two-passenger compartment, while the tide of humanity, sweeping along under them, left five on the seat below.

There they lay wedged in side by side on their narrow shelf as the train clattered noisily over the neglected rails.

'But if they did n't seize us in Moscow,' continued the elder, in English, 'they will in Petrograd. And if not in Petrograd, then on the Finnish line —'

'But am I not telling you — if we stayed in Moscow, we should be seized just the same?' returned Tróshka.

'So. But that would have been to-

morrow, or the day after, or the day after that. Many wonderful things can happen before the day after to-morrow!' And the elder gazed dreamily out of the window.

Toward evening of the next day the train pulled into the shed at Petrograd. As before, Tróshka got them both past the guard at the barrier and out into the deserted streets of the city. They hurried off to an obscure tea-room that he remembered, where they could stay in hiding until nightfall.

'If one reached Finland,' continued the elder, 'it would be needful to eat all the same. But who would give us to eat, now?' (Just then, a black cat, darting out of an alley, scurried across the street in front of them.) 'There, look!' he went on, crossing himself. 'Did n't I say we should never have come?'

Tróshka sighed.

'The English have a proverb, Tríshka — "Where there's a will, there's a way."' (The Zhédrrinskoyes claim a Scottish ancestor somewhere back on their tree.)

'So,' answered his brother. 'And there's a Russian proverb — "God suffered too: and ordered mankind so to do." For my part, to try to get away like this — this is tempting Providence.'

It was a sorry time for ex-officers in Petrograd. The commissary Yurítski had just been assassinated, a new reactionary plot had been unearthed, and the patrols were suspicious of all men who looked as if they might have held commissions under the Tsar. And as these two were hurrying out of the city under cover of the night, a patrol halted them.

Passes — did they have passes?

Tróshka, by a sudden inspiration, found himself explaining that his companion was a deaf-mute. (This would come as a complete surprise to his brother, he knew.)

'Yes, to be sure,' he went on. 'There

are passes for us both. Read, please!' And he handed over the little papers that had served so well at the railroad station.

But this soldier, unfortunately, did read. And what were these that were offered?

Tróshka very much excused himself — a stupid mistake — one little minute, and he would show the right ones; while in his inside he struggled against a weakening feeling of nausea.

As we know, he did not find the right ones. He could n't imagine whither they had fallen through; but they were gone. And the Red Guard — he was sorry to detain them; he would like to believe they had had the passes; but they would understand, no doubt, that it was his duty under the circumstances. And he and his patrol marched them off in the direction of the commissariat.

'*Nichegó,*' thought Tróshka, as they trudged along. 'At least Tríshka understands that he's a deaf-mute. And a hundred things he would n't have told by this time had he had the chance — giving us both away, no doubt.'

And the elder, for his part, seemed both willing and eager to take his brother's surprising suggestion — he would have taken anything except the initiative.

The shadowy room of the commissariat was lighted by a solitary kerosene lamp on the desk of the examining officer.

This officer, Comrade Weinstein, had a pleasant face, if not a Russian one. His cheeks were rosy. His lower lip was more prominent than is common to the Slavs. And he shrugged his shoulders and gestured much with his hands as he talked.

The others around him were certainly Russians; and their eyes watched him and their ears followed his voice constantly. When he smiled, they smiled; and they nodded their heads with approval at his decisions.

The patrol brought the two brothers just inside the rear door and halted them. They had not handcuffed them, nor did they keep them in their grasp. They seemed content to stand by, with bayonets fixed on their long rifles. And in the dimly lighted room, no longer afraid of showing their features, the pair raised their heads and looked round. Another prisoner — the only one remaining besides themselves — was being brought forward. He too, Tróshka noted, was a political suspect.

At this point a messenger came and called the rosy-cheeked, smiling young man off to some special meeting, convoked no doubt to act on the new conspiracy just disclosed. And he went away, leaving his commissariat in charge of a deputy — one of the Russians.

Tróshka's active mind took in every detail concerning their guard — concerning the others in the room.

From their fragmentary uniforms, and even more from certain unforgettable little habits they showed, it was evident that they too had served — and served long — in the army of the Tsar. And all of them, even those at present in command, judged by the remnants they wore, had been only 'simple soldiers.' Their present discipline was informal enough, quite lacking; but these were the early days of the new freedom — the old discipline was shattered; the new had not yet been established.

A clumsy hand let fall a rifle-butt to the floor. Involuntarily every man straightened to 'attention,' and then, recalling himself, smiled shamefacedly at thought of his unwilling act.

Tróshka's fancy sped back to the days when these habits had been formed — when he had gone the rounds with his colonel, and when the colonel's 'children,' jumping to their feet, had clicked their heels together and turned to stone.

How readily these 'children' might

slip back into that old routine again, thought Tróshka. A sudden familiar sound, a sharp authoritative command — His brain was quick to see the possibilities, and behind a wistful face it worked hard.

The deputy's new authority did not ride easily on his broad shoulders. As he sat in his chief's chair and continued the examination, his eyes wandered frequently toward the door through which that self-assured young man had departed. Particularly now, for the suspect before him was a forceful personality, and appeared to be cross-examining the examiner, rather than himself submitting to a questioning. And the others, recognizing superior wit and will, followed the dialogue absorbedly, secretly enjoying the embarrassment of their former swaggering messmate.

Meanwhile a plan was taking shape in Tróshka's mind.

He gauged his distance from the open, shadowy entrance — not a half-dozen steps. He noted, over his other shoulder, perhaps a dozen steps away, a high cupboard standing well out into the room, and making a capacious dark corner between its far side and the wall.

Now the little prisoner, like that greatest of propagandists, Paul, saw in his chains only an added opportunity to preach his own particular gospel of political perfection. And his present inquisitors, true to type, — tolerant, and always ready 'to hear some new thing,' — gave attention.

Our logical world looks upon ideals as things to be accomplished, and progresses from one ideal attained to a higher one. To these in the commissariat, however, an ideal was food only for contemplation — a conception of perfection itself, never to be realized in this imperfect life. And the Utopia the speaker pictured was so beautiful, so

impossible of attainment, as to command their unqualified respect and interest.

Tróshka checked his calculations and tried his vocal cords cautiously. If only Trishka did n't get enthralled by this idealism, he thought to himself.

Tróshka took one more searching look around — and God was good, for it was evident that every last one was now under the spell of the speaker's magnetic personality. Under the sway of his eloquence, time, place, responsibility — all the actualities of this lame world — were clean forgot. And the two men guarding our pair pushed forward a pace in their eagerness to hear.

When suddenly — too suddenly! — the entire room was snatched back to reality again.

'*Ten-tion!*' rang a familiar command, in a tone of authority.

Instantly they reacted — to a man; clicked their heels together and turned to stone, arms tense at their sides, chins thrown up convulsively, eyes fastened on a point in the angle of the ceiling. Even the deputy himself — another old soldier — sprang to his feet and became rigid, waiting.

'Hail, children!' sounded the expected greeting in their ears. (And Tróshka reached for his brother's hand to lead him.)

Like the roll of heavy guns they belovd the response — with lifted chins and fixed gaze they shouted it: —

'HEALTH WE WISH YOU, MASTER COLONEL!'

Then, the frenzy over, they came to.

There was no colonel; nor was there any captain. Colonel and captain had long since ceased to be — they remembered now. And they challenged one another's eyes and grinned sheepishly.

Then someone noticed — the brothers were gone. *Chort voz'mí!*

All eyes sought the spot where the two had stood. All minds took in the ridiculously short distance from there to the open door. All active legs started off pellmell in the one direction.

Benches were upset and tables overturned as they crowded through the doorway into the street. Even the examiner leaped from behind his desk and joined in the pursuit. Only a solitary guard remained to watch the eloquent prisoner.

'Now!' said Tróshka; and, followed by his brother, he sprang from their hiding-place behind the cupboard, leaped on the back of the lone soldier and sent him spinning like a humming-top. Then he and his brother and their astonished fellow suspect bound their victim hand and foot, and gagged him with the crimson banner from the bar of justice — effectively, as Tróshka did all things.

'Now look!' said the brother, tapping their new companion on the shoulder. 'How are n't we the clever ones, we two?'

'Later!' cut in Tróshka. 'For now we will hurry away.'

'Not thither, fool!' he whispered after, 'or they'll mistake us for the fugitives. We'll run with the crowd — not away from them.'

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for June a contributor from Montana discusses what he calls 'The Mystery of the Soaring Hawk.' It is probable that hawks do not soar otherwise in Montana than they do elsewhere; and Mr. Clough's attempt to throw a mystery about the matter seems to me the result of hasty observation. He says that the usual explanations of the feat, such as, 'He flies like a kite,' 'He rises on ascending currents of air,' are childish and unscientific. His own explanation is given with such an air of assurance and of scientific demonstration that most readers, I fancy, will accept his theory without question. One of our great metropolitan dailies called attention to the subject editorially, and wished for such a man as Roosevelt to add his confirmation. But I am sure that Roosevelt would at once have seen through the false reasoning.

All mechanical principles are the same in the living and in the non-living machine; only in the living machine they are inherent and a vital part of it, while in the non-living the motor-power is superadded from without. The living engine stokes itself. The living phonograph winds itself up. The soaring hawk is simply a living kite that is self-regulated. It adjusts itself to the currents of air, but can no more soar on a still day than can a kite. When the wind fails, the boy raises the wind by running; but he must run as fast as the wind blows that raises his kite. So, if the breeze fails, the hawk cannot soar. He can flap his wings and keep afloat.

These facts, which seem so simple

and obvious, make no impression on Mr. Clough. He is bound that his soaring hawk shall be wrapped in mystery. The same mail that brought me the June *Atlantic* brought me a letter from a man in Kentucky asking me to tell him 'how the buzzard propels itself, often at a considerable distance, and sometimes in the face of a stiff wind, without flapping its wings.' In pursuit of this knowledge, he had applied to the information bureau of a leading Southern newspaper. The reply was that the buzzard adjusts itself to the air-currents, or shifts its wings so as to take advantage of them. But this reply did not satisfy him. He forgets that the buzzard carries a propelling power within its own body, as strictly as does an airplane. Without this it would drift with the wind. In a perfectly motionless air the buzzard would have to beat its wings to keep afloat. The flying-machine is governed by the same laws of physics that govern the hawk and the buzzard.

If an airplane capable of making one hundred miles an hour starts in the face of a wind blowing one hundred miles an hour, would it not, theoretically, be lifted and remain stationary in the air? The two forces would neutralize each other. If you are rowing up-stream at the rate of five miles an hour, and the stream is flowing down at the same speed, you are making no progress; but if you look to the shore, it appears to be moving down at the same speed.

The great condor of South America, in rising from the ground, always faces the wind. It is often captured by tempt-

ing it to gorge itself in a comparatively narrow space. But if a strong enough wind were blowing at such times, it could quickly rise over the barrier. Darwin says he watched a condor high in the air describing its huge circles for six hours without once flapping its wings. He says that, if the bird wished to descend, the wings were for a moment collapsed; and when again expanded, with an altered inclination, the momentum gained by the rapid descent seemed to urge the bird upwards with the even and steady movement of a paper kite. In the case of any bird *soaring*, its motion must be sufficiently rapid for the action of the inclined surface of its body on the atmosphere to counterbalance its gravity. The force to keep up the momentum of a body moving in a horizontal plane in the air (in which there is so little friction) cannot be great, and this force is all that is wanted. The movement of the neck and body of the condor, we must suppose, is sufficient for this. However this may be, it is truly wonderful and beautiful to see so great a bird, hour after hour, without any apparent exertion, wheeling and gliding over mountain and river. Notice Darwin's phrase, 'altered inclination' of the wings, and his allusion to the kite.

The airplane has a propelling power in its motor, and it shifts its wings to take advantage of the currents. The buzzard and condor do the same thing. They are living airplanes, and their power is so evenly and subtly distributed and applied, that the trick of it escapes the eye. But of course they avail themselves of the lifting power of the air-currents.

All birds know how to use their wings to propel themselves through the air, but the mechanism of the act we may not be able to analyze. I do not know how a butterfly propels itself against a breeze with its quill-less wings, but we

know that it does do it. As its wings are neither convex nor concave, like a bird's, one would think that the upward and downward strokes would neutralize each other; but they do not. Strong winds often carry them out over large bodies of water; but such a master flier as the Monarch beats its way back to shore.

At the moment of writing these paragraphs, I saw a hen hawk flap heavily by, pursued by a kingbird. The air was phenomenally still, not a leaf stirred, and the hawk was compelled to beat his wings vigorously. No soaring now, no mounting heavenward, as I have seen him mount till his petty persecutor grew dizzy with the height and returned to earth. But the next day, with a fairly good breeze blowing, I watched two hawks for many minutes climbing their spiral stairway to the skies, till they became very small objects against the clouds, and not once did they flap their wings! Then one of them turned toward the mountain-top and sailed straight into the face of the wind, till he was probably over his mate or young, when, with half-folded wings, he shot down into the tree-tops like an arrow.

In regard to powers of flight, the birds of the air may be divided into two grand classes: those which use their wings simply to transport themselves from one place to another, — the same use we put our legs to, — and those which climb the heavens to attain a wide lookout, either for the pleasure of soaring, or to gain a vantage-point from which to scan a wide territory in search of food or prey. All our common birds are examples of the first class. Our hawks and buzzards are examples of the second class. A few of our birds use their wings to gain an elevation from which to deliver their songs — as the larks, and some of the finches; but the robins and the sparrows and the warblers and the woodpeckers are always going

somewhere. The hawks and the buzzards are, comparatively speaking, birds of leisure. 'You think that a bird beats its wings downward through the air when it flies,' says Mr. Clough. Nearly all birds of the first class do. Members of the grouse family do so in a remarkable degree; but not so the soaring birds: they smite the air with long, flexible, extended wings. He says further, 'The fall of the body is neutralized by the lift of the wing-beat.' Sea birds beat the air slowly with a large wing-surface.

Every bird and beast is a master in the use of its own tools and weapons. We who look on from the outside marvel at their skill. Here is the carpenter bumble-bee hovering and darting about the verge-board of my porch-roof as I write this. It darts swiftly this way and that, and now and then pauses in mid-air, surrounded by a blur of whirling wings, as often does the hummingbird. How it does it, I do not know. I cannot count or distinguish the separate stroke of its wings. At the same time, the chimney-swifts sweep by me like black arrows, on wings apparently as stiff as if made of tin or sheet-iron, now beating the air, now sailing. In some way they suggest winged gimlets. How thin and scimitar-like their wings are! They are certainly masters of their own craft.

'A heavy-bodied domestic fowl does sometimes drive its wings down in a vain attempt to fly,' says Mr. Clough. Does he mean to say that the barnyard fowl cannot fly? The common hen and the turkey are both strong fliers, but not soarers, and not long-distance fliers. Their short rapid flights often end in a graceful sail.

In general, birds in flight bring the wings as far below the body as they do above it. Note the crow flapping his way through the air. He is a heavy flier, but can face a pretty strong wind. His wings probably move through an arc of about ninety degrees. The phoebe

flies with a peculiar snappy, jerky flight; its relative, the kingbird, with a mincing and hovering flight; it tiptoes through the air. The woodpeckers gallop, alternately closing and spreading their wings. The ordinary flight of the goldfinch is a very marked undulatory flight; a section of it, the rise and the fall, would probably measure fifty feet. The bird goes half that distance or more with wings closed. This is the flight the male indulges in within hearing distance of his brooding mate. During the love season he occasionally gives way to an ecstatic flight. This is a level flight, performed on rounded, open wings, which beat the air vertically. This flight of ecstasy during the song season is common to many of our birds. I have seen even the song sparrow indulge in it, rising fifty feet or more and delivering its simple song with obvious excitement. The idiotic-looking woodcock, inspired by the grand passion, rises upon whistling wings in the early spring twilight, and floats and circles at an altitude of a hundred feet or more, and in rapid smacking and chipping notes unburdens his soul. The song of ecstasy with our meadow lark is delivered in a level flight and is sharp and hurried, both flight and song differing radically from its everyday performance. One thinks of the bobolink as singing almost habitually on the wing. He is the most rollicking and song-drunk of all our singing birds. His season is brief but hilarious. In his level flight he seems to use only the tips of his wings, and we see them always below the level of his back. Our common birds that have no flight song, so far as I have observed, are the bluebird, the robin, the phoebe, the social sparrow, the tanager, the grosbeak, the pewee, the wood warblers, and most of the ground warblers.

Mr. Clough's explanation of his mystery seems to me forced and fanciful in the extreme. He says the hawk never

sails against the wind, let him trim his pinions how he will, which is hardly consistent with a paragraph in which he calls upon us to 'observe how sea-gulls fly with motionless wings right in the wind's eye.' Of course, this is not sailing as the yacht sails, but it is sailing as the hawk sails. 'There is power here and independence to defy the wind.' Not to defy it, but to use it. If to soar is not to fly or sail, then there is here a confusion of terms. He says that hawks prefer a still, windless day for soaring, which is a statement no careful observer will confirm.

How then does the hawk soar according to Mr. Clough? He has double engines in his breast-muscles, which he uses alternately, first on one side, then on the other; first the right limb, then the left, as we use our legs in walking. The idea of two wings working simultaneously as they do in flapping does not fit into his theory. 'In alternate wing-beats, then, we find the solution of our problem. The hawk does not cease to exert himself, he simply changes his gait. He prefers the smooth motion of a pacer to the jolting trot of the saddle horse.' Surely a one-sided affair throughout. The whole truth is not in it.

Over thirty years ago a writer on flying machines had this to say about the flight of sea-gulls: 'Sweeping around in circles, occasionally elevating themselves by a few flaps of the wings, they glide down and up the aerial inclines without apparently any effort whatever. But a close observation will show that at every turn the angle of inclination of the wings is changed to meet the new conditions. There is continual movement with power — by the bird it is done instinctively, by our machine only through mechanism obeying a mind not nearly so well instructed.'

The early efforts at flying were made by imitating birds. Bird-like wings were attached to the human body and

operated by the muscular efforts of the would-be flier. But all such experiments quickly came to grief.

The albatross will follow a ship at sea, sailing round and round, in a brisk breeze, on unbending wing, only now and then righting itself with a single flap of its great pinions. It literally rides upon the storm.

It is a curious fact that the expanse of wing among flying creatures generally diminishes in proportion to the increase of weight. Thus it is said that the wing-surface of the gnat is at the rate of nearly fifty square feet to one pound of weight. With the dragon-fly it is less than half of that. With the sparrow it is about three feet to the pound, with the pigeon it is a little over one foot, and with the vulture it is at the rate of about four fifths of a foot to the pound. In the case of the birds, the reason of this is obvious. The smaller birds need speed, but the soaring hawks and vultures do not. The kingbird will easily overtake the crow, the hawk, and the eagle. The soaring hawks are birds of leisure, and avail themselves of the lifting power of the air-currents. Their breast-muscles are less developed than those of the game birds and common birds. The pigeon has great speed, but no soaring power.

The reason that the gnat has such a great expanse of wing-surface is probably because it has little muscular power; the same test applied to the honey bee would probably tell a different story. Yet the insects form a world by themselves; the vertebrate kingdom is governed by other laws. The lifting power of the wind on a plane surface depends upon the angle of inclination. This angle the soaring birds can change to meet the conditions. A wind blowing at the rate of ten miles an hour has a lifting power of about one half pound to the square foot. Hence, upon a soaring hawk it would be considerable.

IRISH REALITIES

BY CHARLES H. GRASTY

I

I BEGIN by saying that the common belief in America that the present movement in Ireland is a spontaneous eruption of a people smarting under tyrannous oppression is not well-founded. The movement, unlike similar movements in the past, has been carefully planned by a few bold and astute leaders. They have timed it with reference to world-wide conditions and sentiment created by the war, particularly England's preoccupations and the general recognition of the principle of self-determination as enunciated by President Wilson. They have coolly calculated all the forces, in and out of Ireland, that can be aroused and employed at this time to get a practical result, whether that result be an Irish republic, or such concessions as will bring complete independence within easier reach at a future time, when conditions shall again be favorable. There is nothing hot-headed or impetuous in the main management of this movement, about whose personnel and methods a secrecy is maintained which no one dares to penetrate. The penalty for any attempt is certain death. An 'intelligence' as highly organized and efficient as any maintained by the armies and navies in war-time protects the secrecy. Spies are everywhere — spies who themselves live in fear lest other spies report them neglectful or disloyal, and they share the fate always readiest for the traitor.

Thus, in impenetrable seclusion, a group, perhaps a very small group,

meet, consult, and issue their orders. There is no fear of interruption or punishment. If one saw them through the window he would not dare reveal their identity. These men can sit together, chat, smoke their cigars, and do their work tranquilly. They are not only protected by their 'intelligence,' but they undoubtedly have a well-organized business machine, with executive and clerical help down to card-indexes, to make systematic the carrying out of a definite policy planned in every detail and understood by all.

And at the very heart of that policy lies the business of murder. I say business, for I am convinced that, however conscienceless, there is nothing bloodthirsty about it. There is an end to be gained, and these men, far removed from the actual scene, decree a murder precisely as a bank discount committee would pass on an application for a loan. They know England, they know America, and they know their Ireland down to the last detail. Their first concern is to produce in Ireland a state of mental servitude; to destroy ordinary resistance by creating a moral vacuum. The extent to which all classes outside the Belfast pale have been cowed is almost beyond belief. Several months ago Alan Bell, a Unionist ex-office-holder, was dragged off a street-car near the Shelbourne Hotel in the centre of Dublin, and shot to death. There were scores of witnesses. Not one budged to help a man thus pounced upon by day-

light assassins. Not one dared to walk to the station round the corner to notify the police. No man or woman of any religious or political creed who saw the affair could have been persuaded to testify in a court.

Murder is King in Ireland. The Lord Mayor of Cork, himself a Sinn Féiner, was assassinated. Everybody believes that it was because he advised abatement in the violence. John Dalton, a prominent citizen in an Irish town, was an original Sinn Féiner, but his association with a policeman made him suspect, and he was put out of the way. When I landed in Ireland, I was horrified; but I soon felt the influence of the moral environment gaining upon me, so potent are habit and usage. Murder is domesticated — an institution. If one is put out of the way, it is the custom of the country, it is all in the day's work.

To bring about this state of moral paralysis and so level down all public opinion within the country is the first object of the Irish management; the second is to put Britain up against difficulties which, added to her other difficulties, will betray her into a kind of blundering to which temperamental antipathies render her peculiarly liable; the third is to throw into contrast apparent unanimity and efficiency in Ireland and British incompetency, ranging from reckless aggression under the Defence of the Realm Act to bewildered and impotent inaction. This showing is especially useful as the basis of appeal to America. For without financial help from America and an American sympathy that will constantly embarrass Britain, the enterprise of an Irish republic is a mere chimera.

II

It is essential to an understanding of conditions in Ireland that the fundamental facts above outlined be borne in

mind. There are outrages and outbreaks in the South and West. Suddenly the scene shifts to the North, and we see Catholics and Protestants shooting each other at Derry. These disturbances are partly personal, religious, and local. But the cold-blooded managers located at Dublin or Manchester, or wherever they may be, never share in the excitement; in fact they sometimes intervene to break its flow; they calculate causes and results to a nicety. They can order a programme which in the execution will gather up certain coefficients in the form of racial or religious passion, and give energy and carrying power to the main movement. If the Irish rebellion had been a mere popular outburst, it would have progressed to a culminating point and then collapsed. But it has been a shrewdly managed enterprise on 'business lines,' and from the moment it was launched until now it has shown a sustained advance. There has been within it little of the emotional energy which exhausts itself in the act of expression.

The movement in its organized militant form began with the rebellion of Easter, 1916. There were at that time no outstanding causes to produce an emotional reaction among the people. Ireland was relatively prosperous. The land laws of 1903 had removed the hardships of the tenant; under it the division of large bodies of land in severalty had been carried out with extraordinary efficiency. The owners of the land enjoyed a high degree of prosperity during the war. Ireland had been indulged in her unwillingness to take her full share in the great struggle for justice and liberty. The conflagration did not start by spontaneous combustion. Ireland was set on fire by persons thoroughly familiar with the inflammable material of which it was composed and who knew precisely when and where to apply the match.

The rebellion of Easter, 1916, was

not in any true sense a rebellion, but an affair organized and directed from above, as the initial step in a programme planned to produce its own motive power at each successive step. The actual participants in the fighting were men and boys brought from the country within forty-eight hours, and absolutely ignorant of what they had come to Dublin to do. I had it on good authority that, when these men went into the General Post-Office, the capture of which was planned as the central incident of the rebellion, most of them were surprised when they were told to stay inside and hold the building. There was no surprise, however, among a very large number of the post-office employees, who were coöperating with Sinn Fein against the government of which they were the servants.

The rebellion was never expected to succeed as a rebellion. It accomplished precisely what was expected of it by its organizers. A Downing Street which at its best was always unable to meet trouble in Ireland with wisdom and tact, and in the spring of 1916 was deeply engaged in an agonizing preoccupation in other directions, handled the situation in the way that the cool heads of Sinn Fein would themselves have prescribed, in order to produce the results they desired. The blow stung but did not arouse the government. The usual absentmindedness was aggravated into mental confusion. There was no careful study and cool planning to match against the study and planning of the engineers of the Irish movement. England's reply alternated between shooting at random and falling back into an attitude of bewildered leniency. The policy was neither one thing nor the other, neither the strong hand nor the generous heart; it was no policy at all. It was more of the same old thing of which Ireland had had so much, and to which the reaction of the

Irish temper is disgust and rage. Ireland has lived under Church discipline and understands mastery. But she cannot abide bungling and weakness accompanied by airs of superiority. She would take, perhaps even thrive under, such a government as, for example, Germany would have given her before 1914 if she had been a German instead of a British dependency. But she cannot stand John Bull's ways. And, indeed, was the ground of 'incompatibility of temper' ever stronger in any case for divorce?

From Easter, 1916, onward the steam was up more and more for the engineers of Sinn Fein. The British never failed them. They pricked the bull, and he lunged, sometimes madly, always aimlessly. And so a community comparatively tranquil was gradually aroused. Right on the heels of immunity from conscription, with Plunkett's scheme (for taking the land from the big owners and dividing it among the agricultural masses on terms that gave everybody a chance to indulge the ingrained land lust) in successful operation; with general prosperity prevailing throughout the country; and, finally, under the rule of Augustine Birrell, whose avowed policy of 'killing with kindness' had been carried out for almost ten years, Catholic Ireland rose in revolt.

You can at any time get a fight out of Ireland against England. No immediate provocation is needed. The grievances ten centuries old are as fresh as yesterday, when the *gaudium certaminis* of the Irish race is evoked. But, as I have insisted, this particular fight is different. Emotional up-blazing and mobocracy generally are secondary, a by-product, very useful perhaps to furnish added momentum; but the leadership stands apart from all that kind of thing; like a general in modern war in his G.H.Q., far removed from contact with exciting causes by which his judgment might be put out of balance. Just

as the general studies his map, so does the Irish leadership study conditions. Whatever may be the excitement elsewhere, these engineers stand coolly at their switchboard, turning on current here, turning it off there, regulating everything as by a system of push-buttons. They are no amateurs, and their patriotism expresses itself in practical terms. Their survey is wide and they look far ahead. Their anonymity contributes to the purely intellectual character of their methods, for there is no personality to be sustained or vanity to be gratified. The men behind this movement have none of the subjective weakness peculiar to leaders who work in the open. One of the best informed men in Ireland — a Unionist M.P. — told me that he had substantial evidence that the managing board had headquarters in Manchester, and that its membership included one or more Americans. And I often heard it stated that the most efficient of the assassins were gun-men imported from the United States.

At all events, every move has been characterized by objectivity. A sudden and spontaneous rising in Ireland might have been unfortunately timed. If the circumstances had been adverse, however general and intense the revolt might have been, it would have spent itself fruitlessly. There was never any question of getting popular feeling aroused in Ireland. The important thing was to use the explosive material at the moment when it could do the most damage. From 1916 until now has been a period well-suited to such coolly calculated plans.

III

To begin with, England was, and still is, in difficulty. There has never been a time when it was so true that 'England's difficulty is Ireland's oppor-

tunity.' Up to the last three months of the war the danger of defeat by Germany was imminent. Since the war Britain has had to face danger on all sides. Her empire in Asia has been threatened. Her labor problem and the problem of social unrest would be enough to tax a government to the utmost in ordinary times. Fundamental differences of interest and conviction may at any moment cause a cleft between her and her Continental allies. And all of this must be met by a government resting on the sand of opportunist coalition — a coalition without the cohesion which homogeneous conviction alone can furnish; a government headed by a man worn by four years of such strain as no other man ever underwent — a tired man, of whom a jaded and irritable democracy is tired.

Britain has never handled Ireland happily, or with understanding, even when handling Ireland was about the only hard thing she had to do. Having regard to the fact that Britain is responsible for results in Ireland; that the government of dependencies is her particular and peculiar business; that for a long period she has been in unchallenged authority, and that she had the power and resources to enforce it, the blame for Irish conditions must be laid primarily at Britain's door. Ireland was worth the trouble, but Britain would not take it. She has indulged her weakness of neglect, just as Ireland is now indulging her weakness of violence. Although British rule in Ireland in recent years has been in the main benevolent, — considered in relation to the past, and in relation to the Irish temperament and character, — it has the demerit of practical failure. The Irish were there, to be won over by methods suited to them — and they were worth the winning. But it was too much trouble to specialize Catholic Ireland. Ulster had the same government

and got on well enough. The British Empire was nothing but a state of mind. British rule everywhere was lenient. Other peoples lived and prospered under it. Let Ireland do the same.

The effect of this kind of treatment was to teach Ireland that the only way to arouse England from her absent-mindedness, the only way to move her to concessions to the Irish point of view, was by violence. The Irish being what they are, a sensitive and romantic people, a people whose devotion to the Church has arrested development on the purely intellectual side, a people sorely in need of, and not unready to respond to, sympathetic and helpful guidance in industrial activities — I say, the Irish being what they are, and Ireland being what it is, an island indispensable to the maintenance of the Empire, Britain is primarily at fault for present conditions. Without attempting to palliate Ireland's criminal methods, that is the obvious and simple fact. If, during the past twenty-five years, — not to open up a dreary and unreal discussion of the distant past, — Britain's left-handed generosity had been replaced or supplemented by a planned and fruitful policy of peaceful penetration and industrial coöperation, Ireland might have ceased to live in the past and nurse old grievances. A new spirit of enlightened self-interest and intellectual independence might have come over her. Concessions exacted by force are never appreciated, but fraternity begets fraternity. With chimneys ablaze and wheels turning throughout Ireland, through English coöperation, the memories of such things as England's selfish and brutal destruction of the Irish woollen industry, which preceded the famine of 1846, and the wiping out of half the population, might have lost their vividness. Ireland may not be a good child, but the waywardness of the ward is the shame of the guardian.

The executive authorities of Sinn Féin therefore timed their movement wisely from the standpoint of getting results. It was good judgment, if bad loyalty, to choose a moment when Britain was so deeply preoccupied. Their calculation that the bungling and blundering would be greatly above normal proved correct. The effect was to arouse Irish feeling on a crescendo scale. And there was another effect, which the shrewd leaders have played for all it was worth. The planless and vacillating reaction of Downing Street in contrast with the well-ordered, if criminal, programme of Sinn Féin created an impression of British incompetency in Ireland as well as throughout the world. The Irish were on their job and had nothing else to think about. They have really played with the London government. The kind of change of pace used by baseball pitchers has kept the British batters guessing.

Britain was in a bad position to take care of herself in Ireland by reason of the world-wide acceptance of the academic principle of self-determination. British helplessness enabled the Irish leaders to keep in the background the question of Irish fitness for full self-government. A people without some deep disability on this side would long ago have gained their independence.

Another condition favorable to the plans of the Irish leaders is the difficulty in sending soldiers to Ireland. The British army is extremely reluctant, and it is doubtful if a government which in the past two years has had some sinister experiences with army Sovietism could compel a sufficient number of men to take the field against the Irish. The mutiny of the crack Irish troops in India has greatly intensified the feeling among soldiers here. Most of the soldiers I saw in Ireland were very young and raw. If it were possible to put under orders in Ireland

such troops as the French government sent out against the labor organizations in early May, — seasoned veterans, well led, and with an old grudge against the laborite slackers, — they could clean up Ireland in a week. But a half-terrified constabulary, uncertain of British support, and a few thousand green young fellows in khaki, are constantly being made ridiculous. Lloyd George raised an issue early in June upon which he might have consolidated British opinion, divided the Irish forces, and won a quick success. It was the question whether the Irish labor unions could make an end of democratic government. After enunciating this clear-cut principle in the strong way of which he is capable, the Prime Minister failed to support it by action. Labor is the joint in the Sinn Fein armor, but Lloyd George has apparently failed to thrust in his sword.

IV

Behind the political revolt in Ireland, social revolt waits its turn. Ireland is a country of 'low visibility.' The Republic itself is an 'invisible republic.' It has promulgated a constitution, has a parliament, a president and vice president and cabinet, all functioning in secret. There are 'diplomatic representatives' in nearly all countries. There are commissions working on economic and industrial questions. These various activities are allocated among the many organizations which exist in Ireland. These organizations are at present all held together in Sinn Fein — I will not say *by* Sinn Fein, for, as I have already pointed out, the compelling force is terrorism, which is being managed by a special body. Sinn Fein's principle is broad enough to take in all the Irish groups. It is hate of England. There are no differences among the various Irish bodies on the question of the injustice of British supremacy.

With Sinn Fein to hold, and the bold and shrewd executive group to drive, the movement has had an amazing prosperity. But whenever it comes to the point of success or failure, the various groups will assert, with Irish energy and emphasis, their respective interests and convictions.

If an Irish republic were set up, the Transport Union, which includes practically all of labor, would strike for soviet government within a week. The Union is at one with the rest of Sinn Fein in hatred of England, but the two organizations are diametrically opposed in their ideas as to how to work out the country's destiny. Arthur Griffith, who is more truly the architect of the Sinn Fein structure than anyone else, has always been hostile to the labor organizations and has openly opposed strikes. For the great occasion he has sunk his own ideas and made a working arrangement with Labor. But it is a mere compact, not a true union. If Lloyd George had not been so busy in other directions, and if he had been bold in action as well as in conception and speech, he could have pierced to the bottom of this incompatibility and aroused the sleeping antagonism between Sinn Fein and Labor. But the irreconcilable difference is there, and it will come out some time. Labor is said to include roughly one third of the population of Ireland. It is an organization with a definite Bolshevik programme of action; whereas Sinn Fein itself will split up into factions when the time comes to translate hatred of Britain into concrete terms. Labor goes straight into the heart of the Ulster pale. There is not yet a social revolution in Ireland, but the forces working for it are latent and potential in the situation, and are sure to assert themselves at the favorable moment. There is as yet no open threat against the Church or the organization of society, because the time is not yet ripe.

'Low visibility' makes it difficult clearly to discern the boundary lines of opinion. The Unionist element outside Ulster is estimated at half a million — about 16 per cent of the whole population. A considerable fraction was Nationalist, in the sense that it supported the Parliamentary Party. Since the rebellion and the scrapping of that party, it is impossible to know what has happened among the Unionists. If they are opposed to Sinn Fein, it is impossible now for them to make their opposition vocal. But I did not meet a single Unionist who expressed the least sympathy with the campaign of terrorism. They dare not speak openly, for it is they, and especially the upper classes, who have most to fear from it.

The sweeping Sinn Fein victories in the elections seemed to me to be of less significance than the figures indicated. In Ireland 'nothing succeeds like success.' The instinct to 'follow the crowd' is strong. The only thing worth trying to is Sinn Fein. The Parliamentary Nationalist Party is broken and dispersed. The British government is weak and vacillating. Sinn Fein is immensely strong in numbers, and the secret management to which have been given the reins of power is bold and skillful in action. In these circumstances it is not surprising that Sinn Fein has been eating into Ulster.

Of the nine Ulster counties, three — Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan — are 78 per cent Catholic. They were for that reason left out of the 'Ulster pale' in the pending Home Rule bill. Sir Edward Carson was afraid that, with all the nine counties in, the Belfast district might not be able to hold its own. Of the remaining six counties, Fermanagh is 56 per cent Catholic, County Londonderry 56, and Tyrone 55. Armagh is 45 per cent Catholic. It is apparent, therefore, that the Protestant strength is in the two counties of Antrim (20 per cent

Catholic) and Down (31 per cent Catholic). These figures make it plain why the Sinn Fein tide sweeps into Ulster. There is no real barrier against it except Belfast, where the Protestants count 76 per cent of the population. But in Belfast, Labor cuts across Protestantism; social revolt is menacing and may at any time overthrow the present political and industrial leadership.

Ulster resistance is maintained by brains and character, not by numbers. The main motive is not devotion to the Union, but fear of Dublin rule. The people who do the thinking for Ulster dread the consequences to them of Irish independence. They fear the influence of the Church; they fear the destruction of their industry, which could be attacked by special legislation in the guise of general legislation, for neither the linen nor shipping interest exists elsewhere in Ireland; and they dislike the prospect of losing the political patronage, the lion's share of which has heretofore been enjoyed by Protestants.

A comparatively small but highly organized body of people have held and are holding Ulster against a veritable flood tide in Ireland. It would be a mistake to believe that in the event of civil war the Belfast district would prove more than a match for the rest of Ireland, on account of its industrial organization, even if Great Britain were to stand aside. With Belfast Labor indifferent or disaffected, the ruling class would have its hands full in Ulster itself. The fact must not be overlooked that Catholic Ireland is very strongly organized and led; and in a civil war at the present time I doubt if the Belfast district would have the better of it in this respect.

V

The sheet-anchor of Ulster Unionism is at present at Westminster. The rest of Ireland is practically unrepresented,

and Sir Edward Carson and his fellow members from Ulster have the field to themselves. What they say 'goes,' so far as Ulster is concerned. But in spite of the fancy figures they cut, they are skating on thin ice all the time. It is true of them, as it is of the leadership of terrorism in the South, that it is a leadership from the top down and not from the bottom up. It is doubtful if the Ulster heart is Unionist, as it is doubtful whether the rest of Ireland is Separatist on the terms proposed by the terrorists. In both cases the leadership is superimposed. After all, Ulster is more Irish than Scotch, and from that province have come the most uncompromising Nationalists. The tradition and the blood of the O'Neills and O'Donnells are still there. One of the latter clan, Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, is the master mind in the Catholic hierarchy. He it was who brought the Convention of 1918 to nought after a compromise agreement had been reached among all factions. Between Saturday and Sunday Raphoe upset the whole business. John Redmond, defeated and humiliated, took to his bed, and after a few weeks died of a broken heart.

The Scotch grit of Belfast is a strong thing, but it is not necessarily dominating in Ulster. Carson, a transplanted Dublin lawyer, is an intrepid leader, and Southern Ireland would deal with him more readily, in my opinion, than with any other of its opponents; but unity in Ulster is a fiction. The oneness of Ireland has a tremendous Ulster sentiment behind it. Sinn Fein is conscious of this sentiment and responsive to it. The Southerners do not resent Ulster's armed resistance to the British government. They are proud of it, even thankful for it. What they are doing, Ulster did first. It was the right way for Irishmen to act in a cause which they considered just. It showed the real contempt of Ulster for Britain. Sinn Fein

is profoundly convinced that Ulster will one day line up with the other three provinces for an Ireland for the Irish. It is useful on this point to recall the action of the Sinn Fein convention held in Dublin in April, 1914, which submitted the following proposals to Ulster.

1. Increased Ulster representation in the proposed Irish parliament, on the basis partly of population, partly of taxable value, and partly of bulk of trade, the Ulster representation to be increased by fifteen members, including one for the University of Belfast; two members to be given to the Unionist constituency of Rathmines.

2. All Ireland to be a unit for the election of the Senate or Upper House, and representation of the Southern Unionist minority to be secured by proportional Representation.

3. A guaranty that no tax should be imposed on the linen trade without the consent of the majority of the Ulster representatives.

4. A guaranty that the chairman of the Joint Exchequer board should always be chosen by the Ulster representatives.

5. All posts in the Civil Service to be filled by examination.

6. The Ulster Volunteer force to be retained under its then leaders as part of an Irish Volunteer force, and not, except in case of invasion, to be called upon to serve outside Ulster.

7. The Irish Parliament to sit alternately in Dublin and Belfast.

8. The clauses in the Home Rule bill restricting Irish trade and finance, prohibiting Ireland from collecting and receiving its own taxes, or otherwise conflicting with any of the above proposals, to be amended.

These proposals were ignored by the Ulster leaders who were at that time in a state of obsession. All the same, they indicated the trend of Sinn Fein toward the consolidation of all Irish sentiment.

Sinn Fein's quarrel is with Britain. It recognizes that on the day that Ireland is united it will be free. This sentiment evokes a much greater sympathy in Ulster than the Carsonites would admit. Even the big interests in Belfast look over their shoulders with true Scotch canniness to the prospect of a prosperous and teeming Ireland, of which Belfast shall be the commercial capital and clearing-house. And they are not entirely averse from forming business associations with conservative elements in the South and West, which will strengthen them in the inevitable clash between capitalism and labor.

VI

The attitude of the Church is a story by itself. In a general way, I think that her policy has been one of watchful waiting. It is very doubtful if even Cardinal Logue knew precisely where the Church stood at any given time. Many priests, especially the young ones, were drawn into the Sinn Fein movement. Some of them, like Father Mike O'Flanagan, put their political cause above the Church, and would defy the Pope if necessary. Others, like Dr. Kelly, the great Bishop of Ross, whose diocese is the extreme southern tip of Ireland, were openly and sincerely against the extremists. The main body of the hierarchy and priesthood was striving with all its mind and heart to keep the Church off the rocks while the tempest raged. The priests, being near to the people, were influenced by their environment, but by and large the Church has tried to keep in a position to smile on the winner.

I do not think that the present troubles can specifically be laid at the door of the Church. But, however greatly the Catholic training as practised in Ireland may promote spiritual welfare, it does not make for intellectual inde-

pendence. From the clerical point of view the prime consideration is to maintain the power and authority of the Church. The Church furnishes mental and moral guidance for a majority of the Irish people. Whatever may be her effect in preparing the soul for the hereafter, the Church mentorship has prevented the development of worldly mentality among the Irish. Buckle maintains that Spain was ruined because rigid religious control kept the people in an intellectual strait-jacket. In his opinion doubt has ever been the great civilizer. Blind faith and romantic temperament have prevented change in Ireland. The Church is making an agonizing struggle to maintain the old conditions. But it is inevitable that the present upheaval will, to an extent at least, emancipate the Irish mind.

VII

One of the several separate and distinct bodies held in the aspic of Sinn Fein is the land-owning interest. I am sorry that I have not at hand the statistics showing the distribution of land among the people since the Congested District Act went into operation in 1903. That was a great and beneficent piece of legislation, the full effect of which upon future events in Ireland is not to be measured at this time of excitement. Under its workings the passion of Irishmen for land, and their readiness to accept teaching in the productive handling of it, are creating an agricultural interest which is destined to play a great, perhaps a determining, part in stabilizing Ireland. The agricultural interest has been growing by leaps and bounds. Coöperative principles have been practised in common by the farmers North and South, who in their organizations and conventions have temporarily waived political and religious differences, and acted in concert for the

promotion of good methods and for mutual profit generally.

The influence for conservatism of the land-owners is for the time being put out of balance by two circumstances. First, Sinn Fein has a temporary ascendancy over the owners. Second, on the edge of the land-owning class stands the most active and eager element in all Ireland. It consists of very young men, themselves mostly associated with agriculture, many of them sons of land-owning farmers. They are young men who would not go out to fight in the war, and who were not allowed to emigrate. They are hot Sinn Feiners, of one or the other of the various groups associated in that organization. They own no land, but they want it and must have it. There are about two hundred thousand of these youths burning with the lust for land. Many of them are Irish Volunteers, ready for any adventure. I was told that there were two hundred and twenty thousand soldiers trained to use arms when they could get them, and about as many more in varying degrees of training. The land-lusters are splendid military material. It is they who compose the agrarian movement, and who are too impatient to await the processes of distribution which, thanks to the enterprise and resources of the Sinn Fein bank under Mr. Smith-Gordon's management, is financing and carrying on the Congested District work, temporarily deprived of normal resources. The young men are not particular how they get their land. Even the very liberal terms given by the bank irk them. They prefer to take it away from the owner, and the grazier is naturally the particular object of their rapacity. But no man with twenty-five acres, even if he be a priest, is immune from their violence.

Once having obtained land, the Irishman tends to become conservative. Underlying the land-owner's show of

zeal for Sinn Fein there is a carking anxiety about what may happen to his possessions. No man dares in the present state to give expression to fears of this sort; but at the first sign of a relaxed grip, the land-owners, all the way from the ten-acre man to the big grazier, will respond to the call of the keenest self-interest ever felt by human beings. These land-owners who are involved in a political enterprise only secondary in its interest for them, and who are already experiencing the chill of the reaction, are going through a broadening mental process which will loosen the ties of religion and Irish patriotism. They will come out of it all with more practical and less romantic views. They are sure to constitute an all-round stabilizing influence in the Irish community of the future, their conservatism acting as a specific against Bolshevik tendencies and extremes of all sorts. There has already appeared a movement among farmers to oppose force to the force of the Transport Union, in whose membership farm-laborers are included. It is clear that the land-owning class is only in, and not of, a Sinn Fein which is submitting itself to a terrorist leadership in the hope of overthrowing British rule.

It is probable that one motive of the establishment of Sinn Fein courts was to reassure the land-owning class against agrarian aggression. And these courts have proved quite efficacious for the purpose. Their constitution and working furnish another evidence of the calculated efficiency of the inner group to which executive power is delegated. Aside from the result gained in controlling agrarianism and in setting up superficial order in communities where matters might have got out of hand, the Sinn Fein courts have made the official judicial administration ridiculous. When the legally constituted judges appear at a court house, they are handed

the regulation white gloves to show that no cases await them, and solemnly go away. Thus respect for British administration is destroyed, and the Sinn Fein bodies, backed by organized murder, the secret, swift, and sure power of life and death, mete out a justice that is functionally sound and efficient. Of course, no normal mind can countenance such a system: the better it is, the worse it is.

VIII

The extent of Sinn Fein's moral responsibility for crime in Ireland can be measured in the light of the facts. Sinn Fein itself is an evolution. It has a tradition, and, in spite of all that has happened and is happening, it retains a character of zealous and pure patriotism. Arthur Griffith, who more than any other man was the prophet and evangelist of the movement, and whose influence prepared the organization for the indispensable service that it has rendered as the container and conservator of the various more or less antagonistic forces of which the rebellion is composed, did not preach violence. His doctrine was essentially spiritual and intellectual. He held, in effect, that a people who were true Irishmen to the heart's core, who loved their country, spoke its language, carried their patriotism and zeal for nationality into their daily life, gave themselves to every effort for economic and industrial development, cultivated good relations with all other Irishmen irrespective of religion, would finally realize their hopes without any challenge in terms of force to overwhelmingly superior power. There was to be hate of England without overt action; love of Ireland and faith in its future as a nation, with works. Such a tradition and character existing in a nation-wide organization provided an admirable instrumentality for bringing together and

holding, on the common ground of opposition to English rule, all the organizations in Ireland, however dissimilar in purpose and method, that were utilizable in the fight for Irish independence. A great organization was thus tied together, mechanical unity was achieved, a sagacious and intensely practical overhead management was installed.

The movement went forward without a single setback until the month of June of this year. First, the Republican Convention in Chicago, and then the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, refused to indorse Irish independence. De Valera failed in his task. With American sympathy and help, the achievement of a republic in Ireland was a possibility. Without them, the extreme of the Irish demand can never be attained. There can now be no imaginable conjuncture in which Britain could be forced into the surrender of a strategical unity so obviously necessary for the maintenance of her Empire.

Britain will not wage an offensive war on Ireland; but she will muddle through. Lloyd George could never obtain the mandate of English opinion for war in Ireland; and if he could, it is not in his nature to accept it. But he will negotiate until doomsday in the afternoon. Without the most active encouragement from America, the Irish movement cannot hold. Already the cracks are there, concealed by the low visibility. They will become crevices. Conflicting interests will resolve into their elements. Self-interest will be persuasive. The command of the central authority will weaken. Sinn Fein will lose its all-embracing charm. But before these things actually happen, the men who have planned and executed the Irish campaign will fix their limit, and there will be a Dominion of Ireland — or an agreed scheme for one. The Catholic Church, which has been hard put

to it to steer a course that would not separate it from any large body of its people, whatever might happen, will have an influence in the settlement which will save its prestige. But Irishmen will be freer. They will think in more practical and modern terms. Intellectual and practical forces will be loosed, through the interplay of which men will become more forward-looking. Ireland will have made a great bound toward the goal of unity and Nationality.

I conclude with a summary of the main points that stood out in my examination of Ireland.

I. Sinn Fein is the all-embracing organization, in which are contained the various and differing bodies, each of which is serving the purpose suited to it. Supreme executive control is exercised by a small secret group, who make the plans and give the orders from a headquarters sufficiently remote to ensure a calm survey.

II. Aside from mechanical (as distinguished from chemical) unity, supplied by the spirit and structure of Sinn Fein, the potent force in the movement is the well-organized and well-directed violence aimed at certain specific results: mainly the reduction of the country to a level of mental servitude in which moral and physical resistance disappears. This violence has the full terrorist effect of lawlessness on the population of all shades of opinion, but rigid control maintains a state of order. The organization that deals directly with murder and violence is small and absolutely screened. Sinn Fein at large has little sense of blood-guilt, and to the extent that it is involved, or feels any compunction, takes to itself the unction that a state of war exists and the motive for the 'killings' is patriotism.

III. The failure to get the Irish question into the American presidential election, in my opinion, reduces to *nil* the chance, always slender, in view of Britain's necessities, of establishing an Irish republic as the result of this particular movement. Without strong American aid, the conflicting elements in Sinn Fein cannot long be held together in the effort along the present lines for full independence.

I venture to forecast that the leaders will compromise on a Dominion of Ireland, and that Sinn Fein will throw its full influence toward bringing in Ulster on the basis of its proposals of April, 1914, or some similar plan for achieving Irish unity and fully protecting the religious, political, and business interests of Counties Antrim and Down.

IV. It will transpire that, under cover of rebellion against Britain, all the various groupings of thought and interest have been undergoing a process of re-orientation toward practical considerations. The land-owning class will be more conscious of its own self-interest; Labor will fight more openly for the Bolshevik aims which it has been necessary to keep in the background; and the ties of the Church will be less binding. Ireland will step out of the romantic twilight of the past and enter the great world-struggle for industrial and economic advantage. A social revolt, the leaders of which have been willing to believe that it would pay to wait, on the chance of Republicanism in Ireland or Labor government in England, will burst with full force, in North and South alike. The old geographical lines will largely disappear; differences of religion and race will fade away; and society will divide on the line of interest. Out of all this suffering and sacrifice will emerge a new Ireland, united and sufficiently free.

AGAIN THE SENATE

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

I

IN governments which are really popular the final arbiter upon questions of policy is the people, and it is for them to break up deadlocks and settle differences between their agencies of government. Last winter the President proposed 'a great and solemn referendum' on the treaty of Versailles. A genuine referendum on such an occasion would indeed be most solemn. It would be very impressive for a great and free people to meet at their polling booths and by their ballots speak the simple words of our great soldier, 'Let us have peace.' But if, in addition to a declaration ending a war, they should pronounce in favor of a properly framed union of nations for the banishment of the war-god from the earth, it would be the most impressive spectacle ever witnessed in the history of government.

But under our system there could be no such referendum, even at a general election. A President and a House of Representatives might be chosen strongly in favor of or against the Treaty. The moral effect of the mandate would be both great and solemn, as the President said. But nothing would be settled, because the voters would be without power to elect a new Senate which should be charged with jurisdiction over the Treaty. Only a third of that body could be chosen. It is true that two years afterwards another third would be chosen, and two years after that the remainder; but that slow process would tax the patience

of a waiting and almost Bolshevik world. However necessary, in the slow-moving time when the Constitution was framed, such deliberation might have been to the formation of public opinion, in the rapidly moving currents of to-day it would be like referring a pressing public question for decision to another age.

Mr. Taft, who can speak upon the subject with as much authority as any man, says that, if the Democratic candidate for President is elected, it is a certainty that 'the Republican Senators who will have the power will reject Article X, and defeat the Treaty.' Such a statement could not be made in England in advance of a general election; and it implies the sort of government of which Bismarck would have rejoiced to be the head. Whether or not that would happen which Mr. Taft predicted, he correctly appreciated the impotence of the people to settle the question and he treats the two thirds of the Senators who do not appear for reelection as fixed quantities, 'above the arrows, views, and shouts of men.' However the populace may rave, against the citadel of the Senate the waves will beat in vain. That is, in the greatest possible referendum to the people that can be had under our system, a legal mandate cannot be obtained upon a momentous public question; but the proceeding partakes of the character of what in the modern political lingo is called a 'soap-box primary.'

Mr. Bryan recently made a contribution to the subject in which he did not pay full deference to the popular idea. He proposed an amendment to the Constitution so that treaties might be made with the advice and consent of a majority of the Senate. Since Mr. Bryan was proposing to amend the Constitution, he was not bound by any of the limitations which rested upon the President when he asked for the referendum, and he might have been expected not to stop short of what he regarded as the ideal. It is not easy to reconcile his proposition that treaties should be ratified by a majority of the Senate with his popular reputation, which is expressed in the title of 'Commoner.' Why should Mr. Bryan's state of Nebraska, which contributes to a war ten times, or New York, which contributes a hundred times, as many men and as much money as Nevada, have no more weighty voice than the latter state in deciding whether a war should end? In other words, if we are to begin amending the Constitution, why should we not reform it altogether in this particular, and provide that treaties shall be ratified by the representatives of the people elected by them according to the democratic principle? Why should not the people calling themselves the great democratic republic of the world put in practice the popular principle which holds sway in some of the European monarchies in the settlement of such a vital public question; do away with bickerings between two branches of the government, and interpose their preemptory mandate, so that a final decision may be reached in accordance with their will?

I have more than once set forth, in the pages of the *Atlantic*¹ and elsewhere, the objections to the undemocratic structure of the Senate and to the

abuses growing out of that structure and of the functioning of the Senate as an organ of government. The intervening years have served to make more clear, if possible, the validity of those objections. And however trite the subject may be, it so vitally concerns correct government that no aspect of it can be brought forward too often.

The Senate was the connecting link between an imperfectly formed union and the old order where thirteen independent states were animated with pride in their separate sovereignty. It was in a sense the price that was paid for union; and for a long period it was by no means certain that the price had not been paid in vain, or that a real union had been secured. The Virginia Resolutions, the Hartford Convention, and the boldly asserted doctrine of Nullification bore witness to the doubtful character of the central government, whose supremacy awaited vindication by the matchless eloquence of Webster, and finally by force of arms.

Regard for state sovereignty and the sentiment of home rule were very strong in the Constitutional Convention, and they were shrewdly, and even greedily, taken advantage of by the small states, for the very practical purpose of securing political power. On the principle of the equality of nations the states, big and little, were to send each the same number of ambassadors to the Senate, and they were to share equally in the swollen powers of that body. The men of largest mind in the Convention were reluctant to yield to this violation of the democratic principle. Franklin, perhaps the wisest of all, proposed to have no Senate at all. To the threat that the small states would not enter the union unless they were granted an equal vote in the Senate, James Wilson, one of the greatest men of that time, declared that, if a separation should take place, it could never

¹ See 'The Power of the Senate,' *Atlantic* for October, 1903.

happen on better grounds. 'Shall less than one third of the United States,' he asked, 'withdraw themselves from the Union; or shall more than three fourths renounce the inherent, indisputable, and inalienable rights of men in favor of the artificial system of the states?' Was it, he asked, for men, or for the imaginary beings called states, that the government was being formed?

The Revolution had just been won upon the principle that taxation without representation was tyranny, and here it was proposed to belie that principle by recognizing the equality of states and mere incorporations instead of the equality of men, and by giving to a man who paid in one state very much greater power over taxation than a man who paid in another. Over that contention the Convention was nearly brought to disaster. It was finally saved by the great compromise which was supposed to give an important control over taxation bills to the representatives of the people chosen substantially according to population. For proof that such control was supposed to be given, one need not look beyond the proceedings of the Convention itself, the character of the difficulty which the compromise was designed to overcome, and the emphatic assertions of the *Federalist*. Hamilton and those associated with him in the authorship of the *Federalist* papers displayed nothing less than a gross ignorance of the purpose of the Constitution if it did not confer a genuine control over the purse.

The great men, however, who harbored the supposition that an important power over revenue had been granted to the House signally failed to appreciate how a body like the Senate, placed at the centre of the Constitution, sharing on the one side the legislative power with the House and on the other side the executive power with the President, might encroach in both directions and

illustrate the worst evils of usurpation of power. Strong as was the sentiment for state sovereignty at the time of the Constitution, it is safe to say that it would have been far from strong enough to secure a Senate with equality of state representation for a government as powerful as is the central government to-day. Equality was yielded because the powers over which it was to operate were supposed to be few and limited in character. The framers of the Constitution believed that they were granting authority over only a few common concerns, and that the great mass of governmental power remained to be exercised by the people of the states.

But the Federal powers have been enormously expanded, first by the construction of the courts and then by the direct grants contained in the amendments, which, among other things, invade the police powers of the states, and, by the removal of almost every restraint upon taxation, sap their resources and hold out to the Federal government a temptation to prodigality of expense to which it has readily yielded. A purpose to retain as much as possible of state sovereignty by equality of representation in the Senate would have baffled itself by stripping the states themselves of power, and laying them prostrate at the feet of the national government.

But, whatever might have been done by the architects of the Constitution if the machinery of the government they were constructing was designed to have control over the present greatly expanded powers, it is impossible to imagine that the people to-day would exactly reproduce the Senate if they were building another Constitution. We need bear in mind only two tests. This would be anything but a democratic age if states having less than one fifth the population of the country should be accorded a majority of the

membership of its most powerful governing body. There would be nothing popular about a government in which the people could not seasonably change their agents if they wished to do so, and effectively express themselves upon a crisis of world-wide moment until after it had passed by and been forgotten.

The practical part in government played by the Senate has gone on expanding. In great men the possession of power is apt to foster sobriety and a sense of responsibility; in men of small natures, self-importance and a tendency to appraise themselves according to the magnitude of their powers; and even men who are neither great nor small are complacently willing to wield such power as comes within their reach. Great Senators like Choate, Webster, and Benton enjoined a scrupulous regard for the prerogative of the House in respect to revenue legislation. They appreciated that they were only a part of a great system of government, and the philosophy of the whole system animated them rather than the spirit of the club, which too often leads men to follow the narrow view and to aggrandize the institution of which they are at the time a part, as a means of adding to their own stature.

But, from whatever cause, the Senate has come to be willing patriotically to exercise all the powers of government upon which it can lay its hands. It is placed at the centre of our system. The nature of its powers and the length of the term of office have given it the advantage in contending with the other departments of the government; and the part it was to play, sufficiently great as originally contemplated, has been augmented by practical usurpation. The President has but a four-years' term. He is at the mercy of the Senators in his selection of agents for carrying on the government. He must get on with them, and an easy way

of getting on is to yield. A study of the course of events will show that like little foxes they have fed upon the substance of his power.

The members of the House have only a two-years' term. They are no sooner in their seats than they are in a campaign for reëlection. Their constituents want office, and too often the members become suppliants at the Senatorial bar. Such a condition is hardly ideal for independence and for sturdy resistance in case of a difference between the two Houses. The Senators are there for six years, and they can wait. The term of the Representative is always expiring, and he must show results. A better system could not have been devised for putting one body of men at a disadvantage in a contest with another.

Take the case of revenue legislation, to which I have referred, where the House holds in sacred trust, in the interest of the people, an important control over taxation. One would naturally look here for manly resistance, and manly resistance upon a subject so essentially related to liberty would be sure to be crowned with ultimate success. But one would look in vain. The House sends a bill to the Senate putting a tax on the single article of coffee, and the Senate, under the pretense of amendment, substitutes a bill of its own, revising the whole tariff. The great constitutional prerogative of the House to originate revenue bills would appear to be simply the prerogative to originate an enacting clause; and then the country would be called upon to witness the Senate prescribing the real subjects and amounts of taxation and originating the real revenue bill. This position has been denounced by leading men in the House, among them Garfield; and sometimes the House itself has refused to yield; but it has often been acquiesced in, and to that extent

has reduced to a nullity the constitutional control of the Representatives over the purse-strings of the people.

It has sometimes been asserted as a justification of this substantial usurpation that the Senate prepared better taxation bills than the House. That would be a slender justification, even if it were true. But it is not true. Upon important differences over the substance of bills the House has generally favored the greater number of people and the Senate the few. For instance, in reducing taxation the House passed a bill repealing the stamp tax on bank-checks, which was directly paid by great numbers of people; the Senate struck out that provision and put in its place one repealing the tax on beer, which was paid by a few brewers. If such a practice reflects a correct rule of constitutional action, one may wonder at the interest shown by the great men in the Convention over what scarcely arose to the dignity of a quibble.

II

This encroachment of the Senate upon the prerogative of its partner in legislation, the House of Representatives, may be paralleled by its encroachment upon the President, with whom it is in partnership in important executive functions. It is the province of the President to negotiate treaties. But they cannot have validity, any more than certain appointments to office, until they have been ratified by the Senate. The concurrence of both is necessary, and the constitutional power of the one is no less fixed than that of the other. But a practice has grown up of having Senators act as original negotiators. Obviously, a negotiation by an individual Senator is not a negotiation by the Senate. He would act in the first instance as nominally the agent and instrument of the Executive.

From the latter he would receive his instructions, and it would by no means follow that they would in all details coincide with his own views. Thus he would afterwards, in the exercise of his independent office as a Senator, be called to pass upon the work he had done when acting as an agent of the Executive. And since it is hardly thinkable that he would fail to approve what he had already solemnly executed, he would in effect exercise his function as Senator as an instrument of the President. This practice has been denounced as an abuse, and nowhere more strongly than in the Senate itself. Three of the five men who negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain were members of the Senate; and it may be credited to the moderation of Senators that there were not five instead of three. An amiable executive, or one who was more concerned to get his treaties ratified than to perform his own independent constitutional function, might view such a practice with complacency; but it is none the less an abuse, and it deprives the country of that safeguard, of vast importance, which comes from the independent action of two branches of the government.

It has been said that, when Senators negotiate treaties, they can better explain them to the Senate and reproduce the setting of facts surrounding the negotiations. What, for instance, could the negotiators of the Spanish treaty bring to the attention of the Senate that could not as well have been brought to its attention in some other way? But it may have been due to their committal in advance to the terms of the treaty that the Philippine Islands became American territory and were not accorded the same standing in the world as was given to Cuba. The annexation of the Philippines may or may not have been sound policy, but the question should have been passed

upon by an untrammelled Senate and not by one some of whose members were already committed by their action as agents of the Executive. Of course, the power of Senators is much magnified if they may both negotiate treaties and ratify them.

The appointment of so many negotiators and arbitrators from the Senate implies in the mass of our citizenship a poverty of talent which has no existence. Times almost without number, in both peace and war, men who were practically new to office, and chosen apparently at random, have brilliantly rendered most important public service and have quite thrown into eclipse the performances of the professional holders of office. In a republic which certainly is not poor in men, the offices should be 'passed around.' There is no need to use their plumes to bedeck the members of a privileged order, who hold most intimate, if not coercive, official relations with the appointing power.

The relation of Senators to the national party machinery and that of the several states gives them much influence, or certainly consideration, in filling the important places at the national conventions. The selections for these places may serve to shed light upon what the attitude of Senators would be touching doubtful questions of jurisdiction in government, and whether they would be likely to shun such jurisdiction or to seize it. Self-effacement as party leaders, and a delicacy in accepting an undue proportion of party honors, would imply a reluctance to lay hands on doubtful governmental powers. The nominal electors appear unable to look far beyond the horizon of the Senate. One of the great parties, at its recent Convention, was very partial to Senators; but the other was unanimous in their favor. Indeed, its last two conventions were officered by Senators, almost down to the police.

Here again depression overtakes us at this paucity of the country's talent, which seems to be circumscribed within a circle of ninety-odd men. But there breaks upon the country a gleam of hope. In some manner it happened that a major part at one of the conventions was assigned to a man who had never been in the Senate, and indeed had never held office at all. And in the manner in which the parts in both conventions were performed, the friends of Senatorial monopoly may well avoid a comparison with that gentleman.

The expected has happened where there is such a concentration of diverse powers in a single body, and where it shares, now with one branch and now with another, the most important functions of the Constitution. There will be a steady absorption of power, and when there is added an indirect and delayed responsibility for its exercise, you will have an inner ruling ring which differs in nothing from an oligarchy.

In order to succeed at his trade, a member of an oligarchy must become a highly artificial being. He must cultivate the illusion that he is exactly the opposite of what he is; for a self-confessed oligarch would be compelled to abandon the profession at once. In poses and mummery he must rival a Roman augur. It is not difficult to produce illusions when on each new day we may look upon a newspaper hero in the making. But the times are not now propitious for a few men to run the government and parties of the United States, and to cherish the illusion that we are having popular government.

III

But I have been speaking of the functioning of the Senate as an institution, with little reference to the individuals who compose it. The same developments would very probably be

witnessed if another body of respectable gentlemen were operated upon by the same conditions. While even an enthusiast would be compelled to admire the present Senate of the United States with some moderation, it undoubtedly contains many able and patriotic men. There have been few better lawyers ever in that body, or few men of greater intellectual energy, than Mr. Knox. In breadth and fairness of mind, and in the statesmanlike quality, Mr. Underwood would have been a conspicuous figure in any Senate in our history. The names associated with genuine talent and public spirit are too many to be repeated here. And yet, during the past generation, an element antagonistic to the old traditions has found its way into the body, and has wielded an influence far out of proportion to its numbers. The ways of the jobber, and the piratical methods sometimes associated with what is called 'big business,' have been in evidence in its management. Some men have found their way into it who have amassed great fortunes in its service. As a result, the Senate has stood as the rampart, not indeed of property, but of great and special interests, the well-being of which was by no means always compatible with the general weal, and was often antagonistic to the institution of property itself. From these and other causes there has been a distinct lowering of tone, and it has been shorn of much of its ancient splendor.

This moral decadence has shown itself in the recent notable debate upon the Treaty. There are some who indulge in the dream that our time may inaugurate a new era and may realize the aspirations of the race for a golden age. They hope that the peoples of the world may have the wisdom, after a war destructive and wicked beyond all parallel, to take steps to safeguard the peace of the future, and to free mankind from

servitude to a monster that has been its most deadly and implacable foe. It has destroyed hundreds of millions of the choicest youth; it has devoured the substance of nations, and it bids fair, if not checked, to obliterate civilization itself. The hope of making permanent peace a foremost object of the war was held out to the men who were sent to the front and in that faith gave their lives.

If the dream should happily be made to come true, those who follow us by a few centuries, in looking back upon the history of the time, may well regard with wonder the contribution to this result made by the Senate of a great people. They would look there for the culmination of a symphony unsurpassed since Bethlehem, and at least for a moral enthusiasm commensurate with so noble a cause. They would indeed read speeches, some of real eloquence and of analytical power, and they would witness much learning upon details. But they would see a cause of colossal importance brought down to the level of the hustings, as if it were the prime purpose, not to confer a memorable boon upon mankind, but to carry the next election. They would see it too much disfigured by hate, and marred by the raven's croaking note; and they would be able to catch too little of the majestic tones of the spiritual voices of the age. Whatever may have been the merit of the verbal criticism of the Treaty, or of the clauses that were suggested to improve it, the moral tone of the debate as a whole fell far below the sublime level of the theme.

But we have the Senate, with the mechanism of a bygone age, and with a structure so undemocratic as to make it the glaring solecism of the time. It retains all its original powers, swollen by those it has drawn to itself from other departments of the government. The

evil of the original inequality in its representation has been greatly intensified by the admission of so many small states. What is to be done with it? Its composition was designed to be perpetual, for the Constitution declared that no state should without its consent be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate. In other words it would require unanimous consent of the states to change the basis of representation. A convention to frame a new constitution is not to be thought of. Such a convention would be revolutionary, and it is no justification to say that the original convention was also revolutionary because at the time of its formation we were practically without a central government. But there is much besides the Senate: there are the muniments of liberty,—the courts, and the other cherished parts of our system,—and it would be madness to throw them into the crucible.

It is claimed that the Senate might be abolished constitutionally, and there are some, by no means classed among radicals, who believe in a government by an executive and a single chamber. But the system of two houses is greatly in the interest of safety. They should, however, be houses which are directly amenable to popular opinion, and if they are unequal in power the disparity should be in favor of that house the composition of which does no essential violence to the democratic principle. In this direction lies the one practical hope of reform. If the Senate cannot be reconstituted, and if it should not be abolished, it can be relieved of the congestion of power from which it and the country suffer, and in the matter of its tenure it should be made more responsive to public opinion.

To return to the particular aspect of the subject with which I began, the country might well enter upon the work

by taking away from the Senate the power to ratify treaties, and conferring it upon the House of Representatives. Why should that not be done? In Great Britain the Cabinet is responsible directly to the House of Commons, which is chosen by the British electorate. The Crown makes treaties, but the Crown is little more than a fiction and does in the long run just what the Cabinet wishes it to do. If the Cabinet cannot command the support of the Commons, it must either resign or appeal to the people, in which case they can directly express themselves and decide the issue. The result is that the government passes upon treaties with the promptitude which the nature of the case demands, and does not permit a time to elapse in which new wars may spring up and expose civilization to the frightful consequences of inaction. If Great Britain can be safe with her system of popular rule, why should it not be safe for America to have a treaty made in the first instance by a president who is no fiction but a very vital institution, and then have it ratified by a House of Representatives chosen by the people in the different districts? There would be a check here which does not exist in England. The argument was urged in the Convention, that secrecy was necessary to treaties and that secrecy could not be secured in the House of Representatives. Secrecy may have been necessary at that time, but to-day it is something to be avoided. Indeed, with a Senate much larger than the original House of Representatives, secrecy could not now be maintained for a single day.

If then we are to have open, free, and responsible democratic government in America, the Senate must be reformed; and no time is more auspicious than the present to begin with that branch of its jurisdiction as to which the people are having such a striking object-

lesson. Let us take a first step in the direction of popular and efficient government, and amend the Constitution so that treaties shall be ratified by the House of Representatives.

The time is here for a recasting of some of our institutions in response to the demands of modern conditions. When our Fathers framed the Constitution, they achieved a work that was little short of superhuman. On the one side, they were hemmed in by savages, on the other, by a chain of civilized nations which held the American ideas of government to be destructive of their own. Encompassed by foes on every hand, they indeed launched their little commonwealth upon a tempestuous sea.

And yet their work has prospered beyond all hope. Under the shelter of our Constitution the fairest forms of civilization have found refuge. The names that were a byword a century ago have become the most luminous in the science of government. The little commonwealth has mightily grown. True to the inspiration of her origin, she has just shown herself the zealous guardian of a world's freedom. Upon the supremely great work of the Fathers we should lay our hands only with the deepest reverence. But we should fail in our duty to them and to ourselves if we did not keep it true to their spirit, or if we permitted it to become a laggard on the resplendent and revealing tides of time.

POLISH ADVENTURES

BY NELSON COLLINS

I

WE went into Kiev with Bolshevik and Polish artillery still booming, and fighting aeroplanes over the city. At noon of our first day a Bolshevik aeroplane dropped four bombs on a Polish aviation camp in the outskirts of Kiev, and the victims were given a state funeral at noon of the day following: hearse after hearse, — eight or ten of them, — gun-carriages, soldiers, school-children, priests, the white eagle of Poland, the red and white flag of the Polish Republic. That same day there was a big withdrawal of the Bolshevik forces and the fighting-line shifted fifteen miles away from the city.

The Poles held Kiev, the great Russian city on the river Dnieper, the metropolis of the Ukraine, the stepping-off place for an expedition down to Odessa on the Black Sea, if Polish military strategy and other national considerations held wise such an extension of the supply-line, even farther beyond the boundaries of Poland than this Russian-Ukrainian city of Kiev. The train of President-Marshal Pilsudski — or, for this season of fighting, perhaps it should be Marshal-President Pilsudski — passed back and forth between Kiev and Warsaw — two days' fast journey, through stations thick with the young

spring green of birches and poplars, with the eagle and the new red-and-white flag among them. The troop-trains passed, with young soldiers singing in the night. They sang in the dust of Russian roads out beyond Kiev, after they had detrained, had been marched through the city, and were getting to the thin line at the bridgehead, just at that time held by an average of thirty-six men to the kilometre, seventy men to the mile. Grim hospital trains of the Polish Red Cross waited; pontoon trains for handling the river passages were numerous; groups of dust-covered Bolshevik prisoners came into the city constantly.

It was odd to discover, then, that the Poles were not fighting the Bolsheviks. Doubtless a great many people had known that all along; but it was a new fact to me. I had supposed they were. They are fighting the Russians. Just outside of Kiev I walked for two hours along the railroad track, with a Pole nineteen years old on his way to a sugar factory. He could understand my French and I could understand his. Finally I said what had been in my mind. 'The thing that surprises me, my friend, is that you people here and in Warsaw and all along the line down here do not speak of the Bolsheviks with the same moral exasperation and horror that I am used to among my friends in Paris and in New York.'

He turned my remark over in his mind. Then he said, 'I detest them with all my heart. Why should n't I? They have taken everything away that my family had, except this one sugar factory. I know my father died because of the worries over our altered state of affairs. But a Bolshevik is only a Russian and a peasant. What can you expect of that combination? You can't specialize in hatred of Russians.'

A lady I walked with one afternoon in Kiev unwittingly illustrated his re-

mark. Her husband had been carried away by the Bolsheviks as one of the hostages, when they withdrew from Kiev five days before. She had lived through seven months of Bolshevik control there. She described their outrageous intrusions into homes, their constant demands, their thieving. But she added, 'Denikin's men were as bad when they were here, just before the Bolsheviks. The Russians!'

I took a droshky ride with an American who had been operating in South Russia for two or three years. He said he believed any government would forfeit its self-respect that entered into any relations with Soviet Russia, economic or diplomatic. He would prefer to see Europe and America unsettled for years, and populations suffer from lack of food or labor, rather than accept contact with that unclean thing. He told a host of things he knew at first-hand, or believed implicitly on the intelligence and good faith of his informants. I listened closely. I found him telling me of how the Ukrainian General Petlura had asked him personally, in the course of one of his missions between the lines, to protest to the commanding general of the Russian forces against shooting helpless prisoners that he captured.

'But who did you say this general was who was doing the shooting of helpless prisoners?' I asked, fearing that by listening too intently I had confused his narrative.

'Why, I told you — Denikin. I saw him the next day.'

'The anti-Bolshevist general,' I said.

'That's so,' was his surprised comment. 'I had forgotten. It is the Bolsheviks you were inquiring about.'

Old Tsaristic days, Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevist armies and populations, the medley, the composite, is straight Russian in the Polish mind. I saw a poster in oils, *The Storm out of the East*, done by a Polish army officer: a

great hulking figure, with dripping hands and a Mongolian face, coming up out of fire over a peaceful Polish landscape low on the horizon. I bought it for more than I could afford, because I felt that it was a picture good for more than my generation; good for a time when the Bolshevism of our day has long been an historic reminiscence; good for so long as there is dread of Russianism and Mongolism in Poland.

'The Storm out of the East' was not simply Bolshevism in the mind of that Polish soldier-painter, and it is not Bolshevism primarily in the Polish mind. They were fairly careless about Bolshevik economic and social theories, and very general in attributing atrocities. The Poles circulated a poster of Bolshevism as a red Semitic devil, sitting on a pile of skulls and holding a heavy revolver in a bloody hand; but their other most impressive poster depicted, from a photograph, a Polish soldier whose head had been gouged, his knuckles broken, the web between all his fingers slashed, and red-hot pins driven under the nails — all of which was attributed, not to the Bolshevik Russians, but to the Czecho-Slovakians on the other side of Poland, in connection with the plebiscite to be held in the summer of 1920 for control in Silesia.

A young Polish count whose family has holdings in the Ukraine told me of ingenious tortures by the Letts, in the republic to the north of Poland. Somebody else contributed the undoubted stories of the Semenoff Cossacks out in Siberia. Nobody questioned the facts, but nobody emphasized Bolshevism in connection with them; or, if they did, they attributed the blame to the Russian peasant, as the worst combination of cruelty and stupidity the world could produce. A young Polish Uhlan from Posen pointed out a group of Bolshevik prisoners and laughed. 'They said they had been forced to fight by the

Bolsheviks,' he said, 'and looked for better treatment because of that. But they fired into our men when we were almost upon them, only fifty metres away. We asked them, if they were forced to fight, why they kept it up when they had so good a chance to surrender. Trust no Russian.'

In Poland everywhere, so far as I could talk with different kinds of people, and so far as my reasonable supply of French and my twenty words of German could carry me, and so far as my interpreter in Polish and Russian was reliable, the term Bolshevik was interchangeable with the term Russian. The Bolsheviks were to them the Russians, at this time in the saddle. Racial antipathies, not moral horror; resentments and revenge for long generations of Tsaristic oppression and torment were their incitements to fighting. They did not fight as the defenders of an outraged world-civilization against a new system of physical torture and property perversion. Their high hopes for Poland swamped even their hate of any enemy whatever.

That is the glorious thing about Poland to-day. A great love is its dominating motive. But the great hate is Russia in general. Even a Bolshevik would resent their ignoring of Bolshevism. By the time a Pole has exhausted the possibilities of aversion in the nature of a Russian and the nature of a Jew, he would have to drain his being to find bile for a Bolshevik simply as a Bolshevik.

At Jitmoir there is the room where the fourteen-year-old girl who ruled the city for the Bolsheviks is said herself to have shot down more than a hundred citizens of the town. I do not disbelieve this. They picked up a Bolshevik soldier in the back-country and stationed a young Polish soldier to guard him. They sat in a gully near the railroad track. After a while I passed that way

again. The Polish soldier was fast asleep, one arm under him to keep his face out of the dirt. I might have thought him dead as he lay. The Bolshevik prisoner was sitting beside the gun and motioned me to approach carefully, not to wake him up. His occasional snores further reassured me. They were both about twenty years old. The Bolshevik could ponder the buttons on the army jacket of his guard. It was a United States army jacket, buttons and all. The United States eagle did very well as the Polish eagle emblem, and the 'E Pluribus Unum' on the scroll above it meant nothing in their young lives. Half the Polish soldiers along that stretch of track had United States army jackets and buttons. Large letters, 'U.S.,' were on the haversacks of the men streaming out of Kiev after the retreating Bolsheviks. I left these two philosophers to muddle over their own puzzle of a world, or just ignore it, and put up with it, as they seemed disposed to do. But no dread of a Bolshevik outrage seemed to pervade the dreamless sleep of this young Pole.

Confused as I found myself by this unexpected attitude of the Poles, which itself confused all kinds of Russians into one kind of Russian and was confused if you tried to allege any fundamental distinctions among the kinds, my aversions and likings, my antipathies and associations growing out of war feelings, were strangely confused among the Poles themselves. A Posen Pole of twenty-three sat on my cot-bed in a box-car and admitted that he had served at Verdun, at Ypres, at St. Mihiel—had been for three years a soldier in the German Army. An American Polish lad, who had served with Lord Strathcona's Horse, enlisting in Canada but claiming Lexington Avenue, New York City, as his home, sat on the bed across and talked with the ex-German

Uhlán, now a courier from the War Office in Warsaw down to the fighting front. To palliate the situation, which one could easily see both felt a little, the American told of another Polish-German soldier in the battle for Mt. Kimmel, who, with both legs shot off, begged him in English to stop a minute and give him water, and when he had got it, said, 'I'm a Polish soldier. I've never fought with any vigor against you.' 'I'm a Pole, too—from America,' the other replied. These two became very good friends. I saw them together at a little table a week later in Warsaw. Yet this Posen Pole broke into the goose-step with exultation when he heard good news of an advance of the Polish Army beyond Kiev against the Russians. We struck his leg and forced him to stop it. We liked him, but could not stomach that relic of his old military training. We felt that we could not bear him, in spite of liking everything else about him, if he could not avoid a reversion like that.

II

The great thing about the Poles is their sense of a vivid and noble tradition. Life must be a glory to them, or it is nothing. To be fed and housed hardly counts. The Polish mark had fallen to two hundred for a United States dollar; there was ominous news of a Bolshevik advance from the north, now that so many Polish troops and trains had been drawn far south to Kiev; Lord Robert Cecil over in London was moving for an appeal to the League of Nations against Poland, because of this campaign; but all that could be straightened out later. Ten women were in sight, working the fields, for every man; road-gangs of boys not more than twelve or thirteen years old were frequent. The army was a very young army, consisting of youths of sixteen

and seventeen. I knew personally one boy of fifteen, with discharge papers from the Polish Army covering a year and a half of service. Poland was using her very first supply of manhood after the drain of the world-war for this new fighting, instead of having them in the fields, the mills, and the higher schools. The glory that had been Poland was still Poland, would always be Poland, was re-created, was sure. The future, the present, the past were all one, a live flame. There had been rain and warmth and the crops were very promising. Wheat had headed out a month earlier than usual. There was assurance of final abundance in the air, abundance of food, abundance of territory, abundance of glory. The world was young in springtime, the army was young, new Poland was young, the campaign was in its promising beginnings. The youth of the army and the very new nationalism and the uncertainties of the developing campaign had hints of possible tragedy in them that the rate of exchange reflected. But nothing else reflected it, except, perhaps, a few dubious groups in Warsaw, a little suspicious of Marshal Pilsudski as possibly too nearly 'Red' in his sympathies.

I had come from New York and Paris. I had exulted with my friends there when shiploads of 'parlor Bolsheviks,' or 'alley Bolsheviks,' were shipped out of the United States back to Russia. They had wished that all Bolshevik apologists might be shipped to Russia, too; and I had heartily agreed with them. It is right and pleasant to have people take practical part in the ideals they profess, participate in the actual physical struggle of the ideas for which they have sympathy. The fighting front, or the army hospitals, or the cities held by the Bolsheviks were the proper places for more than one comfortable person we knew, with over-liberal and over-careless ideas regarding the

tenure of other people's property. After Denikin collapsed in South Russia, the quiet word around New York and Paris was to wait for Poland in the spring. The waiting was rewarded. But as these troop-trains of Polish boys seventeen years old, and of Polish girls nineteen years old going along to nurse them, drew into Kiev, headed for sure privation, for possible death, for disease that might affect their whole long lives, I thought that those friends of mine who were leading no indispensable lives in the States and in Paris, if they would have license for their exasperated utterances and exhortations against the Bolsheviks *as* Bolsheviks, should be in these troop-trains and hospital-trains; and I longed within myself to see them there.

In Kovno, a Massachusetts American lay in a Polish army hospital, with his right arm splintered at the elbow and a septic condition developing—Lieutenant Noble, a flier, one of the Kosciuzko squadron. But I think he had come to such a pass because he was an inveterate flier, looking for his flying where it could still be found—not because he was inspired by any deep moral horror of Bolshevism. He had attacked alone and three times a Bolshevik armored train that was holding up the Polish advance into a town. At the third attack he made, the train started away; but a rifle-ball caught his elbow. He piloted his machine seventy-five kilometres back to camp, and saved the machine to the Polish air force; but his flying days are over. The Kosciuzko squadron has been building an enormous sentiment for the United States among the Polish troops, flying German aeroplanes in the Polish service, at a rate of pay that equals twelve dollars a month.

All along the route from Warsaw to Kiev, I met the Haller's Army men, Polish-Americans, on their way back to the States at last; men who volunteered

before the United States ever entered the war; who fought on the French front for the sake of what Poland might get out of the war if the Allies won; who then resisted home longings and came on into Poland itself for the fighting that had to be faced when the world-war with Germany was over. Czechoslovakians, Ukrainians, Bolsheviki — three little wars she had on hand a year ago, on practically all her frontiers. The best of Poland and the best of the United States was in these men, and neither country had been very mindful of them when their immediate usefulness had been accomplished. It made one just a little tired of excessive talk about speaking an inherited foreign language necessarily making a worse citizen of the United States. These Haller fellows had been in the United States five years, three years, — one of them whom I met, seventeen years, — before they volunteered to come back and fight. They had barely mastered English in the United States. For three years they had heard their old language and never any English. One spoke to them abruptly at Koval: 'Do you know when your train for Dantzig pulls out?' or something like that; and they fumbled in their brains to understand you. It was their first resumption of an old and nearly lost attempt at United States citizenship. They thought in Polish of their love for, their identification with, America. Their hearts as well as their keen sense of financial and social advantage were five or six thousand miles away, the width of the greater parts of two vast continents and a great ocean, in Brooklyn, Cleveland, Akron, Detroit, St. Paul.

They liked Poland, too, — loved it the right word to use, actually, for once, — indorsed your good words for the Polish people, were glad they had come, were glad you liked Poland, were hopeful about the soil, — a little thin in

many places, they reminded you, — looked forward to increasing manufactures. 'Give her five years,' they would say. 'Get the fighting done. Get the material in. Then see.' But they would not stay any longer. And it was more than the money they would earn in the United States, more than war-weariness in a still-warring land, that was taking them back.

I would like to trade these men, with their deficiencies in our language, and with their fighting record and their mood of United States citizenship, for some voluble English-speaking United States citizens I know. They had had a raw deal, but had little to say about it. Their mood was sturdy and high. It did not blink the deal they had had, but it did not think of capitalizing the grievance in pathos or resentment. The United States, wet or dry, was what they wanted for themselves, and 'God bless and preserve and prosper Poland!' was in their hearts, as in the days of early 1917, when they left good jobs to come over and fight for her; and then to be forgotten, overlooked, neglected, unaccommodated for a long time anywhere by anybody, Polish or American, their rights forgotten as much as their comfort or well-being. A few cigarettes and some underclothing would reach them between Warsaw and Dantzig — the gift of the American people through the American Red Cross; but it was little enough, though they did not say so; and they were still uncertain whether they would get passage to New York only and have to pay their own way from there to the towns in the United States that they had originally left.

I told them that I guessed they would be seen clear through, now. But the word 'guess' was careful English, not the United States vernacular, and their eyes, after all their experiences, seemed inclined to treat it that way, too.

III

Kiev was intact. Its population of more than a million was underfed, but by no means starving. The metropolis had had six governments in three years, old Russian, German, Ukrainian, new reactionary Russian, Bolshevist, and now Polish. One business building was razed to its foundations, near the Opera, and five others had been gutted, apparently with hand-grenades, at one time or another during the three years. The façades stood. Much window-glass was gone, and had been replaced with veneers of board, and there were frequent bullet-chips in the brick.

Breakfast the first morning in the town was fresh milk, ice-cream, sugar, and radishes. You started up into the town that had endured so much, and ran into ice-cream freezers full of their good stuff on every other street corner. The freezers stood two together in most places, with two flavors of ice-cream for your choice. The district had a good deal of fresh milk, and it had an oversupply of sugar. They served it with a shovel, or by the handful. In a restaurant where no bread could be bought, the great sugar-urn stood level-full always, and open to anybody who cared to help himself. A Polish colonel told of one town nearby where the owners of the sugar warehouse had placed seals on the doors when the Bolsheviki occupied the town. The Bolsheviki never bothered to break the seals; though just what good the owners expected the seal to be is a matter of puzzlement. At that time, according to an officer of the Polish Red Cross, the sugar ration in the Bolshevist army was half a pound per man per day, to a quarter pound of bread. There was talk of sending some of it to suffering America. You could get a ton of it for a few pounds of salt or some flour. All the way down from Warsaw, for several hundred miles,

white bread excellently baked had been plentiful in the little shops; eggs too, and excellent sausages. Near Kiev, bread died out and sugar became the staple.

Women at the stations offered great plates of butter for a little salt. Salt had been supplied to this part of Russia from Poland, and the supply had been cut off during the fighting with the Ukrainians a year ago. In the public market I bought two large potatoes, boiled first and then fried a rich brown all over, piping hot, for five marks. The ice-cream between wafers was eight marks. Eggs were five marks apiece, and rather scarce. Pork and rabbit and some beef, a few geese, and a few chickens were on sale at possible prices. Fresh radishes sold at three marks for a big bunch—the large variety, made as God made Hampshire strawberries, with enough flavor for the size. Young onions were three marks a bundle. Fresh milk was not expensive. Sauerkraut, beets, Dill pickles were in good supply. These things were all on sale in a cheap market, where only very ordinary people gathered. For twenty Polish marks I could make a meal there. The United States dollar was worth two hundred marks. But I do not see how a workingman in Kiev earning forty marks a day or a hundred marks—estimates varied, but never reached the hundred—could feed and house and clothe himself and his family. That is the right basis of consideration. I did not see enough in the markets to make me believe that, if everybody had unlimited money, there was stuff to satisfy all the population. Moreover, Kiev was then in the lushness of spring, with fresh green stuff just ready for market and the cows of the district coming into milk. Spring had arrived, and hoarders were loosening up on last year's stuff carried through the winter. The stores were empty. The Bolsheviki had stripped the town; and what they had not taken

had been hidden. But the people were not emaciated. They did not look as the Viennese look; their reserve fat, their marrow, was not all gone. This was true of the Kiev residents, the refugees about there and on up into Poland proper, and the prisoners from the Bolshevik armies. There was both color and substance to their bodies.

But just as careless deductions from one full market and one full pocketbook might utterly mislead the visitor in such a city, so merely walking about the streets gathering a general impression gives no clue to the orphanages, with only a day's supply of food, the bins empty, and no clear prospect or much hope of finding even another day's supply when the one on hand should be gone; nor any clue to the reticent suffering of proud people. A family of standing, who desired to give their utmost hospitality to an American, furnished a meal of soup made from some long-leaved plant, a second small course of potatoes, and a dessert apparently made of seeds and toothsome roots that one would ordinarily not regard as edible. They stuck in my throat, not because they were not good, — they seemed right enough for once, — but because I felt that somebody was being robbed in the family for my unnecessary table entertainment, and because meals day after day like that (and I knew it was an extraordinary achievement) must leave pangs of hunger and a sense of under-nourishment even at the moment of repletion. Similarly, at Lwow (Lemberg), on Sunday, about half-past eleven in the morning, just when church was out, I think I saw more silk dresses in half an hour than I had seen before in all my life, certainly more than I ever had seen anywhere at one time in any street before. A man long resident in the city called my attention to them. It seemed to indicate, not comfort only, but luxury. I am sure

that seven out of every ten women and girls who passed in that after-church promenade wore silk. But it was reasonably apparent, also, that the dresses were years old, had been worn this one precious hour of the week, and on a few other fête-days, even before the war, had been remodeled by the skillful fingers of those I saw wearing them, and had been unsalable, because nobody was buying silk dresses after the war was on, although the careless impression might have been that everybody had been buying them.

IV

There were many refugees. But they were not tragic figures. They were not acutely miserable. More than anything else I knew at first-hand, they resembled a group in Michigan after a forest-fire has wiped out a town. There were destitution, discomfort, hunger now and then and here and there. But there was a reasonably well nourished immediate past to go ahead on for a little while, and a fair prospect of pulling through to as good a condition as known before, though with a longer time to hold out than would be the case in the United States forest-fire, and with systematic relief not so sure to come. But refugeeing in the early summer in Russia is not so bad a business — just a little worse than gypsying, if you have not the instinct for it. In the winter, and at night in rainy weather with restless babies, it is a different proposition. Weeks of it drag the life out of men and women, and even boys and girls; and the horrible uncertainty of the future, the waiting for the fighting to stop, cause a fearful mental tension in those who have any feeling of responsibility.

These refugees are the one-time residents of Poland — Poles, Little Russians, Russians, Lithuanians — who, in

the autumn and winter of 1915-16, fled into Great Russia ahead of the retreating Russian armies. They are headed back at last, to accept such changes as four years have brought about, and to reestablish life as it was, so far as possible, in the old accustomed places.

The Polish authorities in Kiev gathered the Bolshevik civilian sympathizers together, and kept the railroad yard clear of all refuse by their labors. Most of them were Jews and of middle age — a greater proportion of Jews than one saw anywhere among the prisoners from the Bolshevik army. A number of them swept up or picked up offal, dressed in frock coats. Some of them were young. I remember one who stood stark upright always when he was not forced to bend to his work by a watchful guard, and whose face blazed with hate and defiance of his keepers. I wondered why he had not left the city with the Bolsheviks.

The youthful soldiers of the Polish army stood over these men with guns, and satirically, but half good-humoredly, lectured them on the beauties of Bolshevism. It was a race mocking a race, a soldier getting even with civilians, youth enjoying its chance for unpunished impudence to old age. It struck me that some of the more intelligent and prosperous older Jews bending their backs to unaccustomed toil felt this, and were a little amused and, within themselves, a little tolerant, with a humorous appreciation of the situation in their glances at one another. But they kept at work. There was no other way out. Perhaps they set themselves to reading with new sympathy the only United States book to be seen in the shop-windows of Kiev — *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in a German translation. It was in the windows of Warsaw, also, along with Emerson's essays.

The attitude that the United States Jews in the region assumed toward

these fellows of theirs in race (though not their fellow countrymen) was usually one of frank dismay. I talked in Kovno with a New York Jew who had been living in this district for seven years, having returned just before the Great War. 'What my people need here,' said he, with a wry movement of the mouth, 'is a regiment of ten thousand barbers as shock troops, several gangs of American college hazers to tear the long, greasy black coats, or nightgowns, or whatever you call them, off their backs and the little round caps off their heads, and a whole army of plumbers to build baths for them.'

A younger United States Jew from Vilna said to me: 'Twenty-five thousand American Jews, real Americans, who would live over here and force the change by their example and influence, would go a long way toward solving the hatreds and alienations that threaten the stability of Poland and the little new republics to the north.'

Meanwhile the American Jewish Distribution Committee is doing good work in that direction, as well as with its supplies of clothing and medicine. The little old red schoolhouse of the little old United States, the country schoolhouse, and the schoolhouse of the polyglot tenement districts, would apparently do for both Poland and Russia the biggest job that they need. It would take five generations, but that would break down the ridiculous and yet almost insurmountable barriers to national unity and the individual's sense of his own freedom. And Poles and Jews and Russians will have to live alongside each other long after Bolshevism, as Bolshevism, has become nothing more than a military, political, economic, social, and moral reminiscence.

Poland is hurrying the work of restoration. Everywhere in Warsaw and Lwow new paint was being put on store-fronts, old cornices were being

repaired, factory chimneys were being built, and outside, in the country, new peasant houses and barns were going up. Hospitals that the American Red Cross had established or largely developed were being taken over and maintained by the Poles, in accordance with the best modern standards. The presses are turning out an abundant supply of ancient and modern Polish literature, and technical books. Excellent lithographs of Polish historical events or of Polish scenery fill the shops. There are interesting new paintings by Polish artists. A young nation with a dangerous war in progress, which, none the less, has forty boys in an architectural school and many more in other technical schools; whose medical men, albeit all too few in number, have an established reputation; and whose engineers and mechanics are increasing steadily — a nation which believes so much in the wine of life, but takes care to have the stable bread of life assured; which realizes better than ever before that spirit needs flesh really to make itself manifest — is a nation pretty sure to work its way through to full and safe nationality.

V

Poland's concern with things maritime, her reaching out to the sea, is another unexpected indication of the scope of her national imagination. I am always under suspicion of reading sea-significance unduly into national situations; and what I saw in Poland may be chargeable in some degree to that obsession; but certainly, along with the map of old imperial Poland, dated 1772, which was found in unsuspected corners of western Russia, and was hung on the walls in Poland, as an incitement to further and further penetration by a victorious army, there was perfectly apparent a tremendous interest in the sea. Polish sailors, following the Russian

custom of wearing long ribbons hanging from the back of their caps, walked the streets of Warsaw. They told me that, when the Peace Conference gave Poland her ancient access to the Baltic, the Polish government held a very impressive service, wedding anew the Polish nation to life on the water.

Poland had seemed like Shakespeare's Bohemia, or like Switzerland, so far as seafaring possibilities were concerned. I remembered that Joseph Conrad had to leave his home in Poland as a boy and make his way to England, in order to become a sailor. 'We don't often meet a man of your nationality in ships,' he records that the old examiner said to him when he got his license. Marine paintings and lithographs and postcards were in a great many shop-windows. Down in the old quarter of Warsaw, near the market, there is a very ancient doorway, and over it, in colored stucco, a great frigate under full sail — a huge thing, very vigorously expressed.

But at Lwow, which has not even a navigable river, there stands an image of the Virgin in the seclusion of a count's garden, back among the trees. A veil of cobwebs is over her face, though pious hands keep them cleared from her arms and her robe. The image rests upon a pillar, and standing out upon this pillar there is an anchor, with a dragging piece of rope and a date in July, 1810, below it. The Virgin of the Anchor, in her remoteness from all matters maritime, seemed to me a persistent embodiment of that new-old dream, which Poland seems to have, of an expanding life on the water for her citizens. One of the posters most widely circulated in the city, and all over Poland, showed the first Polish merchant-ship swinging away from her moorings in the harbor of Dantzig for a voyage to America. The Polish admiral, a man, I am told, with no ship to speak of, but with dreams for his country, maintains his head-

quarters at Dantzig. I suppose that Poland sent representatives to the second International Labor Congress at Genoa in June, 1920, which devoted itself exclusively to problems of merchant-shipping. If she did, how I wish that Joseph Conrad might have been called back from his long, enforced residence in England, to go as one of the delegates!

And after I had written all this, I found, when I got back to Paris, in a French magazine, an article ten pages long, by General Boucabeille, on 'The Maritime Future of Poland.'

I looked carefully at many faces of Bolshevik troops and Bolshevik civilians, in snapshots taken by Red Cross men, in prison camps, and in prisoner groups as they came along the roads before they reached the camps; at full sprawl in the afternoon sunlight before Polish general staff headquarters in the city of Kiev; in numerous hospitals. I sized up their faces and their bodies. They seemed to me much like the general run of men: about the same proportion of obvious louts, of fairly intelligent and of quite intelligent young men, that one would see anywhere in central Europe. Their bodies seemed, in about equal proportions, of the draught-horse and the race-horse types. They were warier in war than the young Poles, older by a few years as a general thing, and had been longer in the ordeal of campaigns. But my belief in the Russian, which has to run hand in hand with my belief in the enormous slapdash efficacy of the American public-school system as it might be applied to run him through the hopper, was not affected, or, rather, disaffected, by anything I saw of Bolshevik Russians, or by any reasoned contrast I drew between them and the Poles who were fighting them, much as I have always liked and respected the Pole.

In the United States district I come from there are a good many Poles, and the young Pole, man or woman, is singularly apt to be finely and yet strongly moulded. I did not see any such large proportion of Poles like that as I had expected, judging from those I knew in my home across the Atlantic. Many, very many, more of these in the homeland seemed to be the victims of heavy manual labor by their fathers and mothers, of generations whose education was *nil* or very limited and speedily forgotten, of many results from Tsaristic tyrannies and class domination of upper Poles and Russians alike. I looked at Bolshevik Russians, and a couple of weeks later, when I had the chance, read some of Mr. Stephen Graham's confident and delicate enjoyment of all Russians over many years in all parts of their vast domain, with no sense of hopeless incongruity.

The condition for the world to consider is Polish-Russian antipathy, not Polish-Bolshevist antipathy. The disappearance of tyranny may mean, more readily than now seems apparent, the disappearance of racial hatreds. But in a Polish school out near Brest-Litovsk in the year 1920 the children have to learn a song of hate of all Russians. Its words are very vigorous and the music stirring. Russians are human beings. They are loved and believed in for both their future and their past, and even for their present. Jews are human beings. We have Shakespeare's assurance of the latter fact. For the Russians, the more popular notion in Poland is Kipling's idea of a bear that walks like a man. Kipling may have outgrown the notion, probably has, but it is part of the fate of influence to find one's outworn ideas still living realities in somebody else.

There is the problem that will have to be settled before Poland or the world can settle down to stable peace.

INDUSTRIAL LEADERSHIP AND THE MANAGER

BY SAM A. LEWISOHN

It is but recently that as much emphasis has been put upon the everyday relations between employer and employee as upon the more dramatic phases of our industrial problems. In the past, probably more study was devoted to means of composing differences after they had arisen than to the more complex and fundamental task of creating a healthy *esprit de corps* at our plants. Arbitration, conciliation, and adjustment were the main topics discussed by industrial specialists a few decades ago; but at present as much attention is being focused upon such subjects as shop committees and personnel management. As in other fields, it has been found that the judicial and investigative phase is only a fraction of the problem, and that the continuous administrative questions are, if anything, of greater importance. We have found that an industrial 'domestic-relations court' does not necessarily mean a healthy industrial 'family life.'

One of the most promising results of this new insight is that employers are coming to realize that, in view of the administrative position they hold in industry, they are the natural leaders and have the corresponding responsibility of leadership. At least, some of them are beginning to appreciate that they must approach their relations to their employees with the same poise and perspective with which they treat other problems of organization. Such employers appreciate that, if they approach the subject in the traditional combative spirit, they will be about as

helpful in the future industrial development of the country as an angry father is in the moral development of the rebellious child.

Now in speaking of employers we must, of course, discriminate between two types of industries. On the one hand, we have the small business run by the owner, who is himself the manager and has relations directly with the superintendents and foremen under him. On the other, we have the large business in which there are, roughly, three groups: the directors and executive officers on top; salaried men who have actual charge of the local plants; and the foremen and superintendents under the manager.

The latter type of organization is each year absorbing a larger proportion of our industrial activities, and we will therefore consider the problems which face the executives and directors in a large industry. Let us suppose that they have passed the stage where they feel that mere railing against the closed shop and petulant complaining against restricted efficiency will solve their problems. They decide to liberalize and modernize thoroughly their labor policy. Having defined such a policy, they endeavor to discover the means of putting it into effect. At the very start of any such attempt they will almost always find themselves confronted with the fact that it is necessary for them to convert those in charge of the local plants. If they find the local manager sympathetic, they are apt to find him untrained to under-

stand and adopt newer methods. Just as in endeavoring to effect any other reform, it is a matter of securing and training the proper personnel to put it into effect.

It is therefore particularly interesting to note that more and more those who are given the responsibility of managing our local plants are graduates of technical schools. It is becoming each year increasingly evident that a large part of the industrial leadership of the country must come from such engineer-managers, who have succeeded the old owner-managers.

These men, with the foremen under them, are in the 'key positions' so far as the handling of the everyday labor-problems is involved. Most directors and executives on top, even if they have the inclination, time, and sympathy to study the details of the local labor-problems, feel that it is wise not to interfere with the work of the manager in charge, because such problems are so interwoven with the daily routine of other operating problems, that they have not the intimate knowledge of the *nuances* of the situation which would justify them in interfering. Progress in securing better *esprit de corps* will depend upon the skillfulness of the local manager in handling human problems. We have heard much of employee-representation schemes under the name of shop committees and works councils, — and they are an important development, — but the success of such schemes depends primarily on the quality of the leadership which the local management affords. Leadership is, after all, the essential in creating a good morale in industrial establishments, as it is in any organization, military, social, political, or other.

A great deal has been made of the possibilities of the new profession of employment manager; and it is true that in the development of this pro-

fession we have made a long step in the right direction. But the employment manager is helpless unless the general manager in charge of the entire plant has sufficient background to make him sympathetic with the purpose and operation of the personnel department. If he is not sympathetic, he can block any efforts at modernization that the personnel manager attempts to introduce. It is argued, it is true, by some, that the industrial specialist should have coördinate jurisdiction with the man in charge of physical problems; but in many establishments, if not in most, this is impracticable from an administrative point of view. It is usually most undesirable to have a house divided against itself. Another obvious suggestion is that the industrial specialist should be put in full charge. But this does not take into consideration the fact that there are many plants in which the nature of the problems renders it essential that the technical man occupy the titular position.

In this connection, to quite an extent the foremen are being recruited from graduates of our technical schools. Unfortunately the evidence is overwhelming that the training that our engineering schools have given does not adequately equip a man to handle so-called 'human engineering.' This is a matter of common experience; but an excerpt from the report of the President's Mediation Commission (which, under the chairmanship of Secretary of Labor Wilson, in the early stages of the war, visited a number of our Western communities in which there was industrial unrest) may be of interest in this connection. Referring to their observations in the mining districts of Arizona, that Commission said: 'The managers fail to understand and reach the mind and heart of labor, because they have not the aptitude or the train-

ing . . . for wise dealing with the problems of industrial relationships.' The managers in this case were mostly engineers.

Of course, the capacity for handling human beings depends, to a large extent, upon a magnetic personality, and there are many engineers with this native capacity. But such a capacity alone will not solve the problem of handling the organization of employees of a large plant. I know personally of several instances of graduates of technical schools, who had become managers of important plants and had all the temperamental qualities necessary for leadership, but who failed to make a maximum success in the handling of their employees because of their lack of interest in the personnel problem — a lack of interest which they frankly acknowledged. The evidence, in fact, is overwhelming that the usual practice in the past of confining the training of the engineer solely to studying the reactions of dead matter has tended to cripple him in his handling of human relations. A purely technical education in problems which require quantitative methods does not equip a man to assume leadership of men. We have not yet come to the point where human reactions can be weighed and measured.

Quite a number of engineers realize this. For example, Mr. Corless of the Mond Nickel Company, in a paper which he read before an engineering association says, 'A question that deeply concerns us as engineers, managers, or superintendents of industrial enterprises, is that of efficiency. In this matter, I fear, we have much blame to accept for narrowness of view. Because of our special training in the material sciences and their application to industry, we have confined our attention altogether too exclusively to machines, to processes, to arrangement of plants, and to the external forms of

organization. We have paid far too little attention to the "imponderables" — to ethical standards, to psychological conditions, and to the mental attitude of those on whom real efficiency must finally depend.'

I quote this because it is rather exceptional. There are some engineers who do not seem to realize that there is any distinction between physical and human problems. On the other hand, the substitution of the technical manager is not necessarily undesirable from a social point of view. If recognized and utilized in time, this substitution may be a blessing in disguise.

The so-called broadminded owner-manager was no doubt more a man of the world and preferable to the type of narrow specialist too often turned out by our technical institutions — men dehumanized by the very intensity of their application to routine studies. But, on the other hand, a man who takes up engineering does learn to be dispassionate and objective, and is taught to seek the truth undisturbed by prejudice or preconception. The old-fashioned owner-manager has too often been hampered in the handling of his employees by the conventions of his class. He may have been human, but surely it has been a dogmatic humanity. On the contrary, the scientific approach of the engineer is unfriendly to intolerance. Above all, he is taught to be thorough and open-minded. Engineer-managers who have combined with their knowledge of the material sciences a scientific study of human relations are usually superior to other industrial managers in their approach.

The opportunity is thus offered of developing an improved type of industrial manager, and those primarily responsible for making the most of this opportunity are the members of the trustees and faculties of our technical schools

who have the task of planning the curricula of those schools and of furnishing the inspiration to the students. If, in planning the work of those students who by any possibility may in later life have charge of men, such trustees and faculties are willing to sacrifice a certain amount of instruction in subjects involving purely physical problems, and devote an adequate number of hours to social economics and the modern technique of handling labor, we may develop a type of industrial leader who will do much to solve our industrial problems. In order to achieve the desired results there must, in addition to a revision in the formal curricula, be modifications in the practice-work conducted in the summer months, so that the students will supplement their civil engineering, geological expeditions, and other field-work by actually working in industry with the men they will handle in their future careers.

In order to arrive at a real understanding of just what type of training a manager must have before he is able to master his industrial problems, we must more closely analyze just what these problems involve. Curiously enough, in human engineering itself there are both technical and human, we might say 'political,' sides, which must have their proper place if success is to be attained. To illustrate: the technical side comprises all such devices as scientific management, time- and motion-studies, labor-saving devices, and the like, while the 'political' aspect includes the installation of employee-representation schemes, popularly known as works councils or shop committees, the entering into relations with trade-unions whether in the form of collective bargaining or otherwise, and, generally, the maintenance of a good morale through personal leadership.

There is already an imposing literature and a group of specialists on each

one of these subjects, to all of which engineering students should be given an adequate approach. I say approach, because it is obvious that it is impossible to give the student more. The subjects are necessarily empirical, and only trial and error and actual practice will furnish a thorough grasp of them. We need not give much heed to the usual objection which we hear conservative members of the faculty of technical schools advance, that only a useless academic training can be given in such subjects, and therefore it is futile to give any at all. As with any other problem, the first essential is to indicate to the student that there is literature on the subject, teach him where he can find the authorities, and finally, what is most important of all, awaken his interest, so that when he is graduated he will be anxious to use the most modern technique. Just as in any other field, the professional graduate is apt to follow the interests awakened while he was a student. An approach is, after all, in a large measure all that a student, except perhaps the narrow specialist, gets in his main professional courses.

On the 'political' and human side particularly it is of especial importance that the technical student have his understanding and interest aroused. The usual practice of confining his training solely to studying the physical problem necessarily has a tendency to cripple him in attempting to handle human relations, unless there has been some neutralizing influence.

One of the main benefits to be achieved by a proper training of the engineering student is that he will convert the man on top, rather than be converted by him. In any event, he will, when he becomes a manager, proceed with plans for the modernization of methods of dealing with his employees upon his own initiative. He will adopt without prodding from above any modern

device which he thinks will bring about a better morale — such as individual production-records, job-analyses, shop committees. He will persuade his directors and executive officers to let him go ahead with such plans, just as he has been able to persuade his directors in the past to allow him to install experimental improvements in metallurgical and mechanical processes.

A manager with such a background and a persuasive personality will go further and persuade his directors to allow him to raise wages and cut down hours, realizing that it may mean more rather than less profits. Where the union leaders show a disposition to be constructive and coöperative, he will exert his influence in favor of the recognition of the union and of a collective agreement, realizing that there is no necessary incompatibility between national unionism and any works-council plan that may have been installed; knowing, in fact, that the authority of the national organizer may be useful in holding local trouble-makers in line. Of course, it may be the man on top who will have the final decision in such matters, but the local manager is always a powerful influence.

We have heard much of the necessity of the proper education of trade-union officials. But, after all, trade-union leaders are, by virtue of their position, perpetually in the rôle of opposition. This is at the bottom of much of the instinctive antagonism toward unionism on the part of even the more progressive managers. They feel that loyalty on the part of the men to their trade-union leaders means disloyalty to themselves, and thus is certain to be destructive of any *esprit de corps* they have attempted to build up. Of course, with less en-

lightened managers such opposition is nothing more than autocracy's natural jealousy of interference with its dominant position. As a matter of fact, there is a natural suspicion on the part of many organized labor leaders of any attempt of the management to build up loyalty to itself. This has particularly manifested itself in the antagonism of many representatives of organized labor toward the shop-committee system. There is sometimes justification for the plea on the part of the national leaders that the shop committee is merely a device on the part of the particular employer to prevent the intrusion of the national union. Just as often, however, experiments in employee representation are *bona fide* and sincere, and in many cases a liaison with the national union has been established. One may therefore be pardoned the suspicion that indiscriminate opposition on the part of an influential group of union leaders to constructive experiments of this character is inspired by a fear that the allaying of the unrest of the rank and file of workmen will impair the very incentives that hold their national organizations together. This is not gainsaying that many of the more progressive leaders have shown a real desire to be coöperative and to assist in production; but experience in trade-union leadership is necessarily mainly political and forensic — not administrative. It is, after all, the manager who is in the position of continuous administrative responsibility, and it is to him that we must look primarily for constructive development in the everyday problems of our industrial life. Whether he be engineer or layman, he should be properly trained to assume the leadership that is rightfully his.

THE SIXTY-TWO-DAY SIEGE OF URFA

BY CHARLES F. WEEDEN, JR.

THE Land of Abraham has recently witnessed in these reconstruction days a notable and thrilling event, in the siege of the city of Urfa, Mesopotamia. From the diary of one who was the American representative, and who has spent eighteen months in Near-East refugee work, we cull the following.

Here we are in Urfa, without communication with the outside world, for the Arabs and Kurds have broken up the railroad and cut telegraph wires, and we are prisoners. The more I see of this country, the better Mexico seems. The French, who have a garrison here, are now attacked by forces of the Nationalistic army under Mustapha Kemal Pasha. We have raised Red Cross and American flags on our orphanage, which has sheltered over a thousand refugees; but the Turk does not bother about such a little thing as a flag. The first French soldier has been killed and the water-supply cut off. Intermittent shots are heard about us. *C'est la guerre maintenant*. The Armenians, short of ammunition, have been making bombs out of condensed-milk cans. They knew what to expect from the Turks.

We have fortified the orphanage by digging a hole to the cellar and barricading the windows with a hundred cases of condensed-milk cans. The French are expecting reinforcements. Bullets are rattling around the house and occasionally zip inside close to one's head. We put out all lights, and things quiet down. It is snowing and extreme-

ly cold. Have a one-log fire in the house. The Turks are continually firing on the hospital. A bullet passed through the doctor's apron one day. Our supply of oil is gone and we use candle-light. This is our worst night yet, and the passing hours seem years. The Turks have captured 'One Tree Hill' behind our house. It was important in the control of the fire upon the city. We watched several detachments make their way toward our grounds across the field, and saw four men shot down. A score or so of French soldiers have come to the house for our protection, some of them Verdun veterans. Things are getting serious. It was dangerous to go outside, and when a soldier did have to go, we gave him a white sheet as a camouflage against the background of snow.

The siege drags on. It is terribly wearing and distressing. I've just had the first bath in sixteen days, and have changed my clothes the first time in five days. We lost track of the days yesterday and it took a long time to figure out the time. Believe me, these are the longest days I have ever spent, and the word week is a thousand years. Have slept in the cellar for the last five or six nights and am getting the characteristics of the cave-man. If ever I see any canned stuff served on our home table, I'll vamoose.

A wounded soldier was brought in today. It was pathetic to hear him calling to his sergeant, asking for his tin hat, though he was dying. We are barricading now with bolts of unbleached muslin, blankets, flannel cloth, boxes of

shoes, books, cases of provisions, stones, anything we can find. It's a little affair compared with the great war, but a tricky situation. We wonder if anybody in America or outside of Urfa is thinking of us. The siege has been on for three weeks, and no sign from outside. Our cook is so scared that he can't cook, so we have a sort of cafeteria.

Still we go on. Sometimes the suspense and confinement become unbearable. We were excited, however, to-day by the appearance of a French aeroplane flying over Urfa, the first sign that the people outside are remembering us. It will hold up our morale until help comes. The plane came in the midst of a shelling attack by the Turks. Everybody, soldiers, maids, kids, women, cooks, flew to the windows to see that big beautiful aeroplane in the blue sky. 'Teerha-teerha!' — 'Avion français!' — and everybody fell all over everybody else, so great was our joy. The Turks had seen it, too, and were running in all directions.

The American consul at Aleppo has sent a note, expressing solicitude for our welfare. A messenger has arrived from Admiral Bristol, to make an investigation of the killing of Messrs. Perry and Johnson near Aintab. The Turks have fired some 400 shells around headquarters and have made some effective shots. All this morning we could see big detachments of cavalry riding to and from the city. We would hear the boom of cannon, and a fraction of a second later we would see the dust and stones rise in the air, or else note the crumbling of a wall. The Turks very nearly got into the biggest French barracks. One shell whizzed into our bathroom and landed in the tub, but did not explode. Twenty-seven days of siege, and America does not seem to care. Our flag affords us no protection. It was about a year

ago when the first relief-train started from Derindje with Dr. Barton. The shell-caps that we have picked up around are all German.

The French cavalry will have to walk hereafter. Horse-meat is not so bad, after all, — some fresh every day, — roast dogs, cats and donkeys to vary the menu. We were five weeks without meat. *Cheerio et bonne chance!* Old Noah had nothing on us. We're sending out a sparrow with a bit of pork and beans in his mouth, to see if he can find peace anywhere.

Attacks are frequent. The Turks are clever and walk like cats, but machine-gun-fire drives them off with weird and jackal yells. After fifty-four days we are still alive, without reassuring news or any *secours*. Food is getting low, especially wheat for bread. The French have the whole headquarters fixed up with listening-posts, trenches, dugouts, and *abris*, just like the big war. There are supplies for eight days more. We reflect whether to start crawling to Aleppo, turn Mohammedan, be hung, become prisoners, or commit suicide. Captain Perrault says an aeroplane will come Sunday and the *colonne* will be here for Easter.

We are making an American flag to fly over our house. The other one is shot to shreds. The Algerian soldiers will not eat vegetables cooked in horse-meat fat, so they're hungry, although their morale is good. We sometimes laugh, and get along. Every day we pray for courage, patience, faith, and often quote from the Arabic: —

'Say unto him weighed down with care,
It will not last;
For joy doth vanish quite away,
And so does care.'

We feel pretty sore at the way the French outside of Urfa have treated

their post here. No word or help for two months. As if the lives of five hundred Frenchmen did not amount to much in France. Maybe we don't amount to much to America either.

The Turks seem, after fifty-nine days of besieging, to be fortifying the big hill back of us, and adding a bit of color to the scenery by hoisting up their flags — red, with a white crescent — all over the fortifications. They have sent another *parlementaire*, demanding that the French leave. Hauger of course refused. Water scarce, no fat for cooking. We'll wait till the flour-barrel is empty and the Turks rush in.

For sixty-two days we have been a besieged house — the rain of bullets our daily music. All this time we learned to know and love our French allies. Chagrined and starved, the French could do nothing but surrender. They did so, and

one of the conditions was safe-conduct to Jerobalus. They left Urfa at midnight (April 10), and not more than ten miles from the city were attacked by over three thousand Kurds and massacred, only two officers escaping. Three hundred and fifty were killed, and the rest as prisoners were marched naked through the streets. The Mutasarif finally allowed us to take clothing for them to the prison. The Turk professed ignorance of all treachery, and in the next breath said he could n't help it. An armistice of twenty days was signed, and thus the party of Americans who had accomplished all that was possible and withstood the terrible siege, ran the gauntlet and reached Beirut.

You cannot imagine how much more we have learned to love America since we have been out here, and how we want her to do and be all that is just and Christian.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE CHAIR OF METAPHYSICS

THE one requirement I make of dentists is that they shall be able to administer the consolations of philosophy during the prosecution of their researches in physical torture. A dentist may have all knowledge and all charity, together with all the latest textbooks and a surgeon's case full of the most perfected and lethal implements of his trade; he may have a resounding reputation and a clientele of the most distinguished impressiveness; but if he have not philosophy, all the rest is as nothing.

On the other hand, let him beguile the hours of torture with impersonal discourse, tending from my immediate pain to the secrets of anatomy, and thence through psychology to cosmic themes, and I forgive him everything; nay, I remember my hours with him as among the pleasant ones of a variegated personal history, and value his ministrations above those of the more knowing efficient ones who, I realize, are later to criticise his technique, damn his methods, and undo his work, as a preparation for doing it over in their own more expensive ways. For to me the chair of dental torture has always

been, essentially and inherently, the chair of metaphysics.

There must be many who find that the body's pain unbars curious doors of speculation, admitting the mind to broad halls and chambers of impersonal thought which, in the hours of normal comfort, remain unvisited. Pain is an elemental thing; it knocks and pries and twists at the very root of individual consciousness, and strikes so much deeper into the mysteries of being than anything else does, that it forces one to the brink of startling discoveries about space, time, and the ultimate secrets of things. Extreme pain forces us to the wall, the limit of the personally endurable; and we grope for the one possible way out, which is the way of impersonal thought. Many, I say, must have learned this fact — by living it.

But I dare say there are not so many who, like myself, find that the door yields more readily when another helps one push it open, and who can fare farther along those strange dim cosmic highways companioned than alone. It is, if you like, paradoxical and perverse. Yet the fact remains that, at odd times, I have positively relished the nibbling of dental instruments at an exposed nerve, and used it as the point of departure for the airiest philosophic flights — granted only a practitioner who spoke my language and was always ready with a theory for my facts or a criticism for my theory. On the other hand, with a dentist whose mind was only on his work, I have found in a mere painless cleaning of the teeth the most prosaic and unredeemed torture, and cursed each crawling minute, together with the dial that recorded it. Give me, every time, the physician who is also a metaphysician.

My first dentist I may be said to have inherited. At least, as a young man he had attended my grandfather, and in middle life my father and my uncle.

Then, as a sallow, dignified, rather frail old man, he attended me — just once, when, a gawky lad of seventeen, I went to him because a certain molar and I had come to the parting of our ways. He was a stiffly dignified old gentleman, in both mind and outward appearance. His mental operations were chiefly Calvinist, strongly and very oddly tintured with science.

I went to him in vacation, and found him in his dingy office at the top of a three-story 'block' in the little home town. He received my name with a patient abstractedness. It was manifest that he had forgotten me. He was, in fact, so aged that he was fast forgetting everything merely personal.

He seated me in the operating-chair facing the two windows above the street, prepared the tank of gas, and began slowly administering it. Remembering my last previous experience of an anæsthetic and my writhing struggles with black and demoniacal shapes, I had resolved that this time I would be the most tractable of patients. Accordingly I gripped the arms of the chair and braced my whole body rigidly, in the intense effort of self-command. Presently I heard the gentle voice of Doctor Zachary, heaving toward me in hollow waves from across a black void: 'There now, there now; relax, just relax.' I relaxed; and further, to show him the docility of my compliance, patted the arms of the chair in a soothing and reassuring gesture, as if to say, 'Have no fear of me, my good sir!'

To my astonishment, I could by no means stop doing this, once I had begun. I went on increasing the amplitude and the velocity of my gesticulations, until I was swinging my arms through the air like great flails, beating him away from me, striking down his apparatus, and behaving like an insane demon generally — all in pure good-nature gone daft, like that of the

trained bear who crushed his sleeping master's skull in killing the fly on his master's forehead.

We began over. This time I just relaxed, without any urbane attempt to demonstrate the completeness of my relaxation. And this time the gas accomplished what was desired of it, or at least a part thereof.

I drifted out among star-ways, and a galaxy of saffron constellations whirled about my head. In some outer void of space I took my station on a base of infinite nothingness. Presently a great yellow world sped by me with the speed of a cannon-ball, yet deliberately enough so that I could read, in characters of flame, against its black equatorial belt, the figure 1,000,000. Another world sped after it in the same track, similarly inscribed, but with a figure of still huger magnitude. After this one came another; then others still, the series increasing in size and speed, and each world marked with a figure greater than any that had appeared before, until they had mounted to sums for which there is no designation in human speech. And as they receded and fled away, diminishing down the appalling void, and I felt myself blown upon by the cosmic winds of their passage, it was borne in upon me somehow that I was now contemplating the cycles, not of time, but of mortal sin. These that sped by me were the æons upon æons of sin through which the stellar universe must win to its ultimate purification. Eventually there was to come, in the wake of all, a world white and luccent, gleaming like the plumage of an angel's wing. It would mean that the planetary system had won through tumbling cycles of sin to its redemption. There rang in my ears an immemorial phrase, 'The Blood of the Lamb,' and a surge of cosmic music, somehow crimson, was to engulf me.

But alas! this white and splendid

consummation depended on my fully taking in, with my one poor finite unarithmetical brain, each and every one of those staggering figures. If I missed so much as a single cipher, the whole universe was lost to darkness and dissolution, it might be for ever and ever.

Suddenly I had come against a purple veil — the uttermost firmament of all things that ever were. Only, a part of me seemed to be on one side of the veil, and a part on the other. The part on the other side was the supernal part which, if I could but get at it, flow into it, could take in those colossal figures, and by comprehending them save the universe from lapsing into aboriginal chaos, perhaps to begin its weary cycle all over. Somehow I must make the two sundered parts of myself fuse and coalesce — the part which was mortal and finite and baffled, and the liberated and untrammelled part beyond. To accomplish this there was no way but to rend the veil. When I had done this, I should comprehend within myself all that has ever been, is, or shall be.

With a convulsive and superhuman effort I laid hold of the veil with both hands and strove to tear it. At the same time something seemed to tear madly at the fabric of my own being. A dull explosion shattered the universe about me — only, in some curious sense not open to definition, it seemed to be the inside of my own head that had exploded. There came a sudden silvery tinkle of music, incommunicably sweet, and —

I sat bolt upright in the dentist's chair. An unusually tall person, I had contrived to thrust a foot firmly through each of the pair of windows in front of me, and from the street below came the last tinkles of the falling splinters of glass. In my two hands I still clutched the two halves of Doctor Zachary's glossy Prince Albert coat, which in my final paroxysm I had

seized by the tails, reaching behind the old gentleman, and split clean up the back by the simple act of spreading my arms apart as far as they would go.

Doctor Zachary stood there panting and disheveled, but not abating by one jot the mild dignity of his usual air. In the ruin I had created, the first aspect to come uppermost in his mind was the foolish circumstance that his forceps, on which he had not for an instant remitted his grip, had miraculously come to light at the wrong end of his sleeve.

The nerve of the misbehaving molar, barely loosened from its hold on my lower jaw, jumped in a savage rhythm, as an infuriated beast springs to the length of its chain over and over, or as your heart pounds in a sudden deadly fright. I was maddened with the pain—but I was more maddened by the interruption of my all-but-consummated dream. The dénouement was unspeakably prosaic. But I was unspeakably above prose.

Doctor Zachary reasphyxiated me, and the extraction was achieved in short order. When I was conscious again, he quizzed me, not without an effort of sympathetic understanding, about the sensations which had dictated my grotesque behavior. And as I went on groping for the words to recreate my cosmic vision, he began to nod more and more frequently. And then, for something like an hour, we discoursed together on the various philosophies of sin and judgment, coming round in the end to the problem whether there can be, modernly, any such thing as direct revelation.

I see now that many of his ideas were old-fashioned, out-moded; if I heard them restated, I should doubtless be filled with abhorrence. But to a boy just beginning the painful processes of thought, it was a famous dialogue—the first halting parasang of an intellectual anabasis which may perhaps be

cut off when this machine stops, but which I trust is never really to be completed. Anyway, this talk laid the foundation of my permanent requirement that the dentist's operating-room contain the chair of metaphysics.

When next I had need of Doctor Zachary, he was dead.

His successor in that same office, a profoundly reflective young man just out of dental school, carried me through several successive developments in metaphysical rationalism. He was withal a person of delightful tact. He knew how to make me laugh at my own grotesque attempts to converse on lofty themes through, or round, a rubber dam, without in the least degree laughing at them himself; though the language I spoke must have been practically devoid of consonants, and in fact more than a little like that of a man remembered from my early childhood, who was whispered to be without a palate and almost without a tongue. His ideas touched the central problems of consciousness exactly when his burr touched the central nerves of the tooth. Altogether he was a most gifted and indispensable young man; and never a session with him so painful that I could not have wished it longer. When he went to Colorado,—for a month or two,—I waited and let my teeth go to pieces for two years and a half, because I could not force myself to go to anybody else.

But he never came back.

There was a succession of others, of greater and less expertness professionally. I valued each according as it had or had not pleased his Maker to endow him with philosophy.

Latterly, I parted with a wisdom tooth, as hard-earned (and as useless) as wisdom itself is often said to be, at the hands, or forceps, of a very modern, very efficient young dental surgeon of absolutely no capacity for generaliza-

tion. He has — you know the sort — one of those utterly concrete minds.

He injected a local anæsthetic with the hypodermic needle. Then he stared out of the window and drummed with his knuckles on the sill for a minute, in impassive silence, waiting for the stuff to 'take.' Then, with a pretty little blued-steel knife, he slashed the gum here and there to make sure that there was no feeling left in it. There was indeed none. In its incapacity for sensation, it was precisely like his own mind.

His forceps closed on the tooth. He rocked it gently this way and that. Then there was a barely audible *spat!* of some hard particle falling upon crumpled paper. My contemptible wisdom tooth had somehow got into his wastebasket.

It was a triumphantly perfect job of its kind. Considered purely as a technological achievement, it was immense. The whole transaction, from my arrival at the office, could hardly have taken six minutes. It was as devoid of ugliness and pain as of philosophy. There could have been no greater contrast to the methods of old Doctor Zachary, locked with his patient in a prolonged and seemingly deadly struggle over the possession of one insignificant bit of white bone with a jumping hot pain at the centre of it. And yet —

Well, others may elect bare science as they will. But as for me, give me philosophy every time.

ON DYEING

Men are warned not to read this dissertation on dyeing. Only women will recognize the truth of an experience common to our sex.

WHY is it that people who are employed in dye-house agencies are invariably confirmed pessimists on all questions that touch their own profession? Their spirits seem to have been subdued

to that they work in, to have been dipped in the blackest of never-fading gloom. Melancholy has marked them for her own. Assuredly there should be inscribed over the door of the dye-house as over the door of other death-cells the classic phrase of doom, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

My thesis is that the women employed in these mortuary temples have only one human trait, which is, that in spite of their profession, *they do not want to dye*. In order to prove the truth of this conviction, I started forth a few weeks ago on an investigating expedition, carrying a large bundle under my arm. My package contained clothes, not old so much as middle-aged, some being really young, a baby's coat of spotless purity being among the more juvenile members of the hand-picked collection.

Before entering the dyeing establishment, I paused to look in the cruelly deceptive shop-window. It presented a gay scene of headless ladies exquisitely gowned in every shade of delicate pink, blue, yellow, and lavender. A placard bore the legend (I use the word advisedly), 'These dresses have all been dyed.' Almost fearing that my theory was to be disproved, I entered and, placing my package on the marble tombstone of a counter, displayed the contents to a woo-begone female in black. Before I could explain what I wished to have done, the sallow saleslady summoned another human vulture from a hidden recess, and together they looked, with stricken faces, at my articles of apparel, shaking their heads ominously as I displayed my various exhibits.

'I have brought in a few things to be dyed,' I began cheerfully. 'Now, this little coat — which is perfectly clean, you see — I should like to have dyed light blue; this pink chiffon waist, which is a trifle soiled, I want to have dyed

black; the little negligée I want pink, and this scarf lavender.'

While I was talking, the leading lady quietly removed the garments from my grasp and began rolling them up in the bundle again.

'It is perfectly impossible, madam,' she said in a tone of finality. 'Your things cannot be dyed.'

'May I ask why not?' I inquired with quiet control. 'My garments are most of them white, and many are practically new.'

The undertaker's assistant now stepped forward, and in sepulchral tones made these disconnected announcements, which sounded like texts from a free-thinker's burial service:—

'The infant's coat has too much wool. We do not recommend dyeing chiffon. The morning sack [she pronounced it 'mourning'] is made of taffeta, which rots. The gauze scarf might possibly take a very dark—'

But at this moment the tragedy-queen broke in.

'We will take no responsibility even about the scarf.'

The weird sisters had almost finished tying up my bundle again as I feebly protested, 'But *why* do you advertise dyeing, *why* do you exhibit these dresses in the window, *why* do you —'

One of the women held up a warning hand. 'Your garments are not fit to dye' (I blushed for their evil lives); 'we could take no responsibility for the result.'

'But if *I* am willing to take the responsibility,' I protested in desperation, tearing open the bundle again, 'how much should I have to pay for the experiment?'

The mutes exchanged a look, and in the character of pall-bearers carried the *corpus vile* to some distant cave, whence, after a muttered colloquy held over the remains, they returned with the verdict:—

'The scarf is the only article we are willing even to attempt. We are much rushed with business.' (The receiving vault in which we stood was perfectly empty.) 'We shall have to keep it seven weeks, and the only color it can take is a brownish-red. Even that we do not advise.'

I almost smiled, they were so true to type. I had been waiting for that brownish-red suggestion.

'That will be perfectly lovely,' I said hastily; 'and will you please charge the scarf and send it when it is finished? I have no account here,' I added lightly, 'but I can give good references.'

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound. A masculine voice from behind the scenes proclaimed, 'We never charge. It must be paid for C.O.D.'

My saleslady took her cue. 'No, we never charge, and we cannot tell the exact cost. It will probably not exceed four dollars.'

'But the scarf cost only \$2.50!' I gasped.

Silence and stony indifference on the part of the officiating executive.

'I think I will take my things somewhere else,' I announced. And with no help this time from the affronted attendants I made my exit, trailing clouds of paper and string as I departed to continue my investigations.

It is unnecessary to recount my experiences at the five other establishments I visited, so similar were my reception and dismissal in all. There were slight variations on the original minor theme: sometimes my test-cases had too much wool in their composition, sometimes too much silk; the heaviness of their material would cause them to shrink, or their flimsiness would cause them to dissolve. The fabrics seemed doomed to perish if subjected even to that arid process known as dry cleansing. There were faint glimpses of brownish-red on the horizon, but even they flick-

ered out, leaving me in utter darkness.

At the sixth and last dyeing establishment I investigated, my cynicism received a slight set-back. After the usual preliminary discouragements and refusals and whispered consultations, the shop-girl, who had not fully developed into the usual shop-ghoul, betrayed unexpected symptoms of compassion. 'I tell you what, lady,' she at last conceded, 'there ain't a thing in your collection that's worth coloring; but if you want to leave the bundle at your own risk, we'll do the best we can, only we're so busy that you can't get your things back for two months.'

'Very well,' I replied, 'I will take all risks. I'm very much obliged to you for consenting to do something that you advertise to do — it is unusual; and I will give you my name and address and pay C.O.D., if I am still living when my things are dyed.'

I thought I had really found the rare establishment that does what it advertises to do; and when, at the end of one week instead of eight, a letter came bearing the name of my dye-house, my hopes rose high. Was I to hear that the firm had undergone conversion and would finish my work in a reasonable time? Was I to read some message of encouragement, 'We who are about to dye salute you,' or some such appropriate word of cheer? No. The note stated that after grave consideration it had been decided that the risk in dyeing any of my articles was too great — accordingly they were holding my bundle for further instructions. If I cared to have the scarf dyed a brownish-red instead of lavender — That day I read no more. I saw scarlet — scarlet untinged with brown. I vowed then the act of vengeance I am now perpetrating. I would creep up unawares among these dyers who lie — and a blow from a Contributors' Club, wielded by an unknown hand, should cause these liars to dye.

L'ALLEGRO vs. IL PENSEROSO

BROWNE is an ambitious young student-soldier taking educational work at one of our army hospitals with a view to entering college on his discharge. I had the privilege of guiding him down the great stream of English literature, and enjoyed always his fresh point of view. Whether bored but conscientious, or genuinely enthusiastic, he expressed himself, soldier-boy fashion, briefly and to the point.

'Il Penseroso' he did not like because the guy that wrote it had a grouch; and he was relieved to exchange the rarified atmosphere of Miltonic heights for the glades of the Faery Queen. Spenser's frequent tributes to royalty, such as, —

And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, —

brought forth the comment that 'the queen sure got the handshake from that poet.'

'Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music,' found him in more receptive mood. He plays in the band himself.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the Fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked and sighed again.

Here Browne, with a chuckle exclaims, 'Soaked!' anticipating the poet, who goes on more ornately —

At length, with love and wine oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

I should say, on the whole, that Browne put it over on Dryden.

When he came to Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,' his appreciation of its sombre music and its peerless if stale and hackneyed lines communicated itself to me, and I, too, read it as for the first time, seeing it with his fresh young vision.

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Enviably youth, to whom worn coin
is still lustrous.

We read *Julius Cæsar* together, and from the first scene, where the cobbler does the 'kidding,' to the last act, we enjoyed it all.

Shelley he called a sissy. 'I know that kind. I've fought their battles for them in school when the other fellows bullied them. I'm rather a fighter myself. But inwardly I despised them.' When he found that Shelley was a bit of a radical like himself, he thought better of the poet. 'But he must of been very little known, for not a man in my barracks had ever heard of him.' 'Anyway, he was n't a good mixer,' was his final verdict; and we let it go at that.

Many were the graphic phrases my young soldier-pupil 'handed out' to me in the course of our work together. One very stormy session we had over a paper in the Contributor's Club called 'The Reactions of a Radical.' On it was based one of his daily exercises for drill in commas, spelling, and the like. He sought to demolish that gentle paper. The humor of it passed over his head, and he knocked down arguments where arguments existed not. I think the writer would have enjoyed him.

Well, he has had his discharge now. I get letters from him occasionally that are full of conscientious semicolons,

but I miss the color of his spoken word.

Johnson is another of my soldier-boys. He has the real student type of mind. 'Do you know what I would like when I get out of this hospital? A room all to myself where I could study and study and study.' And he rooted down in the lower story of this bedside table to find his spelling-book. He had asked me to teach him spelling. 'Please go to the library and get me the hardest speller you can find.'

I brought him a choice, of which he selected one. Now Johnson spells well; but such is his methodical, orderly, and thorough brain that, until he knows every rule and every exception to every rule, he is not content.

I gave him spelling three days in succession, then shunted him onto Latin, which gave him more nearly what he was blindly striving for. He loved words. And words he should have, in their making and from one of their fountain-heads. So we learned *agricola*, and were charmed to find that it meant a dweller in the fields, and we wrote romances on the blackboard about the sailor and how he loved the daughter of the farmer.

Johnson was slow, inconceivably slow, but of a terrifying thoroughness. However, he will never have the strength to study all he wants to. He, far from feeling that Milton had a grouch when he wrote 'Il Penseroso,' thinks that is the only point of view to take. Will he, one wonders, ever find out his peaceful hermitage, where he, too, may sit and rightly spell?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Louis Bartlett, a new contributor, is a practising lawyer in California, at the present time Mayor of the city of Berkeley. **Arthur Sherburne Hardy**, once Minister to Spain, is a novelist of distinction whose too-infrequent appearances in print are always welcomed by the discerning. How many of our readers, we wonder, followed the alluring chapters of 'Passe Rose' as they appeared in the *Atlantic*. **John F. Carter, Jr.**, a recent graduate of Yale, was in our diplomatic service during the war. His is one of the earliest voices of a very new generation.

* * *

William James's letters, of which the *Atlantic* unhappily can publish but a few, will appear this autumn in two large and handsome volumes, forming an autobiography as interesting, we think, and as charming, as any that has appeared in our time. **Joseph Auslander**, a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, is a young American poet whose first book of verse is soon to be published. **Charles Bernard Nordhoff**, after his full quatum of service in the United States Air Service, is taking his *dolce far niente* in the South Seas. **A. Edward Newton**, doctor and ornament of letters, is doing as much, perhaps, as any man of his American generation to induce the public to read books. The present stray chapter of his autobiography was lived in days when he could have crept more readily through 'an alderman's thumb ring,' but the passions of his life were then quite what they are to-day. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** is getting together the chapters of her biography of 'The Fortunate Youth,' which, with enlargements, will, we hope, be published this autumn by the *Atlantic Monthly Press*. **Wilfrid Wilson Gibson** is an English poet whose close observation of life and character gives to his verse the flavor of a peculiar excellence.

* * *

Leighton Parks, long rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, has for sixteen years been in charge of the 'preaching' church of Saint

Bartholomew in New York. **Margaret Lynn** is a professor of English in the University of Kansas. **L. Adams Beck**, a widely taught and traveled Englishman, contributes to this issue the second of his 'scenes from the lives of the Wives of the Kings.'

* * *

Edward Bok, who has recently retired from the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, was the creator of the popular women's magazines in this country. **Edwin Bonta**, an architect of Syracuse, was engaged during the war in relief work in Russia, where he learned to know both the people and the language. **John Burroughs**, indefatigable champion of the rights of nature to a scientific interpretation, is living at his Catskill farm, 'Slabsides.' The present discussion conducted by the *Atlantic* concerns a vexed question, and the theory postulated by Mr. Clough in a previous issue has called forth a number of interesting replies, one of which appears later in the Column.

* * *

Charles H. Grasty, foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*, and a journalist of long and wide experience, has at our request made this impartial, careful, and important survey of the actualities of the Irish situation. **Samuel W. McCall**, after a service of two decades in the national House of Representatives, was Governor of Massachusetts for three years. He has always been a conspicuously independent figure in Republican politics, and his article shows a national point of view rare and tonic in these days of partisan discussion.

Read it, not as Republicans or Democrats, but as Americans all.

* * *

Nelson Collins was connected with the United States Shipping Board during the war, and has since been working with the American Red Cross. He is the author of *Opportunities in Merchant Ships*. **Sam A. Lewisohn** is a member of the firm of Adolf Lewisohn and Sons, of New York. A grow-

ing figure in the mining industry, Mr. Lewisoohn has lent the whole weight of his influence to the promotion of scientific coöperation between employer and employed. Under his management the 'social engineer' has become a pivotal factor in industrial development.

* * *

With the signing of the armistice certain territory in the Near and Far East was assigned to the Allied armies. The article by Lieutenant Charles F. Weeden, Jr., who was an aviator in the war, has to do with conditions in the Near East or in that portion of Asia Minor which includes Mesopotamia, and is typical of similar strenuous situations.

At first the military in charge at Urfa were British under Major Barrow—an excellent officer. They tactfully allowed the Turkish Mutasarif still to hold nominal office while the real director was the English commandant. Under this wise protection the American workers gathered over a thousand pitiful refugees, erected an orphanage, built roads, ran 'bus' lines to Aleppo, established a bakery, repaired aqueducts, clothed, fed, and reunited families, and ministered in a score of ways to the hapless populace.

Early in 1920 there was a reassignment of territory. The British retired and the French took military possession. While the French proved loyal friends to the American group of workers, they deposed the Mutasarif and trouble began. It should be known that in almost any month during 1919 the conflicting forces in the Near East would gladly have welcomed an American policing of the entire country. France agreed, if America would assume charge, to withdraw from disputed Cilicia, rich in farm lands and metal ore. The Turks, down and out after the war, and the Armenians—all elements—would have been pacified, for they trusted America alone and believed that our government would deal fairly with everybody without seeking national aggrandizement. But America hesitated and lost her opportunity. As months passed, the opposing forces, especially the Turks, gathered courage and arms and were ready to resist French occupation. Hence the long siege at Urfa and the fighting at Aintab and Marash and the unnecessary bloodshed. It would have required but a corporal's guard of American boys in khaki to control peaceably the whole situation, so unbounded was the faith in the United States. Two divisions, General Harbord reported, and the \$850,000,000 invested in developing the country, building railroads and furnishing modern implements of agriculture, would have been in fifteen years a splendid business proposition for Uncle Sam. Washington could then have retired with differences adjusted, as we did so creditably in Cuba and will do in the Philippines. But American ideals drooped and politicians lost their moral

vision when they could have controlled affairs with little danger or trouble. Would it not have been better for America, since she can never be a recluse nation, again to have responded to the call, accepted the opportunity and guided the affairs of the Near and Far East to what promises to be a happy solution of the vexed problems in Asia Minor? Left to the old elements and suspicions of the past, conditions at present in Armenia have become intricate and threatening. It would appear that the United States is responsible for the whole horrid mess.

* * *

Reader, it is not for a Bostonian to answer this letter. Gath may answer it; Askalon may ridicule it. Ours is but to record it.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Please tell me if my experience was extraordinary, or if, as some of my Boston friends have implied, it was quite to be expected.

I was at a bargain sale of books. Never before have I attended a bargain sale of any kind, and I should not have done so then except that a book I long had coveted was advertised at a tempting half-price. What could a college teacher on sabbatical half-pay, with expenses doubled, do otherwise in the circumstances? I went; I scrambled with the crowd, and I secured the volume, Henry Adams's *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*.

As I hugged the treasure under my arm, and turned to leave the shop, a policeman confronted me. I could think of no law I had violated though I was very conscious of having saved three dollars and a half.

'So you got it?' he queried.

'Y-yes, I admitted.

'Good; I got the other one, *The Education of Henry Adams*.'

I hope that I had presence of mind enough to suppress my surprise and to recollect that this was Boston—a little under five feet eight, compact, muscular, with fine blue eyes set in a full, rosy face, and five-and-fifty if a day.

'Yes,' he said, 'one of my girl's friends brought a copy in the other night. It lay around for a day or two, but before I finished it, it disappeared. So I bought it. I thought of getting the one you have, too. Tell me what it's like.'

I did so.

'Well, now, I must have that; that's the kind of reading I like. My specialty is the period just before the French Revolution; but you know, when a man gets interested in one thing, he is a little apt to read that and nothing else. I have read pretty much everything I could find on that subject all my life, read and reread it. Just the other day I was going through—pshaw! I'm coming to forget names—that man who came over here about a hundred years ago—'

'De Tocqueville?' I ventured.

'Yes, of course, De Tocqueville. He interests me; he's worth while. Of course, that is n't all I read,' he continued, as we turned up toward Park Street. 'Now, there's Mr. Howells. People don't seem to read him as they used to; but I like

him. I like his style. He talks to you just like some nice old gentleman who sits down beside you on a bench in the Common, and tells you about things as they used to be. To me that's delightful. I don't care about this cheap kind of writing you see so much nowadays: sensation, all sensation. Now I've been down among the Italians in the North End for twenty-five years. Of course, something is happening 'most every day. Some young fellow will come along, get a few facts and write 'em up in a way to make you sick when you read it in print: all far-fetched, untrue to life, stirred up from the stuff that's just in the day's work. No, give me the old books.'

Now tell me, please, dear *Atlantic*, if such encounters are common in Boston. H. J. H.

* * *

More than a few *Atlantic* readers will be interested to know that we have received from Manchester University, England, an appeal for funds, which derives a singular appropriateness from the suggestion for Americans made in this letter.

DEAR SIR, —

In view of the many close business relationships and other associations that Lancashire enjoys with America, I think you would be interested in the enclosed copy of a Supplement concerning the University of Manchester, recently published by the Manchester *Guardian*.

Lord Morley, better known the world over as 'John Morley,' one of the greatest friends of Ireland, is the Chancellor of the University, and Lord Bryce is very closely in touch with it.

It has been suggested that it would be a notable thing for those interested in education on your side of the Atlantic to endow a 'Lord Bryce Scholarship of Civic Sociology,' and also a 'John Morley Scholarship of Political Science.'

I should be very glad indeed, and the University would appreciate it, if you could feel free to make reference in your Journal to the Appeal of the University. Yours very truly,

SYDNEY WALTON.

The debt to Lord Morley of those who live under Anglo-Saxon forms of government is great indeed; while it is not too much to say that to be an American is to hold Lord Bryce in honor.

* * *

'Strange fiction, stranger truth,' is an observation often made, but not often more interestingly than in this letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The strangely fascinating story of 'Willow Pond,' in your March number, recalled vividly an experience of forty years ago, when I was a pastor in an Ohio city where I conducted the funeral service of a ten-year-old girl named Lena, and later performed the marriage service of her sister Emma, who, with her husband, removed to another Ohio city, where I again be-

came her pastor. There she had a fatal attack of pneumonia, and I was summoned to her bedside. I arrived not more than thirty minutes before her death, and found her perfectly rational and radiant in the hope of life eternal.

Shortly after I entered the room, she suddenly, gazing intently, as a look of glad recognition showed in her eyes, exclaimed, 'Why, mother, Lena has come and is there at your side!' — 'Oh, but,' said her mother, 'you know, Emma, that Lena is dead!' — 'Oh, yes! certainly I know; but she has come back, and is right there at your side; don't you see her?'

Then, a minute later, she said, 'And, oh, mother! father has just come, too, and is with Lena there by you!'

'But your father died, Emma, when you were but five years old, and you hardly remember him at all,' the mother replied.

'Yes, I know, but now I see him and know him; and how strange it is that you don't see him!'

Thus to the very moment of her departure, she seemed as confident of the presence of those 'loved long since and lost a while,' as of us who were there in the flesh: and then, as if hand in hand with them, was lost to our sight and hearing, and naught remained with us but her lifeless body.

W. A. R.

* * *

The editor, who is nothing if not diffident in these matters, enters the arena of scientific discussion with many of the feelings which animated Alice in Wonderland. Thus the multitude of explanations which have reached us since the publication of Mr. Clough's paper on the Soaring Hawk had left him in a condition of general bedazzlement, from which he is happy to be rescued by Mr. Burroughs's article in the present issue. The following letter seems to add interest to the controversy.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have a patent pending which I believe covers the principle of soaring by birds, and applies such principle to the heavier-than-air flying-machine. That a soaring hawk is using his wing-power alternately is true, but that 'the power of big motor muscles on his breast' is directly applied to the wing, I think is a mistake.

As a small, lonely boy in the Livermore Valley, California, then an open unfenced plain, I took great interest in watching the turkey-buzzards soaring in great circles. Once in a while they would reverse the curve of flight without a wing-beat, and when they did so, they would seem to jump in.

Many years afterwards, I was hunting in the Livermore Mountains and stopped to rest under the sky-line of a mountain range. While I was standing still, a hunting eagle scooped over the brow of the hill not over twenty feet in the air. He was so intent on looking for game that he did not see me until about twenty feet distant. When

he saw me, he seemed to throw himself against one wing, — not to beat the wing, but throw himself against it, — then threw himself on the other wing and shot up in the air like a bullet. It was long years afterwards that it came to me that the jump of the circling turkey-buzzard and the action of the hunting eagle depended on the same application of power, *shifting the centre of gravity*.

When this shift is made in a comparatively large area, the motion is plainly visible; but if made quickly, would be but a tremor and practically invisible; for the air, if struck quickly enough, is as rigid as steel, and the alternate wing-movement, on account of the gravity shift, would be imperceptible, and the only visible result the continued suspension of the bird in the air.

It goes without saying that a wing of exactly the same form above and below would give the same downward pressure on one side of the bird's body as the upward pressure on the other side, and that gravity would be the controlling factor and the bird would fall. But a bird's wing is not built that way — it has a downward curve; it holds and strikes the air a harder blow downward than upward. The shape and curvature of the bird's wing acts in the air as feathering an oar does in the water.

Soaring birds do not lift themselves in the air by the soaring process; for if they should attempt it, the slightest variation of the wing-surfaces would give them a slant, and the varying portions of the wind would change their position in the air. Starting with the body at rest, it would be impossible to hold a stable position in the air. If the body of the bird is in motion, by slight changes in the wing-position, helped probably by the law of inertia, a bird could maintain its position and soar on an even keel. The forward motion could be maintained either by a slight angle of the wing or an alternate rise and fall.

So we find, as we should expect to, (1) that soaring birds are large birds with long wings; (2) that they raise themselves in the air by true flying; (3) that, while soaring, they keep a swift forward motion. And I would risk the guess that an anatomical dissection would show that the position of the wing can be maintained by locking the joints, or by binding ligatures so that the bird could maintain his wing, extended by other means than continued muscular effort.

THOMAS D. CARNEAL.

* * *

Whether the laborer is worthy of his present substantial hire is a moot question. More certainly the employer's reception is worthy of the laborer. Readers of this Column recently noted with what overflow of courtesy Akron greets the man in overalls. By way of social contrast we print below a vivid portrayal of how the white collar of the middle class is greeted on its arrival.

DEAR EDITOR, —

Mr. Newland's reception in Akron, as related in his letter to the June *Atlantic*, and our own

very recent experiences here, convince me that the social classes of this country are indeed topsyturvy. Mr. Newland, for the time being, represented the labor element; my husband came to fill a responsible main-office position with one of the large tire companies. Mr. Newland, a stranger, was greeted with courtesy, given a job and comfortable rooms; for three weeks my husband hunted in vain for suitable flat or rooms. In answer to an advertisement he looked at one very unprepossessing apartment, not desirably located, which the owner offered to let to him, furnished, for \$100 per month, provided he share one of the bedrooms, without charge, with a factory foreman, then occupying it. Such conditions, he learned, were common.

At length we deemed it desirable (and necessary) to take rooms at a country boarding-house. Our first interview with our hostess, clad in overalls, showed us we had to do with an entirely modern type of landlady. Coldly she surveyed me, condescendingly pocketed my \$200 check for the ensuing month, told me that we must use the side door, adapt our meal-hours to the farmhands' convenience, and keep the children away from the house outside of meal hours; that I must be my own chambermaid, and assist in the preparation of meals when she herself motored to Cleveland for a day's outing. Worn out with room-hunting, I meekly assented, not daring to ask what privileges went with that \$200.

Frequently she solicited our sympathy for the family poverty — they were only tenants on the farm; they could not afford agricultural school for James. In spite of their two automobiles, we began to be convinced and to be glad that we contributed to the family purse. And yet, notwithstanding the agreement to keep us for three months, we felt that we were only on approval. We became guilty of toadying.

Last week we were preemptorily ordered out. The reason alleged was that the two children annoyed the chickens. The real reason, we learned, was that friends in Cleveland desired a place for week-end visits. Money should not be the first consideration, she was quoted as saying; she had traditions of hospitality to uphold. Whether because of the chickens, or of the unfortunate friends, or because keeping boarders had become irksome, it was all one: go we must.

Since it seems that, being homeless, as well as having a sick child in the Akron hospital, we cannot be ousted within a week's time, she has assumed the attitude of one indignant at offense. The family, taking their cue from her, maintain a sullen silence. For service we are left to the mercies of an overworked 'hired girl.'

I come to my room for solace. There I spy *Evan Harrington*. As I gratefully turn its familiar pages, I dissolve into a puddle of tears. 'Let me not again,' I pray, 'aspire to the luxury of overalls and buttermilk, barnyards and kitchens. Let me remember my station in life and stay down in it, a contented Cinderella, happy to sit beside the gas-log of a city flat, a novel of Meredith's on my lap.' Very sincerely,

D. B.

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PRISON DEMOCRACY

BY FRANK TANNENBAUM

I

It was late at night. All were asleep except four of us — three prisoners and myself. We were smoking our pipes and drinking tea in the warden's kitchen and talking. Our conversation ranged over many things — things that are weird and fascinating when the mood of a silently creeping night has settled upon an isolated community. Suddenly I turned to one of the prisoners and said, —

'Jack, how do you like working here?'

He looked at me for a minute and replied: 'Well, I like to work for the old man [Mr. Osborne]; he is a clean-cut fellow, and you always get a square deal from him; but in here I am a servant.' And then, pointing through the window where, in the distance, broken by a few glimmering lights, loomed the prison in outlines blacker than the night, he continued, 'While there, I am a citizen.'

Puzzled at his answer, I asked for an explanation; and he enlightened me with the cheerful remark: 'You must be simple. Here I have to do what I am told, just like any other servant; in there we govern ourselves as free men.'

A paradoxical state of mind for a convict, if one remembers the old prison system. Under the old prison system the privilege of working in the warden's

house was the final mark of confidence and the most cherished of all privileges. Here, apparently, while the boys liked to work for their warden, they regretted the fact that they were not active participants in managing their own affairs as they would be if they remained in the prison proper. This sentiment was concurred in by the other men.

While thus smoking our pipes and drinking tea, I was initiated into many of the mysteries of prison democracy — one of them, the keen sense of responsibility. I was told by one of the boys in the kitchen — a fellow with a smug face and bald head, with many fanciful tattoos on his arms and chest — that this business of running a prison was no 'cinch,' and that the chief trouble was that some of the men who had short 'bits' did not appreciate their full responsibility. At the last election, he told me, they had three tickets in the field: those who were in office and wanted to stay in; the independents who would have liked to get in; and the long-timers. I inquired for the distinctive platform of the long-timers' party.

'Well,' he said, 'we fellows have most to lose if this system goes wrong. We are going to stay here after the others are gone, and it is up to us to see that

nothing goes wrong, because we are the *responsible party*.'

I sauntered into the prison one day, and found myself in the League room, with half a dozen boys. An argument developed about the efficacy of the democratic method, and I found to my great surprise that democracy had staunch supporters here, stauncher than in some places that I know outside of prison. One of the men in the room — Mack, a great big fellow with broad shoulders, and a voice like that of a bull, husky and sturdy — said, with a bang on the table, 'Well, be gad, I never worked in my life, but when I get through here I am going to try it, and I am going to be a labor agitator.'

That was curious. I somehow could not think of Mack as a labor agitator. I said, 'A labor agitator, Mack! Why in the world that?'

Mack had never been a laborer. He had been a thief all his life. He looked at me with some scorn. 'Well, why not?' said he. 'I tell you boys, this thing, democratic self-government, is the cure for all our troubles, and I am going to preach it when I get out.'

A little later in the day I was talking to one of the men doing time — a young man, straight, well-built, blond hair, a fine sensitive face, with a good education. Technically, he never completed it, having been expelled from some half-a-dozen colleges in succession. He told me quite frankly what the trouble was. He said, 'I had too much money and too little sense of proportion. I am the black sheep in my family. I was never any good, but I tell you what — when I leave this place, I am going to preach the gospel of a square deal, and I am going to do it for the rest of my life. This is the first time I have seen it applied in practice, and it works. I have found a life's job.'

One day I found myself talking to a farmer lad. His sentence was two years.

I wanted his opinion. He said, 'Well, two years is a pretty long time for a fellow to spend any place, especially in prison; but I tell you what, I ain't so sorry that I am here. This is the greatest experience a man can have. I have learned more since I have been here than in all my other years put together, and I feel the better for it.'

Sitting with two professors from Harvard, who were visiting the prison, and watching a trial where five young lads, all under twenty-one, acted as judges, while a number of witnesses were being called, I observed the young boys, one of whom, who was doing life for murder, was the presiding judge. The judge was saying, as one of the witnesses went out, in answer to an objection that there seemed to be no evidence justifying the continuance of the trial, 'That is not the point. I don't think the fellow was guilty myself, but I do think some of these witnesses are lying, and the point, fellows, is, that we have got to learn to tell the truth or this darn machine won't work.'

One of the professors turned to me and said, rather wistfully, 'If we could only make our colleges more like this, what a different result our educational machine would achieve!'

Something strange and phenomenal had occurred just before I visited the prison. Nine motors filled with prisoners had gone to Manchester, New Hampshire, to give a play. They were practically without guard. On the way home, late at night, a blizzard developed, and in making a sharp turn in the road the two first cars, one with Mr. Osborne and the one immediately behind, took the right road, the others went astray. Mr. Osborne arrived at the prison with seven cars of prisoners missing. The other cars kept straggling in one by one as they found the way, the last one arriving about ten o'clock in the morning.

One group of prisoners had a particularly trying time of it. They ran out of gasoline, their car broke down several times, and finally burned, leaving them stranded and practically without money. In despair they waked a farmer and inquired for the county jail, planning to spend the night there and return to the prison in the morning. After making their way to a little town, from which a bus service was running in the direction of Portsmouth, and waiting until morning for the bus to start, they found that they had to borrow money to get back to the prison, as the little they had had been spent for gasoline. They all arrived safely at the prison by ten o'clock. One of them was a life-prisoner and another was doing twenty years; yet they had made no attempt to run away. Why? I don't know very well, and the men don't seem to, either. There is, however, a glimmer of explanation.

I talked to the lifer and asked him why in the world he had not run away, and he said, 'What do you mean — run away? How the devil could I take the responsibility of leaving the men behind me to suffer the consequences of my having betrayed their trust in me? I went because *they* sent me, and if I had not come back they would have suffered the consequences.' And then he continued without any apparent strain at all, 'Why, the idea of running away never came into my head. I was sent to participate in a play and help raise some money for the boys. I enjoyed doing it, and I just came back as I was expected to — and that's all.'

After a little silence he added, 'We had so much trouble that night, we were so worried about how we would get back, that when we finally did come near the prison, we felt that home never looked better. It was the most natural thing for us to come back, and we did not think of anything else. The

thing that I wanted most was to get a little rest, and then to tell the rest of the boys all about it.'

The boy of good family mentioned above was one of those who went on this trip. He said to me, 'This is an experience that I will never forget. There we were, all convicts, doing from two years to life, and free to run away, and yet no one did. What is more, I am sure if anyone had tried to do it, the others would have prevented him. There was a peculiar feeling of responsibility and of joy in carrying out the implication of this responsibility that exceeds anything I have ever believed to be possible. You see we were all free men — at least, free to run away; but our responsibility carried us back to prison, and yet you might almost say that we found our freedom in going back to confinement. Curious, is n't it? Almost ridiculous to think that men free to enjoy the possibilities of a life without restraint should return voluntarily to imprisonment just because they had a strong feeling of attachment to the men they left behind. Probably, too, there was also in our minds the knowledge that the rest would suffer if we failed them, and you know, there is n't a single one of us who regrets having come back. We feel that this experience has made the life of every one of us richer. I guess that we all came back because we were expected to and because everyone was sure that we would.'

One day in Auburn, as the sun was setting over the walls, and the dim shadows of the coming night were settling down on the prison, I stood with Tony in a corner and watched the men in gray pass by on their way from the shops to their cells. Tony is a young fellow, about twenty-one, a little above medium height, broad-shouldered, well-knit, thick neck, round head, keen blue eyes, with a remarkably boyish face on which the lines

of character and strength are just beginning to develop. He has a record of being one of the worst gangsters in New York City. From the age of fifteen on he dominated one of the large gangs on the upper West Side. He dominated it on the basis of personality. He proved himself the quickest, the bravest, the cleverest and the most honest — honest to his own group. He did not know any other honesty. Brought up in a family where the father was dead and the mother was poor, in an atmosphere where gangsters and professional criminals dominated his environment, he learned the fine art of being a professional criminal at an early age, and he learned it well. He knew nothing else. He had little schooling, and little experience beyond the horizon of his own immediate group, but that group he dominated. He had been tried on charges of various kinds, including murder, before this, but never convicted. Either he was too clever, or the witnesses were too much afraid of him, or, probably, he was never really 'caught with the goods.' Be that as it may, he was serving his first term in a state prison. Let me say that Tony was worshiped by his own group as a leader and loved as a friend.

I was standing there and talking with him when he turned to me suddenly and said, 'You know, Frank, I've got so that I can stand and "argue" with a man.'

It dawned on me slowly that he was really saying that this was the first time in his life when a difference of opinion did not involve a fight: that he could 'argue' with a man when he disagreed with him, rather than fight with him.

As the men kept filing by, he said, 'You know, when I first was elected top sergeant I was in a terrible fix. I wanted to punch everybody in the nose who

broke the rules; but I knew that, if I punched him in the nose for breaking the rules, I'd be breaking them myself; and I could n't do it. It was really a terrible thing. I wanted to give up the job, but I stuck it out.' Then, with half a smile, 'You know, I think it did me a lot of good to stick it out.'

II

These are some of the evidences; I could multiply them by the hundred if there were the space, the patience, and the necessity for it. But enough has already been said, I think, to make the reader ask the question, 'What in the world is it that makes the criminal, as we know him, behave in this paradoxical fashion? These men certainly do not sound like criminals or talk like them. And if not, why not?'

Well, that is a question which this article is going to try to answer. It is a hard question to answer, and the answer is bound to be unsatisfactory.

To understand fully the significance of democratic organization in the prison, we must understand the criminal before he comes to prison. The real criminal problem is the professional criminal, the man who has, for one reason or another, accepted law-breaking as a regular method of making a living. He is *the* criminal problem. Obviously, he is not the only one who gets into jail; but any prison procedure must be judged primarily by its influence upon the professional criminal.

The men who get into prison, as I have known them inside and out, tend to divide themselves into six fairly distinct classes, which overlap, it is true, yet each of which is sufficiently distinct to stand as a group, marked off from the other groups.

The first is what might be described as the casual criminal: the man who, having once committed a crime and

been discovered, is probably never going to repeat the offense; the man who is weak rather than bad, who slipped under pressure and whose sensitive consciousness and feelings of shame, as well as other influences, such as home and family, tend to keep him from repeating the act, once he has escaped, or suffered, the consequences of his first breach of the law.

The second, and a very large, part of the prison population must be classed as economic criminals. When I was at Blackwell's Island, in 1914 and 1915, the prison population of that institution increased one half. It rose from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred. What was true of that penitentiary was true of all the other criminal institutions of New York City, as I was informed by the Commissioner of Correction. It will be remembered that the winter of 1914-15 was one of the hardest we have had in a long time, New York City alone having some half a million men unemployed for many months. The statistics for last year, which have just been published, show a remarkable decline in the criminal population of New York. It was a comparatively prosperous year, and there was little unemployment. This seems to indicate that economic conditions have a direct bearing on the prison population. How much more it could be reduced by improving economic conditions still further, we cannot say. But it does seem obvious that in all probability the prison population will tend to decline with the improvement in the general economic background of the men who are to-day in prison. We thus have a definite group of men who get into jail when conditions fall below a certain level, and stay out of jail when the level is raised. This group must necessarily affect all the remaining groups. The recidivist cannot be considered altogether immune from the influ-

ence of a changing economic situation.

The third group, a group much more characteristic of the workhouse and the penitentiary than of the state prison, is one that might be described as derelicts. Not all men can pass the test of industrial civilization, and they break. Non-employment, sickness, accident, and other factors tend to develop irregular habits, nervous temperament, irritability, and lack of interest. They become the driftwood of the community, and some of them — one might almost say the best — drift into jail.

There was an old man in the penitentiary whom we used to call 'Pop.' For some twelve years he had come back every winter and left in the spring. I got to the penitentiary in February. He left in April and returned at the beginning of November, and I left him there when I was released in March of the next year.

One day I said, 'Pop, why do you come back to this place so often?'

And he replied, 'Well, my boy, what can an old man do? I ain't got no home, no family; nobody wants an old man, and the work is too hard, even if I could get it. I am not a strong man any more. When spring comes I go across the river to the heights, sleep in a barn, mow a lawn here and there, chop a little wood, and get by. When it gets cold again, I come back to the city, take a few good drinks, then break a window and get six months in the "pen." In this place I am at least sure of a bed and kept out of the cold.'

'But,' said I, 'why don't you go to a charity institution?'

'Who — me? You must think I am a beggar. I tell you what, young fellow, I ain't. I am a self-respecting man, and I'd rather be in jail any day than in a charity home.'

'Pop' is not an isolated instance. He is a type of the men and women who help to fill our city jails, and some of

whom ultimately get into state prisons. They are the defeated in the struggle for life.

The fourth class is the accidental criminal: the man who runs counter to the law by accident, often the accident of good intention. In a fight that is innocent enough, a blow may be struck which has fatal consequences. Or it may be that some friend has broken the law, and in seeking to escape the police appeals for protection, for the hiding of stolen goods. The arrest of the criminal involves the well-intentioned friend, who is convicted of having received stolen goods. To this class belongs also the man who, in a passion or a fight, has struck a blow which had a worse consequence than he planned. Many men behind the bars belong to this group. Sometimes, having come to jail by accident, a man continues to come through choice, a choice determined by the loss of social position, the ruin of his fortune, the acquisition of new habits, the making of new friends, the perversion of morals, the development of a feeling of hatred and revenge. A criminal record is a kind of branding of both the soul and the body. The man becomes marked, and often the police and officials help determine the destiny of the forces which an accident set in motion.

The fifth class is the definitely sick — and there are such men in prison, though not all the sick ones are there, and, in spite of the popular impression, not all who are in prison are sick. I use the word 'sick' in the sense given to it by men who speak of crime as a disease, or of the criminal as diseased. There are men who are, by native capacity and content, not fit or able to live a normal life within the strained conditions of our social organization. They are often diseased, physically and mentally. These men belong in a hospital — not in a jail. But they are not so important a part of the prison population as the

prison psychiatrist generally tends to indicate. The psychiatrist's conclusions will have to be checked up by a much wider analysis of the people outside of prison before his description of the characteristic features of the criminal can be accepted as conclusive.

III

This leads us to our last class, the professional criminal. He is the centre of the prison problem. Recidivism is no proof of mental inferiority, of physical deformity. The evidence of those who have been in prison and who know the criminal best — the professional criminal — is contrary to any claim that would make recidivism in itself a proof of inferiority. The professional criminal is a man who has accepted crime as a profession. He has developed an aptitude for it, a liking for it. The habit, the environment, the ties of friendship, the group adhesiveness, all tend to keep him where he is. He gets there, generally speaking, through the open door of the juvenile institution. A discussion of prison democracy must be concerned with its results upon these men.

The professional criminal is peculiar in the sense that he lives a very intense emotional life. He is isolated in the community. He is in it, but not of it. His social life — for all men are social — is narrow; but just because it is narrow, it is extremely tense. He lives a life of warfare and has the psychology of the warrior. He is at war with the whole community. Except his very few friends in crime he trusts no one and fears everyone. Suspicion, fear, hatred, danger, desperation and passion are present in a more tense form in his life than in that of the average individual. He is restless, ill-humored, easily roused and suspicious. He lives on the brink of a deep precipice. This helps to explain his passionate hatred, his brutal-

ity, his fear, and gives poignant significance to the adage that dead men tell no tales. He holds on to his few friends with a strength and passion rare among people who live a more normal existence. His friends stand between him and discovery. They are his hold upon life, his basis of security.

Loyalty to one's group is the basic law in the underworld. Disloyalty is treason and punishable by death; for disloyalty may mean the destruction of one's friends; it may mean the hurling of the criminal over the precipice on which his whole life is built.

To the community the criminal is aggressive. To the criminal his life is one of defense primarily. The greater part of his energy, of his hopes, and of his successes, centres around escapes, around successful flight, around proper covering-up of his tracks, and around having good, loyal, and trustworthy friends to participate in his activities, who will tell no tales and keep the rest of the community outside. The criminal is thus, from his own point of view, — and I am speaking of professional criminals, — living a life of defensive warfare with the community; and the odds are heavy against him. He therefore builds up a defensive psychology against it — a psychology of boldness, bravado, and self-justification. The good criminal — which means the successful one, he who has most successfully carried through a series of depredations against the enemy, the common enemy, the public — is a hero. He is recognized as such, toasted and feasted, trusted and obeyed. But always by a little group. They live in a world of their own, a life of their own, with ideals, habits, outlook, beliefs, and associations which are peculiarly fitted to maintain the morale of the group. Loyalty, fearlessness, generosity, willingness to sacrifice one's self, perseverance in the face of prosecution, hatred

of the common enemy — these are the elements that maintain the morale, but all of them are pointed against the community as a whole.

The criminal is not conscience-stricken, because his warring psychology justifies his depredations upon society. His morals centre around the conviction that dishonesty (against the community) is the best policy, and more, that dishonesty is a characteristic prevailing element among other people; that the difference between the criminal who has been in jail and the rest of the community is that they are yet to be in jail.

This leads us to the criminal's background. Where does he come from? How does he acquire this peculiar concentration of the qualities characteristic of most other people, in this perverted but intense form?

The average professional criminal begins his career as a boy, often as a child; a bad boy, a naughty, turbulent, energetic, and noisy child. Some of them begin their lives of 'crime' as early as the age of seven. More than twenty per cent of our criminals are under twenty-one. Raised most often as he is in poor families, in overcrowded rooms, the young boy receives little care and attention. At a very early age he generally is left to roam. The home is a place where he sleeps and has his meals — poor meals, often irregular ones and dirty. He lives in the street with other boys situated like himself, and they organize into gangs. Each little boy is striving for leadership, and fights are constant. Not living his life at home, he lives it in the street. He plays craps, collects pictures, trades, bargains, steals, avoids the policeman, hears stories of brave criminals, and being poor, finds means of increasing his expenditures for sweets, moving-pictures, and other boyish extravagances by illicit games and by being introduced to the practice of older boys. This is the setting for the

average boy. What makes him into a criminal ultimately is not his gang life so much as the fact that his gang life is his *only important outlet*.

This boy finds school life rather monotonous, dull, uninteresting. The teacher is overburdened. The boy needs sympathy, love, understanding, some occupation that will give bent to his energy and discover his interest. His home brings little influence to bear upon that tendency. The school falls short of fulfilling the needs of this boy, who needs so little and yet needs it so much. He is a truant. The teacher is helpless. The mother is both helpless and hopeless. The boy is left to drift, except for the truant officer. But the truant officer, the policeman, the society for the prevention of cruelty to children, and other institutionalized elements in the community that concern themselves with this boy can generally give him everything but what he needs: he needs sympathy and understanding, and these are the two things that are rare indeed among institutionalized people and concerns.

Ultimately he gets into trouble. Some special prank, some participation in the illegal conduct of older boys, too frequent staying away from school, anything that a boy may easily do when adrift, lands him in an institution. But an institution for 'incurable' boys is the last place for an 'incurable' boy to be sent to. Institutions generally, regardless of their motives or objects, proceed on the basis of discipline, and the boy needs growth. Suppression does not suppress, it distorts.

One who would understand the possibility for evil, for emotional distortion, of juvenile institutions must talk at length with men who were brought up in them. He would be startled at the tales of cruelty, barbarism, neglect, and mistreatment, which, if they were not so widely corroborated by practically

all men who have been brought up in such institutions, would seem unbelievable. I do not accuse of cruelty the men and women in charge of them. All one has to do is to understand the conditions under which they operate. They are but human, given to exasperation, given to becoming callous and indifferent, occupied and troubled with personal interests which make system and method essential for dealing with children. System and method imply regularity, and regularity implies, where children are concerned, inevitable deviation, difference, and friction; and to maintain regularity, discipline becomes necessary, and the limits of discipline vary very widely: they vary as widely as the human beings concerned vary; and what that means in the life of the children one need not specify, except to say that it means suppression.

The length of institutional life varies. It is, however, usually long enough to institutionalize the boy, in the sense that it tends to make him unfit for any normal and regular occupation. If he does not stay there until he is twenty-one, he very often returns two or three times to some juvenile reformatory institution before he reaches that age. He returns because his experience in the reformatory has done nothing, generally speaking, to add to his adaptability. In the institution he has learned bad habits. I remember one 'hardened' criminal saying to me, 'I was sent to a juvenile institution at the age of eleven, and returned at about fifteen as a good pickpocket. I went to a reformatory at seventeen as a pickpocket, and returned as a burglar, with all that implies in one's life and habits. As a burglar, I went to a state institution, where I acquired all the professional characteristics of the criminal and have since committed all the crimes, I suppose, which most criminals commit, and expect to end my life as a criminal.'

He was a kindly old fellow, with a twinkle in his eye, and I asked him, 'Dutch, how do you feel about the game, anyway?'

'Well,' he replied, 'my boy, when youse been in jail as long as I have, you don't feel much about what you do to other people who ain't your friends.'

In the institution the boy makes a few friends, and when he is released these generally become the centre of his emotional existence. He is a little more callous, a little more hardened, a little more set. He has felt his first tinge of bitterness, of hatred, of fear. He has resented brutality, and become brutal in the process, because resentment, when it breaks itself on a stone wall, hardens. Too often he comes back without a trade, without interests, with a bad name, with lurking distrust in all about him, with the police, the parole officer, and all the 'good' people just a little different in their behavior toward him; and he feels different, and *feeling* different, *he is* different. He finds that he has few friends, and these few are, like himself, isolated, suspected, and persecuted. A sense of grievance binds them together. They become friends in all things. They build a loyalty that resists the encroachments of a suspicious world, and their loyalty is based both on common danger and on a sense of common grievance. There is no social consciousness, because there are no broad social connections. There is no social interest because there is no broad sense of responsibility. They are 'bad,' but they are bad in the sense that their good instincts have been distorted to bad motive, and not in the sense that they have no good instincts.

This then is a general background of the professional criminal, and to this background we must always remember to add the sense of constant danger and fear with which the life of the criminal is darkened.

IV

Let us see this criminal as he is when he comes to prison under the democratic organization. He has been in prison before, generally, and he knows what to expect. He finds just the opposite situation from what he has known. Instead of discipline, hard and brutal, he finds discipline based on coöperation and democratic participation. He does not understand what it means. He does not believe it, and he often, upon arrival, tries to take advantage of it.

With his background of suspicion, of hatred, of distrust, he brings with himself into prison a peculiarly aggravated sensitiveness. As a rat trapped and confined, before confinement has become a habit, gnaws at the cage and exhibits elements of desperate exasperation, so the criminal, suddenly cut off from a thousand associations, a world full of possibilities of joys and pleasures, which now seem more vivid, more keen, more essential, just because they have become impossible, feels unstrung, broken, and, one might almost say, crucified. He is in no mood for the understanding of democratic organization, with its demands upon personal interest and good will. Relief, which he must have, comes slowly, and generally it comes through building a fantasy of revenge, of retaliation, of self-expression and fulfillment. It is this man who comes into prison and becomes the subject of a democratic organization. This man is the criminal problem, and prison administration must stand or fall by its effect on him.

Prison democracy is a peculiar institution. It is made up of criminals who are the citizens of this community, and yet it is not a criminal community. The men are organized on a free democratic basis, and their organization centres around problems which are peculiarly vital to the whole group.

The man who originally came from a criminal community, and who under the old system was thrown into a community of criminals, now finds himself face to face, in an intensely personal way, with the grouping of men who do not operate as criminals at all; and yet their operations are of immediate consequence upon his well-being. They operate in terms of social need. Theirs are the problems of government, administration, and discipline, of education, of sanitation, nourishment, amusement — and these are not criminal problems. Like every community, this one contains its full measure of human strength and human weakness. Politics plays its part here as well as in the outside world. There are to be found intrigue, passion, jealousy, ambition, desire for leadership, for being in the limelight; there, too, is to be found the craving to serve, to be a busybody, to carry on reforms, to agitate for new things, to preach, to play, to build. It is a whole world, involving love and hatred, containing within itself some of the major problems of the outside world. There is, however, one basic difference. It must be remembered that this is an isolated community, a secluded community; that men cannot leave it at will, that what is done has an immediate influence upon the rest of the men. Government is a very personal experience in prison for every man there, because each man suffers or benefits immediately from the results of the activities of the group.

The prison community is thus essentially social. From such contact as the writer has had with prison organization he feels that it would be hard to duplicate anywhere outside of prison the social intensity and civic interest contained within a prison democracy. This paradoxical situation can probably be explained by two outstanding facts, true of the prison, but not, in

their full significance, true of any other community.

The first is that life in prison is not so keenly competitive as it is in the world at large. Men are more social because the struggle for existence in the economic sense has no place in the lives of the men behind the bars. They live a life where the danger of hunger and want, where the possibilities of lack of shelter and clothing, are unknown and undreamed of. There is no struggle for existence among the prisoners against each other. This means that the bitterness and disappointment, the hatred and antagonism, the selfish, competitive character of the individual, is not so much in evidence. There is a kind of equality in the prison world which is almost unique. The prisoners live under the same conditions: they eat the same food, wear similar clothing. There is more unity of interest, more similarity of occupation, more consistency of habitual procedure, than is to be found in the outside world. What holds true of the physical appearance of the men tends to be true also of the social aspect of their existence. The men's problems, as prisoners, are fairly similar, their interests as prisoners are more or less the same, they benefit and suffer from the common evils of prison life. They are thus bound together as men in the free outside world are not. This leads to the other aspect of the prison situation which makes for socialization of the individual.

The group is so small, and their interests are so closely knit together, that the activities of any member have a direct influence on the well-being of all the others. There is not only greater proximity of physical contact, but greater dependence upon the social responsiveness of the individual. The interests of the group are so bound up with the behavior of the individual that he is under constant pressure to

conform. The demand upon him to play the game honestly is almost irresistible. A man who stands out from the rest of the community by his unsocial behavior is in a more difficult situation than is the criminal in the outside world. In prison the man cannot escape the pressure of scornful, suspicious neighbors. He comes into disrepute in the community, and everyone knows all about him. He is shunned, disliked, avoided. He is scorned and sneered at, and lacks the sympathetic support of the little group which in the world outside makes the criminal's life bearable. He who will not play the game 'on the level' in a prison democracy is thus an outcast who cannot avoid the most serious consequence of being an outcast—effective excommunication. The pressure for conformity in the interest of the group is thus intensified to a degree hardly imaginable. Men are caught in the vortex of a group that demands social conformity—conformity with the things and rules which are good and essential for this self-governing group. And woe to the man who will not accept the implications of social organization.

In the older prison system the honor went to the man who was the most disobedient and troublesome prisoner. Under the democratic organization he is a nuisance to the prison group and is treated as such. This fact tends to make the man who is the most insistent upon group approval—that is, the most sensitive and rebellious type under the old system—into the most social and serviceable type under democratic organization.

This does not mean that there is no competition, no difference, no deviation, no outlet for individual energy. But it is an outlet which must assume the form of emulation, of striving for greater service, rather than of anti-social behavior. The prison community

has thus become one that literally compels men to take on the socialized character of the group. A prison democracy is the last place for criminals to practise crime. Conformity to the needs of the democratic group is the basis of existence, and conformity therefore becomes the rule, because the individual cannot stand up, even if he desires to do so, against the solid will of a closely knit organization.

There is another element involved, and that is the craving for play. It is an experience, new to most of them, which draws upon many potential characteristics. There is much fun, interest, and play in running for office, in administering things. There is an adventure in building a school system, as 'Doc' Meyers did in Sing Sing without himself having more than an elementary education. Men who have never done anything but break laws find a curious lot of self-expression in being sergeant or deputy, in making or enforcing laws. All these things have their influence. They react upon the men who are playing the game, and who, if they began doubtfully, cynically, half-humorously, soon find themselves absorbed in the real problems, because they *are* real problems. This is no longer a criminal community. It is a community of former criminals and present convicts, who are functioning as independent citizens within a certain prescribed sphere, limited by overshadowing walls, but within which there may be comparative freedom. It is this community that confronts the newcomer, and to him who is a stranger to it, it is a perplexing and paradoxical situation.

In Sing Sing, for instance, on his arrival the man was visited by a committee, who interviewed him and found out what service they could render him. Was there anything he wanted to learn—was there any particular job that he could do best, or would like to do?

Was there anything that the prison organization could do to help his family? To the ordinary criminal this seemed like an attempt to 'put something over' on him. It was, probably, his first experience in being offered a service without being asked for a return. Generally the newcomer, with his older psychology and outlook, would take advantage of it, and the newcomer in the prison organization was, generally speaking, a troublesome person. However, the intensity of the situation is so great, the problems so varied, the means of outlet so numerous, the area so limited, the grouping so intense, that he finds himself drawn into the vortex, one might almost say against his will.

The process by which this happens is hard to describe. It differs with different men, and varies with the varying temperament. In some cases it is cataclysmic. In others it is gradual. It may happen in many ways. The man, for instance, is placed in a shop soon after he arrives in prison. He is still peevish, moody, discontented, upset, and morose. While there, somebody smiles at him genially, says a cheery word to him, or picks up something that he drops. He makes a friend. In due course he will find that there is an election coming. The whole shop is busy with interest for the competing delegates — political drumming is in the air, people are canvassing, soliciting votes, making promises; and he finds that his friend, or somebody whom his friend is interested in, is running for office, and *ipso facto* he finds himself interested. He becomes busy, anxious, excited; with a throbbing heart he stands on the edge of the group when the count is taking place; and as his friend is either defeated or successful, his heart responds with its proper beat. He is already a different man. This is the beginning of a new series of operations, of thoughts, of new interests, new ambitions.

Or perhaps his friend may have got into trouble, and he accompanies him to court; and in court he finds that he can play his due part, either as a credible witness, when his word is as good as that of any other man, or as counsel pleading the cause of his friend, or as an onlooker intensely interested in the proceedings. A vision of a new world dawns upon him. A world of social problems and responsibilities, of which he was but vaguely aware before.

Or he may like to play ball, and join the baseball team or a committee on baseball; or boxing, and join a committee on boxing; or he may have religious interests and join the Catholic committee for the proper care of the graves; or, if he is a Jew, he may find himself on a committee to arrange a Passover party for the boys in prison. Anything is sufficient to make a start, and opportunities are numerous. There were some two hundred men on committees in Sing Sing during Mr. Osborne's time, about a fourth of the population serving on some committee or other, from sanitation to constitutional reform. Or he may be interested in education, going to lectures, classes, moving-pictures, or helping to teach. The particular process does not matter. What does matter is that the intensity of the social organization forces upon him social responsibility, and that the ordinary desire for conspicuousness and play, the ordinary human interest to do one's share in the light of the approval of one's fellows, is sufficient to draw him out of his hard shell, to throw back into the dimness of a receding consciousness previous thoughts, previous experiences, and previous outlook, and replace them with an altogether new set of emotions, interests, ideals.

Under the older system the prisoner had nothing to do, so he brooded upon the past and planned vengeance for the future. At present he is so busy, the in-

terests are so various, the associations so intense, the *esprit de corps* and factional pride so constant, that he forgets, one might almost say, that he is in prison. His whole life tends to become vibrant with an altogether new set of values and a new set of experiences.

I remember sitting one night in Sing Sing with a large group of executives, board members, and other officials. It was late. The whole prison was asleep. The guards were gone, except for those outside the walls. We sat in a room smoking and talking — talking officially, because it was a meeting.

One of the boys got up and said, 'Fellows, we have to look at the prison in this way. It does n't make any difference why we are here. That is past and gone. We can't leave here when we want to, either. That is not in our power. We are here to stay. Some of us are going to stay a long time. I have twenty years. Some of the boys have life. Some of them have less than that. But we are here, and it is our business to make Sing Sing just as useful a place for the men who are here as possible, and just as interesting a place as possible. Useful to the man who is going to leave. We have got to teach him a trade and develop him into a man. Interesting and useful — at least, useful in serving those who are going to leave — must be the life of the men who are going to stay here all the time. This is going to be a hard job, I know, but we have got to do it. There is no reason why we should just rot and rot and dry up and get worse and harder and more bitter. Let's make this place into a real college for the men, so that the boys who leave here will leave better and bigger men than when they came, and remember those they left behind with a good heart.'

And the others approved.

This is no idle attitude of one man. The boys in Sing Sing spoke of the

prison as the college for the remaking of men. The boys in Portsmouth speak of it to-day as the University of Portsmouth. The most interesting result of this whole business is the fact that the prisoners themselves have become prison reformers, and become so with a heart and a will, an idealism and emotional setting, which are characteristic of the true propagandist.

This newer experience, to be made permanent in the life of the criminal, must carry with it certain elements which are not directly within the power of the prison community. These men have arrived, as a result of the socializing pressure of a prison democracy, at a newer outlook, and at a newer view of life. At least for the professional criminal, the democratic experience and its consequence are a spiritual awakening that is not to be denied. But the professional criminal, under present conditions, does not possess, generally, the means of continuing this experience when he has returned to the world from which he came. He may be a different man spiritually, but the larger community, to which he has returned, has not materially changed. Suspicion of the man who has been in prison still exists, his possibilities for work and life away from crime are not basically different from what they were before he came to prison. It is this fact which makes imperative the introduction of certain additional factors, which will tend to carry over to the world beyond the prison walls the experience and habits acquired in prison under democratic organization.

The prison must actually become a self-governing, as well as a self-sustaining community in an economic sense. It must provide the means of learning a trade as well as that of earning sufficient money for self-maintenance and the care of dependents stranded in the world outside. This is not an impossible task.

There is no visible reason why scientific organization of the working and economic aspect of the prison community should not be capable of carrying full support of the individual, as well as of the group beyond the prison dependent upon the inmate for an income. It would be the means of maintaining intact such family ties as the prisoner may have had. The work, to be fully successful, must be so organized as to make possible the entrance of the criminal into an economic grouping in which he can function, and which will at the same

time contain the possibilities of continuing his newer democratic experience. This can apparently be done only by organizing the prison work in contact with, and under terms acceptable to, the labor unions, and thus providing for the entrance of the freed man into a labor group controlling his particular industry, and at the same time making possible the continuance of the method of democratic self-determination by participation in the problems and interests of the democratic labor organization.

IS A TOBACCO CRUSADE COMING?

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

WITH the prohibition of liquor an accomplished fact, there is evidence of increased activity on the part of those who oppose the use of tobacco. 'Anti-tobacco' leaflets flit through the mails with greater frequency. New 'cures' for the tobacco-user appear in the magazine advertisements. Newspaper headlines of such tenor as 'Nicotine Next,' or 'A Tobaccoless World by 1925,' recur. An organization that devotes a part of its energy to the elimination of smoking has just completed a money-raising campaign. Significant indications of anxiety are to be noted among members of the tobacco industry.

In some well-informed quarters, the opinion appears that a national movement to suppress or greatly to restrict smoking may take definite form. One of the chief causes of this opinion is the

vast amount of reform energy and ability that has been dumped upon the sociological market by the adoption of prohibition. When the Anti-Saloon League programme was achieved, it was supposed that a goodly proportion of its well-paid and efficient organizers would seek new employment. One change already has been made: Dr. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, the National Legislative Superintendent of the League, has resigned to become General Superintendent of the Southern Sociological Congress. The feeling naturally arises that some of these experts may look with real favor upon a war of extermination against tobacco.

It has been a year of rumors and surprises as to things political, in which were mingled some exaggerated assertions regarding the future of tobacco.

One such rumor had it that a well-known millionaire philanthropist had set aside a million and a half for an investigation of the pathological effects of smoking. That sounded in a measure like the history of the Anti-Saloon League propaganda repeating itself; for any drive against tobacco that was to be based so soundly in scientific research merited serious consideration. No such appropriation has been made by the millionaire in question, however, and the origin of the story remains to be disclosed.

Oddly enough, it was this report, later disproved, which launched me upon a period of inquiry regarding the real outlook. What follows represents no effort to assess the arguments for or against tobacco, or to augment or impair the force of the new reform; it is merely a summary of such available material as sheds light on future possibilities.

II

Although it is but natural to expect that a movement against tobacco would draw heavily from the forces that dominated the prohibitory movement, it is somewhat surprising to note the definiteness of the New York *World's* assertion (April 18, 1920) that 'the nation-wide campaign for the abolition of tobacco' has been under way a year or more. 'The time when the suggestion of tobacco prohibition could be laughed at has passed,' says the *World*. 'It is a definite possibility; and unless vigorously met, it will become a real probability. The same forces that imposed prohibition on an unwilling nation are behind the anti-tobacco movement. They are the sharpest, shrewdest and most adroit politicians, — past masters in the field of practical politics, — who don't hesitate to use any means to carry their point.'

Among the active forces that can be

listed as arrayed against the use of tobacco and as in some way aligned with ideas which, when carried out, will mean the restriction or abolition of tobacco, are the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Life-Extension Institute of New York. There are a number of additional factors in the opposition to tobacco, including influential personalities and business leaders who give consideration to claims of increased physical efficiency as a result of freedom from the tobacco habit.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is without doubt the most powerful and the most formidable organization which is actively opposing the use of tobacco. This is an organization of great scope and power, without whose efforts the adoption of national prohibition would have been extremely difficult. The New York *World* authority asserts that the Union, indeed, 'used the Anti-Saloon League as shock troops in the prohibition campaign'; and the figure of speech is not entirely misleading. This organization is now distributing, in large numbers, a pamphlet entitled *Nicotine Next*, which was prepared in 1918 by Frederick William Roman, Professor of Economics in Syracuse University. The booklet is but one of the many outgivings of the Union on the subject of smoking, which has ever been viewed by it as the twin evil of drink. It is, indeed, the cumulative result of its propaganda against tobacco which provides the foundation for the proposed crusade. For thirty years the findings of medical science on smoking, particularly by young men and women, have been constantly brought before the public, but with the advent of the Roman booklet the propaganda enters more ambitious fields. Economic questions, such as the alleged waste of land in the production of tobacco, health-conditions of tobacco-workers, the destruction of property and absorption

of capital entailed in smoking, fire-losses and loss of industrial efficiency, are raised, to provide an unsentimental background for the subject-matter of the argument. The publication deals also with the cases of prominent public men and leaders of this and other generations who have not been smokers. Of this publication, it may be said that it recognizes the modern method of sociological propaganda utilized so effectively by the Anti-Saloon League, and that it attempts an appeal to the reasoning process and to material interests, rather than the unmeasured attack on the smoking habit which colors a hundred publications on the shelves of the Congressional Library and has brought odium upon the critics of smoking as fanatics and extremists.

The Union maintains a 'Department of Anti-Narcotics' which has an impressive output of slogan material, including pledge-cards, blotters, stickers, posters, in addition to the pamphlets and booklets already referred to. The Union also publishes the weekly *Union Signal* at Evanston, Illinois, and the *Young Crusader*, whose columns provide a means of dissemination of ideas in regard to the use of tobacco.

The Union has always devoted much of its energy to the prevention of smoking among boys. Despite the extensive state legislation prohibiting the sale of tobacco to persons below sixteen or eighteen years of age, it is an opinion easily vindicated by consumption figures that smokers form a larger percentage of the rising generation than of the preceding one. The scientific facts against the use of tobacco by young persons are overwhelming. No mother is willing to have her young son smoke. Therefore, the anti-tobacco propaganda, in so far as it has been directed into this field, has been unanswerable. Legislation ought not to be necessary in any state to prevent the sale of

tobacco to a growing youngster. Self-interest should prompt tobacco-dealers to establish a voluntary prohibition. The reformers, contemplating a larger programme, rightly appreciate that the logical and strategical entering wedge in the matter of legislation is the protection of the young. Youngsters who smoke are really making a vigorous contribution, therefore, to the anti-tobacco crusade. This is a main consideration that has rallied the support of womankind to the reformers — this, and the average woman's natural aversion to the aftermath of smoking by a member of her household.

Astute observers of the situation from the standpoint of the tobacco interests have given much study also to the matter of smoking among women; and it is interesting to note that at least one of the larger companies producing cigarettes makes absolutely no effort to exploit their sale among women.

A hardly less interesting bit of propaganda against the use of tobacco is a leaflet — 'What It Costs to Smoke Tobacco' — which bears the imprint of the Life-Extension Institute of New York City. This leaflet, which was sent to me recently by the Institute, asserts that the Honorable William H. Taft is Chairman of the Board, and that the other officers include Professor Irving Fisher, Chairman of the Hygiene Reference Board; Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director; Harold A. Ley, President; James D. Lanahan, Secretary; Henry H. Bowman, Arthur W. Eaton, Robert W. deForest, Edward L. Pierce, and Charles H. Sabin — the latter President of the Guaranty Trust Company. Interest in the potential influence of the Life-Extension Institute upon the use of tobacco is justified, not only by the personality and importance of the men whose names are used in connection with it, but also by the fact that this organization recently carried on a

national advertising campaign which, no doubt, considerably increased the funds at its disposal for the support of its policy and programme. The Life-Extension Institute provides primarily a service of health-examinations and educational letters and advice, 'available at a moderate cost to individuals applying directly, to life-insurance companies for their policy-holders, employers for their employees, and to members of clubs, societies, schools, etc.' Its so-called 'Keep Well' leaflets are supposedly concerned solely with the prolongation of life and its betterment; but the authors of its publications do not restrict themselves to the field of health and physiology in their opposition to smoking. In fact, I find in the leaflet in question a most illuminating presentation of the financial aspects of the national consumption of tobacco. After showing that the United States is consuming tobacco at the annual rate of seven pounds per capita, while the United Kingdom consumes only two pounds per capita, and estimating that our annual expenditure is more than a billion dollars, the Life-Extension Institute authority essays an accounting of the other side of the ledger.

Recalling no doubt the genial defense of tobacco made by the New York *Sun* and other independently minded publications in the past few years, the writer suggests that, whatever the good grace with which we may have looked upon it for its association with the works of genius and its solacing of tired nerves, 'there is little difference of opinion as to its effects on the worker in science and in industry.' 'It is a curious fact,' asserts the writer, 'that the man of science and the hard-headed business man, on comparing notes, arrive at the same conclusion regarding both alcohol and tobacco. According to them, these drugs are not compatible with work. The cigarette-smoker is ruled against

by most employers. The man who is wide-awake, snappy, and alert, who does not reach for his pipe or cigarette as he leaves his desk, is looked upon as a free man, who does not lean upon a prop; one whose brain is ready to respond to the calls on it and does not have to take medicine in the form of tobacco for a day's work.'

Regarding this alleged effect of smoking on personal efficiency, Professor Farnum, quoted by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, asserts that such successful men of business as Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, and such employers of labor as the Cadillac Motor Car Company, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Marshall Field & Company, of Chicago, John Wanamaker, and many others, condemn the use of cigarettes by their employees.

It is too early yet to list the Anti-Saloon League among the organizations threatening tobacco. The League far-sightedly declines any present connection with the movement, feeling that such a commitment would complicate its present work. Its leaders are convinced that it would be unwise at this time for it to become public that they were instituting another campaign or propaganda. Time, and the more secure enthronement of prohibition, may present the subject in new aspects.

An element in the movement that is not to be ignored is the increased activity of companies that sell the so-called 'cures' for smoking. These companies carry on a propaganda that is even more energetic and impetuous than that of the philanthropic organizations previously referred to in this article. They leave nothing unsaid that can be thought of to prejudice the public against tobacco. One such statement that recently caught my eye in the advertising pages of a magazine was this: 'You know better than anyone else

that you ought to stop because, sooner or later, it [tobacco] is bound to undermine your health. Heart-trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, poor eyesight — these, and many other disorders, can often be traced to the use of tobacco. Besides, it is an expensive, utterly useless habit.' The demand for these 'cures' is steadily increasing and is being developed by the utilization of modern merchandising methods; within the past six months, I am informed, 300,000 lines of space in 400 different publications have been utilized to paint the evils of tobacco and the effectiveness of tobacco cures. A reader who is induced to write for particulars is pursued for months thereafter by pamphlets and form-letter literature, intended to convince him that tobacco is a demon as greatly to be feared as the demon rum.

From the standpoint of volume, the legislation already on the statute-books of the States is quite extensive. Laws to prevent the sale of tobacco to persons under eighteen years of age, or of greater stringency, have been adopted in the following states: Arizona, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. Perhaps the most drastic state law is that of Kansas, a summary of which, recently prepared, reads:—

'It is unlawful to sell or give away or "to have in any store or other place of business" cigarettes or cigarette-papers; or to advertise cigarettes, or to sell on news-stands or trains newspapers or magazines carrying cigarette advertisements, or to sell or give away to any

person less than twenty-one years of age any smoking material, including tobacco and cigarettes. It is likewise unlawful for the proprietor of a place of business, including railroads, railway stations, and street cars, to permit minors of less than twenty-one years of age to use tobacco in any form, on penalty of a fine of \$25 to \$100 for each offense. "If, upon what seems reasonable evidence, any person, company, or corporation is suspected of having in his or its possession any cigarettes or cigarette papers to be offered for sale, barter, or free distribution," on sworn complaint of any citizen, "any officer authorized to make arrests" may search the premises of the suspected firm without search-warrant, and confiscate any cigarettes or cigarette papers.'¹

It is notable that the most stringent legislation has been adopted in certain Western states, including North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Iowa, where the tobacco-crop is not large, and the interest of the agricultural population is not challenged by the restriction. The extent of state legislation, however, while interesting, is not of great importance to the study of the possibilities of a new onslaught against smoking, because of the fact that the bulk of it has been on the statute-books for several years and is, therefore, in a sense, dissociated from a possible national development.

III

Even if first-hand material were not available to prove the existence of an extensive and energetic propaganda against tobacco, we could not ignore the many evidences of anxiety within the tobacco industry. The tobacco interests, powerfully financed and intelligently advised, have not failed to scrutinize every phase and figment of the

¹ New York World, April 18, 1920.

newly energized movement. In some respects, they are availing themselves of the lessons taught by the liquor interests in their ineffective fight against constitutional prohibition. Thus, an effort has been made to unify the defensive activity of the vast army of producers and distributors of tobacco-products. To this end, the different elements of the industry have been harmonized in a national organization, known as the Tobacco Merchants' Association. This organization is empowered to act in behalf of all branches of the industry. It has selected trained investigators to study the situation and to guide its policy, and has raised ample funds for such counter-propaganda as may be decided upon. Assurance is given that, when the time comes for aggressive action, it will be taken with due promptness.

At a recent annual meeting of the association, an interesting discussion of the anti-tobacco movement took place, and the President, Mr. Charles J. Eisenlohr, delivered a speech which deserves to be included, in part, in this article, as representing the opposite point of view from that of the anti-tobacco propagandists.

'Undoubtedly,' said the speaker, 'the great majority of the people of this country are opposed to any movement which will further abridge their fundamental rights to enjoy the gifts of nature to mankind. If it is possible to legally restrain the people from the unrestricted use of tobacco, it is possible to deprive them of tea or coffee, regulate the styles of clothes they shall wear, prescribe rules for popular entertainment and recreation, and abolish such plays and motion-pictures as fail to meet the requirements of radicals in every walk of life who oppose everything that does not conform to their own views. The very objects for which this great Republic was founded would, if such legislation were accomplished,

be subverted, and personal liberty be sacrificed beyond hope of resuscitation.'

The spokesman of the tobacco interests went into much detail in his denial of kinship between liquor prohibition and the movement against tobacco, while he charged definitely that the liquor-prohibition forces have now taken up the warfare against smoking. 'Tobacco does not excite or intoxicate,' he asserted, 'but it soothes and pacifies. Tobacco does not incite to the commission of crime, but it promotes sober deliberation and moral contentment. Tobacco does not lure men from the fireside, but it cements family ties and adds immeasurably to the harmony of the home. The elements that constituted the "dramatic appeal" for prohibition are, as a matter of common knowledge, utterly lacking in the case of cigars, cigarettes, or tobacco in any form, with the result that the new crusade is based chiefly on the question of health and hygiene. Surely this onslaught will crumble now, as it did once before, under the infallible test of scientific examination and analysis. Under these circumstances it is certain that neither the public sympathy nor the philanthropic support which helped the prohibitionists will be accorded any movement against tobacco. Indeed, we have every reason to believe that the present gale of vilification will blow itself out and die unnoticed at the feet of scientific truth and intelligent public opinion.'

These confident assertions were hardly uttered, however, before a committee began work on a defensive policy. When that committee reported, it indorsed the following recommendations: 'Though entirely confident of the final outcome, the situation is one that demands the utmost vigilance and the most serious consideration. It is time for everyone, in all divisions of the tobacco industry and its allied indus-

tries, to constitute himself a guardian of the personal liberty involved in this issue, working for the common good and through a common centre. Crusades, whether they are animated by a genuine desire to correct existing evils, or are projected by self-serving individuals, gather momentum, and sometimes, unless checked by intelligent and judicious opposition, sweep all before them. In so far as the anti-tobacco movement is concerned, it is of supreme importance that our industry concentrate all its energies to combat its influence. That the claims of those who inveigh against tobacco are wholly without foundation has been proved time and again by famous chemists, physicians, toxicologists, physiologists, and experts of every nation and clime. That they have given tobacco a clean bill of health and pronounced it a great God-given boon to mankind has not lessened the activities of those opposed to it, but on the contrary, seems to have stimulated their antagonism.

'While we have no quarrel with honest reformers, we find it necessary, to protect our own interests, to make vigorous reply to the false and misleading statements contained in the anti-tobacco propaganda that is being spread throughout the country.'

The alertness of the tobacco interests in itself contributes to the probability that no such prohibition movement will assume important proportions. Because of their alertness, these interests will be careful to avoid blunders of policy, such as those by which the liquor producers challenged the decent opinion of the country and facilitated the objects of the Anti-Saloon League.

IV

The very magnitude of the tobacco industry, and its importance to the economic life and well-being of the

country, might well give pause to those who suggest that we remove it by capital operation from the economic body. Among the giant industries of the nation at the time of the liquor industry's destruction, its predominance over that industry was particularly evident in the field of foreign trade: while the United States was a debtor nation in so far as its imports and exports of intoxicants went, it was, to a very large extent, a creditor nation in the matter of tobacco-products.

Tobacco and cotton are two industries which receive special consideration from the government in statistical service, and complete information is gathered each year by the Bureau of the Census on every phase of tobacco-production, consumption, prices, and similar items. It is interesting in passing to observe that this special service on the part of the government's statistical bureau is performed in deference, not to the vast manufacturing industry, but rather to the considerable number of agricultural voters who are interested in the production of tobacco and in tobacco markets. From Bulletin 139 of the Bureau of the Census, containing the latest complete tables on tobacco, we learn that in 1919 manufacturers and dealers had on hand 1,234,884,396 pounds of leaf-tobacco — a quantity so vast that only a trained statistician can overcome the inclination to shirk the task of computing how many cigars and cigarettes could be manufactured from it. The acreage devoted to the production of tobacco in 1918 was 1,549,000 of what is probably the finest and richest soil in America. The average price paid to the producer in 1918 was 27.9 cents per pound, far above the price-level of a few years earlier. The importance of tobacco-production in the foreign trade of the United States is revealed by the Census announcement that the total exports of tobacco-pro-

ducts amounted to \$152,965,286, while our imports were only a little over \$60,000,000. Our exportation of cigarettes reached 12,145,539,000, of which nearly seven billions went to China. The Chinaman is forswearing opium in this day of enlightenment, and finds much solace in American cigarettes.

Passing from the importance of tobacco to the agricultural population, who are owners of the million and a half rich acres devoted to its cultivation, we are not less deeply impressed by the scope of the manufacturing industry. The Census records show a total of 15,504 factories engaged in the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, and snuff in 1918. They are operated under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, as distinct from fourteen bonded warehouses whose product is solely for export. These plants in 1914 employed 195,684 persons, at an annual remuneration of approximately \$100,000,000.

The cigarette is the first pet aversion of the anti-tobacco propagandist, who is indebted to the Bureau of Internal Revenue for complete and exhaustive figures on the rapid pace at which Americans have been cultivating the cigarette habit. The Internal Revenue tables reveal a total cigarette production of approximately 50,000,000,000 in the year 1918. Of this number, nearly 11,000,000,000 were made in bonded warehouses for export, leaving a paltry residue of 39,000,000,000 for use in the United States. It will be seen that this total provided an allowance of something less than a cigarette a day for each resident of the United States — man, woman, and child alike. The statisticians of the government point with interest to the remarkable increase in the number of cigarettes consumed in recent years. In seven years preceding 1918, there was an increase of 262 per cent. Since 1897, the number con-

sumed has been increased by more than 600 per cent: the *per capita* consumption of 50 cigarettes in 1897 increased to 380, although the per capita consumption of cigars, which was practically equal to that of cigarettes in 1897, has less than doubled.

The government, regarding tobacco as a luxury, has found it a prolific source of revenue ever since the Civil War, which likewise witnessed the real beginning of liquor taxes. In 1863, the government collected \$3,000,000 from tobacco; in the next seven years the annual yield of these taxes increased to over \$31,000,000. In 1918, Uncle Sam pocketed \$155,757,278. The last figure is by no means all that the traffic will bear, in the opinion of taxation experts of Congress; and the next tax-bill written by the Ways and Means Committee may provide an additional levy on tobacco.

It is not surprising that the tobacco 'antis' have taken a leaf from the book of the prohibition propagandists in seeking to gain driving force for their arguments from the very magnitude of the tobacco industry. It is deplorable, they submit, that a million and a half of the finest acres of American agricultural lands should be devoted to the production of a plant that adds nothing to humanity's store of food or clothing, and 'is not conducive toward serving any legitimate demand aside from the insignificantly small quantity used in dyes and insecticides.' An effort is made to deduce a relationship between the extent of the tobacco-growing industry on the one hand and the high price and scarcity of necessities of life on the other. The reasoning is submitted that, if these million and a half rich acres were devoted to the production of grains and other foodstuffs, it would tend strongly toward a reduction in the high cost of living. Indeed, the rapid growth of tobacco-culture, with its invasion each

year of new productive areas where the soil is found suitable, is held to be one of the most harmful developments in our national economy. One of the pamphleteers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union expresses derogatory opinions, in keeping with this point of view, of the policy of the War Industries Board in recognizing tobacco as an essential war-time industry. That writer believed it most illogical that, in a time of world-wide food-shortage and of belt-hitching economy extending to insistence upon war-gardening effort, the authorities at Washington should have allowed so large a proportion of our agricultural acreage and of farm labor to be utilized for the production of tobacco.

Always keeping foremost the contention that tobacco is a luxury, and a harmful one, the pamphleteers of the movement emphasize with increasing frequency the grand total of our annual income which is expended upon tobacco-products. They have arrived at an estimate of \$1,200,000,000, although the Treasury Department and the Department of Justice accept a figure greater than two billions. In this day of heavy taxation and price-stringency there are, of course, many ways to show how usefully this vast sum might be employed in other departments of individual expenditures. The statistical experts of the movement against tobacco have not yet, however, pursued their researches to the ultimate source of information to which the handbooks of the Anti-Saloon League point the way. One of the points which they have failed to cover is the aggregate capitalization of concerns directly and indirectly participating in the production of tobacco usables. Had they the time and facilities for determining the total amount of the wealth of the country which is represented by tobacco stocks and securities, they might have another impres-

sive total for their basic argument. But they do not fail to bring out the important claim that tobacco investments absorb large amounts of capital that might otherwise be available for the development of agriculture and so-called useful industries.

As their propaganda extends its scope, they will be confronted by many delicate questions of analysis which will perhaps not enure to their own advantage. The merest tyro in economics and finance will recognize that, whatever the grand total that annually 'goes up in smoke,' there would be a destructive side to the effort to save this total through prevention of smoking. The argument here comes back to the actual destruction of wealth which would be involved in ripping out the tobacco-manufacturing industry from our industrial structure. A gigantic volume of investments would, of course, vanish into thin air the moment that such an enterprise was seriously undertaken. Part of this capital would not be made available for other industries for the simple reason that it would be destroyed. It is a typical characteristic of such propaganda that it withholds complete analysis of such phases of its ultimate aims. Such movements are, of course, sociological in their nature and origin. Their supporters invade the realm of economics with a grand air of authority whenever a point can be made in support of their programme, but they retire when confronted with inevitable economic issues. In such circumstances, they disclaim willingness to have the case tried upon a materialistic basis — an attitude that was epitomized in the failure of the prohibitionists to incorporate in their programme any provision for the recognition of legitimate investments made in the liquor industry before the anti-saloon amendment was submitted.

Adoption of national prohibition of

the use of intoxicants has had a far-reaching effect in awakening thoughtful persons to the dangers that lie along the path of constitutional interference in personal and local matters. Constitutional law, instead of being a mysterious study mastered only by the expert, is rapidly coming out into the light of common day. The need for awakening the general public to the vital fact that the Constitution is the basis and principle of legislation, rather than an instrumentality of specific direction of individual life and habit, is fully appreciated now by many persons who did not work actively to prevent national prohibition. The recently organized Constitutional Liberty League is one of the instrumentalities through which a proper estimate of the Constitution's function is being driven home. This organization, while it is concerned with orderly measures for liberalizing the condition with reference to existing prohibition, looks forward into the future when other efforts to amend the Constitution in similar fashion are possible, and pledges itself, 'in all proper and lawful ways to influence public opinion, to the end that the standards of personal liberty of thought and conduct which were established by the founders of the Government of the United States shall be maintained and safeguarded'; and further, 'to oppose any impairment of the rights of American citizens as vested in them by the first ten amendments of the Constitution of the United States, or by the Constitution itself.' It is obvious that this declaration of purpose was drawn to cover just such interference with the rights of the individual as the anti-tobacco enthusiasts would perpetuate, and that it is indicative of a gathering spirit of opposition to such 'reforms.'

This is but one of a number of fac-

tors that contribute to the opinion that the day of the anti-tobacco crusade is far off. There is not yet a real concert of action among the various organizations and individuals that are pointed in that direction, nor is there a common programme. Practically all the propaganda work is being aimed at the individual as the custodian of his own habits, while it is only by implication that the arguments for rooting out the production of tobacco are advanced. Not until there is union among these forces will there be strength sufficient to force constitutional change. In the matter of organization, the movement is in its first phase — comparable to the period before the Anti-Saloon League was organized, to give real driving-power and an actual programme to the prohibition movement.

The easy course is to conclude that nothing will come of it; but only careless thinking tolerates that conclusion. Thousands of persons took this pose of confident assertion in the years when the prohibitory tide was rising. While it is true that the movement is only in its first phase, we should be ignoring recent political history if we relied too much upon the negative indications. The conservative view to take is that conditions have passed the stage where an anti-tobacco crusade was impossible to one where it is possible. It remains to be seen whether the movement will enter the realm of probable fulfillment.

Let us hope that the onslaught, if it comes, will be met by something better than a sudden, eleventh-hour propaganda of the corporations constituting the tobacco industry. For one thing, it is to be hoped that the ordinary man who likes his smoke will not be cowed and prevented from speaking out, as was the case with the ordinary man who indulged in intoxicating beverages.

RAROTONGA

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

MY month on Rarotonga has passed in a succession of pleasant and dreamy days — fishing, swimming, swapping yarns in the evenings. I have been staying with a friendly cocoanut planter, an Englishman, whose life is a rare story of adventure. He went out to Africa at the age of seventeen and spent many years knocking about Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa — trading, prospecting, hunting, and fighting. He is one of those types born with an insight into the character of primitive man, and a knack for acquiring savage dialects. Add to this a keen interest in natural history, botany, and geology, an insatiable curiosity regarding native customs, and an excellent memory — and you have the combination which makes a genuinely interesting man. After eighteen years of Africa, he came to the Islands seven years ago, to recover from a severe attack of fever. Now he has learned the Rarotongan dialect and acquired a taste for island life which makes it improbable that he will ever leave this part of the world.

‘It is no use my trying to live in civilization,’ he says; ‘I couldn’t stand a week of it. Africa’s all right except for two things. If you stop there long enough, you are bound to lose your health, and then you’re no good to yourself or anyone else. It’s a brutalizing place, too; the natives understand only one thing — force; so in self-preservation the white man is obliged to become more or less of a brute. The

matter of gifts is typical. Here, in the Islands, when I go off on a trip, my people bring me presents, and when I return, I bring back presents for them; there is a friendly human relationship. In Africa it is different — I demanded gifts, but gave none in return. There, the weak give to the strong.’

I have been trying to persuade him to set down on paper some of his memories, but he is shy of the pen. There is a lot of unfortunate truth in the Earl of Pembroke’s remark, in his introduction to a book of stories by Louis Becke: ‘As a rule, the men who know don’t write, and the men who write don’t know.’ At any rate, it is a pleasure to listen to his yarns, as we sit here evenings, smoking our pipes, with the drowsy rumble of the reef in our ears. The night sky, for once, is cloudless, and the Southern Cross low over a black wooded point that runs out into the lagoon.

‘By Jove, what a night!’ says my host, lying luxuriously in a steamer-chair, bare feet on the rail of the verandah. ‘Feel that air; look at those stars! Smell that? It’s the flower they call *ariki vaine o te po* — queen of the night. The stars have a friendly way of shining down here — not the hard glitter you see in Africa. Clearest air in the world over there; nothing like it even on the high deserts of your Arizona and New Mexico. I remember a trading-post I used to have on the border of Portuguese East. I stayed there three years, alone — did n’t do badly either. My

place was on a knoll right in the middle of a big plateau: the sort of thing you call a mesa. There was an old male baboon who sat on a rock nearly a mile away — a sort of sentinel for his tribe, I suppose. I saw him every morning. Wonderful eyesight those brutes have. If I came out of the house without a rifle, he paid no attention to me; if I carried one, he was off like a flash.

‘There was no other trader about; the people used to come in twenty miles to get my beads and brass wire and butcher-knives. They traveled early to avoid the sun; just after daybreak I could sit on my porch with a pair of glasses and watch the long lines of niggers, traveling in single file with bundles on their heads, coming in to trade. The northern rim of my plateau was one of their ancient territorial divisions, and I used to wonder, at first, about a great pile of stones beside the trail. Then one day I saw that each fellow from the north picked up a stone and threw it on the pile as he passed — to placate the spirits of the strange country he was entering. The trading was over by noon, and they’d file off with their stuff.

‘That was a lonely place. I usually went shooting in the afternoons. The plateau was covered with scrub and some fairly high bush — regular menagerie. At certain times of year the elephants used to come up from the low country and raise no end of a row on moonlight nights. And the lions — I liked to listen to their grunting; you could hear it for miles, so deep-toned that sometimes it was merely a vibration in the air.’

The tale wanders on till bedtime, ending with a search for an authentic treasure of diamonds, smuggled out of Kimberley and buried in the grave of a savage king, hundreds of miles to the north.

The plantation runs from the mountains to the beach, close to a pass in the

reef through which, in ancient days, the long canoes set out on their voyages to New Zealand. Tiny as it is, Rarotonga is an historic place in the annals of the Polynesians. Students of their genealogies, which furnish the only means of estimating time, agree that the island must have been settled about 850 A.D., and that it was, for many years thereafter, a starting-point for the extraordinarily bold voyages of the ancients, who explored the Pacific from the Antarctic to Hawaii, and at least as far west as Easter Island.

It stirs one’s imagination to think of those brown, hardy mariners, coming from no man knows where, — without compass or chart or sextant, trusting to their knowledge of the stars and the councils of their soothsayers, — to explore the enormous expanses of the Pacific, in their frail canoes, bound together with cords of sennit, and stocked with pigs, fowls, *poi*, and a few drinking cocoanuts. What a sight it must have been to see a fleet of a dozen great double *pahi* — strung out in a crescent sixty miles from tip to tip, on the lookout for a landfall — thrash through the whitecaps, their clumsy sails of matting bellying out to the weight of the south-east trade! They are strange craft, those ancient canoes which one reconstructs in imagination: a pair of long hulls, upturned at the bows, bridged across with planking on which rests a species of house. There is a single mast amidships, guyed fore and aft with cords of braided coconut fibre. A crowd of people is gathered in the house of each canoe; pigs are tethered to the uprights, grunting disconsolately; fowls with bound legs and alert beady eyes lie about on deck. Sheltered from the sun and the sea-water, with their roots done up in moist earth and leaves, are young plants for the new island — taro, and bread-fruit, and mountain plantain.

The sun sinks low in the west, and

the men forward shade their eyes with their hands as they search the horizon for the expected land. Suddenly a signal goes up from the canoe at one point of the crescent, and five miles away, the next canoe, rising to the crest of a long sea, catches and passes on the word. The landfall is made — only a faint irregularity on the horizon; but the leader knows that to-morrow, if the wind holds, the tiny triangle will grow and take form, until a lofty mountain rises from the sea: the island of their destination.

Such must have been the migrations of old Polynesia, as early as the seventh century of the Christian Era. And there are families in the Islands now whose genealogies go back to those days without a break, recording the names and deeds of every ancestor. The thought staggers one a little. Who and where were our ancestors fourteen hundred years ago? Or four hundred? Yet it is believed that Tahiti was settled about 650 A.D.; and the descendants of those early voyagers survived with only small changes of custom, clothes, and speech until the time of Captain Cook. To us, the days of the Crusades or the Battle of Hastings seem ages past, remote, almost legendary; to the Polynesian, counting the generations of his forebears, such dates are only yesterday. This mental attitude toward time is not wholly the result of residence in one spot and a knowledge of those who have gone before: it is part of the very atmosphere of the South Pacific, of the minute particles of land scattered over a lonely ocean that makes up nearly a fourth of the surface of our earth. Time loses its proportions here, where a month is like a week, and a week is like a day. And space, too, which goes hand in hand with time, becomes a small thing, where one travels a thousand miles by sailing-vessel to see a friend, and stays for

many months, perhaps, before another vessel comes to take one home.

From the Island standpoint, the time to accomplish a given task is a matter of indifference. You will see a couple of men begin to build a canoe, work a day or two, leave it for a month, return for another day's work, and finish it, perhaps, three or four months later. And yet two men can build a canoe, complete with paddle and outrigger, in seven days. They are not, in my opinion, a particularly lazy people; it is merely that they do things in snatches, between fishing, bathing, picking fruit, drying copra, and the hundred other occupations of the day. They do not believe in hurry, and who can say that they are wrong? The European visitor will find that he soon becomes imbued with the same philosophy of leisure — a philosophy neither unpleasant nor unwise in lands close to the equator.

Even the missionary acquires this indifference to time, as witness a quaint account of early days in Tahiti: 'E Tautua no te Tupu Anga o te Ekalesia o Iesu' (The Story of the Beginnings of the Church of Jesus), written by the Reverend William Gill, and published in the Cook Island dialect by the London Missionary Society. The persistence of the first missionaries in forcing themselves on the unfortunate natives of Tahiti, and their indifference to the passage of years, during which little or nothing was accomplished, are astonishing. I have called the Tahitians unfortunate, and I believe that no one who has read of their past and knows the race to-day can fail to agree with me. They deserved well of the white man — these friendly and intelligent people, of whom Cook remarked, one hundred and forty years ago, that a European settlement among them 'would give the people just cause to lament that their island had ever been discovered.' Their faults were the faults of children, but

they were neither cannibals nor savages, and they had evolved, during the centuries since their ancestors first colonized the island, a form of society which seems to have been conducted with a minimum of friction, and to have permitted a large proportion of the people to enjoy happy lives. Without belittling the efforts of the missionaries among the more benighted people to the west, one cannot help wondering what the early evangelists hoped to offer to the natives of Tahiti, one half so pleasant, and even beautiful, as the ancient life they had come to destroy.

II

On August 10, 1796, the first mission ship arrived from England, after a passage of eight months. On board (the Reverend Gill tells us) were thirty male missionaries, and one female. From August until March of the following year, the ship lay in Matavai Bay, without one member of her company being permitted to land. After six months at anchor, within a few hundred feet of shore, the ship was visited by a powerful chief named Tu, the heir apparent, son of old Pomaré. The chief agreed to permit the foreigners to land, and on March 19 there was a great assembly of the people at Papeete, where they gathered to listen to the discourse of the missionaries. We are not told what language was used, or how the exchange of ideas was brought about — perhaps some incorrigible member of the ship's crew had been in the habit of slipping overboard on a calm night for a swim and a surreptitious run ashore. Such men often make the best of interpreters. In any case, the missionaries were now permitted to establish themselves on shore, although their preaching had been heard with no great signs of enthusiasm. At the end of the first year, not a single convert had been

made, and all but seven of the missionaries sailed away in despair to Tongatapu. During the next two years one of the remaining enthusiasts was killed, one returned to England on a passing vessel, and one 'stopped being a missionary.' As the last words were translated to me, I could not suppress a chuckle; a vision flitted before my eyes: the man who decided to stop being a missionary casting aside his black clothes in a frenzy, wrapping his loins in a *pareu* of tapa cloth, and departing toward the bush in long bounds.

The year 1800 found the few remaining evangelists pursuing their task with indomitable persistence, though still without the encouragement of a convert. They had learned the language in spite of the natives, who did everything in their power to make it difficult. In the following year a ship arrived from England with nine missionaries for Tahiti; but in spite of these reinforcements, the outlook was becoming gloomy. In 1802, their condition was really pitiful — clothes worn out, axes and tools stolen, and not a single convert to help them. In this year a great disturbance arose over the native god Oro, ending in the violent death of several of the missionaries. The survivors were forbidden to continue their work. The end of the next year (1803), during which old Pomaré died and was succeeded by Tu, found them still without a convert, and in 1809, when all the missionaries, except a man named Nott, returned to England, the first convert had yet to declare himself.

The Reverend Nott, of whom we are told very little, must have been a powerful exhorter, for he accomplished, with the aid of a few newcomers from England, the task his predecessors had given up in despair. In 1815, one Patii, keeper of the idols on the neighboring island of Murea, was prevailed upon to build a great oven, strip the garments

from the ancient gods of wood, and consign them, one by one, to the flames. The people stood by in awe, thinking that Patii's sacrilege would cause his death on the spot — 'but nothing happened, so they knew that the rule of the idols had come to an end.' The knell of heathendom was sounding, and had James Cook, the discoverer and friend of the Society Island people, been present on that day, he might have heard another and more mournful sound — the death-knell of the native race. To say that Christianity was their undoing would be absurd; they died and are dying under the encroachments of the European civilization of which Christianity was the forerunner. Everywhere in the South Seas the story has been the same, whether told by Stevenson, or Melville, or Louis Becke. We brought them disease; we brought them cotton clothing (almost as great a curse); we suppressed the sports and merriment and petty wars which enabled the old islanders to maintain their interest in life. And lastly, we brought them an alien code of morals, which succeeded chiefly in making hypocrites of the men whose souls it was designed to save. To-day there is nothing to be said, nothing to be done — the Polynesian race will soon be only a memory.

From Tahiti, native converts took the new faith to distant parts of the Pacific. The heroic John Williams, who carried on the work of Nott in the Society Islands, and died a martyr's death among the Melanesian savages to the west, was recognized as the discoverer of Rarotonga, though the island had been visited, two or three years before, by a Captain Goodenough. There is a tradition, recorded by Mr. S. Percy Smith in his book, *Hawaiiki*, that many years before the visit of Goodenough a great ship appeared in the offing. One of the natives, plucking up courage to paddle out to her in his canoe, found that

groves of breadfruit were growing on her decks, and that the name of one of her headmen was *Makore* (McCoy). She was the Bounty — without a doubt — laden with young breadfruit trees for the West Indies, and in the hands of the mutineers. Let me remark parenthetically that there is to-day in Rarotonga a Miss McCoy, from Pitcairn Island — a descendant of the mutineer Makore. Although it covers so large a portion of the world, the Pacific is small.

III

Early in 1823 Williams set out from Raiatea for Aitutaki, where he met a woman left there by Goodenough, and learned from her of the existence of Rarotonga. As she desired to return, he took her aboard and started on a search for the new island. For six days they beat back and forth on the lookout for land, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the captain of the schooner was persuaded to continue the search. At dawn of the seventh day there was a shout — the high ridges of Rarotonga were in sight, faint and blue on the southern horizon. That night they came to anchor off Avarua and landed the woman Tapairu, related to the reigning family of Makea. Though the Rarotongans of those days were a wild lot, quite unlike the gentler Tahitians, the foreigners were not badly received, and before his departure Williams obtained permission to leave on the island a Raiatean missionary named Papehia, who had accompanied him on the voyage.

The people of Rarotonga took kindly to Christianity from the first. In 1827 John Williams returned, caused a large church to be built, and formulated a code of laws which was in force until the establishment of the British Protectorate, in 1888. I have a book of the old laws beside me as I write — a criminal

and civil code so quaint that I am tempted to quote entire pages. Many of the regulations are just and well calculated to fit the needs of a primitive community; others are bigoted to the point of absurdity. The penalties incurred by transgressors varied from death and long periods in the stocks to the payment of twenty Chilean dollars or the building of so many fathoms of road. If you speared a neighbor's pig to give a feast, you were obliged to 'Pay four pigs like the one stolen, one to the chief, one to the police, and two to the owner of the stolen pig.' It was unlawful for a man to have tattooed upon his body the name of a woman, or to weep at the funeral of a woman to whom he was not related. Best of all, — a priceless ordinance, which, to date, our own virtuous law-makers have overlooked, — it was unlawful for a man to walk in the evening with his arm about a girl's waist, unless he carried in the other hand a lighted torch!

The year after the making of the laws, the Reverend Mr. Buzacott arrived in Rarotonga. He must have been a remarkable man. It is said that no European, before his time or since, has succeeded in mastering the language of the Cook Islands as did this patient and talented missionary, who devoted his life to the translation of the Bible into the native tongue. The task was a colossal one, — just how colossal, only a student of the Polynesian dialects can realize, — but he accomplished it at last, and the work stands as a monument to his memory: so idiomatic, so simple, and so nobly phrased, that it challenges comparison with our own King James Version.

Fond of reading, and possessing practically no other books in their language, the Rarotongans have become remarkable students of the Bible — many of them can recite chapter after chapter, or turn instantly to any text.

In this manner the Bible has come into daily use where worldly matters are concerned. There is an English planter on the island who has been here many years and has a native wife, a woman with only one fault — she likes to sleep late in the morning. This habit was apt to delay the men in getting to work, for the cook did not always have breakfast ready on time unless aroused and urged on by her mistress. The planter was somewhat put out — the kitchen was not a man's province. Then, one evening, as he was reading the Rarotongan Bible, his eye fell on the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, fifteenth verse. With an inward chuckle, he handed the book to his wife, suggesting that she read the chapter carefully. This is what she read, amid an enumeration of the qualities of a good woman: 'She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.' Since that day, the men have gone to work on time.

In the days of mission rule, the native judges, in their administration of justice, often consulted the Scriptures. One old fellow, in particular, was famous as a Bible-student, and for the practical ends to which he turned his knowledge. His name meant 'Blower of the Conch-Shell.' One Sunday a vessel dropped anchor in Avarua harbor, and all hands, except the captain and one sailor, came ashore. There was a horse on deck, brought from a nearby island, and as it was suffering from hunger, the captain tried to prevail upon the remaining sailor to get a canoe and swim the poor brute ashore. The boy (a native) refused, on the ground that it was Sunday. Going ashore himself, the captain ran across old Blower and mentioned his trouble with the horse. The judge thought for a moment and then asked how much pay was due the sailor. Informed that it amounted to eleven Chile dollars, he told the cap-

tain that the horse would be ashore within an hour or two, and sent a boy to tell the sailor to appear before him at once. When the man presented himself, Blower had his Bible in hand, open at the twelfth chapter of Matthew.

"What man shall there be among you," he read, "that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath Day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?" Now go, and bring the poor horse to shore, and be thankful that I fine you only eleven Chile dollars for such inhumanity.'

On another occasion — a Sunday also — a native had rented a horse to take his family for a drive. The horse developed a maddening streak of balkiness, until at last, in a frenzy of rage, the promenader seized a spear and killed the animal with a single thrust. When he had cooled down, he began to shake a little in his boots; he could not pay for the horse, and a chilling vista of endless fathoms of road — built by himself — seemed to stretch ahead. With strong misgivings, he consulted old Blower of the Conch-Shell.

'Ah, this is serious, my son,' said the judge; 'you say you have no horse to give in return for the one you have killed. What have you, then?'

'A fine pig.'

'That may do,' said the old man, musingly; 'if the pig is really a fine one. Yes, I think I can get you off. Bring the pig to-night — to my house, mind!'

Next day, when the owner of the horse appeared, much incensed and demanding retribution, Blower shook his head. 'You have rented a horse on the Sabbath Day, and for that reason your claim for damage is denied. And do not forget to be thankful that you have escaped so lightly.'

The old mission rule — at once harsh and kindly, just, and bigoted to the point of quaintness — is gone forever now. Rarotonga is a dependency

of New Zealand, administered by a British Resident, under a system of laws which gives the native, if anything, a better chance than the European planter or trader. But the island is the same, and the people have changed very little, I fancy, since the British took possession.

Geologically, Rarotonga is a typical high island of the South Pacific — a maze of basaltic dykes, intersecting a region of volcanic *breccia*. The dykes — composed of very hard and close-grained rock — have withstood the wear of the centuries, while the surrounding material, more easily eroded and decomposed, has weathered away to form the alluvial plain which encircles the heights. The island is roughly six miles by four. The flat land averages half a mile in width — a tangled garden of fruits and flowers and palms. The interior — a jumble of wooded precipices, breakneck ridges, and sharp peaks, rising to three thousand feet above the sea — is little known to-day; and a glance convinces one that it is likely to remain so. Water flows everywhere, cooled in inaccessible gorges, and wonderfully soft. Early in the morning, one can hear the shrill crowing of jungle-cocks, far off in the hills; and at sunset, when the first planet begins to glimmer in the west, the flying-foxes sail down from their mountain roosting-places, where they hang all day on dead trees, head down. How did the jungle-fowl come here, or the flying-fox? Old natives say that the former is not the descendant of domestic birds, but has always been on the island, as far back as the traditions of men extend. As for the flying-fox, is it conceivable that he has migrated from the westward to establish himself on this isolated dot of land? These islands are not new; like the race inhabiting them, they bear evidences of a remote antiquity, and yet, if they are (as one is tempted to believe)

the mountain-tops of a vanished continent, why are they so poor in fauna?

A barrier reef of coral encircles the island, enclosing a shallow lagoon nowhere more than half a mile in breadth. Opposite the mouth of nearly every stream, the reef is broken by a pass — deep grooves in the coral, some of them large enough to permit the entrance of a schooner. The life of Rarotonga centres about the lagoon; the people like to live on its shores, from which their plantations run back toward the mountains; and its waters furnish them with many kinds of fish. When the tide is low, the lagoon is dotted with the canoes of fishermen, narrow, cranky, and picturesque craft, with rakish lines and outriggers of hibiscus wood. Here is a man anchored at the edge of the pass, angling for the silvery *Titiara* which comes in with the flood-tide. Yonder is another, moored to a coral mushroom in shallow water, and casting — with tackle as delicate as that of a fly-fisherman at home — for the small striped *Manini*. Hear him shout; he is playing one, his long rod of bamboo bending like a whip. If the fishing is good, the lagoon is a noisy place, for each fish is signaled with a joyous yell; and when one is lost, there is a volley of long-range banter.

There are other fishermen, too: men who prefer the spear to the hook, and are visible only when they raise their heads above the water to take breath. Here is one not far off — his body naked except for a breech-clout of scarlet print, a string of dead fish trailing from his belt, a twelve-foot spear in his right hand. See how he swims, with his head under water, peering at the bottom through his water-goggles. He stops; something moved in a crevice of the coral below. The haft of the spear comes to a vertical position, and plunges violently out of sight; next moment, with a spluttering shout, the fisherman

raises his head and holds aloft the spear — a ten-pound octopus writhing on the point.

A large octopus is not often found in the lagoon, but now and then there is a casualty. Not long ago one of the brutes succeeded in drowning a boy in three feet of water — a ghastly way to die. On the whole the lagoon is a safe place, for sharks seem to dislike the shoal water, and do not leave the passes. The natives say that each pass contains its *tonu* — a horrible creature which lurks in the luminous caverns of the coral to rush out upon its prey with the ferocity of a tiger. They dread it far more than either shark or octopus, and take care never to swim in the vicinity of its reputed haunts. I caught a couple of young *tonu* the other day (the young are called *patuki*) — an ugly fish, shaped something like a sculpin, covered with gaudy spots, and having an enormous mouth, full of sharp teeth, and powerful as the jaws of a small hyena.

Fishing furnishes both food and sport, and plays a large part in one's life here. In the day, whenever the tide serves, one is on the lagoon, with spear or line; in the evening there are hermit crabs to catch for bait, grayfish on the reef at new moon, and fresh-water shrimps to be had by torchlight in the streams.

One settles easily into this pleasant round of life: breakfast at dawn, a morning of swimming and fishing and lolling at the water's edge, lunch and a siesta, an afternoon at one's own work, and an evening with torches on the reef. What is work and what is play? It is difficult to draw the line, and perhaps that is why it is good to be alive in the Islands. Best of all — to a refugee from the complexities of civilization — are the nights of wonderful sleep, when vagrant night-breezes rustle among the palm fronds, and the Pacific murmurs soothingly on the reef.

A SLOGAN FOR BOOKSELLERS

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I DON'T think that I was a very bad little boy, as boys go, but the fact is that I ran away from school — a boarding-school — and never went back. I did, however, apply for a job in a bookstore, got the promise of the next vacancy, and sat down and waited. But not for long. Scanning the advertisements in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, I discovered that a man was looking for me, and promptly decided that it was my duty to meet him half way. 'A bright, active boy to address envelopes. \$3.00. Reference,' was the way the advertisement read. Thus it was that I first met Cyrus H. K. Curtis; not head on, not at right angles, but obliquely: we were both going in the same direction; he had not yet struck his gait, and for several months he did not appear to be leading me much; but gradually he increased the very considerable distance there was between us, and finally he passed out of sight. I did not see him again until he had become a national figure. He became this by advertising. Many men have made larger fortunes than he; with them advertising has been incidental, like love in a man's life; but with Mr. Curtis it has been his whole existence, and the largest and finest publishing building in the world is a monument to his skill as an advertiser.

There are people who affect to believe that advertising is economic waste; Mr. Curtis is not one of them. He has always taken his own medicine; he may believe in the Trinity; he may, for

aught I know, repeat the Athanasian Creed on occasions; but I know, the whole world knows, that he is a believer in advertising; and he should be, for his success is due largely — not entirely, but largely — to it.

The Curtis Publishing Company, then, is admittedly the result of an advertising campaign begun a long time ago, and carried on consistently day after day, month after month, year after year, with special reference to the product it has to sell, which is advertising. Incidentally it delivers something else, — several other things, to be exact, — and it delivers these at a cost to the 'consumer' so trifling in proportion to the cost of production that it almost amounts to a gift. I think I may say without fear of contradiction that the *Saturday Evening Post* is the cheapest piece of merchandise in the world. And if that be the case, what becomes of the theory of the economic waste of advertising?

But it is not the object of this paper to sing a hymn of praise either to Mr. Curtis or to his company or to his product. I am interested chiefly in suggesting, if I may be permitted to do so, a campaign of advertising for publishers of another kind, namely, of books. Books interest me enormously; they always have. They are the best of friends; grave or gay as your humor is, and you can shut them up when you want to. Most people don't care for them much; they think they do, but they don't; that

is to say, they care for so many other things more than that, when it comes to buying them, they have no money left. Now, next to a modicum of food and a patch of clothes, I care more for books than for anything else.

I should like to digress. I have reached the time of life when Christmas means giving much and receiving little. I make no complaint, I only state the fact. The table on which my presents are placed is a very small one. The last present I received was from my wife; it was a watch. I had a watch and did not need another, but my wife thought I ought to have a fine watch and she gave me one; and it was, as I remember, about ten days after Christmas that, in handing me a lot of household bills, she handed me the bill for the watch, with the remark, 'And you might as well pay this, too; I thought I could, but it would cramp me and you'll never know the difference.' So with a sigh I bent my back to the burden, and it was just as she had said.

A week later, going on a business trip somewhere, I was sitting in a smoking-car, reading, when a man whom I knew slightly asked me if I would not like to sit into a friendly game of poker. I made known to him briefly that I did not know one card from another. Then he said, 'Let us talk,' which meant let him talk; and talk he did, about everything and nothing, until finally he asked me if I had received any Christmas presents. This gave me a chance to boast of my wife's generosity and to show my new watch, with the result that my friend countered by saying that his wife had given him a fine antique bookcase.

'How very nice,' I said. 'Are you fond of books? Have you many?'

'No, not many,' he replied; 'but it is not exactly a bookcase; it's more like a large upright writing-desk. The top is a closet, with glass doors with a red-

silk lining; makes a nice place to keep whiskey and cigars and things under lock and key' (this was before we had discovered the necessity of keeping our whiskey in a burglar-proof vault); 'then there's a flap that lets down on which you can write; and underneath is a place for books. 'And do you know,' he continued, '*I know enough books already I'd like to have, to fill both shelves.*'

I shuddered, and the better to conceal my anguish I asked him if he enjoyed reading.

'Very much,' he said; 'I don't know anything I like better than to go into my den on Sunday morning after breakfast and sit and read my newspaper undisturbed.'

Think of a man staring vacantly at a Sunday paper, under the delusion that he is reading!

II

Now the fact is that many people, most people, have forgotten how to read, if they ever knew; and they have to be taught, and they can be taught, not only to read, but to buy books, by advertising. The use of tooth-powder has been enormously stimulated by advertising, and I am certain that a demand for books can be created in the same way, but it must be done wisely, systematically, and continuously. We are familiar with the proverb that 'It is the first step that counts.' Well, it is not so with advertising: in advertising, it is the last; the effect of advertising is cumulative. It is the last dollar spent that brings results. The first time one sees an advertisement, unless it is very striking, it has no pulling power; only after one has seen it repeatedly, does it begin to work.

The best advertising skill in the world was concentrated a year or two ago on Liberty Bonds. Most people did not know what a bond was; they had to be taught; and it is a thousand pities that

after people had been told that they were the finest investment in the world, they were allowed to decline so in price. We were told to 'Buy and Borrow,' and to 'Buy till it hurts.' Such is the effect of a forceful slogan a thousand times repeated, that we finally do as we are told. We bought and borrowed and got hurt, badly; I speak from experience.

Millions of people are seduced by the power of advertising to buy automobiles which they have no right to buy, because they are skillfully advertised and look so smart and so free from upkeep — in advertisements.

Advertising as an art or a science is essentially modern, in spite of the fact that Dr. Samuel Johnson, in one of his now little-read *Idlers*, written in 1759, refers to it as a 'trade now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement'; and he continues by saying, referring to the filling up of newspapers with advertisements, 'The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity.' It is our silly habit to think of Dr. Johnson, when we think of him at all, as ponderous and old-fashioned; ponderous he sometimes was, but he is quite up-to-date in calling advertisers 'sagacious.'

As I cannot suppose that my reader has at hand a newspaper containing such advertisements as called forth Dr. Johnson's encomiums, let me give a few examples taken almost at random from the *Daily Advertiser*.

Mr. Pinchbeck, Senior, Clock and Watchmaker from Tunbridge Wells, having through a long series of repeated injuries from his neighboring brother, Mr. Edward Pinchbeck, been obliged to alter his Sign, takes this method of informing the Public, that his, the said Pinchbeck senior's Sign is

now only his late Father's Head, exactly opposite the Sun Tavern in Fleet Street.

Trouble was brewing, evidently, in the Pinchbeck family. "Thomas Madge, Watchmaker" was more fortunate: he announced that he was

Apprentice to the late Mr. Graham, and carries on the business in the same manner Mr. Graham did, at the Sign of the Dial opposite the Bolt and Tun in Fleet Street.

Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* was proclaimed to the world in this fashion, the announcement occupying a space of a little more than an inch single column:—

This day is published in Two Volumes Folio Mr. S. Johnson's Dictionary of the English language. In which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by Examples from the Best Writers. To which are prefixed a History of the Language and an English Grammar. Printed for A. Millar.

And then follows the long list of booksellers financially interested in the venture.

As might be expected, 'cures' for the diseases, real or imaginary, which plagued our forefathers occupied much space in the public prints, and of all the nostrums compounded by the apothecaries, — and their name is legion, — nothing was more advertised and consumed in greater quantities than Dr. James's Fever Powders. (Incidentally they killed Oliver Goldsmith, and Horace Walpole said he would take them if the house was on fire.) They were advertised as a 'genuine medicine,' and genuine medicines were prescribed by the pound or quart, as the apothecaries were not to be outdone in rigor by the surgeons, who 'let blood' by the bucket at the slightest provocation. Prior to the introduction of Dover's Powders and James's Powders, a man in a high fever, if highly placed, might be considered worth as much as sixty pounds to his apothecary. Is it any wonder, then,

that well-advertised and fairly efficacious drugs, to be had for a few shillings, made fortunes for their proprietors? All the more since they were in competition with such household remedies as 'Syrup of Snails' or a 'broth' made of spiders ground fine with opium in a mortar and reduced to a liquid by the addition of hot wine, to be drunk in bed, 'covered up warm and sweating.' What constitutions we must have inherited from our ancestors, since only the robust could have survived.

Such changes as have taken place in English newspaper advertising came slowly, and these have not been to the advantage of the appearance of the newspaper. A generation ago display advertising was almost unknown. Then, if a man wanted to occupy the space of a column, say, he made a brief statement and repeated it several, perhaps as many as a dozen, times. There was, and for aught I know, still may be, a famous remedy, 'Beecham's Pills,' with which was coupled what we would to-day call a slogan, 'Worth a guinea a box.' No matter where one turned, one read, 'Beecham's Pills, Worth a guinea a box'; or one could, if one preferred, read it, 'Worth a guinea a box, Beecham's Pills.' A fortune was spent, and a larger fortune made, as one can still make a fortune by advertising, if the article advertised has merit, as I presume Beecham's Pills had. But steady: Mr. Beecham may by now be a knight or a peer or something. Yes, I have just looked him up in *Who's Who*. He is now 'Sir Joseph Beecham, Kt. cr. 1911; J. P., manufacturer and philanthropist,' etc., etc. Oh, yes, 'It pays to advertise.'

Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No possible, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever,—

as the song in *The Gondoliers* goes.

To-day we are more sophisticated, and what our advertising may become was very cleverly foretold in a recent

number of the *New Republic*, in an article in which it was suggested that a generation hence every reference in reading matter will be made to call attention to some article advertised. If, for example a story of an elopement is to be told, the hero, glancing at his watch (opposite the Elgin Watch advertisement), will say that it is time to start. 'But am I not to take my trunk?' (opposite the Indestructo Trunk advertisement) cries Betty. 'No,' says Jack, 'we can buy what we need in New York' (Biltmore Hotel); 'all we need is money' (American Express Cheques); 'and a few necessities' (Williams's Shaving Stick, Peppodent, and the rest). He glances at his automobile (Mercer), sees that the tires (United States) are in condition for a fast run, and helping Betty in, lights a cigarette (Camels) and in another moment the car has passed out of sight ('for fine roads use Tarvia').

It is, I think, rather curious that it is only recently that the National Association of Booksellers has considered advertising in a manner designed to increase the demand, not for any one special book, but for books in general; not for the product of any one publisher on sale at any particular shop, but advertising the object of which is to stimulate the habit of buying books — new books, old books, in a word, 'anything that's a book.' Of course it can be done. It will take time and money, but it is well worth doing.

III

Now for the sake of the discussion let me suggest a slogan — *Buy a Book a Week*. There are millions to whom this slogan will make no appeal, but there are millions who will be attracted by it — or a better one; millions who are not accustomed to buy books, and who will at first regard the slogan with amazement and as not intended for them.

The power of iteration and reiteration is not yet fully understood: it is worthy of, and doubtless has received, the attention of the psychologist. Gradually it will be made to appear that it is as disgraceful not to buy a book a week as it is to wear a celluloid collar or to use a gold toothpick. At present it occurs to relatively few people to buy books: tell them to; keep on telling them to; and after a while they will. And when a man is by way of forming the habit of buying books and reading them, you may tell him why he is doing so, and what he should buy, and whence.

Why should we read? Booklovers have spent much time inventing finely flowing sentences in reply to this question, which is more frequently answered than asked. Augustine Birrell, that fine old bookman, in a paragraph which betrays no effort at smartness, says in the preface to his edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*: 'Literature is meant to give pleasure, to excite interest, to banish solitude, to make the fireside more attractive than the tavern, to give joy to those who are still capable of joy, and — why should we not admit it? — to drug sorrow, and divert thought.' There is in this something of sadness — old age speaks rather than youth; but it is a very fine summary of the purpose of literature.

Before me on my writing-table is a dainty, dumpy volume bound in white cloth, and very much soiled, having for title, *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion*. It was given by its compiler, Alexander Ireland, to Mrs. James T. Fields, 'with sincere and heartfelt regards'; and as it contains all of the best things ever said in praise of books and reading, I have, since I had this subject in mind, read it through from cover to cover, hoping that I might get from it a note of inspiration for this paper; but I have not done so. No, the *Enchiridion* is designed for the use and delectation of those

who already understand the love of books. Many a time I have taken it up for ten or twenty minutes when I should have been in bed; but the excerpts of which it is composed are too exquisite, too dainty, too imaginative, for my present purpose, which is to suggest that a man in the street may be shamed at the thought that he has no books. Of what use is it to tell such a one, as Emerson does, 'Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all countries in a thousand years.' I, sitting in my library, am flattered that such a statement appeals to me: it suggests that I feel at home in such company; but tell the average man in a hurry that, if he will pause for a moment, he may meet 'the wisest and wittiest,' and he will reply, 'I should worry,' or some such inanity, and pass on.

No! a man must be told flatly, peremptorily, to *Buy a Book a Week*, and — not at first, but after a time — he will do it. Clubs might be formed and buttons worn; and long before this point is reached, indeed, at the very outset, the whole subject should be turned over to the best expert advertising opinion, that the matter may be carefully studied. This will take time and money, but the thing need not be done in a hurry; the book-trade has survived for centuries without such stimulation as I am suggesting. A year may well be spent in preparing such a campaign; as for the money, there should be no difficulty: a small fraction of one per cent of the total book-sales of the country should be levied on every bookseller, wholesale as well as retail — from such an important publisher as Macmillan in New York to such a high, eccentric retailer as George Rigby in Philadelphia. This tax should produce such a sum as would secure the best advertising talent in the country.

'Do it electrically' has long been a slogan in the game with which I am in some measure familiar. Do what? Anything: melt copper or freeze cream; drive a ship or a needle. '*Buy a Book a Week.*' What book? Any book, — *The Four Horsemen* or *The Education of Henry Adams*, — and sooner or later we shall have a book-buying public, not merely a group of scattered individuals, to whom 'a home without books is like a room without windows.'

The study of advertising is the study of national temperaments. Advertising is a form of boasting, and we Americans are the greatest advertisers in the world: the French know little or nothing of it, and the English relatively little. 'Privacy' is their watchword; 'publicity' is ours. If one wants a thing in England, one has to hunt for it; with us, the greatest difficulty is to escape from things one does not want. Advertising is, in general, but little understood. We all advertise; a silk hat and a box at the opera are forms of advertising, — by such means one advertises one's arrival in society, — but a professional man must be more subtle than a tradesman. I have always maintained that a successful tradesman is more to be envied than any other person in the world: he is not obliged to wear a silk hat; he advertises frankly, 'Here are candles, three for a penny'; the inference is, take them or leave them.

But we were speaking of slogans. Think for a moment of the force of a catchword or phrase many million times repeated. Politicians spend much time inventing slogans, but no one used them more successfully than Roosevelt, with his 'Predatory Rich' and his 'Big Stick' and a hundred others. In general, slogans stick; they may be used as a foundation on which a superstructure of publicity may be erected, or as the capstone of an advertising campaign.

From my point of view, any word or

phrase or picture or thing which is identified with or instantly calls to mind another thing is a slogan. Does any American, steaming past the Rock of Gibraltar, see it without thinking of a certain insurance company, or see the whiff of steam floating from a white marble pyramid as he enters New York Harbor without associating it with a trust company of almost limitless resources? 'You push the button'; 'Ask the man who owns one'; 'It floats' — there are hundreds and thousands of them, bits of property of almost incalculable value, because they are recorded in the minds of millions, rather than because they are registered in the United States Patent Office.

I cannot believe that any enlightened association, such as the American Booksellers' Association is, will ever use, whatever advertising method it adopts, the out-of-doors signs which are such blisters upon our landscape. As if to make the approach to our cities and towns more hideous than they already are, 'concessions' are secured and immense signs erected, calling attention to the merits of someone's oil as a lubricant, either for one's motor or one's bowels. Such advertising is positively loathsome, and sooner or later it will be stopped. Question my friend Joe Pennell's methods if you will (I have heard him spoken of as one who never said a kind word or did an unkind thing to anyone), he is certainly right when he says that these great signs are a national disgrace and should be taxed out of existence. And in times like these, when lumber for legitimate building is expensive and transportation difficult, it is almost a crime to use millions of feet of lumber in erecting these hideous defilements of our highways. Should a man stand outside my gate and beat a drum night and day, he would ultimately be taken either to a hospital or to an undertaker's; and those who make our

country hideous with their shrieking signs should suffer the same fate. As for bill-board advertising, the case of our towns is indeed desperate; but I am not altogether without hope.

There are plenty of proper advertising media: of newspapers and magazines, having a total circulation of hundreds of millions, there is no lack; while, in spite of the fact that the unskilled laborer now has his automobile, many of us still hang on straps in trolley-cars and our minds might well be stimulated the while. And I do not despair of bookshop windows being made at least as attractive as those displaying — what shall I say? — men's hats. Let me expand this idea a little, if idea it is. Shop-windows have an immense advertising value; too frequently they are decorated by the shipping clerk, on a principle which I have never clearly understood. I offer the following suggestion.

Let a window (always the same window), or a portion of a window (always the same portion), — against a background of best sellers, if necessary; but I suggest a silken, sad, uncertain curtain, — be devoted always to a display relating to some author, the anniversary of whose birthday or death-day is approaching. For example, take Rudyard Kipling—with the exception of Thomas Hardy the most distinguished literary man now living. Suppose that on December 30, 1920, we secure a photograph or other portrait and announce on a suitable card, 'Rudyard Kipling is 55 years old to-day.' Then suppose we surround the man with his works, — first editions, — autograph letters, souvenirs, etc., if available; and if they are not in stock, perhaps, if we are in

Philadelphia, and on good terms with the owner of such a superb collection as Ellis Ames Ballard's, we may secure the loan for a day or two of a few items which will cause the initiated in such matters to rub his eyes in amazement.

The idea may be expanded, and details added, to such an extent that, in course of time, that constantly changing exhibit will be a liberal education. It will have a drawing power that people will be unable to resist. They will cross the street to look at it; they will think of it and speak of it, and be glad to establish relations with its owners. How pleased we are when the head waiter of a well-established restaurant addresses us by name when we enter! A bookshop may hold the same thrill for us.

But you may say, 'All this costs money and takes time; I have no one available for such a job.' My reply is that such work could be syndicated and its cost divided among many. Miss Bessie Graham, already an honorary member of the American Booksellers' Association and well known by reason of her classes and papers on Bookselling, is admirably fitted to superintend the preparation and distribution of such suggestions as would be timely, stimulating, and helpful. Bookshops can and should furnish a sort of post-graduate course in literature. Let the campaign of education go forward: and let us so carry it on that every he or she who reads may run — to the nearest bookshop. I am not an advertising agency. Dr. Johnson called advertising a trade; I would call it a profession, rather: the subject should be carefully studied by someone of special aptitude and training.

MAKING OF MANY BOOKS

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

I

To seek the principal cause of the paper shortage and the consequent present troubles of authors and publishers and the world of books generally, — troubles so great that they threaten extinction of the production of some of our best forms of literature, and point to the possibility of stopping the publication of many works of science and art, — one must go back to the day when Congress passed a bill authorizing the mailing of popular magazines at the cent per pound rate. This law, which enabled the magazine proprietor to distribute his product — the low-priced magazine — at less than the then prevailing low rates for freight, and at less than the actual cost of the distribution by the government postal service, was in effect a subsidy to the publisher of the low-priced popular magazine, and on that subsidy the enormous fortunes which have been made in this field of enterprise have been built.

Probably the Congress which passed this measure did not pass it with the object of enabling the popular-magazine owner to amass a swollen fortune; and may have been surprised to learn that this was the principal result of the bill, the avowed object of which was to spread the habit of reading and to increase the educational opportunities of the masses of our population. This bill was not, however, the only piece of good fortune which Congress was to throw into the lap of the popular magazine. Some years after it became

law, another Congress, under the pressure of the Great War, passed the excess-profits tax, and then indeed the cup of the popular-magazine owner became full and running over, and huge fortunes were amassed yearly or even monthly, in the case of some of the more popular journals, notwithstanding the fact that one of these magazines, which sells for fifteen cents per copy, actually costs over forty cents to produce, and that most of them cost to manufacture more than the retail price.

If you are a subscriber to one of the more popular magazines of the time, you must have noted with surprise its constantly increasing bulk: the usual 100 pages have become 200, or even 400 in some cases. How can the proprietor be so generous in these days of greatly increased costs and of scarcity of paper? It was with no surprise, under the circumstances, that you learned that the circulation had gone up from 500,000 to over 2,000,000, as has been the case with one of these magazines, while the circulation of nearly all of them has greatly increased under the stimulus of the enormous increase in wages which has made the outside of many of our factories during working hours resemble the parking-space at a race-course, so numerous are the automobiles now owned by the workers.

The mystery of the increase in size would have been explained if you had examined the advertising pages, which alone, in most cases, account for the

enlarged bulk, no increase whatever in the amount of reading matter being included. Indeed, as one editor of a popular magazine said to me recently, 'my only trouble to-day is to find space for the reading matter at all, and I only put in enough to carry the advertising.'

The inhabitants of all countries that I have visited, however unlike they may be in many things, have at least one trait in common — an almost universal dislike of the tax-collector; and the Tax Department of our Treasury is so unfair, so dilatory, and so inefficient in its dealings with us, that this dislike is intensified to such a degree that the ordinary citizen will do anything that he may lawfully do, take any steps within his power, to cut down his taxes and thus decrease the receipts of the Department; and, as Professor T. S. Adams has pointed out in a recent article in the *Evening Post*, 'If taxpayers in large numbers earnestly determine to evade a tax, in the long run most of them will succeed.'

'Why do you advertise in — ?' I recently asked the president of a large Western corporation whom I met at lunch, naming one of the most expensive (from the advertising standpoint) of the magazines. 'You always have more orders than you can fill, and you say that you cannot get enough material to supply the demand which already exists. Why advertise for more?'

'Well, you know,' he said, 'we like to see our names in print, and advertising can be charged to business expenses, and such expenses reduce the excess-profits tax, which is an iniquitous and unfair tax anyway.'

If my fair-minded reader will examine carefully the advertising now displayed so lavishly in the newspapers and magazines, he will find in most cases no better reasons for it than those given so frankly by this Western manufacturer.

'Standardize your product,' is the advice that the paper-manufacturer gives to-day to the book-publisher. The government began this movement during the war by requiring that papers should be made only in certain specified sizes and weights. It is impossible, however, for the true publisher who loves his profession to follow this advice. He takes a manuscript from its author, reads and accepts it, and at once forms an idea how such a book should look when presented to the public — what its size should be, its bulk, and its embellishments. The appearance of a book, he argues, should be worthy of its contents, and for the most worth-while books the paper should be specially made of a size and quality to fit the book. The magazine editor, however, can follow the paper-maker's rule without trouble; the manufacture of his product never varies; and the result is that he gets the bulk of the paper now manufactured, and the book-publisher, who cannot standardize his product, and who refuses to make all his books like a row of bricks, must take what paper is left or go without. Book-paper, which, before the war, sold for about five cents per pound, is now, when obtainable, from 16 to 22 cents per pound, the price varying according to the dealer's estimate of the urgency of one's need of paper.

I do not, of course, intend to accuse the magazines of being the sole cause of the present serious shortage of book-paper. There is a real scarcity of pulp and other paper-making material, and among other paper-wasters the government itself is by no means the least sinner; but there is no doubt that the paper-shortage is greatly aggravated by, even if it is not principally due to, the excessive use of paper by the magazines for the printing of advertisements, the distribution of which is made possible by what amounts to a government sub-

sidy. Neither is it a matter of doubt that the many millions of dollars spent annually in advertising of this description are added to the price of commodities sold, and that this expenditure is one of the principal causes of our present high cost of living.

When a publisher has, usually after much trouble and delay, secured the paper on which to print his author's book, he comes next in contact with the printing and binding unions, which have obtained such large increases in the wages of the people engaged in those trades that the cost of printing has doubled in recent years, and that of binding has nearly or quite trebled. This is bad enough from the standpoint of the book-publisher; but wages are only a part of the trouble, the worst feature being the shortage of help in these processes of manufacture. This comes about in two ways. The trades have been closely unionized for years, with a limitation of apprentices, so that there is now an actual shortage of trained workers; and the wages in one of these trades are now so high that many workers find that three or four days' work a week gives them sufficient for their needs, and they will not work more than that; and you cannot replace them because there are no unemployed trained workers; so that it is a common complaint among proprietors of these establishments that they cannot get their employees to produce up to more than 65 per cent of their normal capacity.

Recently, in one of these trades, after a further large advance in wages had been demanded, it was decided that a meeting of the workers and publishers should be arranged; and at this meeting it was pointed out, in a long and careful statement, that books had been increased only one third in price, whereas wages had been more than doubled, and that the reading public was already becoming restive, and disinclined to pay

the increased prices. The statement was interrupted by a leader of the union in question with 'To h—— with you! We're going to get ours.' And the demand for the increased wage was then unanimously voted by the members of the union.

If any of my readers should be surprised at this statement, or if they are not aware of the extent to which the labor unions now 'rule the roost' in this country, I will cite another case of action by a union, which has had a material effect in increasing the cost of books. This union, which manufactures a product largely used by publishers in making up their books for publication, after procuring an advance in wages on several occasions by threats of strikes, with the result of an increase in cost of their product to the publishers of over 100 per cent, appointed a delegation of their members and union leaders to wait upon the owners of the plants where the product is manufactured. Under threat of a strike, this committee induced the manufacturers to put into effect another advance of over 100 per cent in the cost of their product, demanding, however, that they pay over to the members of the union the greater part of this advance, in the form of wages.

It was necessary to make sure that the new prices for the product, as dictated by the union, were charged; accordingly, a committee of accountants was appointed by it, to examine the books of the manufacturers in question, in order to see that none of the product was sold at lower prices. This action of the union in question was brought to the attention of the district attorney, who decided, so I am informed, that under the statutes no action could be taken against the union; whereas if the methods outlined had been inaugurated by the manufacturers themselves, they would have been subject to heavy fines and possible imprisonment.

I do not wish my readers to infer that I, or that publishers generally, have any hostility to labor or any lack of friendliness for labor unions; but for some of the union leaders, who constantly and harmfully delude the actual workers, no criticism can be too harsh. The more far-sighted leaders and union men, of course, deplore the abuses that have, perhaps naturally, attended the development of the power of the unions; and we may all hope to see before very long a better spirit of coöperation on the part of these organizations, as the common interests of labor, capital, and the public come to be more fully realized.

II

The reader who has followed me thus far will be interested, I think, in the following statement of cost and return on a new book published last month by one of the large publishers for an author of international reputation.

FIRST EDITION 2500 COPIES

Plate cost per copy	\$.12
Paper " " "22
Printing " " "05 $\frac{1}{4}$
Binding " " "24 $\frac{3}{4}$
Sundry manufacturing charges per copy02
Author's royalty per copy37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Overhead charges, <i>i.e.</i> , rent, insurance, clerk hire, etc.37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Advertising cost per copy10
<i>Total Cost</i>	<hr/> \$1.51

The publisher sells almost exclusively to booksellers and others who sell the books at retail to the public.

The retail price of the book is \$2.50.

The average price received by the publishers from the sale of all copies of the book sold is. \$1.53

That is to say, the publishers derive a profit of two cents per copy, or \$50 in all, on gross sales of more than

\$3750, which even those who generally accuse publishers of making exorbitant profits will be willing to admit is pitifully inadequate.

A short time since, one of the large publishers engaged in publishing books of all classes issued a circular to his customers under the caption, 'Are We Profiteering?' and I am reproducing a part of this circular here (page 475).

It must be borne in mind, however, that the percentages of increase in the cost of books as given in this diagram were of two or three months ago, and that since that time there have been increases in paper-cost averaging 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, and increases in the cost of both printing and binding processes averaging somewhat less than 10 per cent additional.

The English publishers enjoy a much better demand for books of a serious character than obtains in this country. The first edition, for instance, of the book on which the detail of cost and return is given above, was 10,000 copies in England, while the American first edition was only 2500 copies. The English edition was practically all disposed of within the first month after publication; whereas only about one half of the first American edition was sold during the same time. After doing their best for several years, in spite of increasing costs, to keep down the prices of books to the public, English publishers have now, I think, frankly accepted the present situation as more or less permanent, and are making their new book-prices bear the same relation to cost that the prices before the war bore to the cost at that time. Thus, the book formerly published at \$1.50 now sells for \$3.00 or more, and the book formerly published at \$2.00 now sells for \$4.50 or more, the American equivalents of these new prices, when the books are sold in this country, being usually \$3.50 and \$5.00 or upward. I am told by the importers

MANUFACTURING PRICES vs. RETAIL PRICES OF BOOKS

	%	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400
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A. In the Composing-Room

Wages of Men	{								
	}				187.5				
Wages of Women	{								
	}				210				
Cost of Type	{								
	}				200				
Cost of Proving-Paper	{								
	}								400

1st line in each bracket:
Normal Costs in 1914.

2d line in each bracket:
Present Costs (1920).

B. At the Printer's

Wages	{								
	}				197				
Printers' Supplies	{								
	}				160				
Transportation	{								
	}				240				
Cost of Paper	{								
	}						300		

C. In the Bindery

Wages of Men	{								
	}				164				
Wages of Women	{								
	}				186				
Cost of Board	{								
	}						312.5		
Cost of Cloth	{								
	}						333.3		
Cost of Glue	{								
	}				173				
Cost of Thread	{								
	}				187.5				

Average Prices of Books	{								
	}				155				

that at these increased prices there is little demand for the new books. This must inevitably be the case when one remembers the limited incomes of the libraries, and the smaller and smaller proportion of these incomes which can be devoted to the purchase of books, owing to the increase in the cost of

library administration — and libraries purchase very much more than half of the serious books which are sold.

The American publishers, on the other hand, are still endeavoring to keep down the prices of books at retail, and have adopted various expedients to enable them to do this. Among other

experiments tried, there has been a general cheapening process under which books are being printed on greatly inferior paper and bound in flimsy and unsubstantial bindings — a most unwise step, in that such practices greatly decrease the satisfaction of the purchaser and tend to eliminate the booklover as a buyer of current new books.

Some of the publishers have, too, endeavored to obtain from authors permission to pay royalties based upon the old retail prices of the books, notwithstanding the fact that these retail prices have been considerably advanced. Here again, I think, a mistake has been made, in that the custom of the trade ever since it became a trade has been to pay author's royalties on the retail price, or amount received. The author's return from the sale of his books, except in the cases of some novels and schoolbooks, is small enough, in all conscience, most of the books of the better class returning to their authors, even after some years of life, a sum insufficient to repay them in any adequate measure for the time and work spent in preparing their books.

The question of issuing books in paper covers, after the continental fashion, has recently been discussed in the trade and elsewhere, by a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, who argues in favor of the experiment, pointing out that the present conditions are 'making it harder and harder to find publishers for meritorious books.' Even if it were possible to get the booksellers and the libraries to buy paper-covered volumes, — which it is not, — the adoption of that expedient would not help us much, as the resulting saving would be only from 12 to 15 cents on a volume, and a book which now sells for \$2.00 or \$2.50 when bound in cloth would certainly seem no cheaper if sold in paper covers at \$1.85 or \$2.35.

It seems to me that it would be far

wiser for the American publishing trade to recognize the present situation in regard to cost as likely to be permanent, and, following the example of the English publishers, to raise the prices of their books at retail to an extent which will give them a fair and reasonable profit from their sale.

It is true that, in the few cases where prices of new books have been raised in proportion to the increase in cost, a decreased sale has been observed, booksellers complaining that their customers will not buy books of this class at such high prices. The inevitable result is an eventual decrease in the number of such books published.

If this aversion of the public to higher prices for books should have the effect of decreasing the sale of the current novel, and perhaps of some other books, many of which are equally undesirable, it might be held that the present high cost of manufacture is, after all, a boon to the public; but unfortunately it is not novels, or books of that class, which are likely to suffer seriously in this respect.

The novel, for instance, has wholly changed its method of distribution to the public in recent years, most novels being now sold in the first place to circulating and other libraries, and being rented by the public rather than purchased; so that, while the number of readers of such books is very greatly increased, the sale of the books themselves has probably not increased at all, or only to a slight extent. The books which are likely to suffer most because of the increased prices at which they must eventually be published are those works of importance in literature, in science, and in art, for which the public demand is usually very small in any case, and which under the new circumstances are likely to fail of publication altogether.

There is, notwithstanding, only one

possible solution, it seems to me, of the problem which confronts the publisher, the author, and the book-reading public, and that is to increase the prices of books so as to ensure a fair return on the present greatly advanced costs. The publisher is not at present getting anything like a reasonable return for his outlay and labor, and the author is in danger of finding his book unpublishable because it cannot be sold at a profit. Prices of books must be raised in proportion to their increased costs, and books will then sell at about double their pre-war prices, which, after all, is exactly what has happened in the case

of foods and the other necessities and luxuries of life.

The book-reading public, despite its present disposition to resent the advancing prices of books, will, I feel sure, when once it understands the necessity of the change, and that there is no question of profiteering on the part of the publisher and the bookseller, accept the situation cheerfully, and purchase and read the abundant new literature which must be born in increasing volume, and which must be published in order to interpret the thought and expression of a great nation in the years to come.

HOBBY FODDER

BY ROBERT M. GAY

Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys for thee?

NOR since the seventeenth century has it been safe to be unscientifically scientific. In that somewhat peculiar century, and in most of the centuries preceding it, a man could enjoy himself writing a treatise on whether barnacle geese hatch out of barnacles, or whether a horse-hair soaked in water will turn into a snake, or whether pigeons have any livers, spinning it all out of his own head and other people's books. This was great fun, and not so much a waste of time as people in our somewhat foolish century think.

For, while Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Aubrey's *Miscellanies* and Browne's *Vulgar Errors* may be very poor science, they are excellent Burton, Aubrey, and Browne, rich and racy.

Unhampered by our newfangled notions of thoroughness, accuracy, and research, these rare old boys knew how to keep science in its place. When they set out to be scientific, they had no intention of cramping their limbs within a Scientific Method. They required elbow-room. They had faith in their own invention. For them science was something they spun out of their own substance, as a silkworm its cocoon; and, when they ran out of silk, they borrowed.

A modern scientist could not get as much diversion out of the psychology of laughter as Burton got out of the anatomy of melancholy. The modern scientist is met at every turn by scientific considerations; he walks warily, like a man who is frightened by his own shadow, and must be always wondering whether his theories are sound,

his method legitimate, his facts accurately observed. Worst of all, he is compelled incessantly to assume the unnatural pose of impersonality. His deplorable condition of mind is due to his fear that the other scientists will catch him. He is morally intimidated.

And his trepidation he has communicated to the rest of us, so that a man who is unaffectedly, unscientifically scientific has become as rare as a white blackbird. We are all cowed by the accurate and efficient person. We are cabined and cribbed within a wall of statistics. Much as we might like to argue that a jellyfish is a vegetable, or an armadillo a crustacean, we do not dare, for fear of bringing down upon us an application of the Scientific Method.

Of all the kill-joys that ever stalked the earth, in short, this scientific method is the worst. If you once come to believe in it, your pleasure in science is gone. Your every delicate sprout of fancy, every fine web of speculation is in danger. You no sooner think up some amusingly ingenious way of accounting for something about which you know nothing, than along comes this blind fury with its abhorred shears to puncture your bubble.

Living under such a terrorism, is it any wonder if the scientific mind, at least as it records itself in books, strikes one as monotonous? What else could it be, submitting as it does to so many arbitrary restrictions? It runs under a handicap so heavy that often enough it cannot get started at all. I tried once, for example, to discuss with a zoölogist the subject of angels. We did not go very far, because he did not believe in angels. 'But there are no angels,' said he; as if that made any difference. Such poverty of resource fares badly in comparison with the affluence of a seventeenth-century unscientific scientist, who would have talked

all night on such edifying matter as whether angels are all males; whether they wear clothes, and how to account for Michael's armor and Ithuriel's spear; whether the anatomy of Israfel, whose heart-strings were a lute, bears any analogy to an æolian harp; whether the blood of angels is a transparent ichor; and whether the substance of angels is phenomenon or noumenon. With any sort of encouragement, he would have made a hobby of angels, and twenty years later would have published a *Celestial Fauna* of seven hundred pages, bristling with references and annotations. But his hobby-horse would never have run so far in curb-bit, martingale, and hobbles.

I may as well admit that I harbor a special grudge against the scientific method, because I blame it for the disappearance of the hobby — that gentle and engaging little animal, which our forefathers loved so well to mount, praying meanwhile, 'The gods give my hobby wings!' Now, a hobby loves succulent fodder. On a diet of mere fact it incontinently dries up; and our attics are full of desiccated hobbies, hanging there like geraniums in a cellar over winter, waiting for a new unscientific springtime. Doubtless, here and there, in bypaths and backwaters, one may still discover a solitary pursuing the quaint equestrianism known as hobby-riding; just as, now and then, in some secluded nook of a public park, one may come upon a knot of gray-beards absorbedly playing at bowls or skittles; but for the most part the demure little hobby is all but extinct. Its peculiar pace (not unlike that of a rocking-chair), in which there is more motion than progress, is perhaps too tame for an age given over to exhilarating pursuits. Feeling the need of crochet or infatuation, we are likely to go in for reform, in which the action of one's steed is violent and the illusion of

progress is perfect. It may be, too, that the solitariness of hobby-riding — for, like the knight-errant, the hobbyist usually rides alone — precludes its being a popular pastime in an age addicted to fad-riding in all its forms.

Unlike the hobby, the fad is a gregarious animal, running in packs. Its intelligence is that known as mob-mind. Growing girls love it best; and yet it is not scorned as horseflesh by the most staid. Even such solemn people as educators are great fad-riders, and the fad, grown portly and cautious, is by no means unknown in the august halls of the university itself. Here he is called by strange names. When I was in the English graduate school, everybody there was riding Elizabethan Drama; five years later, Arthurian Cycle; and in another half-decade, Eighteenth-Century or French Fabliaux; and I have no doubt that in the other schools a similar series of genteel stampedes might have been observed.

We older people laugh at the fads of girls, forgetting that to the eye of the philosopher our own mounts may be as funny. A growing girl riding a fad is merely, like the rest of us, letting imitation perform most of the offices of thinking. She knows by a happy instinct that, since thinking is the prime destroyer of beauty, girls ought never to think. When we are puzzled to understand why she goes about, for example, with her overshoes unfastened, so that she looks at a distance like a Cochin China bantam, a second thought will convince us that there is nothing to understand. Her mind is as comfortably clear of ideas on this subject as on most others. She does so because it is the thing; and any tendency in her to philosophize about it would be a prognostic of homeliness.

A fad or fashion, nevertheless, is tyranny, even though the prisoner loves his chains — the tyranny of the Many;

but a hobby is the freedom of the One, unattached, irresponsible, autonomous. The best of all hobbies is therefore a thesis that is preposterous to everybody but the rider, such as that the Garden of Eden occupied the site of Evanston, Illinois, or that the Phœnicians sailed up the Charles River, or that the obelisk in Central Park is a relic of Rosicrucianism, or that Mark Twain wrote Poe's poems. To prepare a volume or two on such a subject, with plates in photo-facsimile, and, above all, based on a cipher or cryptogram — that is the hobby of hobbies; that is the finest efflorescence of unscientific science.

Thus to array ourselves against the world, so that we can say, with Coriolanus, '*I banish you!*' is, however, almost impossible in our day. The best we can do is to dedicate ourselves to research. In academic circles, a hobby is called a 'research,' somewhat as if a Bedouin should call his donkey a camel; but it is a hobby running in harness, and less notable for mettle than for endurance. A friend once told me of a scientific colleague who was writing a thesis in physics or psychology, I forget which, hoping eventually to be awarded as a prize for his toil the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This friend of my friend went into his backyard and tied a length of clothes-line from the top of the fence on one side to the top of the fence on the other. Then, with scrupulous care, he found, by means of plumb-line and steel tape-measure, the exact middle of the yard under the rope, and, with tape-measure and surveying instruments, located a point exactly fifty feet away on a line perpendicular to the line of the rope. This spot he marked by setting with minute circumspection a rectangular plate in the ground. He next, having first weighed ten white balls on an apothecary's scales in a vacuum, took his station on the plate, and with his

right hand tossed the balls in the direction of the rope, making a scientifically accurate record of the number that went over or did not. This operation completed, he repeated it with his left hand. Knowing that statistics are open to suspicion unless they deal with large numbers, he spent a part of each day, for several weeks, making the proper corrections for weight, temperature, and atmospheric pressure, until his throws numbered two thousand with each hand. The result was that he proved conclusively, and to the satisfaction of the most acrimonious scientist, that a right-handed man can throw better with his right hand than with his left.

I suspect a tinge of satire in this anecdote. Nevertheless, such a piece of research can fairly be accounted a hobby, though a rather poor one. Motion without progress, mild industry for a perfectly useless end, the gentle sedative of a slightly varied monotony, and just a touch of constantly recurrent excitement — all are here, and all are earmarks of the hobby: and yet how tame, how jejune, compared with the reckless capers and caprioles of the seventeenth-century pony, which was ready at any moment to jump over the moon.

Even dictionary-making has become a serious business. In the old days, there was some fun in compiling a dictionary. You had some space for play of the fancy, some scope for the exercise of taste. Having to give the etymology, let us suppose, of 'cribbage,' you looked at the word hard for a while, and noted that, except for two letters, it was exactly like 'cabbage'; and so you wrote on one slip of paper, 'CRIBBAGE: obviously derived from *cabbage*, *q.v.*'; and on another slip of paper, 'CABBAGE: possibly derived from *cribbage*, *q.v.*'; and went on to the next word. So far as I can see, the world was just

as well off and you were much happier than you could possibly have been if you had, as nowadays, thought it necessary to trace cribbage to the Arabic and cabbage to the Bengalese. As for definitions — not since Dr. Johnson's day has it been considered scholarly to record your prejudices, and to include reflections on your enemies, in a dictionary.

It is the spread of efficiency, whether academic or practical, which more than any other cause has been responsible for our loss of innocent frivolity. Lexicography has become efficient, but sad. Even indexing, which was once the well-nigh perfect hobby, sufficing as a woman's knitting, interminable as a college professor's dream of prosperity, has become as mechanical as writing sonnets. Many a man has been deluded by the advertisements of makers of office-appliances into compiling a card-index of his books, as a pastime. I once had this unhappy inspiration, and, not content with an author-title index, I was so mad as to begin an author-title-subject index. I had in my little library about nine hundred books, with the contents of most of which I was only slightly acquainted, while I knew the author and title (these being plainly printed on the back) of almost all of them. I had supposed in my innocence that each book dealt with one subject, or at most two or three; but I soon found that each dealt with nine hundred. So much the better hobby, thought I; and I began, and continued, to turn out cards with the regularity of one of the little presses seen in shop-windows, which print you a hundred visiting-cards for twenty-five cents. Day after day I recorded items like these: 'Dandelion Wine, Recipe for; Southey, R., *Commonplace Book*, II, p. 365'; 'Rainbow, Was there one before the Flood? Browne, Sir T., *Works*, II, p. 304'; 'Cattle, Wild Scotch; Scott, Sir W.,

Works, xvi, p. 451'; 'Porcupig, Egyptian; Daniel, G., *Merry England*, p. 353'; and so on and so on.

You can have no idea what a sensation of erudition this operation gave me. Here were nine hundred books, containing, roughly, eight hundred and ten thousand items of information, — mostly useless, it is true, but still information, — not ten of which items could I possibly have found if I had ever needed them; while now — or some years hence — I should have them all neatly recorded and alphabetically arranged; so accessible, in short, that they were all but inside my head.

Well, I went on, merrily as a wheel in a sluice, making cards and cards and cards, while my index-boxes grew to a pile that threatened to become a mountain; and then, one day, there swept over me the realization that I was in the grip of a demon that was alienating my friends, sapping my mentality, robbing me of leisure, morality, and the consolations of religion. From an innocent, even laudable ambition to become well-informed, I had sunk to the level of a creature who lived only to see the file grow. Moreover, I suddenly discovered that the nature of a subject-index is such that it always contains every subject except just the one you are looking for. How this can be, I cannot explain. The devil has his miracles as well as the saints, and this is one of them. Go into any library and look up in the subject-index any subject whatever, and it will not be there. The librarian will tell you that it is there; but, if you dare him to look, even he will not be able to find it.

The bearing of this experience on my subject is, I trust, obvious. We should never, as we value our souls, make a hobby of an office-appliance. Office-appliances are a modern form of diabolism, against which we should arm ourselves with the sword of nonchalance

and the armor of indifference. And all forms of mechanical efficiency are equally dangerous. Order and method are to be handled gingerly, like strong drink. And let us flee the efficiency expert as we should Beelzebub.

The classic illustration of efficiency is the carpenter driving nails. It must be twenty years ago that I first learned the astounding fact that it does not pay a carpenter to pick up the nails he drops, because the time spent in stooping is worth more than the nails. 'Any conscientious carpenter,' said my informant, 'will wish to be efficient.' A mistaken conscientiousness will prompt him to go down on his knees and find the lost nail and straighten it, if it is bent, even if he takes half an hour to do so; but an enlightened conscientiousness will lead him to use another nail.

This was all very well. For a moment, I could not help admiring the efficiency expert who first perceived the wastefulness of picking up nails, and the self-control of the carpenter who could restrain his natural impulse to pick up a nail, especially one that so deserved to be pounded good and hard. But soon I began to have doubts. Whose time, I now asked myself, would this devoted craftsman waste, if he should so far forget himself as to pick up a nail — his own, or his employer's? Surely, from his own point of view, whether the time was wasted would depend on whether he was paid by the 'piece' or by the day. I had a plumber in last week who (from my point of view) wasted three hours, conversing entertainingly with anyone who would listen, for one hour that he worked; but when I came to pay his bill for four hours' work, I realized that in the art (or shall we say hobby) of 'stretching a job' he had attained a finished efficiency. Our carpenter, too, might be so old-fashioned as to like to pick up nails, or might consider that time spent in look-

ing at the landscape or smoking his pipe or exercising his lumbar muscles was by no means wasted; and, in case he stopped work long enough to think a little, he might end by quitting work entirely, in order to go and denounce the efficiency expert as an insidious adjuvant of capital and privilege.

I became concerned for my carpenter, even though I looked upon him as a rather weak-minded person. 'If he so far succumbs to the wiles of the efficiency expert,' I reasoned, 'as to pick up no more nails, he will, before he realizes his danger, be asked to make a study of statistical tables and motion charts, which will show him how to eliminate (how your scientific scientist loves the word!) unnecessary movements; and, if he does not watch out, he will end by finding himself one hundred per cent efficient.' Remembering as I did that a steam-engine is only twenty-five per cent efficient, the thought of a man being one hundred per cent so made my head swim.

The only man, I concluded, who can safely make a hobby of efficiency is the efficiency expert. He does not have to follow his own theories, but only to write books about them. No one can begrudge him that pleasure: it is only when, with a Samuel Smilesian optimism, he falls to exhorting the laboring-man to make a hobby of his work, — a stamping-machine or a buttonholing machine or a steam drill or a compressed-air riveter, in all probability, — that he becomes worse than inept. Can it, I submit, be done? I could not make a pet of a compressed-air riveter, nor, with the best of intentions, could I embrace within my affections a buttonholing machine. I should try to run it

faithfully, of course; but, if I were on the lookout for a hobby, I should select a creature more temperamental.

The high-priests of efficiency, intoning the Gospel of Work and asking the congregation all to rise and join in singing 'MacAndrew's Hymn,' no longer thrill the laboring-man as once they did. After fifty years of watching the wheels go round, he is ready for recreation. He listens to the Gospel of Work with his tongue in his cheek, and lets his thoughts wander to what he intends to do during his hours of leisure.

I suggest that in a machine-made age like ours, in which we work in gangs and shifts; in which twenty men contribute to the making of a shoe; in which combination and organization and coöperation, and who knows what otherations, are the terms that characterize our business and labor; and in which we have become so thoroughly socialized that even the tramp and the hermit seem to have disappeared, it is time that somebody said a good word for the unscientific — that is, the creative — employment of our leisure hours. The time has come to fetch the hobby down from the attic, dust him off, give him a good meal of some pulpy fodder, mount, and set forth on a journey to the other side of the moon.

I had thought of presenting my prospectus of a Society for the Resuscitation of the Hobby; but I have just been reading the life of Florence Nightingale, and on page 110 of Volume I she says, 'Eschew Prospectuses; they're the devil, and make one sick. What do the cookery-books say? First catch your hare.' She is right; and, besides, I should be the last to wish to make the hobby a fad.

REMINISCENCE

BY AMORY HARE

IF I were dead, I would not miss
The things that were my deeper bliss.
I should be far too well at rest
For burning thoughts to fill my breast.
There, in the silence of the grave,
Content with what such stillness gave,
No yearning should disturb my will;
Yet, when the Spring ran through the hill,
Haply the wandering scent of her
Some consciousness in me might stir,
And with the blind roots' will I might
Grove back, remembering, toward the light.

Ah, God! To walk the world again
When all the fields are sweet with rain;
To come again when dusk is falling
And hear the tree-toad's drowsy calling;
To wander through the tufted clover
When Humble-bee's a busy lover;
Or stumble on some little grove
My loneliness had made me love;
To wear a cool green summer frock;
To hear the busy kitchen clock
Tick while the house is dark and still,
And vine-leaves at the window-sill
Whisper a small word to the grass
When desultory breezes pass;
Above a teacup's brim to gaze
At slow smoke rising through the blaze,

Or meet, perhaps, the friendly look
 Of eyes just lifted from a book;
 To see the tidy little towns
 Tucked in, asleep, beneath the downs;
 To ride a long day straight and hard,
 And come at dusk to stable-yard,
 Hearing the great beasts in the stalls
 Stamp, or rub softly 'gainst the walls,
 Or blow the dust from out the grain —
 Ah, God! to know these things again.

HOW GREAT IS THE GLORY OF KWANNON!

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

O lovely One — O thou Flower! With Thy beautiful face, with Thy beautiful eyes, pour light upon the world! — *Adoration to Kwannon.*

IN Japan, in the days of the remote Ancestors, near the little village of Shiobara, the river ran through rocks of a very strange blue color, and the bed of the river was also composed of these rocks, so that the clear water ran blue as turquoise gems to the sea.

The great forests murmured beside it, and through their swaying boughs was breathed the song of Eternity. Those who listen may hear if their ears are open. To others it is but the idle sighing of the wind.

Now, because of all this beauty, there stood in these forests a roughly built palace of unbarked wood, and here the great Emperor would come from City-Royal to seek rest for his doubtful thoughts and the cares of

State, turning aside often to see the moonlight in Shiobara. He sought also the free air and the sound of falling water, yet dearer to him than the plucked strings of *shō* and *biwa*. For he said, —

‘Where and how shall We find peace even for a moment, and afford Our heart refreshment even for a single second?’

And it seemed to him that he found such moments at Shiobara.

Only one of his great nobles would His Majesty bring with him — the Dainagon; and him he chose because he was a worthy and honorable person and very simple of heart.

There was yet another reason why the Son of Heaven inclined to the little Shiobara. It had reached the Emperor that a recluse of the utmost sanctity dwelt in that forest. His name was Semimaru. He had made himself a

small hut in the deep woods, much as a decrepit silkworm might spin its last cocoon; and there had the Peace found him.

It had also reached His Majesty that, although blind, he was exceedingly skilled in the art of playing the biwa, both in the Flowing Fount manner and the Woodpecker manner; and that, especially on nights when the moon was full, this aged man made such music as transported the soul. Such music His Majesty desired very greatly to hear.

Never had Semimaru left his hut save to gather wood or seek food, until the Divine Emperor commanded his attendance that he might soothe his august heart with music.

Now, on this night of nights the moon was full and the snow heavy on the pines, and the earth was white also; and when the moon shone through the boughs, it made a cold light like dawn, and the shadows of the trees were black upon it.

The attendants of His Majesty long since slept for sheer weariness, for the night was far spent; but the Emperor and the Dainagon still sat with their eyes fixed on the venerable Semimaru. For many hours he had played, drawing strange music from his biwa. Sometimes it had been like rain blowing over the plains of Adzuma, sometimes like the winds roaring down the passes of the Yoshino Mountains, and yet again like the voice of far cities. For many hours they listened without weariness, and thought that all the stories of the ancients might flow past them in that weird music which seemed to have neither beginning nor end.

'It is as the river that changes and changes not, and is ever and never the same,' said the Emperor in his own soul.

And certainly, had a voice announced to His Augustness that centuries were drifting by as he listened, he could have felt no surprise. Before them, as they

sat upon the silken floor-cushions, was a small shrine with a Buddha shelf, and a hanging picture of the Amida Buddha within it — the expression one of rapt peace. Figures of Fugen and Fudō were placed before the curtain doors of the shrine, looking up in adoration to the Blessed One. A small and aged pine tree was in a pot of gray porcelain from Chosen — the only ornament in the chamber.

Suddenly His Majesty became aware that the Dainagon as well had fallen asleep from weariness, and that the recluse was no longer playing, but was speaking in a still voice like a deeply flowing stream. The Emperor had observed no change from music to speech, nor could he recall when the music had ceased; so that it resembled a dream.

'When I first came here,' the Venerable One continued, 'it was not my intention to stay long in the forest. As each day dawned, I said, "In seven days I go." And again, "In seven." Yet have I not gone. The days glided by, and here have I attained to look on the beginnings of peace. Then wherefore should I go? for all life is within the soul. Shall the fish weary of his pool? And I, who through my blind eyes feel the moon illumining my forest by night and the sun by day, abide in peace, so that even the wild beasts press round to hear my music. I have come by a path overblown by autumn leaves. But I have come.'

Then said the Divine Emperor as if unconsciously, —

'Would that I also might come. But the august duties cannot easily be laid aside. And I have no wife — no son.'

And Semimaru, playing softly on the strings of his biwa, made no other answer; and His Majesty, collecting his thoughts, which had become, as it were, frozen with the cold and the quiet and the strange music, spoke thus, as in a waking dream: —

'Why have I not wedded? Because I have desired a bride beyond the women of earth, and of none such as I desire has the rumor reached me. Consider that Ancestor who wedded Her Shining Majesty. Evil and lovely was she, and the passions were loud about her. And so it is with women. Trouble and vexation of spirit, or instead a great weariness. But if the Blessed One would vouchsafe to my prayers a maiden of blossom and dew, with a heart as calm as moonlight, her would I wed. O Honorable One, whose wisdom surveys the universe, is there in all the world, near or far, such a one, that I may seek and find?'

And Semimaru, still making a very low music with his biwa, said this:—

'Supreme Master, where the Shiobara River breaks a way through the gorges to the sea dwelt a poor couple—the husband a wood-cutter. They had no children to aid in their toil, and daily the woman addressed her prayers for a son to the Bodhisattwa Kwannon, the Lady of Pity, who looketh down forever upon the sound of prayer. Very fervently she prayed, with such offerings as her poverty allowed; and on a certain night she dreamed this dream. At the shrine of the Senju Kwannon she knelt as was her custom, and that Great Lady, sitting enthroned upon the Lotos of Purity, opened her eyes slowly from her divine contemplation, and heard the prayer of the wood-cutter's wife. Then, stooping like a blown willow bough, she gathered a bud from the golden lotos plant that stood upon her altar, and breathed upon it, and it became pure white and living, and it exhaled a perfume like the flowers of Paradise. This flower that Lady of Pity flung into the bosom of her petitioner, and, closing her eyes, returned into her divine dream, while the woman awoke weeping for joy.

But when she sought in her bosom

for the lotos, it was gone. Of all this she boasted loudly to her folk and neighbors, and the more so when in due time she perceived herself to be with child; for, from that august favor she looked for nothing less than a son, radiant with the Five Ornaments of riches, health, longevity, beauty, and success. Yet, when her hour came, a girl was born, and blind.'

'Was she welcomed?' asked the dreaming voice of the Emperor.

'Augustness, but as a household drudge. For her food was cruelty and her drink tears. And the shrine of the Senju Kwannon was neglected by her parents because of the disappointment and shame of the unwanted gift. They believed that, lost in her divine contemplation, the Great Lady would not perceive this neglect. The Gods, however, are known by their great memories.'

'Her name?'

'Majesty, Tsuyu—Morning Dew. And like the morning dew, she shines in stillness. She has repaid good for evil to her evil parents, serving them with unwearied service.'

'What distinguishes her from others?'

'Augustness, a great peace: doubtless the shadow of the dream of the Holy Kwannon. She works, she smiles, as one who has tasted of content.'

'Has she beauty?'

'Supreme Master, am I not blind? But it is said she has no beauty that men should desire her. Her face is flat and round, and her eyes blind.'

'And yet content?'

'Philosophers might envy her calm. And her blindness is without doubt a grace from the excelling Pity; for could she see her own exceeding ugliness, she must weep for shame. But her sight is inward, and she is well content.'

'Where does she dwell?'

'Supreme Majesty, far from here—where, in the heart of the woods, the river breaks through the rocks.'

'Venerable One, why have you told me this? I asked for a royal maiden, wise and beautiful, calm as the dawn, and you have told me of a wood-cutter's drudge, blind and ugly.'

And now Semimaru did not answer, but the tones of the biwa grew louder and clearer, and they rang like a song of triumph, and the Emperor could hear these words in the voice of the strings.

'She is beautiful as the night crowned with the moon and stars, for him who has eyes to see. Princess Splendor was dim beside her; Prince Fireshine, gloom. Her Shining Majesty was but a darkened glory before this maid. All beauty shines within her hidden eyes.'

And having uttered this, the music became wordless once more, but it still flowed on more and more softly, like a river that flows into the far distance.

The Emperor stared at the mats, musing; the light of the lamp was burning low. His heart said within him,—

'This maiden, cast like a flower from the hand of Kwannon Sama, will I see.'

And as he said this, the music had faded away into a thread-like smallness; and when, after long thought he raised his august head, he was alone save for the Dainagon, sleeping on the mats behind him, and the chamber was in darkness. Semimaru had departed in silence, and His Majesty, looking forth into the broad moonlight, could see the track of his feet on the shining snow, and the music came back very thinly, like spring rain in the trees. Once more he looked at the whiteness of the night, and then, stretching his august person on the mats, he slept amid dreams of sweet sound.

II

The next day, forbidding any to follow save the Dainagon, His Majesty went forth upon the frozen snow where the sun shone in a blinding whiteness.

They followed the track of Semimaru's feet far under the pine trees so heavy with their load of snow that they were bowed as if with fruit. And the track led on, and the air was so still that the cracking of a bough was like the blow of a hammer, and the sliding of a load of snow from a branch like the fall of an avalanche. Nor did they speak as they went. They listened, nor could they say for what.

Then, when they had gone a very great way, the track ceased suddenly, as if cut off, and at this spot, under the pines furred with snow, His Majesty became aware of a perfume so sweet that it was as if all the flowers of the earth haunted the place with their presence, and a music like the biwa of Semimaru was heard in the tree-tops. This sounded far off, like the whispering of rain when it falls in very small leaves; and presently it died away, and a voice followed after, singing, alone in the wood, so that the silence appeared to have been created that such a music might possess the world. So the Emperor stopped instantly, and the Dainagon behind him, and he heard these words:—

'In me the Heavenly Lotos grew,
The fibres ran from head to feet,
And my heart was the august Blossom.
Therefore the sweetness flowed through the
veins of my flesh,
And I breathed peace upon all the world,
And about me was my fragrance shed
That the souls of men should desire me.'

Now, as he listened, there came through the wood a maiden, bare-footed, save for grass sandals, and clad in coarse clothing, and she came up and passed them, still singing.

And when she had passed, His Majesty put up his hand to his eyes, like one dreaming, and said,—

'What have you seen?'

And the Dainagon answered,—

'Augustness, a country wench, flat-faced, ugly, and blind, and with a voice

like a crow. Has not your Majesty seen this?'

The Emperor, still shading his eyes, replied, —

'I saw a maiden so beautiful that Her Shining Majesty would be a black blot beside her. As she went, the spring and all its sweetness blew from her garments. Her robe was green with small gold flowers. Her eyes were closed, but she resembled a cherry tree, snowy with bloom and dew. Her voice was like the singing flowers of Paradise.'

The Dainagon looked at him with fear and compassion.

'Augustness, how should such a lady carry in her arms a bundle of firewood?'

'She bore in her hand three lotos flowers, and where each foot fell I saw a lotos bloom and vanish.'

They retraced their steps through the wood — His Majesty radiant as Prince Fireshine with the joy that filled his soul; the Dainagon darkened as Prince Firefade with fear, believing that the strange music of Semimaru had bewitched His Majesty, or that the maiden herself might have the power of the fox to bewilder and deceive, by shape-changing. Very sorrowful and care-full was his heart, for he loved his master.

That night His Majesty dreamed that he stood before the *kakemono* of the Amida Buddha, and that, as he raised his eyes in adoration to the Blessed Face, he beheld the images of Fugen and Fudō rise up and bow down before that One Who Is. Then, gliding in, before these Holinesses stood a figure, and it was the wood-cutter's daughter, homely and blinded. She stretched her hands upward as if invoking the Supreme Buddha, and then, turning to His Majesty, she smiled upon him, her eyes closed as in bliss unutterable. And he said aloud, 'Would that I might see her eyes'; and so saying, awoke in a great stillness of snow and moonlight.

Having waked, he said within himself, —

'This marvel will I wed, and she shall be my Empress be she lower than the Eta, and whether her face be lovely or homely. For she is certainly a flower dropped from the hand of the Divine.'

So, when the sun was high, His Majesty, again followed by the Dainagon, went through the forest, swiftly and like a man who sees his goal; and when they reached the place where the maiden went by, His Majesty straitly commanded the Dainagon that he should draw apart and leave him to speak with the maiden; yet that he should watch what befell.

So the Dainagon watched, and again he saw her come, very poorly clad and with bare feet that shrank from the snow in her grass sandals, bowed beneath a heavy load of wood upon her shoulders, and her face flat and homely, like a girl of the people, and her eyes blind and shut. As she came, she sang this: —

'The Eternal Way lies before him,
The Way that is made manifest in the Wise.
The Heart that loves reveals itself to man.
For now he draws nigh to the Source.
The night advances fast,
And lo! the moon shines bright.'

And to the Dainagon it seemed a harsh crying, nor could he distinguish any words at all.

But what His Majesty beheld was this. The evening had come and the moon was rising. The snow had melted. It was the full glory of spring, and the flowers sprang thick as stars upon the grass, and among them lotos flowers, great as the wheel of a chariot, white and shining with the luminance of the pearl, and within each of these was seated an incarnate Holiness, looking upward with joined hands. In the trees were the voices of the mystic Birds that are the utterance of the Blessed One, proclaiming in harmony

the Five Virtues, the Five Powers, the Seven Steps ascending to perfect Illumination, the Noble Eightfold Path, and all the Law. And, hearing, in the heart of the Son of Heaven awoke the Three Remembrances — the Remembrance of Him who is Blessed, Remembrance of the Law, and Remembrance of the Communion of the Assembly.

So, looking upward to the heavens, he beheld the Infinite Buddha, high and lifted up in a great raying glory. About Him were the exalted Bodhisattvas, the mighty Disciples, great Arhats all, and all the countless Angelhood. These rose up into the infinite until they could be seen but as a point of fire against the moon. With this golden multitude beyond all numbering was He.

Then, as His Majesty had seen in the dream of the night, the wood-cutter's daughter, moving through the flowers, like one blind that gropes his way, advanced before the Blessed Feet, and uplifting her hands did adoration; and her face he could not see, but his heart went with her, adoring also the Infinite Buddha seated in the calms of boundless light.

And enlightenment entered at his eyes, as a man that wakes from sleep, and suddenly he beheld the Maiden crowned, robed, and terrible in beauty, and her feet were stayed upon an open lotos, and his soul knew the Senju Kwannon herself, myriad-armed for the helping of mankind—even the love of the Buddha made manifest in flesh.

And turning, she smiled as in the vision; but his eyes being now clear, her blinded eyes were opened, and that glory who shall tell, as those living founts of Wisdom rayed upon him their ineffable light! In that ocean was his being drowned, and so, bowed before the Infinite Buddha, he received the Greater Illumination.

How great is the Glory of Kwannon!

When the radiance and the vision

were withdrawn, and only the moon looked over the trees, His Majesty rose upon his feet, and standing on the snow, surrounded with calm, he called to the Dainagon, and asked this:—

‘What have you seen?’

‘Augustness, nothing but the country wench, and moon and snow.’

‘And heard?’

‘Augustness, nothing but the harsh voice of the wood-cutter's daughter.’

‘And felt?’

‘Augustness, nothing but the bone-piercing cold.’

So His Majesty adored That which cannot be uttered, saying,—

‘So Wisdom, so Glory encompass us about, and we see them not, for we are blinded with illusion. Yet every stone is a jewel, and every clod is spirit, and to the hems of the Infinite Buddha all cling. Through the compassion of that supernal Mercy that walks the earth as the Bodhisattwa Kwannon am I admitted to wisdom and given sight and hearing. And what is all the world to that happy one who has beheld her eyes?’

And His Majesty returned through the forest.

When, the next day, he sent for the venerable Semimaru, that holy recluse had departed and none knew where. But still, when the moon is full, a strange music moves in the tree-tops of Shiobara.

III

Then His Sacred Majesty returned to City-Royal, having determined to retire into the quiet life, and there, abandoning the throne to a kinsman wise in greatness, he became a dweller in the deserted hut of Semimaru. His life, like a descending moon, approaching the hill that should hide it, was passed in meditation on that Incarnate Love and Compassion whose glory had

augustly been made manifest to him; and having cast aside all save the image of the Divine from his soul, His Majesty became even as that man who desired enlightenment of the Blessed One.

For that man, desiring instruction, gathered precious flowers, and journeyed to present them as an offering to the Gautama Buddha. Standing before Him he stretched forth both his hands, holding the flowers.

Then said the Holy One, looking upon his petitioner's right hand,—

'Loose your hold of these.'

And the man dropped the flowers from his right hand.

And again the Holy One said,—

'Loose your hold of these,' looking upon his left hand.

And, sorrowing, he dropped the flowers from his left hand.

And again the Master said,—

'Loose your hold of that which is neither in the right nor in the left.'

And the disciple said very pitifully,—

'Lord, of what should I loose my hold, for I have nothing left?'

And He looked upon him steadfastly.

Therefore, at last understanding, he emptied his soul of desire, and of fear that is the shadow of desire, and being enlightened, relinquished all burdens.

So was it also with His Majesty. In peace he dwelt; and becoming a great Arhat, in peace he departed to that Uttermost Joy where is that Blessed One made manifest in Pure Light.

As for the parents of that maiden, they entered after sore troubles into peace, having been remembered by the Infinite. For it is certain that the enemies also of the Supreme Buddha go to salvation by thinking on Him, even though it be against Him.

And he who tells this story makes this prayer to the Lady of Pity:—

'Grant me, I pray,
One dewdrop from Thy willow spray,
And in the double Lotos keep
My hidden heart asleep!'

How great is the Glory of Kwannon!

WAR AND ROMANCE

BY FRANCIS B. GUMMERE

I

WHEN historians come to tell of the great war for democracy, they will find no easy task, so far, at least, as the Allies are concerned, in the expected introductory survey. It will be hard to make even-song and morning-song accord; to recognize in the champions of democracy people who had spent several decades in discussing the causes of

democratic failure. These discussions began to be serious, and of intimate appeal, when Parkman, in the last pages of his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, put Western democracy upon a kind of probation, and Godkin, in a letter to Professor Norton, made the probation a mere respite, and Tennyson, in the 'gray thoughts' of *Locksley Hall Sixty*

Years After, recanted his democratic belief.

That was three-and-thirty years ago, the time when literature also began to lower the key; a whole generation has been nurtured in political and æsthetic mistrust. Croce's new criticism, which gained favor because of its breach with the past, and its contempt for system, for precedent, for law, made a long stride toward anarchy in art; while its positive doctrine, such as the welcome to free verse, the unquoting to the unquotable, implied ruin for all that had counted as classic. In short, men who looked to the signs of the times for the new year of 1914 had cause to predict the end of more than one 'auld sang' — the end of law in poetry; the end of hope and cheer in letters; the end of the classics, a 'gentleman's library' which bade fair in any case to vanish with the library's gentleman; the end of quotation, once innocent 'little language' of the lovers of literature, which had now come to be confession of imbecility; the end of literary convention; but chiefly the end of the middle classes and the consequent end of what had been known as democracy.

Then broke the war; and suddenly, as if over-night, men forgot their political pessimism and began to talk of democracy as vital, perennial, crescent, a thing to be taken for granted. Commonplace joined paradox to say that the chief feature of the end of an era is the refusal of the era to end, and that the close of this democratic age finds democracy, if not triumphant, at least militant and full of hope.

What wrought such a huge and sudden change of the political heart? It was not merely the crude logic of an appeal to arms. It was no reasoned revival of belief in the cause. The old vices and defects still abounded, while sundry props of democratic faith were visibly weaker. Labor, as one calls it, is a

very uncertain ally, and would fain have no politics at all; in Russia, where it seemed to share the belief of Mr. L. P. Jacks that state-idolatry is at the root of the world's present trouble, and where it tried to substitute the economic for the political problem, it has fallen headlong into ochlocracy. Science, theoretic or applied, which is justly regarded as democracy's best gift to the world, is wavering in its allegiance. One hears little now of that blessed word 'evolution' in its flattering equation with confederate social progress; while applied science has played a scurvy trick upon its old guardian. Mr. H. G. Wells, some years ago, saw science 'bending, like a beautiful goddess, over all the squat darkness of human life.' Now, if truth be told, we are afraid of science.

Above all, there was no literary prompting and preparation for the great change of heart; hardly a hint or a gesture of confidence in democracy came from literature. There was discussion, there was pleading, there was advice in plenty, from counsel of perfection to counsel of despair; but of such confidence and hope as Mill, at the height of democratic prosperity, put into his *Representative Government*, literature had not a word to say. In particular there was no 'Rousseau stuff,' as breezy writers now call it, to sing loud in the brain what was sung in the heart, and so drown all cynical comment. Whence, then, came the new hope and confidence and courage for this great crusade?

They came from romance, discredited romance, which had struck such deep roots in the political traditions of Englishman, Frenchman, and American that it lived there when it died everywhere else. Literature might ban romance, but statecraft cherished it. To invoke its spirit in our politics was to return to first principles; for while the

Declaration may be Rousseau, and the Constitution may be Montesquieu, both are documents of romance. The English case is no exception. We call the policies of Disraeli 'romantic'; but it was the liberal policy that really deserved the name, and Gladstone, with his appeal to the great middle class for justice, and his crusades against sanctioned atrocity, was the actual adventurer. French democracy was visibly born of romance. And so the romantic spirit was called to save democracy, for the good reason that democracy is itself a romantic adventure.

How else shall one describe our entrance into the war? Mr. Wilson's speeches were, one and all, romantic; appeal was taken less to the head than to the heart; and even the announcement of a tax or a bond was a call to crusade. Such poverty of logic and such wealth of sentiment as inspired my Uncle Toby's word about Le Fevre have filled all the famous declarations, even Lincoln's own, that democracy shall not die. If the democratic hosts had paused to think out their faith instead of feeling it, democracy would have died in good earnest.

II

Romance is doing all that for democracy. What is democracy doing, or intending to do, for romance? Outside of politics, romance has not a friend; its name has become an inclusive epithet of critical condemnation, its machinery has been scrapped, its ways all boarded up. An American critic, in a recent and most authoritative statement, declares the task of literature to be '*interpretation of modern life in the arena of the concrete*,' — only this, and nothing more, — naming Sincerity as chief literary virtue, and Idealism as the really dangerous lapse. Such a cult of sincerity, says the same authoritative voice,

brings it about that modern readers — our strong young man seems to have taken a vote — actually prefer *The Vanity of Human Wishes* to the best poem of Tennyson.

Now 'sincerity' is a tender word; but Lord Morley has proposed a plainer one. 'Low spirits,' he says, are 'what we call the mood in which we see things as they are' — that is, in the arena of the concrete. As for examples, there is better modern stuff than the shopworn compound of Dr. Johnson and Juvenal. Although the vivacity and wit of the problem-drama fail to mask its real depression, it has captured the stage; while Mr. Masters, pricking the bubbles, not only of romance, but of romantic democracy as well, in the remarks of one Hoheimer, a warrior, about the *pro patria* on his tomb, and fulfilling exactly that critical command to interpret life with absolute sincerity in the arena of the concrete, made the literary success of the day. And that day is now fairly forgotten.

Moreover, Mr. Masters really pointed out the inconsistency of our modern attitude toward romance in letters and romance in politics. A writer in the new reviews, for example, has to interpret modern life into literature at the lowest values, and wholly in the arena of the concrete; but in the political vision he must babble of green fields, see an earthly paradise to come, and say over and over the romantic creed of democracy. If, however, romance is right in politics, it ought to be right all along the line. If romance is essentially futile, why give it an artificial validity in politics? In consistency is strength; and the German, who was shocked at the flippant expressions of romantic sentiment over Louvain and Rheims from a people whose responsible critics and favorite authors have pronounced romantic sentiment to be officially dead, declared that his own amazing strength

was due to his consistency in dealing with both democracy and romance. A court-martial in the grand style has decided for democracy; does not its verdict carry as well the triumph of romance itself?

Creative German literature also deserted romance; but even the friends of Germany admit that the first fruits of this policy were very sour. It will not do to say that this was the international and general case as well. Others might kill romance; with the German it was suicide. He buried his own poetic glory when the drums and trappings of his two great romantic conquests, twelfth century and eighteenth alike, ceased to echo in his singing and his saying. As for his literature since 1870, a fairly clever copy of foreign models, no sane critic dares to praise it. Arno Holz, champion of the contemporary, the naturalistic, the arena of the concrete, putting it all to document, made of it a fair *reductio ad absurdum*. Gerhart Hauptmann brought real genius to it; but his backslidings into historical material, as opposed to the contemporary, and into romance, as opposed to the sincere, show his genius in its authentic work, and condemn the rest.

Otherwise, and by all his other literary spokesmen, the German's destructive work has been complete. He has so destroyed all trace of romance in politics that when he began his autocratic war, the majority of his Socialists, who still called themselves democrats, sold out their democracy and followed him, because they had no romantic impulses in them. He has so purged his literature and criticism and science of all romance, that he has sterilized them. For romance, as any record will show, is fecundity. The German is consistent: but the price of his consistency is too high, and the ultimate losses are too great. There remains another consistent way: to bid romance come back to

life and literature, as it has come back, or rather remained constant, to politics.

One of the lions in his way is criticism, the established dress and fashion of literature. Romance 'is not worn.' Another lion is our inveterate and false idea of what romance really means. A century ago, the 'physician of the iron age' made a diagnosis, still quoted at second or third hand, and declared romance to be laden with the seeds of death. He is directly quoted as saying that 'romantic is disease,' contrasted with 'classic' health. This misunderstood phrase of Goethe became canonical, and valid for the whole world of letters and art. It made Baumstark, a professor, write pleasantly about 'the rose-red romanticism of the sickly-sentimental Tacitus.' D. F. Strauss, in his clever satire of 1848, *A Romanticist on the Throne of the Casars*, compared Emperor Julian with the King of Prussia by laying stress upon the abnormal features of romance. Men have even called the present Hohenzollern 'romantic,' because he professed to turn back all the clocks, and to put out all the lights, and talked feverishly about Kaiser and God. Take it where one will, that mutilated word of Goethe's still prevails: the romantic spirit is invariably confused with its erratic and morbid manifestations.

For Goethe did not really read morbidness and romance as convertible terms, and thus reject his own *Faust*, the romantic masterpiece — which contains, moreover, a formal renunciation of his earlier doctrine about the classics. And what he said to Eckermann, in 1829, was simply his 'reaction,' as modern slang puts it, to certain horrible graveyard 'romances,' chiefly French, which he condemned in the same famous phrase, corrected by a reminder that on this reckoning the *Nibelungen Lay* should be thought as 'classic,' that is as 'healthy,' as Homer. He had such

horrors and sensationalisms in mind when, not far from the same time, he wrote his verses 'To the United States,' and hoped, if Americans took to authorship, they might be preserved from stories of 'knights, and robbers and ghosts'; happy folk, he cried, 'you have no ruined castles.' In brief, a profoundly vital force in letters and art was presented to the octogenarian under abnormal and morbid conditions; and in his testy moment he gave the name of the patient to the disease. So a belated Tory might make equation of democracy and the Terror. But democracy is not Robespierre: it is Lincoln, it is Cavour. Romance is not the graveyard horrors of which Goethe was reminded: it is the *Faery Queen*; it is the Elizabethan spirit, so unstable and yet so splendidly vital, incarnate in Raleigh; it is the *Tempest*, the *Antiquary*, the *Ancient Mariner*, *Pickwick*; it is George Meredith in the *Woods of Westminster*; Wordsworth in his first manner; Victor Hugo, absurdities and rant included, even in *Les Misérables*.

Romance is not to be defined by its single moods and phases — by Gieck's 'irony,' for example, or by Rousseau's famous 'sentiment of the past.' It is the audacious but not irresponsible treatment of fact. It is a spurning of such limits for the artist as that 'arena of the concrete,' and of such assumptions as ruled the recent discussion whether American literature represents American life. The best gifts of literature to life outweigh in value the gifts of life to literature. 'Justice' is such a gift. In literature which merely copies life it has no place; in 'happy endings' the critic calls it 'poetical,' a farce, a romantic figment; 'nature' knows nothing of it. But in that splendid lyric of the later *Faust*, Goethe tells of the origin of all such ideas: 'It is in our own hearts,' he says, 'we find what the whole world denies.' That is romantic gospel. Or take

the word of a practical critic, a great critic, Hazlitt, speaking of Wordsworth: 'He sees nothing loftier than human hopes, nothing deeper than the human heart.' These the poet may 'interpret.'

Romance, then, is in wide range the control and combination of facts by imagination and hope; in poetry it 'submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind.' The mediæval way, too often confused with the romantic, was to let imagination, in system, and hope, in dogma, not only control facts, but pervert, deny, and sometimes fabricate them. That is not romance. The rationalistic, 'sincere,' concrete way, is to submit the desires of the mind to the shows of things, to let facts sterilize imagination and obscure hope; it is the triumph of childless ideas. Of course, when imagination runs wild, it needs a cure. If Dickens had been in the habit of reading an ode of Horace every Sunday, Jonas Chuzzlewit would have been made believable. M. Anatole France's formula of irony and pity, as set forth in that classic passage of the *Jardin d'Épicure*, has its precious and comfortable uses, and in competent hands can make the battered conventions of romance look like cardboard castles. But here concession ends. Centripetal forces may never pose as vital energy, nor Mephistopheles as a creator. Common sense run wild, as in the case of Mr. G. B. Shaw, is far more abnormal and shocking than romance run wild; moreover, common sense always means compromise, and it follows the adventure. If it preceded, there would be no adventure — none of those fine leaps in the dark that are called progress and ought to be called romance.

III

Can romance come back, and if it does, can it speak otherwise than in the thin accents of a ghost? Precedents

give a favorable answer. Romance is fecundity; and whenever sterility seemed to be most triumphant, the romantic spirit has come again and again to letters, to the arts, to science, but 'not with observation,' never with crash of apocalyptic thunders to announce a new heaven and a new earth of poetry and prose. Innovators, to be sure, have a fixed idea that they are really doing something new—'new' poetry, for instance, which was welcomed by the great Frenchman a century and a half ago, much in its present form, as very regeneration of the art.

So, too, with the wider reach of prose. In his introduction to Donald Hankey's *Student in Arms*, Mr. Strachey says that the war is begetting a literature absolutely new in matter, style, essence, appeal; out of the unprecedented horror must spring an unprecedented fashion of feeling and expressing the facts of life; and he offers his student's book as a kind of prologue and example. But neither the forecast nor the evidence is impressive. There is more to say for the Socialist, with his new society and the new literature to match a wholly altered world, economic rather than political in its foundation lines; but revolutionary announcements and proofs of this kind have long been that 'continual renovation of hope' and that 'unvaried succession of disappointments' which Dr. Johnson noted for the writings of poor old Sheridan. Even Tolstoi's men and Ibsen's characters have not put Plutarch's men and Shakespeare's characters out of date: so soon as Socialism tries to be constructive in literature, it fails. It is so afraid of romance, which it takes to mean unreality, and of sentiment, which it restricts to a Victorian craving for Colonel Newcomes and Little Nells, that it never creates in the positive: all its literary successes are anarchistic, the drama of social disintegration and the epic of failure and

futility. So, too, extreme socialistic criticism is rarely constructive. Tolstoi's best novels are masterpieces of the 'sincere'; but have his widely praised theories of art and poetry brought anything new except to critics whose own *ars nesciendi* forbids them to seek lessons in the past? In any case, the socialistic 'novelties' are not likely to block the return of romance; what should be prayed for is the happy union of romance with those ideas of a saner and truer social democracy which shall replace the sterilized Socialism of Germany and the ochlocracy of Russia.

For romance must come back. It would seem, by precedents of every sort, that the deeper instincts of literature, its imaginative, hopeful, half-sibylline powers, are wont to move to the needs of such a cause as democracy in the day of its peril. In 1759 *Candide* and his strange mate *Rasselas* bade fair to set an everlasting negation upon romance; and the modern Socialist looks for some literary thunderbolt like *Candide* to be hurled against the false democratic romance of the war. But in 1759 also appeared the *Nouvelle Héloïse*; and its romance took Europe captive. Similar happenings followed the Napoleonic wars. Nor are signs lacking of a definite turn in the tide of romance, signs of a coming flood, slight and yet cheering, like those that Clough interpreted in his one perfect poem. The novelists seem really to be retreating from Russia; readers run from *Sinister Street* to *Green Mansions*. The change of spirit in Mr. Wells has had sufficient comment. Mr. Galsworthy, it is true, still paints in his favorite contemporary grays, picked out by that vivid sex-red; but Mr. Locke, in the 'happy ending' of his war novel, asserts the incorrigible optimism of romance.

The *donnée* is all for low spirits; but those battered folk, the mutilated serv-

ant ('Sancho Panza still!' he seems to cry), the emotionally wrecked heroine, the bedridden hero, or narrator, on whom the curtain falls at the right instant of wedding-bells, are just the old romantic group who insist that all is well in the worst of all possible worlds. Even the great master of the craft, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has composed the modern *Candide* in many versions, at last deviates into romantic ways. Typical 'sincerity' is his final report of Elizabeth Jane, of Casterbridge, — a great favorite of the author, one would guess, — who solves the problem of life both by cultivating her garden and by 'making limited opportunities endurable' by 'the cunning enlargement of those minute forms of satisfaction that offer themselves to everybody not in positive pain.' Less subtle, but effective, is his challenge to romance in the death-sentence of poetic justice on the last page of the *Trumpet-Major*, and in the arraignment of social justice at the close of *Tess*, and in the ironical solution of the tragedy of *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

In his verse, too, notably in his latest volume, *Moments of Vision*, sincerity achieves its masterpiece with a poem where the poet looks up from his writing to meet the moon's spectral gaze, and to hear her explain how she has been scanning pond and hole and waterway for the body of a suicide frenzied over a son 'slain in brutish battle'; but now, she says, she is curious to 'look

into the blinkered mind' of a man who can even think of writing a book 'in a world of such a kind.' These moments of vision are true to the spirit of the poet's earlier verse, when life 'bared its bones' to him, and left him with a glimpse of the baffled purpose at the end of every human path; but it must not be forgotten that the onset of war surprised Mr. Hardy into sounding the romantic note. His volume of verse called *Satires of Circumstance* was printing when the summons came in that memorable August, and Dorset men went off to fight and fall. The poet watches them, hears them chant the faith that is in them, and sets down, surely in praise and partnership, their song, —

'In our heart of hearts believing

Victory crowns the just . . .

Hence the faith and fire within us' —

Romance may come back hand in hand with justice to literature, where justice was first made known; for democracy lives only by the hope of justice; and justice was never yet discovered by low spirits in the arena of the concrete; this 'moment of vision' is pure romance, war's handsel to poetry for the new spirit of song. That chant of the Dorset men who march away is the only kind of music, the only kind of sentiment, with its faith and fire instead of sincerity's fear and chill, to which men will keep step, and in which, after the event, they are willing to remember their travail of soul.

IF SHAKESPEARE LIVED TO-DAY

BY LORD DUNSANY

NOTE. — *I do not imply or hint or in any way intend any comparison between Shakespeare and any living writer. I would consider any such comparison blasphemous. But I do compare the attitude of a numerous multitude toward contemporary genius with the attitude they would show to any other genius if it came their way unprotected by the sanction of antiquity and the immunity of the grave.*

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

SIR WEBLEY WOOTHERY-JURNIP }
MR. NEEKS } Members of the Olympus.

JERGENS. — An Old Waiter.

MR. TRUNDLEBEN. — Secretary of the Club.

MR. GLEEK. — Editor of the 'Banner and Evening Gazette,' and Member of the Olympus.

SCENE: *A room in the Olympus Club.*

TIME: *After luncheon.*

SIR WEBLEY WOOTHERY-JURNIP and MR. NEEKS sit by a small table. Farther away sits MR. GLEEK, the editor of 'The Banner and Evening Gazette.' SIR WEBLEY WOOTHERY-JURNIP rises and rings the bell by the fireplace. He returns to his seat.

MR. NEEKS

I see there 's a man called Mr. William Shakespeare putting up for the Club.

SIR WEBLEY

Shakespeare? Shakespeare? Shakespeare? I once knew a man called Shaker.

MR. NEEKS

No, it 's Shakespeare — Mr. William Shakespeare.

SIR WEBLEY

Shakespeare? Shakespeare? Do *you* know anything about him?

MR. NEEKS

Well, I don't exactly recall — I made sure that you —

SIR WEBLEY

The Secretary ought to be more careful. Waiter.

JERGENS

Yes, Sir Webley.

JERGINs comes forward.

SIR WEBLEY

Coffee, Jergins. Same as usual.

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And, Jergins —

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

There 's a man called Mr. William Shakespeare putting up for the Club.

JERGINs

I'm sorry to hear that, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, Jergins. Well, there it is, you see; and I want you to go up and ask Mr. Trundleben if he 'd come down.

JERGINs

Certainly, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And then get my coffee.

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley.

He goes slowly away.

NEEKs

He'll be able to tell us all about him.

SIR WEBLEY

At the same time, he should be more careful.

NEEKs

I'm afraid — I'm afraid he's getting rather — rather old.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh, I don't know; he was seventy only the other day. I don't call that too old — nowadays. He can't be now — he can't be more than — let me see — seventy-eight. Where does this Mr. Shaker live?

NEEKs

Shakespeare. Somewhere down in Warwickshire. A village called Bradford, I think, is the address he gives in the Candidates' Book.

SIR WEBLEY

Warwickshire. I do seem to remember something about him now. If he 's the same man, I certainly do. William Shakespeare, you said?

NEEKs

Yes, that 's the name.

SIR WILLIAM

Well, I certainly have heard about him, now you mention it.

NEEKS

Really? And what does he do?

SIR WEBLEY

Do? Well, from what I heard, he poaches.

NEEKS

Poaches?

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, a poacher. Trundleben deserves to get the sack for this. A poacher from the wilds of Warwickshire. I heard all about him. He got after the deer at Charlecote.

NEEKS

A poacher?

SIR WEBLEY

That's all he is, a poacher. A member of the Olympus! He'll be dropping in here one fine day with other people's rabbits in his pockets.

Enter JERGINs.

JERGINs

Your coffee, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

My coffee. I should think so. (*He sips it.*) One needs it.

He pays JERGINs.

JERGINs

Mr. Trundleben will be down at once, Sir Webley. I telephoned up to him.

SIR WEBLEY

Telephoned. Telephoned. The Club's getting more full of newfangled devices every day. I remember the time when — Thank you, Jergins.

JERGINs retires.

This is a pretty state of things, Neeks.

NEEKS

A pretty state of things indeed, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Ah, here's Trundleben.

NEEKS

He'll tell us all about it, Sir Webley. I'm sure he'll —

SIR WEBLEY

Ah, Trundleben. Come and sit down here. Come and —

TRUNDLEBEN

Thank you, Sir Webley. I think I will. I don't walk quite as well as I used, and what with —

SIR WEBLEY

What's all this we hear about this Mr. Shakespeare, Trundleben?

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, ah, well, yes; yes, indeed. Well, you see, Sir Webley, he was put up for the Club. Mr. Henry put him up.

SIR WEBLEY (*disapprovingly*)

Oh, Mr. Henry.

NEEKS

Yes, yes, yes. Long hair and all that.

SIR WEBLEY

I'm afraid so.

NEEKS

Writes poetry, I believe.

SIR WEBLEY

I'm afraid so.

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, then, what does Mr. Newton do but go and second him, and there you are, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, a pretty state of things. Has he—? Does he—? What is he?

TRUNDLEBEN

He seems to write, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh, he does, does he? What does he write?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I wrote and asked him that, Sir Webley, and *he* said plays.

SIR WEBLEY

Plays? Plays? Plays? I'm sure I never heard—What plays?

TRUNDLEBEN

I asked him that, Sir Webley, and he said—he sent me a list (*fumbling*). Ah, here it is.

He holds it high, far from his face, tilts his head back and looks down his nose through his glasses.

He says—let me see—'Hamelt,' or 'Hamlet': I don't know how he pronounces it. 'Hamelt,' 'Hamlet'; he spells it H-a-m-l-e-t. If you pronounce it the way one pronounces handle, it would be 'Hamelt,' but if—

SIR WEBLEY

What's it all about?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I gathered the scene was in Denmark.

NEEKS

Denmark! H'm. Another of those neutrals.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, I would n't so much mind where the scene of the play was put, if only it was a play one ever had heard of.

NEEKS

But those men who have much to do with neutrals are rather the men — don't you think, Sir Webley? — who —

SIR WEBLEY

Who want watching. I believe you're right, Neeks. And that type of unsuccessful playwright is just the kind of man I always rather —

NEEKS

That's rather what I feel, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

It would n't be a bad plan if we told somebody about him.

NEEKS

I think I know just the man, Sir Webley. I'll just drop him a line.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes; and if he's all right, there's no harm done; but I always suspect that kind of fellow. Well, what else, Trundleben? This is getting interesting.

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, Sir Webley, it's really very funny; but he sent me a list of the characters in this play of his, 'Hamelt'; and — and it's really rather delicious.

NEEKS

Yes?

SIR WEBLEY

Yes? What is it?

TRUNDLEBEN

He's got a *ghost* in his play. — He-he, he-he-he! — A ghost. He really has.

SIR WEBLEY

What! Not on the stage?

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, on the stage.

NEEKS

Well, well, well.

SIR WEBLEY

But that's absurd.

TRUNDLEBEN

I met Mr. Vass the other day — it was his four hundredth presentation of the 'Nighty' — and I told him about it. He said that bringing a ghost on the stage was, of course — er — ludicrous.

SIR WEBLEY

What else does he say he's done?

TRUNDLEBEN

Er — er — there's an absurdly long list — er — 'Macbeth.'

SIR WEBLEY

'Macbeth.' That's Irish.

NEEKS

Ah, yes. Abbey Theatre style of thing.

TRUNDLEBEN

I think I heard he offered it them. But of course —

SIR WEBLEY

No, quite so.

TRUNDLEBEN

I gathered it was all rather a — rather a sordid story.

SIR WEBLEY (*solemnly*)

Ah.

NEEKS, *with equal solemnity, wags his head.*

TRUNDLEBEN (*focusing his list again*)

Here's a very funny one. This is funnier than 'Hamlet.' 'The Tempest.' And the stage directions are 'The sea, with a ship.'

SIR WEBLEY (*laughs*)

Oh, that's lovely. That's really too good. The sea with a ship! And what's it all about?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I rather gathered that it was about a magician; and he — he makes a storm.

SIR WEBLEY

He makes a storm. Splendid! On the stage I suppose?

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, yes, on the stage.

SIR WEBLEY and NEEKS *laugh heartily.*

NEEKS

He'd — he'd have to be a magician for that, would n't he?

SIR WEBLEY

Ha, ha! Very good. He'd have to be a magician to do that, Trundleben.

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, indeed, Sir Webley: indeed he would, Mr. Neeks.

SIR WEBLEY

But that stage direction is priceless. I'd really like to copy that down if you'd let me. What is it? The sea with a ship? It's the funniest bit of the lot.

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, that's it, Sir Webley. Wait a moment; I have it here. The — the whole thing is 'The sea, with a ship, afterwards an island.' Very funny indeed.

SIR WEBLEY

Afterwards an island. That's very good too. Afterwards an island. I'll put that down also. (*He writes.*) And what else, Trundleben? What else?

TRUNDLEBEN *holds out his list again.*

TRUNDLEBEN

'The Tragedy of — of — King Richard the — the Second.'

SIR WEBLEY

But *was* his life a tragedy? *Was* it a tragedy, Neeks?

NEEKS

I — I — well, I'm not quite sure. I really don't think so. But I'll look it up.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, we can look it up.

TRUNDLEBEN

I think it was rather — perhaps *rather* tragic, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh, I don't say it was n't. No doubt. No doubt at all. That 's one thing. But to call his whole life a tragedy is — is quite another, what, Neeks?

NEEKS

Oh, quite another.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, certainly, Sir Webley. Tragedy is — er — is a very strong term indeed to — to apply to such a case.

SIR WEBLEY

He was probably out poaching when he should have been learning his history.

TRUNDLEBEN

I'm afraid so, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And what else, eh? Anything more?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, there are some poems, he says. (*Holds up a list.*)

SIR WEBLEY

And what are they about?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, there's one called — Oh, I'd really rather not mention that one; perhaps that had better be left out altogether.

NEEKS

Not — ?

SIR WEBLEY

Not quite —

TRUNDLEBEN

No, not at all.

SIR WEBLEY and NEEKS

H'm.

TRUNDLEBEN

Left out altogether. And then there are Sonnets, and — and — 'Venus and Adonis' — and — and — 'The Phoenix and the Turtle.'

SIR WEBLEY

The Phoenix and the what?

TRUNDLEBEN

The Turtle.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh. Go on.

TRUNDLEBEN

One called, 'The Passionate Pilgrim'; another, 'A Lover's Complaint.'

SIR WEBLEY

I think the whole thing's very regrettable.

NEEKS

I think so too, Sir Webley.

TRUNDLEBEN (*mournfully*)

And there've been no poets since poor Browning died; none at all. It's absurd for him to call himself a poet.

NEEKS

Quite so, Trundleben, quite so.

SIR WEBLEY

And all these plays. What does he mean by calling them plays? They've never been acted.

TRUNDLEBEN

Well — er — no, not exactly acted, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

What do you mean by not exactly, Trundleben?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I believe they were acted in America, though, of course, not in London.

SIR WEBLEY

In America! What's that got to do with it? America? Why, that's the other side of the Atlantic.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, yes, Sir Webley, I — I quite agree with you.

SIR WEBLEY

America! I dare say they did. I dare say they did act them. But that does n't make him a suitable member for the Olympus. Quite the contrary.

NEEKS

Oh, quite the contrary.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, certainly, Sir Webley, certainly.

SIR WEBLEY

I daresay 'Macbeth' would be the sort of thing that would appeal to Irish-Americans. *Just* the sort of thing.

TRUNDLEBEN

Very likely, Sir Webley, I'm sure.

SIR WEBLEY

Their game laws are very lax, I believe, over there. They probably took to him on account of his being a poacher.

TRUNDLEBEN

I've no doubt of it, Sir Webley. Very likely.

NEEKS

I expect that was just it.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, now, Trundleben, are we to ask the Olympus to elect a man who'll come in here with his pockets bulging with rabbits?

NEEKS

Rabbits and hares too.

SIR WEBLEY

And venison even, if you come to that.

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, indeed, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Thank God! the Olympus can get its haunch of venison without having to go to a man like that for it.

NEEKS

Yes, indeed.

TRUNDLEBEN

Indeed, I hope so.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, now, about those plays: I don't say we've absolute proof that the man's entirely hopeless. We must be sure of our ground.

NEEKS

Yes, quite so.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, I'm afraid, Sir Webley, they're very bad indeed. There are some quite unfortunate — er — references in them.

SIR WEBLEY

So I should have supposed. So I should have supposed.

NEEKS

Yes, yes, of course.

TRUNDLEBEN

For instance, in that play about that funny ship — I have a list of the characters here — and I'm afraid, well, er — er — you see for yourself. (*Hands paper.*) You see that is, I am afraid, in very bad taste, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Certainly, Trundleben, certainly. Very bad indeed.

NEEKS (*peering*)

Er — er — what is it, Sir Webley?

SIR WEBLEY (*pointing*)

That, you see.

NEEKS

A — a drunken butler! But most regrettable.

SIR WEBLEY

A very deserving class. A — a quite gratuitous slight. I don't say you might n't see one drunken butler —

TRUNDLEBEN

Quite so.

NEEKS

Yes, of course.

SIR WEBLEY

But to put it baldly on a programme like that is practically tantamount to implying that all butlers are drunken.

TRUNDLEBEN

Which is by no means true.

SIR WEBLEY

There would naturally be a protest of some sort, and to have a member of the Olympus mixed up with a controversy like that would be — er — naturally — er — most —

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, of course, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And then, of course, if he does a thing like that once —

NEEKS

There are probably other lapses just as deplorable.

TRUNDLEBEN

I have n't gone through his whole list, Sir Webley. I often feel about these modern writers that perhaps the less one looks the less one will find that might be — er —

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, quite so.

NEEKS

That is certainly true.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, we can't wade all through his list of characters to see if they are all suitable to be represented on a stage.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, no, Sir Webley, quite impossible there are — there are, I might say, hundreds of them.

SIR WEBLEY

Good gracious! He must have been wasting his time a great deal.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, a great deal, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

But we shall have to go further into this. We can't have—

NEEKS

I see Mr. Gleek sitting over there, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Why, yes, yes, so he is.

NEEKS

The *Banner and Evening Gazette* would know all about him, if there's anything to know.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, of course they would.

NEEKS

If we were to ask him.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, Trundleben, you may leave it to us. Mr. Neeks and I will talk it all over and see what's to be done.

TRUNDLEBEN

Thank you, Sir Webley. I'm really very sorry it all happened, very sorry indeed.

SIR WEBLEY

Very well, Trundleben, we'll see what's to be done. If nothing's known of him and his plays, you'll have to write and request him to withdraw his candidature. But we'll see, we'll see.

TRUNDLEBEN

Thank you, Sir Webley. I'm sure I'm very sorry it all occurred. Thank you, Mr. Neeks.

Exit TRUNDLEBEN, waddling slowly away.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, Neeks, that's what it will have to be. If nothing whatever's known of him, we can't have him putting up for the Olympus.

NEEKS

Quite so, Sir Webley. I'll call Mr. Gleek's attention.

He begins to rise, hopefully looking Gleekwards, when JERGINs comes between him and Mr. GLEEK; he has come to take away the coffee.

SIR WEBLEY

Times are changing, Jergins.

JERGINs

I'm afraid so, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Changing fast, and new members putting up for the Club.

JERGINs

Yes, I'm afraid so, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

You notice it too, Jergins?

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley; it's come all of a sudden. Only last week I saw —

SIR WEBLEY

Well, Jergins?

JERGINs

I saw Lord Pondleburrow wearing a —

SIR WEBLEY

Wearing what, Jergins?

JERGINs

Wearing one of those billycock hats, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, well, I suppose they've got to change; but not at that rate.

JERGINs

No, Sir Webley.

Exit, shaking his head as he goes.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, we must find out about this fellow.

NEEKs

Yes. I'll call Mr. Gleek's attention. He knows all about that sort of thing.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, yes. Just —

NEEKs rises and goes some of the way toward GLEEK's chair.

NEEKs

Er — er —

GLEEK (*looking round*)

Yes?

SIR WEBLEY

Do you know anything of a man called Mr. William Shakespeare?

GLEEK (*looking over his pince-nez*)

No.

He shakes his head several times and returns to his paper.

CURTAIN

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE best way to get acquainted with Blaine is through Mrs. Blaine's delightful letters. In the most natural, most intimate fashion she reflects the whole course of her distinguished husband's career, by glimpses and, as it were, afar off, yet with a vividness of suggestion and comprehension that no formal biography can equal. And she was a delightful person herself, a soul of intense emotion and sympathy, of keen insight, of playful humor. She had no love of notoriety, of great station, oh, no. Yet what she does not want stings her if she misses it; and she writes of Mrs. Cleveland, 'Feminine Frances is spelt with an "e." Think of the first lady in the land, who is not your *chère mère*.' She does not pretend to influence her husband, oh, no. Yet the husband declares that 'the advice of a sensible woman in matters of statecraft is invaluable'; and what charming significance in the wife's quiet remark, 'He loves the confessional and the lay sister (me) — why, I do not know, as I always shrive him out of hand.'

Without making any odious comparisons as to the male objects, I must say that Mrs. Blaine's letters have enabled me to understand Lady Macbeth better than ever before. There is the same mixture of adoration and fathomless pity, of warm motherly domestic comfort and stinging stimulus, with which Lady Macbeth surveyed, sustained, and prompted her husband's lofty, if somewhat checkered, career. It is even

possible that Lady Macbeth might have been capable of the pathetic tenderness of Mrs. Blaine's comprehensive eulogy: 'Those who know him most, love him best. I dare to say that he is the best man I have ever known. Do not misunderstand me; I do not say that he is the best man that ever lived, but that of all the men whom I have thoroughly known, he is the best.' Is not that a text for meditation through a long summer's day?

It may fairly be said that Blaine's whole life was political. Even in his Pennsylvania boyhood whiffs of political passion played around him, and his child letters of the forties show more interest in politics than in any other earthly thing. For a short time he taught in a blind asylum, and the wicked insinuate that he here became an adept in making the blind see whatever he wished them to. He married at twenty years of age, in 1850. He then went to Maine, to edit a paper, and for the next forty years he and politics were united so that only death could part them.

Before losing ourselves in the political vortex, however, it will be well to establish thoroughly the general elements of the man's character on which his public career was built.

His distinguishing intellectual trait was intense activity. He had a singular power of abstraction in all mental labor. He did not require solitude or quiet, but could read and write and think

with the whole domestic hurly-burly going on about him, and liked it. He touched all sorts of subjects lightly and vividly, with illumination, if not penetration. Mrs. Blaine goes with him to an astronomical lecture and when they get home, comments: Mr. Blaine 'demonstrates astronomically that Mars could not have any moons, and with such a scientific aroma that it would deceive the very elect, if they did not know that he does not know, and know that we know that he does not know anything about it.' This suggests, what is everywhere evident, that, though by no means deficient in thoughts, Blaine was on all occasions and in all connections an ingenious and unfailing master of words. It would be libelous to say that words were the whole of him. They were not, ever. But they played a large part in his life, much larger than he himself realized, and most of his writing suggests a splendid facility and felicity in words. His letters snap and sparkle with them. His eulogy on Garfield, which Senator Hoar rather wildly calls 'one of the treasures of our literature,' is at any rate an interesting specimen of abundant diction as well as of genuine feeling. The two bulky volumes of *Twenty Years in Congress* are almost oppressive in a verbal extension which tends to obscure their real shrewdness, common sense, and sanity.

In the same way it is somewhat difficult to get through the covering of words to Blaine's real feeling about the most serious things. When he writes to his son that 'there is no success in this life that is not founded on virtue and purity, and a religious consecration of all we have to God,' I would not for a moment imply that he did not mean it; but it did sound well. The utter absence in Mrs. Blaine's printed letters of all religious suggestion, both for him and for her, is very noticeable; but with

it we must instantly place Blaine's own fine reference to 'those topics of personal religion, concerning which noble natures have an unconquerable reserve. It is certain that he was zealous in his church membership, taught in Sunday-school so as to produce a lasting impression, and liked at all times to discuss theology, as to discuss anything else. But he was intensely occupied with the affairs of this world, and his daily attitude was quite the reverse of that of the old Scotchman whose caustic words he enjoyed putting into the mouth of a theological disputant: 'I meddle only with the things o' God which I cannot change, rather than with the things o' man where I might do harm.'

If practical preoccupations somewhat interfered with Blaine's religion, they cut him off almost entirely from the delight of art and beauty. No doubt he talked about these things, but he had not time to feel them. When he was first in Europe, he wrote with enthusiasm of a Rubens picture, and Mrs. Blaine mentions his interest in picture-buying. Yet during their long stay in Florence in the eighties, it is remarkable that her letters, which speak of everything, make no reference whatever to the charm of old painting and sculpture, and in Florence too! Poetry he quoted, but neither read nor cared for. One form of art alone really took hold of him. He liked to build houses for himself and his friends, and to set the houses in surroundings of exquisite natural beauty. Without having time to think much of the attractions of the natural world, it is evident that he felt them.

For, if he did not care for art, the cause was lack of leisure, not lack of feeling; and his sensibility in all directions was quick and wide, perhaps profound. Mrs. Blaine's account of his emotion when writing the Garfield

eulogy is pathetic in the candor of its sympathy. After saturating two handkerchiefs, his only resource was to retire to solitude. Or, again, the sensibility would manifest itself in keen excitement, in turbid restlessness, in the eager desire to go somewhere, see somebody, do something. The external man, as revealed to the public and to superficial observers, of course veiled all this swift impulse under decorous control. But Mrs. Blaine saw everything and tells everything, if you know how to listen to her.

Health? Blaine in his later years became morbid about his health, and at all times, though he was naturally most active and vigorous, a threatening, even fancied, symptom was enough to distract him from the most important preoccupations. On this subject Mrs. Blaine is delightful in her remorseless tenderness. Nobody could care more lovingly for real, or even for imagined ills, than she, but she understands their nature and their significance, and sets it off with delicate humor. Is it a question of a house? 'There is a house there, which he thinks would build up his health — argument with him irresistible.' Is it a question of an agent? 'A very swell-looking young man, with dyspepsia powders, which he says are the daily food of Aldrich, Hiscock, and other great men. I see a generous box of them lying on the table.' And for all her love and for all her sympathy, there are moments when even her divine patience wavers a little. 'With these prodigious powers, the chimney-corner and speculation on his own physical condition are all that he allows himself. This is one of the days when I am not in sympathy with disease.'

With such extreme sensibility and with a proneness to imagine good and ill fortune of all kinds, it was to be expected that Blaine would be a man of the most mercurial disposition, liable

to be unduly depressed or exalted. It is fascinating to watch the reflection of this tendency in the unconscious intimate record of his best beloved. Who better than she could indicate 'an abasement of soul and an abandonment of hope, such as those only know who have been fed and nurtured on political aspirations and convictions'? Again, she could suggest with a quiet touch the intense reaction, the eager burst of living, that was thrown into the most trivial pursuit, when mounting spirits put all care and doubt behind them. While the immediate contrast has rarely been better drawn than in her vivid account of two morning greetings: "'O Mother, Mother Blaine, I have so much to do, I know not which way to turn.'" "Good!" said I. "Yes," said he, "is n't it perfectly splendid?" A very different cry from the "O Mother, Mother Blaine, tell me what is the matter with me!" which has so oft assailed my earliest waking ear, and which always makes my very soul die within me.'

Among the various real and fancied grounds of depression, nothing, unless considerations of his own health, affected Blaine more than considerations of his wife's. When she is ill, even not seriously, he cancels all his political engagements and remains at her bedside, inappropriately perturbed and causing more discomfort than he relieves. 'In my room he sat on my bed or creaked across the floor from corner to corner, by the hour, making me feel a guilty wretch to cause him so much misery. He is a dear, dear old fellow.'

For he loved his family as they loved him, and no picture of him could be complete which did not show his charm and infinite affection in the delightful atmosphere of his home. His children he always speaks of with thoughtful tenderness, and he not only watched over them but enjoyed them. Not many busy fathers, however loving,

could have made, and meant, the apt reply, when asked, 'How *can* you write with these children here?' — 'It is because they *are* here that I can write.' And he could do more than attend to his deepest concerns in their presence. He could and did do what is perhaps even more difficult, take them into his counsels and discuss large matters of thought and profound questions of state with intimate freedom at his own fireside, thus making it, his biographer says, 'the happiest fireside in the world.'

As for Mrs. Blaine, his tenderness for her is written all over his life and hers. He could indeed indulge in such chaffing criticism as rather expresses tenderness than dulls it. 'I drove the pair, my wife rode; she is not generally driven, but in family arrangements she more commonly drives.' But the depth and permanence of the tenderness are everywhere felt, even when not expressed, and they are manifested by the constant need and constant appeal far more than could be done by any power of language. The most exquisite witness to them is their reflection in Mrs. Blaine's letters. 'So much of life and so much love,' she says of her family, 'do not often go together.' And I do not know where to find summed up in briefer, more expressive words the typical attitude of a devoted wife toward an affectionate husband than in the following phrase: 'I miss his unvarying attention and as constant neglect.'

When it came to enlarging affection beyond the family circle, Blaine, like most busy men with happy homes, does not appear to have had any very intimate friends, at least in later life. But the list of those who were deeply attached to him is a long one, and his unswerving loyalty to all is unquestioned. As to his general social qualities, it is evident that he was born to mix with men, to please them, and to succeed with them. He liked his fel-

lows; did not like to be alone, but more than that, really liked to be with others; and there is a distinct and appreciable difference between the two instincts. Yet, though he enjoyed society and sought it and liked to play a prominent part in it, he was always simple and natural, always himself. He even carried artless candor to the point of abstraction; was careless about his appearance, careless about his clothes; would sit in a merry company entirely lost and absorbed in thought. Then he would return to himself, insist that he had not been absent, and with incomparable ease and sprightliness make up for any absence by a presence that, though never obtrusive, was all-pervading and triumphant.

When we sum up this social attraction in Senator Hoar's reference to 'the marvelously persuasive charm of his delightful and graceful manners,' we are prepared to understand something of Blaine's prominent place in the political life of his time.

II

For, whatever else he was, and no matter what his achievement in other lines, he was always, by common consent, a consummate politician. He could sway great masses of men by his personality as few leaders in American history have been able to do. 'Mr. Blaine was certainly the most fascinating man I have ever known in politics,' says Andrew D. White. 'No wonder that so many Republicans in all parts of the country seemed ready to give their lives to elect him.' To be sure, he had enemies as well as friends, and both were ardent. 'There has probably never been a man in our history upon whom so few people looked with indifference,' says Senator Hoar, 'He was born to be loved or hated. Nobody occupied a middle ground as to him.' Yet even

his enemies found it difficult to escape his charm. After he had made some rather irritating decision as Speaker, one Democrat was heard to say privately to another, 'Now there's Blaine—but damn him, I do love him.' In his later years, when he was campaigning for others rather than for himself, he was everywhere received with what John Hay called 'a fury of affection.'

Something in his appearance must have charmed people. As we look at his portraits to-day, it is not quite easy to say what this was. Indeed, in some of them there is a look about the eyes that repels. But there must have been in his manner and bearing a spirit, a vivacity, an instant response to all minds and tempers, that does not get into the portraits.

At any rate, the charm was there, and was irresistible; and one searches curiously to find out the causes of it. It was effective with individuals, taken singly. And here it seems to lie largely in a complete and instant understanding. Blaine loved to probe men's characters. He was immensely attentive to what others were saying and thinking and doing. 'Your Father, whose quick ear catches everything that is said,' observes his most loving critic. He not only caught what was said, but he interpreted it, put two and two and ten and ten together, and built men's minds out of their common, careless actions. And he not only understood, but sympathized, showed others that he thought and also felt as they did. He came among the people and stepped right into their lives. 'Wherever man earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, there Mr. Blaine enters and is ever welcome,' said one of his neighbors. There was some policy in this, undoubtedly; but there was also some love. It is impossible to dispute the admirable verdict of his biographer: 'He had a passion for human happiness.'

And it was a real passion, not a whim or fancy: life and his political pursuits were to him always a serious matter. He had plenty of jesting at his command, plenty of easy gayety. But he was never disposed to take ambition or success or the achievement of great public objects after the fashion of Seward, as an exciting game, or a neatly fashioned and highly finished work of art. He moved the souls of other men because their souls and their welfare and their hopes moved him.

Also, he not only understood and felt, but he remembered, and it is impossible to overestimate the value of this gift in dealing with men. He would meet a man he had not seen for twenty years and recall little details of their last interview. He would shake hands with old farmers and remember their white horses and clever trades they made long ago. 'How in the world did he know that I had a sister Mary who married a Jones?' said one fellow, and went and voted for him. He professed that the memory was instinctive, and when asked, 'How can you remember so?' answered, 'How can you help it?' But he knew well enough that there was effort and attention in it; and attention, as Chesterfield said, is the foundation of courtesy. One day a carriage drove up. 'I think it must be for you,' said a friend. 'Yes,' said Blaine, 'but that is not the point. The point is that there is a man on that front seat whom I have not seen for twenty-seven years, and I have got just two minutes and a half to remember his name in.' He remembered it.

Probably all these things together make what we call magnetism. It is interesting to hear Blaine's own opinion of this quality, as embodied in someone else. 'What precisely is meant by magnetism it might be difficult to define, but it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Burlingame possessed a great reserve

of that subtle, forceful, overwhelming power which the word *magnetism* is used to signify.' Neither Burlingame nor anyone else ever possessed more of it than Blaine.

As it attracted individuals, who met him man to man, so it affected vast masses, who never came into direct contact with him at all. He was not a great orator; but he never said too much and what he did say, told. He was wonderfully quick at retort, rarely let a critic or questioner get the best of him. He was energetic and straightforward. His reputation as a politician leads you to expect rhetoric in his speeches. But it is not there, or rarely. Instead, there is quick and telling common sense. And he was simple, spontaneous, appeared to speak and did speak direct from the heart, often with immediate and profound emotion. For it is characteristic of the man, and accounts for much of his success, that he combined impulse and passion with a singular degree of far-reaching foresight.

It was this divination and foresight, even more than his gift of speech, that enabled him to hold and control the masses. He was a natural leader; not merely in the organizing sense, for he often left organizing to others; but, as Senator Hoar says, he touched the people because he was like the people. He saw and foresaw the issues that would animate and the right moment for introducing them; and he knew how to give them the form that clutched men's hearts.

No man has ever understood better the value as well as the defects of the American party system. His friends and his enemies were, on the whole, those of his party. He may perhaps have been inclined to favor and reward the former unduly, and it cannot be denied that he sometimes fell into extremes of partisan and personal bitterness of the sort that drove even his

kindly wife to exclaim, 'I hate to hate, but I am in danger of that feeling now.' But for the most part his grudges were laid aside as quickly as they were adopted, and he viewed political machinery merely as a superb agency to accomplish a particular end.

His standing as a politician, then, no one can dispute. Moreover, it is universally admitted that he was a remarkably quick, effective, and, on the whole, fair presiding officer in the legislature and in Congress. Was he a great statesman? On one side of statesmanship, that of slow, careful, matured, solid construction, he seems to have accomplished little. His name is widely identified with a protective tariff and he spoke and worked for it all his life, but he was connected with no actual tariff measure, unless the reciprocity element in the McKinley bill. As Secretary of State in 1881 and again, under Harrison, from 1889 to 1892, he dealt with various large questions of diplomacy. His action was always clear, incisive, and energetic. His logic was reasonable and his aims high. But one of his most judicious advocates speaks of his 'failure in tact as a diplomatist,' and admits that he was a little too prone to carry the methods of congressional debate into the sedater sphere of diplomacy. And General Sherman, who was a connection and warm friend, says, referring to his executive ability, 'His qualities are literary, not administrative. . . . I would not choose Blaine to command a regiment or frigate in battle. Many an inferior man would do this better than he.'

On the other hand, from what may be called the imaginative side of statesmanship, Blaine was admirable. His mind lived in and with large ideas. He looked forward, far forward, as Seward did, and built ample, confident projects in the world to come. His discussions of difficult questions were almost

always sane, simple, reasonable. Take, for instance, his speech on Ireland, at Portland, in 1886. The subject was as thorny then as it is to-day, and few have handled it with more discretion, moderation, and true wisdom than Blaine.

An even larger and more important matter was the problem of Pan-America. Blaine's conception of this was far in advance of his own time, and his treatment of it, both in planning the Peace Congress and afterwards in guiding it, was enlightened and enlightening. I do not know what can be added to Mr. Root's just remark that Blaine had 'that imagination which enlarges the historian's understanding of the past into the statesman's comprehension of the future.'

On the whole, most persons not blinded by party prejudice will to-day, I think, agree with Senator Hoar that Blaine would have made an excellent president, unless as they take exception to his financial career.

III

From his youth Blaine had a natural taste for business and the world of money. None of his biographers elucidates very thoroughly the transition from the poor teacher to the comfortably situated, if not wealthy, editor, who at an early age threw himself into the world of politics. But it is evident that at all times he had an instinct for speculative investments, liked the excitement of them, and needed the cash. Also, in business as in politics, his taste was rather for large conception than for the slow and methodical handling of detail. One of Mrs. Blaine's delightful sentences tells, or suggests, all we need to know on this head. 'My dearer self — and certainly he might apply the title with another significance to me — is looking up his sadly neglected stocks. All that fine Fortunatus's

purse which we once held the strings of, and in which we had only to insert the finger to pay therewith for the house, *has melted from the grasp which too carelessly held it.*' (Italics mine.)

And the money melted, not only from careless management, but from direct expenditure. Blaine was always ready to give, always charitable. No worthy appeal was made to him in vain. Naturally, the outlay for personal living was not less in proportion. Mrs. Blaine managed as best she could; but to bring up six children in the expensive atmosphere of Washington cost money, and it was impossible to elude the fact or cover it up.

The pressure, the financial stringency, are everywhere evident. Mrs. Blaine's inimitable candor pushes through all her sense of reserve. 'A great family are we, so far as the circulation of money is concerned. To-night we are very nearly square with the world.' Again, with as near to a reflection upon 'the best man she ever knew thoroughly' as she can permit herself: 'I have drawn so much money this month, how can anyone who never listens to or enters into a detail, understand it?' And Blaine's own dry, vivid echo fully confirms her distresses: 'I really do not know which way to turn for relief, I am so pressed and hampered. . . . Personally and pecuniarily I am laboring under the most fearful embarrassments.' To which he adds elsewhere this telling figure: 'If I had the money myself, I would be glad to advance it to you, but I am as dry as a contribution-box.'

Of course, this was not a constant condition. Things looked up as well as down. But money poured out, was always needed, and, as is the inconvenient nature of money, it had to come from somewhere. In the later sixties, when he was well established in Congress, Blaine was involved in complicated financial transactions with a

certain Warren Fisher, Jr., with whom he had become acquainted when Fisher was connected with Blaine's brother-in-law. At Fisher's instance Blaine agreed to dispose of a large amount of first-mortgage bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad to his friends in Maine. The bonds normally carried with them to the purchaser a considerable amount of land-grant bonds and stock; but in this case these, together with other first-mortgage bonds, were to go — privately — to Blaine as a commission. The investment did not turn out successfully. The Little Rock bonds fell, and Blaine felt himself obliged in honor — and policy — to make up his friends' loss. About this time a considerable number of Little Rock bonds were sold to the Atlantic and Pacific and Union Pacific roads at a price largely in advance of the market. It was never shown that these bonds came from Blaine, and he was able to advance specific evidence to the contrary. But much suspicion attached to him, and in the minds of many it was never thoroughly removed.

The implication of course was that he was trading on his great office as Speaker of the House of Representatives and his opportunity to favor the railroads. No corrupt act was ever directly and clearly proved against him. But various passages in his letters to Fisher seemed to make the charge plausible. Shortly before taking the Little Rock bonds Blaine had made a ruling in the House of importance to the road. In a letter written afterwards, he points out that, without knowing it, he had done his new associates a great favor. In another letter of earlier date he remarks: 'I do not feel that I shall prove a dead-head in the enterprise, if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.' These phrases are certainly not conclusive, but they are damaging. They

are not made less so by a sentence in one of Fisher's letters to Blaine: 'Owing to your political position, you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price; and the fact is well known to others as well as myself.' This charge Blaine received almost cringingly and with no denial whatever.

From the time when the unpleasant matter was first stirred up, Blaine's course about it was thoroughly unsatisfactory. He made well-sounding speeches in the House, which convinced all those who were convinced already. But to any careful scrutiny it was evident that he shuffled and prevaricated, contradicted himself, and used every effort to conceal what in the end could not be concealed. He declared publicly that the attempt to cover up an action itself condemned it; yet he urged upon Fisher the closest secrecy. 'Burn this letter' was a favorite phrase with him. It was perhaps a natural one, but it fitted his letters too well. In the crisis of his difficulties, when he was looking for the nomination in 1876, he wrote to Fisher, enclosing a letter which Fisher was to write to him, exonerating him from all blame. The document was more ingenious than ingenuous, and it is not pleasant to see a man in such a situation dictating about himself a sentence like the following: 'When the original enterprise failed, I knew with what severity the pecuniary loss fell upon you, and with what integrity and nerve you met it.'

The reader will ask curiously how all these very private letters of Blaine's came into the evidence. The answer involves not the least disagreeable part of the whole affair. The Congressional committee which investigated the matter in the spring of 1876 called before it one Mulligan, who had been in the employ of Fisher. Mulligan had possession of the Blaine correspondence and proposed to produce it. This

annoyed Blaine greatly. He had an interview with Mulligan and, according to the latter, entreated him to return the letters, resorting to suggestions of bribery and to threats of suicide. All this, Blaine insisted, was utterly false. What is indisputable is that he got the letters into his hands, with at least the implied promise to restore them, and then calmly put them in his pocket and walked off with them, urging that they were his own private property.

As a climax of the Mulligan business, Blaine read the letters in the House, in the order and with the comments that suited him. He ended his speech characteristically by turning the tables on the investigating committee and accusing it of suppressing, for partisan purposes, evidence that would have completely cleared him. The attack was unjustified and, with Blaine's knowledge of the facts, discreditable; but for the moment it was immensely telling, and shortly after, as a consequence of Blaine's sudden illness, the immediate investigation was dropped. The infection of it, however, tainted his whole career.

What interests us far more than what Blaine actually did is his own attitude toward his own actions. We may assume with entire confidence that he did not for a moment admit to himself that he had done anything wrong. We have not only Mrs. Blaine's definite, triumphant, if perhaps somewhat prejudiced, assertion that he was the best man she ever knew thoroughly: we have the general facts of human nature. An acute observer tells us that 'One has always the support of one's conscience, even when one commits the worst infamies. In fact, that is precisely what enables us to commit them.' The dullest of human spirits is inexhaustible in finding excuses for its own conduct, and Blaine, far from being the dullest, was one of the most ingenious.

Therefore, I believe he was perfectly sincere when he declared upon the floor of the House: 'I have never done anything in my political career for which I cannot answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the great Searcher of Hearts.' These are tremendous phrases. Perhaps no living man could utter them with entire honesty, and they show the fatal, delusive power of words for their master — and their victim. Yet I have no doubt Blaine meant them. Beyond question he meant the far more impressive words spoken in privacy, with obviously genuine emotion. 'When I think — when I think — that there lives in this broad land one single human being who doubts my integrity, I would rather have stayed —' There he stopped, but his gesture showed his earnestness.

It is intensely curious to turn from these statements to the pamphlet issued in 1884 by the Committee of One Hundred, and see the explicit analysis of what appear to be Blaine's six deliberate falsehoods. The thoughtful reader, who has a human heart himself, will manage to divine how Blaine explained each one these. But it required an ingenuity worthy of a better cause.

Unquestionably he even excused to himself the complicated course of shuffling and concealment by which he endeavored to hide all his proceedings from the beginning. These were his own private concerns, he argued, long past and buried. The public had no conceivable business with them, and he was perfectly justified in making every possible effort to put the public off the scent.

Yet, as we look back at the affair, this seems to have been his worst mistake. If at the very start he had come out with perfect candor, told the story of the whole transaction, even in its most unfortunate features, admitted

that he had blundered and had been foolish as well as apparently culpable, he might have stormed the country. For the American people and all humanity love nothing better than a man who acknowledges his faults; and this is the hardest of all lessons for a politician to learn. Blaine never learned it.

As to the business morality of what he did, it is, of course, difficult to pass final judgment on it, because we shall never know the facts. But it must be remembered that the late sixties were a period when speculation in railroads affected most business men more or less. Lowell, who was by no means friendly to Blaine, wrote: 'I suspect that few of our Boston men who have had to do with Western railways have been more scrupulous.' Further, it must especially be remembered that, in all his long career after 1872, no shadow of suspicion of anything corrupt really attached to Blaine, although he was always interested in speculative investments. Moreover, the bitter partisan animosity that was aroused against him must be taken into account. The most candid of the Mugwumps did not hesitate to exaggerate well-grounded suspicion into fantastic prejudice. Even Mr. Rhodes, sanest and kindest of judges, who, in his eighth volume, is, I think, somewhat too favorable to Blaine's statesmanship, speaks in volume seven of his 'itching palm.' Now Blaine's palm never itched with greed. It was only slippery with liberality.

Blaine's fundamental error was when, as a great political officer of the government, he engaged in dubious speculation at all. Senator Hoar, who admired him and exonerated him from all wrongdoing, yet insists that 'members of legislative bodies, especially great political leaders of large influence, ought to be careful to keep a thousand miles off from relations which may give rise to even a suspicion of wrong.' Blaine was

squarely in the midst of such things and not any miles off at all. His biographer tells us that one of his favorite maxims was, 'Nothing is so weakening as regret.' He regretted his dealings with Fisher, however, and spoke of them as 'this most unfortunate transaction of my life, pecuniarily and otherwise.' He had reason to, for they lost him the presidency.

IV

And the presidency may justly be regarded as the goal of his whole life. There has been much argument as to his own personal ambition. The biographers do not emphasize this element in him, and especially insist that in later years he became utterly indifferent to political advancement and so repeatedly expressed himself. No doubt he did so express himself. No doubt, after his defeat in 1884, he behaved with the utmost dignity in avoiding any insistent appeal for popular favor, and in declining to have his name tossed about like a straw in the gusts of partisan debate. But those who stress this attitude too much forget that an imaginative man may perfectly well combine a passionate desire for a thing with a philosophical sense of its worthlessness. All through Blaine's career I catch gleams of intense ambition. And when I read Mrs. Blaine's admirable sentence, 'Your Father said to me only yesterday, "I am just like Jamie: when I want a thing, I want it dreadfully,"' I have no difficulty in understanding Mr. Stanwood's picture of him resigning his Secretaryship of State in 1892, and shutting himself up alone in a Boston hotel, to follow with passionate eagerness the reports of the Convention where his chance of touching the climax of his fate was slipping away forever.

For, no matter what view one takes of Blaine's conscious, personal ambi-

tion, it cannot be denied that the total logic of his career bore him toward the presidency with a tremendous, long, unceasing sweep. He rose upward and onward through the course of state politics, through the larger world at Washington, succeeding everywhere and in everything, gaining friends and supporters and admirers. It seemed in 1876 as if the nomination must be his. Then the phantom of the fatal Fisher stalked in and thrust him out. It was the same in 1880. When 1884 came, the pressure of his immense popularity was too great to be resisted, and the convention was forced to nominate him. The campaign that followed was one of the fiercest, the most exciting, the most personal in American history. It was also one of the closest. To the end no one could tell or foretell. The incident of the over-zealous Reverend Burchard, who declared that his adored Blaine was the deadly 'enemy of 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion,' may have affected only a few votes. But a few in New York were enough, so few that some contended that a dishonest count in a district here and there was sufficient to change the result. Yet, if it had not been for the defection of those who distrusted Blaine's financial character, a dozen Burchards could hardly have made a ripple on the wave of his immense majority.

Unfortunately we have little light on Blaine's inner life during the contest. Almost his last public words before the vote were, 'I go to my home to-morrow not without a strong confidence in the result of the ballot, but with a heart that shall not be in the least troubled by any verdict that may be returned by the American people.' The *shall* is fine. But how such words wither before

the vivid humanity of Mrs. Blaine's description: 'It is all a horror to me. I was absolutely certain of the election, as I had a right to be from Mr. Elkins's assertions. Then the fluctuations were so trying to the nerves. It is easy to bear now, but the click-click of the telegraph, the shouting through the telephone in response to its never-to-be-satisfied demands, and the unceasing murmur of men's voices, coming up through the night to my room, will never go out of my memory — while over and above all, the perspiration and chills into which the conflicting reports constantly threw the physical part of one, body and soul alike rebelling against the restraints of nature, made an experience not to be voluntarily recalled.'

There is nothing to be said after that. For Blaine it was the end, though the end lasted for nearly ten years of lingering and superficially varied activity. After the bitterness of such an hour, what was there in life? You might preserve a decent outside, of courage, of dignity, of serenity, even of ardor and enthusiasm. Underneath there was nothing. You could nurse your pet symptoms of disease; you could turn an honest dollar in the stock market; you could trifle afar off with the presidential bauble; you could be a paltry Secretary of State, with much credit and some friction; you could see those you loved best dying about you; and, thank God, you could die yourself.

Such was the great moral tragedy of James Gillespie Blaine. With pretty much all the virtues, all the graces, all the gifts of genius, he will be remembered in his country's annals as the man who lost the presidency because he was suspected of financial dishonor.

BREAKFASTING WITH BARBARIANS

BY CARL F. L. ZEISBERG

I

It was on a bright and crisp Sunday morning, as I was arraying myself in the proper vestments for the ritual of a late breakfast, that I chanced to see the title, 'Breakfasting as a Fine Art,' on the cover-page of the *Atlantic* on my table. I stopped tying my cravat to mouth the word 'breakfasting.' Has it not an appetizing onomatopœia? Breakfasting! The crackle of breaking warm toast, the sizzle of bacon slices, the caroling of steaming coffee, are toned in the printed word, and its very syllables seem to exhale a fragrant aroma, as of bacon and eggs and hot waffles.

I continued dressing and at the same time tasted of the scholarly discourse on the fine art of breakfasting.

Not being a scholarly person, I stumbled heavily on the word 'ferial,' and on consulting the dictionary found that a ferial breakfast, which connoted ferrous, which connoted iron, had nothing to do with chemistry, but rather with calendars; but by a train of thought my mind was directed to breakfasts of iron rations, and I reflected on the ferrous breakfasts — or were they ferric? — that I had eaten in the A.E.F., and on the ferrous (or ferric) breakfasts that I was still forced to bolt in restaurants or at lunch-counters; and I reflected further how barbarous they all were, and in what striking contrast to the cultured ceremonies so masterfully portrayed in the essay; and I debated whether or not it was not my duty, as an Ostrogoth who has be-

held the Acropolis from afar, to give the world my experiences and observations as a barbaric breakfast devourer.

The barbarians with whom I break my ferial fasts are those who make a mournful travesty of a fine art, either through the bent of their rude natures or, like myself, through force of coarse environment. For the purpose of disposing of them I shall divide them into two classes, soldiers and civilians.

Soldiers are essentially barbarians. Whether their uniform be the sky-blue of the *poilu*, the Burleson-blue of the Boche, the scarecrow rainbow hue of the Bolshevik, or the olive-drab of the Yank, their enforced breakfasts are as uncivilized as is their life.

This sounds rash. Lest the American Legion order me thrown forthwith to the jaguars as an *apéritif*, let me hastily add that I was one of those who relished the vulgar breakfasts of the A.E.F., which will be remembered by all who ever lined up ankle-deep in *La Patrie* awaiting the mess-call, and that I know soldiers are the gentlest and noblest and most artless, pitiable, and blameless barbarians of all.

The utter barbarity of breakfasting with soldiers may be most effectively depicted by describing seven breakfasts eaten, drunk, and smoked on the Western Front, during a drive in which lavish breakfasting was by no means the principal aim of G.H.Q. They were consumed in the vicinity of Malancourt and Montfaucon just two years ago.

The infantry battalion of which I

was a member had been in the support lines for two weeks, during which the blue smoke of the breakfast fires on the edge of our woods at dawn brought over enemy airplanes and artillery fire upon our G.I. cans; and our own guns, booming at sunrise in the surrounding woods, were bent equally, I reckon, on spoiling the *Frühstück* of the Boches—all on the reasonable theory that a breakfastless man is easily defeated. It was breakfasting under difficulties, but the worst was yet in the apron of the gods.

The night before those memorable *sept déjeuners* we marched to the front lines, each man carrying his individual breakfasts, and also his dinners and suppers, for three days, theoretically. In each pack, or in pockets or somewhere about each person, were substantially the following foodstuffs: one can of corned beef ('corn-willy,' or 'monkey-meat'), one can of salmon ('gold-fish,' or 'sea-turkey,' or 'ocean-canary'), one can of sardines, one can of beans, one condiment can containing coffee, sugar, and salt, or perhaps smoking tobacco, one half-loaf of bread, and two boxes of hard biscuit; there were also an important canteen of water, and smoking or chewing tobacco, which, as everyone knows, are foods, especially acceptable when no other foods are on the menu card.

To emphasize the extent to which we were not overburdened with eatables, I shall enumerate all that I wore and carried on that night; most of it was thrown away, 'lost in action,' before the third day. We marched with light packs, the shelter-half 'pup' tents and extra blankets and clothing having been turned in; to which pack, in my case, were suspended a burlap bag, containing a quarter-loaf of bread, and a Red Cross bag; and it was encircled by a rolled blanket, and decorated by a slicker, and a small-articles pouch, and a bayonet and scabbard; and I

wore an overcoat, a steel helmet, an overseas cap, and two pairs of heavy woollen socks (knit by my mother, who had thoughtfully woven threads of red around the tops to protect my life), and hobnailed shoes, and, of course, the other clothing customarily worn by a soldier; and I was strapped in the harness of my pack, which included an ammunition-belt filled with seventy rounds of ammunition; and hitched to the belt were a canteen full of water, an empty pistol-holster, and wire-cutters; and I was further girdled or accoutred by a gas-mask at the alert, an empty bandolier, and a French gas-mask case containing one hand-grenade, one can of beans, one can of sardines, one pair of army socks, and another pair made by my mother. In the pack were my toilet articles, a large trench mirror, sundry papers and envelopes, one small can of the Y.M.C.A.'s condensed milk, one can of corned beef, one can of salmon, a condiment can containing sugar and coffee, an extra undershirt, an extra pair of drawers, and my mess-kit, in which were jammed another quarter-loaf of bread, sliced so as to be more plastic, and the mess knife and spoon (the army fork is quite useless and was absent). In the Red Cross bag were two hand-grenades, an assortment of strings, three pieces of candle, three sacks of smoking tobacco, three boxes of matches, and cigarette papers. In the small-articles pouch, worn by corporals, were a safety-razor blade-sharpener, an oil-can, and cleaning rags for my rifle. The four pockets of my coat, officially termed the blouse, contained: (left upper) a wad of unanswered letters, well calculated to stop a bullet; (right upper) a larger pad of answered letters, sufficient to impede a cannon-ball; (left lower) a Testament and a French prayer-book; and (right lower) a further supply of smoking

tobacco and some candle fragments, which later melted in the heat of battle and embalmed the tobacco. In my four breeches pockets, which I cannot subdivide item by item, were an alligator-skin tobacco-pouch, a French pocket-dictionary, a German pocket-dictionary, a French grammar, a red bandana handkerchief, a huge camping-knife, a pearl-handled knife, a Barlow knife, and two boxes of matches. A pencil and notebook, in which these notes were jotted down, reposed in one shirt pocket; in the other were my money and a small chewing-tobacco pouch pressed into service as a receptacle for precious articles. In the two outside overcoat pockets — I did not use the inside pocket because, probably, it bulged and chafed when full — were a French reader, two half-candles, three sacks of smoking tobacco, two boxes of matches, two boxes of hard biscuit, and a long, leaden bar of chewing tobacco owned by three men jointly. In my hands were an Enfield rifle and a map-board and two rude volumes of observation records, which I carried as trustee of the battalion observation post.

II

It was just about breakfast-time, after several hours of barrage-fire, that Private First Class McKee and I were hurriedly posted at a hole in our barbed wire, to guide an infantry company through the various succeeding gaps that had been cut the night before in the lines of wire separating our trenches from No Man's Land. Action at last! Over the top went the first wave of our olive-drab infantry, and the second, and the third, filing zig-zag through the gridiron of our wire-barrier like streams of pale molasses, and spreading out over the hill that was No Man's Land — a huge bare omelette, tawny and misty, or more like a Gar-

gantuan cheese, which was pitted with holes, and flecked with puffs of German shrapnel as white as whipped cream, and with the eruptions of high-explosive shells, throwing up smoke as black as charred toast and the chocolate-colored earth; and over it all sang the invisible missiles, as if a million tremendous kettles and coffee-pots were droning and crooning in some vast kitchen of the universe for a breakfast of the gods.

Had these boys had their breakfasts, I wondered. Our support companies flooded through the openings to the right and left as far as one could see, but none chose us as guides. We waited in vain for an hour; and while we waited we broke our fast.

I opened my can of beans: they were pale and anæmic, and their aroma was distinctly picric; so, after a consultation and olfactory tests, we threw them away, regretfully. McKee split open his can of sardines. These silvery, oily fishes, with hard biscuit and cigarettes — there were always cigarettes — and a swig of delicious water flavored with the Lister bag from which it had been taken, constituted Breakfast Number One. As we were licking the last drops of oil from our fingers, we were joined by a chaplain — a priest, he was, grave but good-humored — with three Signal Corps men stringing a field telephone wire. He had had no breakfast and no supper the night before; and this, with the interminable cannonading, had given him a headache. We opened our other can of sardines and another box of crackers for him, and he ate one sardine and one biscuit, and turned the breakfast over to the telephone men. We protested that one minnow was a slim meal for so robust an individual.

'That's all I want,' he insisted. 'T is brain-food.' And he told the joke about the brash youth who was advised to eat a whale. That chaplain was worth ten breakfasts.

Breakfast Number Two, the next morning, was drunk a few kilometres north, in a shell-hole that was deep enough to afford shelter from bullets fired horizontally and from the sharp wind that had sprung up during the night, and of sufficiently recent creation to be porous and to soak up the rain that was falling. Meckes, Barnes, and I had been sent forward in the darkness to the front-line troops, to act as a contact patrol; and at dawn, when the misty terrain became alive with a forward movement of dim figures rising from the ground and its burrows, Barnes slipped back to tell battalion headquarters that the advance was beginning for the second day's attack. As the unmusical orchestra of machine-guns and artillery awoke the slowly dawning day, Meckes and I breakfasted on my tiny precious can of condensed milk. We attacked the sweet white paste with our spoons and fingers, and scraped the can clean. The rain added zest to it and aroused our thirst, and made us realize that breakfast without water is unsatisfactory, and that our canteens were empty.

Muddy and clear water gleamed in shell-holes, old and new, on all sides. We had seen them all the day before and had fallen in them during the night, but were afraid to drink from these doubtful reservoirs because of potential gas-poisoning lurking in them. We tried to fill our cups with rain-water, but the wet aluminum only aggravated our thirst; and then we tried drinking the rain-drops direct, as they fell from heaven; but they simply washed our faces and ran down our necks and irritated our tongues; and, altogether, it was maddening.

A runner passing our shelter gave us the time of day and paused long enough to tell us we had captured a town with an unpronounceable name, and to take a healthy, gurgling draught from his

dripping canteen. He handled it so carelessly that at least six drops fell to the ground and were lost.

'Mac!' gasped Meckes. 'Where did you get that water?'

'Shell-holes. Lots of water.' His voice was damp and fresh.

'Are n't you afraid of the poison?' I asked.

'I was,' said he. 'But I ain't. I figured I'd as lief die of poison as thirst. So would you. If the water looks all right, taste it; if it tastes all right, drink it. There's plenty of water.'

We followed his fatalistic advice, and, scouting among neighboring holes and depressions, found, amid a group of miniature ponds of muddy and greenish and defiled water, a likely-looking earthen bowl, probably four years old and lined with rich green grass; and it was filled to the brim with rain-water as clear as that of a Pierian pool. A family of lively water-insects scurried to the shelter of the mosses at the bottom on our approach. Announcing that poison would be fatal to bugs, Meckes scooped some of the water into his canteen and sipped it judiciously, and I did likewise. It had a peculiar, musty, vegetable flavor—but how good it was! We drank our fill and had replenished our canteens, when a vicious aerial meowing and a deafening earthly explosion sent us flat on our stomachs and showered us and our pool of water with pebbles and dirt.

Dazed, on hands and knees, we saw that an H.E. had struck the edge of our shelter, fifty feet away, and had half-buried our packs and rifles with dirt. It required but a few moments' deliberation for us to arrive at the conclusion that it was our duty to return to battalion headquarters as speedily as possible.

In the mine-crater where we had left our major and scout officer during the night, we found that headquarters had

moved to a former German dugout kitchen, where our comrades had surrounded and captured a great treasure of Boche tinned meat, bread, hard-tack, saddlebags, Luger pistols, Prussian officers' trousers, artillery observation records, a barrel of sauerkraut, a sack of raw cabbages, and a tub of cold coffee. Most of the edibles had already been annihilated, but we, fresh from our meal of canned milk and rain-water, topped off this light breakfast with a course of raw cabbage, cold coffee, and coffee grounds, which, if chewed, are both delicious and stimulating; and with our coffee-grounds we had several more cigarettes.

Breakfast Number Three was a solitary and dogmatic meal of 'corn willy,' hard biscuit, and coffee, eaten in an old German trench *en route* to division headquarters. The coffee and meat were heated, firewood being taken from a German signboard proclaiming, 'Chlorkalk Schutz gegen Gelbkreuz,' which had reminded the former occupants that chloride of lime affords protection against 'yellow cross,' or mustard gas. This was a melancholy meal: it marked the end of my rations.

A group of Signal Corps men about a sickly fire in the lee of the wrecked and damp dugouts of a German command post at division headquarters gave me Breakfast Number Four. It consisted of fried bread and fried potatoes. The ingredients had been salvaged, which is an army term including all degrees of acquisition, from gift to theft. There was a loaf of the 'Frogs' gray potato-flour bread, from the underground bakery at Verdun, which had been 'found' on some muddy roadside; four huge potatoes, likewise 'discovered' in an overturned truck; and a mysterious can of lard, of unexplained origin.

Rolling kitchens not hopelessly mired or wrecked by shells prepared Breakfast Number Five, which, for me, was

soggy bread with coffee. The beverage was brewed of shell-hole water, and was the same color as the muddy mixture that was drawn from the holes in buckets; it was milkless and sugarless, but its taste bore a faint resemblance to that of coffee, and it tended to quench thirst; and it was hot; and heat dissolves a multitude of sins.

The rolling kitchens, augmented by the ration-carts, conspired to present coffee, 'corn-willy,' bread, and molasses, all tinctured with rain, for Breakfast Number Six.

In the interim between Breakfasts Number Six and Seven the division was relieved. The latter meal was eaten, on a nippy cold October morning, in the village of Jouy-en-Argonne, which was tucked away in a green vale and quite hidden from the war-wracked waste across the hills, so that it could be attacked only from the air. The roar of the continuing battle to the north served only to accentuate the peace and security of Jouy, as we ate plethoric slices of bacon, and American white bread, and coffee made of the gushing spring-water dipped from under the 'Eau Potable' sign at the village *lavoir*. By the way, these signs, I understand, were posted by the French as a concession to their water-drinking allies; for, as a Frenchman once told me, when I asked where I could get a drink of this fluid, water is useful for canals only.

The impression should not be gained that these seven breakfasts are typical of army feeding in France. Some of them were worse, but they were exceptional repasts snatched in a bloody and muddy business. At least one third of the fattening of the American boys in France must be ascribed to the several hundreds of millions of breakfasts served abroad; and due honor must be given, no matter how barbarous they were. There were even better breakfasts in the training and leave areas.

III

Now let us dispose of civilians. There was a time in the mud area of France in which I often laid plans for linen tablecloths and linen napkins and Limoges china or any white china, or even pink or blue china, or red, green, or purple china. The china was immaterial, as was the food; but I insisted in my day-dreams on shimmering table-linen. And when I returned to America, the first breakfast I ate outside of the army was from the marble slab of an Armenian lunch-counter. The pale-violet duplicating-ink of the menu recorded 'breted veal cutlete,' 'chicken jiplets on toast,' 'roast prime ribs of beef,' and 'frenk fritters and sour crout.' I ate none of these foreign dishes; but my ideals, nevertheless, had been trailed in the dust, and from that moment, there, on that ornate, luxurious, and vulgar slab of brocatel, I rejoined the vast civilian horde of barbarian breakfasters, whose morning orgies pile daily victims on the sacrificial altar of Dyspepsia.

It is true that many cling to the orthodox rite, but the vast multitudes writhe in the grip of individual malbreakfasting or rush into the vortex of mass malbreakfasting. One is as reprehensible as the other.

Individual malbreakfasting is a matter of personal taste or habit. I know a poet who suffers from chronic indigestion because, on his way to the factory where he is employed, he disposes of a pimento-cheese sandwich and a cup of tea; or perhaps, if he is on a fruit diet, he will eat four bananas and three oranges for breakfast. I know a man who speaks seven languages, whose invariable breakfast is apple pie and a cup of bitter, black coffee; and he is middle-aged and his hair is as white as snow.

Mass malbreakfasting, on the other hand, is the result of our highly cen-

tralized and rapid life. Submerged is my own yearning for a white tablecloth; and every morning on the way to the office I silence many still voices within me, and rush to the wooden counter of a railroad terminal restaurant, and there, as I gulp and swallow in a most barbarous manner, I dream of a day when I shall leisurely stir my eggs and butter my toast and sip my coffee.

On the stool at my left, sits Sam the barber. On the right usually is — but let us forget him, for he eats left-handed and has a sharp elbow. I enjoy Sam briefly. He is the only individual I know who can breakfast rapidly on ham and eggs without a fork.

It was Sam the barber who first called my attention to corruption lurking in the mass breakfast. It concerned an unseen but oft-named ogre, Harry, who holds the post of chef in the depths of our quick-breakfast establishment. Sam, the barber, had detected that on occasions our waiter shouted an order thus: 'Twos with, draw one!' (meaning two soft-boiled eggs, buttered toast, and coffee); and that on others it was thus: 'Twos with, draw one, *Harry!*' — the same order with a half-sensed, mysterious injunction or signal. And Sam further observed that, without variation, in the first case the customer received mere eggs and toast in due course of time; whereas, in the second case, the breakfast appeared speedily, and the toast was crisp and the firm yolks of the eggs gleamed like burnished golden nuggets. I had noticed absence of appeal to Harry when my orders were communicated to the chef, but had attached no significance to it.

"Harry," mean, "Dis guy come across-a for da chef," whispered Sam; and he told me in low tones, flavored with mackerel, how he had extracted the dread secret the day before from one of the waiters who inadvertently came into his shop to be shaved.

'He did n' want tell-a me,' said Sam, with twinkling eyes. 'But-a he did.'

This exposé so aroused my indignation that I refused to breakfast further in this temple of fraud. I was sick at heart. I remained away three mornings, but was driven back to the wooden counter by a cross-eyed waitress in the substitute restaurant which I had selected. And thereafter our waiter shouted lustily, 'Twos with, Harry! Draw one, Harry!' as soon as he saw me enter on the run.

Some months afterward I learned that Sam the barber was a cousin or brother-in-law of Harry.

So it is with honor and ideals among barbarians. The world will not derive much benefit from this essay soon, unless its frank portrayal of facts furnish material for an exhaustive bibliography of breakfasting, and give rise to a national reform movement looking toward the enactment of adequate breakfasting laws or regulations, with perhaps a Federal Department of Breakfasting.

MISS HEMING

BY W. W. WILLIAMS

MISS HEMING was undoubtedly the best
 Stenographer in Washington. She dressed
 In serge and sheer white muslin; spent the day
 In typing, not complaining of her pay;
 Never gave way to cross or sulky fits,
 Never wrote 'there' for 'their,' or 'it's' for 'its.'
 Her copy was a dream; she'd always fix
 Her day's job up, though kept till half-past six.
 She had one fault, however: she would write
 'the Adjutant General,' in the world's despite —
 Not capital T-h-e, in proper form!
 The A.G.O. grew restive; came a storm;
 Our colonel, 'neath the term of 'negligent'
 Smarting, discharged Miss Heming. Off she went,
 'Mid the loud lamentations of our force.
 She showed no anger, sorrow, or remorse;
 Merely remarked, — we hailed it as sublime, —
 'I had a grandmother like that one time.'

THE VOTER'S CHOICE IN THE COMING ELECTION

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

I

We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.—PAUL to the ROMANS: XV, 1.

IT is only a minority of the voters, even a small minority, who make an intelligent choice at any election. Most practised voters follow their party leaders or their party newspapers, without much use of either their minds or their wills. This fact is not to be regretted in ordinary times; because party government is the only form of government which has proved possible in the democracies, and to successful party government a certain stability in political parties seems to be essential. Moreover, the free governments in which political parties are only two, with the occasional and generally precarious development of a third, have been on the whole much more successful in procuring for the people concerned real progress in education, production, and trade, and real toleration in religion, than the governments which have to be carried on through numerous political parties, which naturally tend to become mere factions, compelling the administration to rely on temporary groupings within which there is little real sympathy, or even much hostility.

In extraordinary crises, however, like that of Europe in 1914, or that of America at this moment, this normal stability of great parties in free governments becomes a serious danger. The formidable question then presents itself, — presents itself now in this

country, — how large a proportion of the voting mass will rise to the occasion, and make a sound choice between the policies and men set before them by the two contending parties — a choice sound, not only intellectually, but morally. A larger proportion of the young voters than of the old will free themselves from partisanship, and make their choice on simple moral grounds. This fall the ex-soldiers will choose best of all; because they know more about the facts than stay-at-home people do, and want to make as sure as they can that their dead and disabled comrades have not died and suffered in vain.

The American people are now approaching a momentous crisis. They are called upon to render a decision on questions not primarily economic or industrial, but relating chiefly to national duties, responsibilities, and obligations. The decision will depend on the present state of the national character, which is, of course, an outcome of the moral and religious leadership enjoyed by the people during the past three centuries, and of the national experience at home and abroad during the same period, and also on the openness of the people's heart to the world's appeal for help. Under these circumstances the stability of the two great parties in the country is sure to be impaired, the number of independent voters will increase, and many more voters than usual will be making a real choice among the policies and persons that solicit their votes.

What are the documents which the intelligent and conscientious voter needs to study, in order to make up his mind whether he ought to cast a Republican or a Democratic vote? The leading documents are, of course, the official platforms of the two parties, the 'key-note' speeches at the conventions, and the acceptance speeches of the candidates. It is a grave misfortune and hindrance that these documents are, with two exceptions, deplorably long, much less explicit than they should be, and defaced with vituperation, bombast, and vote-catching appeals to the thoughtless and ignorant. The exceptions are the speeches of acceptance of the two candidates for the vice-presidency.

It now (August 22) looks as if September and October were going to supply the inquiring voter with some other means of making up his mind how he ought to vote. These means will apparently be better adapted to the reading habits of the American people than the official documents now accessible; because they will be short editorial paragraphs in the newspapers, or short reports of utterances by the leading candidates. The best opinion now seems to be that the ordinary American will put off reading an article in his newspaper which exceeds a column or so in length, or an article in his magazine which exceeds eight or ten pages. He may intend to read it later, but seldom does. If the newspapers and periodicals conform to this confirmed habit of their readers, there is hope that the voter who wishes to cast a considerate and righteous vote will get some help from the press during the months before the election, and particularly during October. Indeed, both the principal candidates have within the past three weeks made significant contributions to the great debate. They are revealing their personal qualities to the attentive voter.

The Republican managers seem even now to be studying how to shift the main issue of the campaign from repudiation of the Covenant and Treaty to repudiation of President Wilson and all his works. They hope that there are more voters who dislike the President, condemn severely his mistakes and failures, and see no merit in his achievements, than there are voters who reject outright the Covenant and Treaty and wish to have the United States kept out of all participation in the struggles of the world toward international coöperation, the reduction of armaments, and the prevention of violence by strong peoples against weak ones, and of wars for new territory or new trade. They incline to withdraw the rejection of the League and Covenant as the primary issue, and to rely chiefly on the impatience of short-sighted people with those Democratic measures of the past seven years which have disturbed their private business or their accustomed pleasures. They think it safer to seek the votes of the numerous people who are tired of the strenuous ideals of the eloquent but unpractical and mentally isolated President. They hope to profit by the reaction from the moral exaltation of the war-time, and by the common wish for a change in political, economic, and industrial management. All the more it is important to state, and keep stating until the election, the real issues which the people are to decide on the second of November.

Fortunately these issues are moral issues. In all free governments based on a wide suffrage sound popular decisions are obtained on moral questions more quickly and more surely than decisions on economic, legal, or administrative questions. This fall the main questions before the people might properly be called religious, if that word did not suggest to many minds some sec-

tarian or ecclesiastical interpretation. The reflecting and responsible voter is going to make his choice on moral grounds. He is going to ask himself who are right, the President and his supporters in and out of office, or the opposition Senators who have been preaching for more than a year that the noble phrase 'America first' means, in respect to national conduct, not moral leadership and enterprise, and service without thought of self, but selfishness, desertion of brave comrades-in-arms, seeking cover from new risks for liberty and humanity, and refusal to participate in protecting the weak against the strong, and in making aggressive war too dangerous, in either civilized or barbarous regions, to be undertaken.

The two political platforms differ from each other most strongly in their descriptions of President Wilson's character and achievements. The Republican platform condemns and repudiates in hot terms both President Wilson's abstract political philosophy and the practical conduct of the administration of which he has been for seven years the head. One would infer from that platform that President Wilson had never said or done anything that was right, and that his administration had been an abject failure before the war, during the war, and after the war. The Democratic platform praises both the principles which President Wilson has expounded and stood for—or in other words the ideals which guide and animate him—and the measures his Cabinet and the administrative bureaus at Washington have already put into execution or are now advocating.

The first thing, therefore, for the thoughtful voter to do is to satisfy himself as to the principles of government which President Wilson believes in and has acted on. The next thing will be to consider what the two Wilson administrations have done for the country.

II

Any study of President Wilson's ideals should start from the following statements made in the Inaugural Address of the President at the Capitol, March 4, 1913, a year and five months before the Great War broke out in Europe, and reaffirmed in various later addresses and messages.

Nowhere else in the world have noble men and women exhibited in more striking forms the beauty and the energy of sympathy and helpfulness and counsel in their efforts to rectify wrong, alleviate suffering, and set the weak in the way of strength and hope. We have built up, moreover, a great system of government, which has stood through a long age as in many respects a model for those who seek to set liberty upon foundations that will endure against fortuitous change, against storm and accident. . . .

The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled, and the judge and the brother are one. . . . This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity.

That is a simple statement of the noble function of America in the twentieth-century world, as the oldest and most experienced of democracies, the most sympathetic and the most disinterested. It was not intended as a prophecy, but only as a description, or perhaps an exhortation and a promise; but whatever its purpose, it characterizes the thought and conduct of President Wilson, at home and abroad, during seven years of prodigious events and unexampled human agonies the world over.

In a short address delivered by President Wilson at Swarthmore College—a liberal Quaker college—on October 25, 1913, nine months and a half before the Great War broke out, he said:—

The spirit of Penn will not be stayed. You cannot set limits to such knightly adventurers. After their own day is gone their spirits stalk the world, carrying inspiration everywhere that they go. . . . It is no small matter, therefore, for a college to have as its patron saint a man who went out upon such a conquest. What I would like to ask you young people to-day is: How many of you have devoted yourselves to the like adventure? How many of you will volunteer to carry these spiritual messages of liberty to the world? How many of you will forego anything except your allegiance to that which is just and that which is right?

Two days later, on October 27, President Wilson delivered a short address before the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile, one object of which was to promote American trade with the Latin-American states. The following are the noble sentences with which that short address concludes:—

Do not think, therefore, gentlemen, that the questions of the day are mere questions of policy and diplomacy. They are shot through with the principles of life. We dare not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us, and that we will never condone iniquity because it is most convenient to do so. It seems to me that this is a day of infinite hope, of confidence in a future greater than the past has been; for I am fain to believe that, in spite of all the things that we wish to correct, the nineteenth century that now lies behind us has brought us a long stage toward the time when, slowly ascending the tedious climb that leads to the final uplands, we shall get our ultimate view of the duties of mankind.

These two addresses of October 25 and 27, 1913, — one to college youth and the other to southern business men, — express strong expectation of good for humanity soon to come, and invite the listeners to service and self-sacrifice. If President Wilson were to speak to his fellow-countrymen to-day, after all that has happened since 1913, he would

say these same things with the same sincerity.

In a brief address by President Wilson at Independence Hall on July 4, 1914, when the vain struggle for peace in Europe was already going on under the leadership of Sir Edward Grey, he spoke as follows:—

I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country, with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and his final verdict. If I did not believe that, I would not believe in democracy. If I did not believe that, I would not believe that people can govern themselves. If I did not believe that the moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment in the minds of men as well as the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular government. But I do believe these things, and, therefore I earnestly believe in the democracy, not only of America but of every awakened people that wishes and intends to govern and control its own affairs.

This is a striking anticipation of the Fourteen Points.

In a three-minute address to the American Bar Association on October 20, 1914, President Wilson said:—

Public life, like private life, would be very dull and dry if it were not for this belief in the essential beauty of the human spirit and the belief that the human spirit could be translated into action and into ordinance. Not entire. You cannot go any faster than you can advance the average moral judgments of the mass; but you can go at least as fast as that, and you can see to it that you do not lag behind the average moral judgments of the mass. I have in my life dealt with all sorts and conditions of men, and I have found that the flame of moral judgment burned just as bright in the man of humble life and limited experience as in the scholar and the man of affairs.

Here is another affirmation of his faith in the moral judgments of the

common people, the faith which led him to embark on his last series of appeals to the country against the opposition of the Senate minority.

On Memorial Day, 1915, President Wilson delivered at the great National Cemetery in Arlington a brief but pithy address, of which the following is the last paragraph:—

America, I have said, was reborn by the struggle of the Civil War; but America is reborn every day of her life by the purposes we form, the conceptions we entertain, the hopes that we cherish. We live in our visions . . . in the things that we purpose. Let us go away from this place renewed in our devotion to daily duty and to those ideals which keep a nation young, keep it noble, keep it rich in enterprise and achievement, make it to lead the nations of the world in those things that make for hope and for the benefit of mankind.

In the week January 27 to February 3, 1916, President Wilson made a series of addresses in various cities, from New York to Kansas City and St. Louis. His purpose was to set forth the measures which his administration was advocating, and to secure popular support for some of them which were still pending in Congress. He wished also to explain before great popular assemblages how he was trying to meet the tremendous burden placed on the Chief Executive of the country. In particular he wished to set forth his conception of the naval and military forces that were needed for the defense of the country. The following passage from his address at Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, shows how his mind was already turning from keeping the country out of the war to preparing the means of effective fighting. He had not yet come to the draft, and was, therefore, advocating dependence on a volunteer army. But he dwelt on the fact that every constitution in the United States—the Con-

stitution of the nation and that of every state—lays it down as a principle that every man in America has the right to bear arms. Here are his words on the need of universal military training and on the soldier's death for country:—

There are two things which practically everybody who comes to the Executive Office in Washington tells me. They tell me, 'The people are counting upon you to keep us out of this war.' And in the next breath, what do they tell me? 'The people are equally counting upon you to maintain the honor of the United States.' Have you reflected that a time might come when I could not do both? And have you made yourselves ready to stand behind your government for the maintenance of the honor of your country, as well as for the maintenance of the peace of the country? If I am to maintain the honor of the United States, and it should be necessary to exert the force of the United States in order to do it, have you made the force ready? You know that you have not; and the very fact that the force is not ready may make the task you have set for me all the more delicate and all the more difficult. I have come away from Washington to remind you of your part in this great business. There is no part that belongs to me that I wish to shirk; but I wish you to bear the part that belongs to you. I want every man and woman of you to stand behind me in pressing a reasonable plan for national defense. . . . Every audience still, after the passage of more than a hundred years, is stirred by the stories of the embattled farmers at Lexington, the men who had arms, who seized them and came forth in order to assert the independence and political freedom of themselves and their enterprise. That is the ideal picture of America, the rising of the Nation. But do we want the Nation to rise unschooled, inexperienced, ineffective, and furnish targets for powder and shot before they realize how to defend themselves at all? . . . And so, my fellow citizens, what I am pleading for with the utmost confidence is the revival of that great spirit of patriotism for which a hall like this stands as a symbol. I was saying the other night

that it was a very interesting circumstance that we never hang a lad's yardstick up over the mantelpiece, but that we do hang his musket up when he is gone. Not because the musket stands for a finer thing than the yardstick in itself, — it is a brutal thing to kill, — but that the musket stood for the risk of life, for something greater than the lad's own self. It stood for infinite sacrifice to the point of death; and it is for that sentiment of willingness to die for something greater than ourselves that we hang the musket up over the mantelpiece, and in doing so make a sacred record of the high service of the family from which it sprang.

Let it be observed that this was said in January, 1916, and that it was addressed to the common people.

In the Auditorium at Chicago on January 31, 1916, he describes as follows the task assigned to the United States by passing events:—

Look at the task that is assigned to the United States, to assert the principles of law in a world in which the principles of law have broken down — not the technical principles of law, but the essential principles of right dealing and humanity as between nation and nation. . . . We may have to assert these principles of right and of humanity at any time. What means are available? What force is at the disposal of the United States to assert these things? The force of opinion? Opinion, I am sorry to say, my fellow citizens, did not bring this war on; and I am afraid that opinion cannot stay its progress. This war was brought on by rulers, not by the people. . . . No man for many a year yet can trace the real sources of this war; but this thing we know — that opinion did not bring it on, and that the force of opinion, at any rate, the force of American opinion, is not going to stop it.

At Des Moines, on February 1, 1916, he uttered the following sentences which apply without the change of a word to the present utterances of the Republican leaders who are trying to prevent the American people from discharging their plain duty toward their

recent comrades-in-arms, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.

Yet, my fellow citizens, there are some men amongst us preaching peace who go much further than I can go, . . . further, I believe, than you can follow them, in preaching the doctrine of peace at any price and in any circumstances. There is a price which is too great to pay for peace, and that price can be put in one word. One cannot pay the price of self-respect. One cannot pay the price of duties abdicated, of glorious opportunities neglected, of character, national character, left without vindication and exemplification in action.

The above citations from addresses made by President Wilson in the week January 27 to February 3, 1916, will enable the careful voter to estimate the correctness or fairness of the following sentence near the beginning of the Republican platform of 1920: 'Inexcusable failure to make timely preparation is the chief indictment against the Democratic administration in the conduct of the war.'

The last sentence of a short address which President Wilson made at a meeting of the Business Men's League of St. Louis on February 3, 1916, being the last of the addresses which he made in his week's tour, is as follows:—

I have come out to appeal to America, not because I doubted what America felt, but because I thought America wanted the satisfaction of uttering what she felt, and of letting the whole world know that she was a unit in respect of every question of national dignity and national safety.

This sentence shows that President Wilson was sure that the American people held his own firm belief in their responsiveness on any question of national dignity, responsibility, and disinterested service. He held this faith then, and has held it ever since. This faith was his reason for assuring his fellow negotiators at Paris that the United States would ratify the Treaty

and Covenant in its final form. It was his reason for appealing at once, with entire confidence, to the masses of the people on the journey which was interrupted by his physical breakdown. It is his reason for desiring the present appeal to the mass of the voters. The Republican speakers and writers describe President Wilson's adherence to this conviction as obstinacy. A juster name for it would be fidelity.

In an address at the first annual assemblage of The League to Enforce Peace on May 27, 1916, President Wilson made some remarks which describe well, not only his own convictions, but the convictions which he then believed were already held by the people of the United States.

The nations of the world must in some way band themselves together to see that right prevails as against any sort of selfish aggression; that henceforth alliance must not be set up against alliance, understanding against understanding, but that there must be a common agreement for a common object, and that at the heart of that common object must lie the inviolable rights of peoples and of mankind. . . . We believe these fundamental things: First, that every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which it shall live. . . . Second, that the small states of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon. And, third, that the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

So sincerely do we believe in these things, that I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realize these objects and make them secure against violation.

President Wilson still believes that the United States is willing to become a

partner in any feasible association of nations formed to realize these objects and further maintains that the League and Covenant formed at Versailles is the only feasible association. The supreme issue at the coming election is the decision of the majority of voters on that matter.

In an address at Philadelphia to the Associated Advertising Clubs, June 29, 1916, President Wilson said:—

I believe . . . that America, the country that we put first in our thoughts, should be ready in every point of policy and of action to vindicate at whatever cost the principles of liberty, of justice, and of humanity to which we have been devoted from the first. [*Cheers.*] You cheer the sentiment, but do you realize what it means? It means that you have not only got to be just to your fellow men, but that as a nation you have got to be just to other nations. It comes high. It is not an easy thing to do.'

The American people now realize that it 'comes high' to fight for liberty, justice, and peace throughout the world; but do they not still propose to vindicate the principles of liberty, justice, and humanity in international relations 'at whatever cost'? The Republican Senators who have defeated the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty do not believe that. The Republican platform and the acceptance speech of the Republican candidate for the presidency declare opposite hopes and expectations. They declare that the cost of discharging our obligations under the proposed Covenant and League is much too high; and that the American people had better keep their breath to cool their own porridge.

In an address delivered at a joint session of the two Houses of Congress April 2, 1917, President Wilson stated with the utmost compactness the objects of the Government and people of the United States in going to war with Germany.

Our object now as then¹ is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth ensure the observance of those principles. . . . A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. . . . The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. . . . We fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

This is also an exact statement of what America ought to continue to do at all risks, in order that the fruits of their military victory may be gradually secured.

In the address to his fellow countrymen which was given to the newspapers on April 16, 1917, the President said, —

We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind, and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage, and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself. We must realize to the full how great the task is, and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and self-sacrifice it involves. . . . The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together.

¹ The reference in the word 'then' is to his earlier addresses — to the Senate on the 22d of January, and to Congress on the 3d and 26th of February, 1917.

And so we did, until the Republican Senators began to obstruct the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty.

In an address at Washington on Flag Day, June 14, 1917, when our armies were gathering and all our industries were rushing to make the supplies and means of transportation necessary to put our young men at work on fields of blood in France, President Wilson closed with these words: —

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. . . . Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

That glory did shine, until Republican Senators began, first, to interfere — without Constitutional right — in the negotiations which were going on in Paris, and so to diminish the influence and authority of the American delegate at that Conference, and then to urge the whole American people to abandon the course of conduct which President Wilson and the great majority of the Democratic party had advocated, and to adopt the selfish, timid, and dishonorable course advocated by the opponents of the League. And now the Republican platform praises those Senators, and the candidate nominated by the Republican Convention gives notice that he will oppose the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty of Versailles.

III

The difference between the Democratic policy and the Republican in respect to the Covenant and Treaty is now clearly defined. So is the difference between President Wilson's ideals and those of the present Republican leaders. Which ideals are the majority of the American voters going to prefer? Which leaders are they going to follow — the heirs of President Wilson's policies, or the Republican leaders who

have kept the United States out of the League and poured contempt and insults on President Wilson's character, manners, and measures? If President Wilson's estimate of the moral quality of the American people is correct, many young voters, and many ex-soldiers, many fathers and mothers of sons who died or were crippled in the war, and many non-partisan or independent voters will take the noble and disinterested side, and reject the leadership of those Republicans who have lost sight of the fact that the Republican party was at its origin the party which stood for human liberty, for justice to the oppressed, and for a great expectancy of good for suffering humanity.

The fall of the Republican Party between the summer of 1918 and the summer of 1920 is an extraordinary political phenomenon. In 1918 a group of Republican leaders, headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, used the following language:—

This is not the President's personal war. This is not the war of Congress. It is not the war of the Democratic or the Republican party. It is the war of the American people. It is more. It is the war of the United States, of the Allied Powers, of the civilized world against the barbarism of Germany. In this great burden and responsibility the Republican party, representing more than half the citizenship of the country, demands its rightful share.

According to the Chicago platform the Republican Party in 1920 stands for agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world; but this must be effected through a new association of nations and 'without depriving the people of the United States in advance of the right to determine for themselves what is just and fair when the occasion arises, and without involving them as participants, and not as peacemakers, in a multitude of quarrels the merits of which they are unable to

judge.' It affirms that 'The Senators performed their duty faithfully. We approve their conduct, and honor their courage and fidelity.'

Since the triumph of these Republican leaders in the Senate, some new calamities have befallen Europe and the Near East, and some new dangers threaten democracy and civilization. War has broken out again in Europe and the Near East at several points, the very existence of Poland as a free nation has been imperiled, millions of people lack food, clothing, and fuel, and the industrial and financial restoration of the belligerent nations is cruelly delayed. Marxian Socialism, with its despotic super-state, seems to be gaining ground on the Continent, and Labor-Union Socialism in Great Britain. It seems probable, though not certain, that these new evils would not have occurred and these new dangers would not have arisen, if the sane and strong influence of the United States had been exerted from the beginning in the League of Nations.

Now the League of Nations already contains twenty-nine nations; it is in operation, and has made important contributions toward a proper organization of the League and its various agencies. But its beneficent action is crippled by the absence of the United States as a member of the Executive Council of the League. The Republican candidate for President declares that he will not carry the country into the existing League of Nations. The party, instead of demanding its rightful share in the burden and responsibility of the war, proposes that this country take no share in the burden of securing the fruits of the war, and advises the American people to look first to the maintenance of their own independence and the security of their own property, and to renounce all sense of obligation to the other free nations which were asso-

ciated with America in the conduct of the war against Germany. The party has turned its back on its own principles of 1860 and 1918. This deplorable change of front is a deep mortification and distress to all patriotic Americans, Republican or Democratic, and particularly to those who remember the political ideals which the Republican party was founded to contend for, and which led it to glorious victories. Within the memory of living men no political party in this country has suffered so crushing a catastrophe. Habitual Republicans may well consider how this downfall is to be remedied. Surely not by putting the country into the hands of the very men who have led the party into its present plight.

The services of President Wilson to the cause of permanent peace at the Conferences at Paris were very great, and they were successful to an extraordinary degree. It was he who persuaded the other negotiators to make the Covenant and League indispensable parts of any final settlement. The provisions of the League are so interwoven with the provisions of the Treaty that the union is all-pervasive. The League provides the means of carrying out the provisions of the Treaty, and throughout the Treaty the League appears as the indispensable instrument for executing, and also for modifying the terms of, the Covenant and Treaty, as occasion may require. That the Covenant and Treaty together contain the means of abolishing secret treaties and understandings, of reducing armaments, and curbing nations inclined to attack their neighbors or to cause dangerous friction in international dealings, is due to President Wilson and to the influence of his ideals on the governments and peoples of Europe.

The other negotiators did not share President Wilson's ideals when the Conferences began, and at the end they

probably accepted them with but scant belief in their efficacy. All parties in Great Britain have been for centuries shy of ideals in general, and have been ready to abandon theories and logical aims in favor of compromises and short steps toward some immediate practical end. French diplomacy has for many years depended on secret alliances and secret, even unrecorded, understandings. The general attitude of Premier Clemenceau throughout the Conferences was one of cynical distrust. He had no faith that strong nations could be, or were going to be, influenced in their relations with other nations by anything but their own interests and passions. He felt that France could be protected against Germany in the future only by reducing Germany to impotency, and that no League of Nations and no affirmations of international good-will could be trusted to make France safe. Yet there resulted from the Conferences at Paris far-reaching international agreements much more promising than the world has ever known before toward the abolition of autocratic government, militarism, competitive armaments, secret diplomacy, balances of power, and wars of conquest. This result is due to President Wilson's ideals and his persuasiveness or combativeness on their behalf, backed as they were by the unanimous rush of the American people in April, 1917, into the war against Germany.

The reader who has apprehended the quality of the foregoing quotations from President Wilson's messages and addresses and the nature and extent of his services at the Paris Conferences will now be prepared to appreciate the following extract from an editorial in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of July 31:—

Governor Cox and his personal staff will not be able to slink from under the burdens of the Wilson administrations. They must defend their records or be condemned for

them. Only in that way can the American people pronounce their final judgment on Wilsonism. Otherwise Wilsonism escapes scot-free.

There is no method by which a party can inflict on this nation the ills of an experimental, pseudo-idealistic, irritatingly impractical, openly sectional, poisonously Socialistic government, and get away with it without any 'come-back.' The Democratic Party must accept the consequences of its 'seven lean years' and await the verdict of a thoroughly exasperated people.

A good parallel with this criticism of 'Wilsonism' and the Wilson administrations is to be found in the *Aurora*, a paper which was being published in the same city of Philadelphia in 1797. The following sentence was published in the *Aurora* a few days before Washington retired from the Presidency and returned to his farm.

If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington; if ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington.

A few days later, an anonymous correspondent of the *Aurora* wrote as follows:—

When a retrospect is taken of the Washington administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have conquered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence.

The *Public Ledger's* criticisms of 'Wilsonism' this summer are as wrong-headed as those of the *Aurora* against Washington; but they do not transcend in stupidity and irrelevancy the epithets which the Republican official documents and the speeches of Republican orators now apply to President Wilson. Here is an incomplete group of those

epithets — autocrat, usurper, despot, dictator, hypocrite, phrase-maker, obstinate, Utopian, deceitful, insincere, narrow-gauged, and meanly jealous of friends and foes alike. May all thoughtful and open-minded voters keep these epithets in mind this fall! The recollection will help them to decide whether they will aid to put the men that use them in control of the government for the next four years.

IV

The objections urged against the Treaty and Covenant by the group of Senators who have defeated ratification are extraordinarily narrow-minded and selfish. One would think that they had never perceived the prodigious changes in the civilized world since Washington used the phrase 'entangling alliances'; that they had not felt the exaltation of the American spirit when the people went to war with Germany to protect the free nations from the Prussian autocracy, to defend the weaker nations against the stronger, to make right triumph over wrong, and to make impossible in the future such war as Germany was waging upon the freer nations of Europe. They appealed during the long and rambling discussion to only the selfish side of the American character. They urged the people to make no more sacrifices for liberty and justice in the world, to save their own property, and to share their resources in the future with no other nation, not even with their recent comrades-in-arms. They would have none of coöperation between the American Republic and the other free nations, to make the world a better place for the rising generation to live in. They had no faith in the magnanimity and disinterestedness of the American people. What an incredibly low estimate of the moral quality of the American people

these men formed, right in the face of the sacrifice the young men and the fathers and mothers of America made between April, 1917, and November, 1918! One of the most outrageous of their slanders against the people of the United States was their statement that Americans would never accept any mandate on behalf of Armenia.

Now the Republican platform endorses the language and the conduct of the Senators who defeated the ratification. It says outright, 'We commend the Republican Senate for refusing the President's request to empower him to accept the mandate for Armenia'; and again, 'No more striking illustration can be found of President Wilson's disregard of the lives of American boys or of American interests and action'; and again, 'We deeply sympathize with the people of Armenia and stand ready to help them in all ways; but the Republican Party will oppose now and hereafter the acceptance of a mandate for any country in Europe or Asia.' One of the most interesting questions at the coming election is whether the majority of the American voters, or the majority of the members of the House of Representatives (if the election is thrown into the House), has become so degraded as to accept that teaching of Republican Senators and the Republican platform, and so unfeeling as not to revolt absolutely at that remark of the Republican platform about President Wilson.

Many established members of the Republican Party, both old and young, are going to feel great difficulty in voting for the Democratic candidate for the presidency next November, even though they earnestly desire the prompt ratification of the Covenant and Treaty and the entrance of the United States into the beneficent work of the League of Nations, because they have somehow acquired an utter distrust of the character and conduct of President Wilson.

They are convinced that he is insincere, or shifty; that while his sayings are apt to be sound, his doings are apt to be unsound; that he chooses his counselors badly; that his nature is cold and inconstant in spite of his much talk about justice, mercy, coöperation, and goodwill; and that he is utterly incapable of attaching to himself able men as disciples or ardent followers. This picture of President Wilson is accepted by a large proportion of Republicans and by some Democrats. Those who have accepted it cannot but be reluctant to vote for Governor Cox, because he is the heir to President Wilson's policies and public doings, although he holds himself free to depart from or modify the President's recent line of conduct in respect to the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty. They can hardly bring themselves to vote for a measure or a principle which is attributable to President Wilson. Their aversion to his personality overcomes every other consideration. It may fairly be urged, however, upon all voters, old and young, Republican and Democratic, that President Wilson's character and conduct are not practical issues in the coming election. He is perforce a retired statesman, and the disputes or differences about his character and conduct should not affect the voter's desire or purpose to use his own vote in the best interest of his country and the world. President Wilson's policies and ideals are the main issue, not his personality. History will give him much later his rightful place.

V

Although the great issue to be decided at the coming election is the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty, with explanations or interpretations, if any, which may be needed to make clear to European opinion the differ-

ences between constitutional government in the United States and constitutional government in Great Britain, France, and Italy, there is another question to be submitted to the voters, which is large and interesting, though only secondary. Fortunately this, too, is a moral question, and one which appeals strongly to the young mind and to the liberal mind as distinguished from the conservative. This second question is as follows: To which of the two great parties is it safest to intrust the forward movement toward greater liberty, comfort, health, and happiness for the manual laborers of the country, both men and women, both skilled and unskilled, for the people who work for wages with or without bonuses, and have thus far had little or no influence on the physical or mental conditions under which their daily labor has been performed?

The young voter, or the open-minded voter, who makes himself acquainted with the history of the two parties within the past eight years, — or, better, within the last thirty years, — will soon see that the Democratic Party has one great advantage over the Republican Party in soliciting his vote on this issue. The key-note speech of Mr. Cummings at San Francisco and the Democratic platform there adopted rely, in respect to promotion of industrial and social progress and public welfare, on the deeds or acts of the Democratic Party during the past seven years of extraordinary world-turmoil, on its actual enactments and administrative achievements, accomplishments without a parallel in the whole series of Republican administrations since the Civil War. This statement applies to all the great financial, economic, and philanthropic subjects which have been under active discussion in the United States during the past thirty years. In comparison with the actual record of

the Democratic Party since 1912, the Republican Party has very little to show.

One may sum up this situation by saying that the Democratic Party is far the more trustworthy party for the promotion of progressive ideas in government, politics, and the improvement of all social, commercial, and industrial organizations. For thirty years the Democratic Party has been more sensitive than the Republican Party to the needs and aspirations of the depressed or less fortunate classes in human society, and it has exhibited a more practical sense of human brotherhood than the Republican Party, both at home and abroad. Moreover, it has shown since 1912 that it has more sense of the duty of a strong nation toward a weak one, and — better still — a greater sensitiveness to the maintenance of American honor. Let the young voter compare the statements in the two platforms concerning the policy of the United States toward Mexico, and let him also compare the actual legislation of the Republican Party with that of the Democratic Party on the exemption from the payment of tolls by American coastwise vessels passing through the Panama Canal. If he would understand the attitude of the Democratic Party toward the productive laboring millions, let him see clearly what the two Wilson administrations have done for the farmers of the country. Both the party platforms exhibit the greatest possible interest in the welfare of the farmer class; but the Democrats have this great advantage over the Republicans, that the Democratic platform recounts deeds, while the Republican is necessarily confined to sympathetic platitudes and promises.

To-day the Democratic Party has a right to say that it is the party of progressive legislation and administration. It is the party which, building on a sure

foundation of achievements, can say to the American people: 'Trust us for safe advances toward public liberty, order, prosperity, and contentment. We have given the American people two administrations which have been governed by just ideals, and have made enormous practical achievements. Our leader has fallen by the way, a sacrifice to his sense of duty and to his faith in the rectitude and courage of the common people. But we offer you other leaders, who will not only carry on the works so well begun by the Wilson administration, but will rise to new occasions and new duties, and press on to the fulfillment in the United States of the best hopes and expectations of democracy.'

To make democracy safe in the harassed world means to give to every citizen freedom to do his best for the

public welfare, and the will to use energetically that freedom. Judging by the history of the Democratic Party since 1912, the country may trust that party to defend its honor and its rights, to build up education, to improve the public health, to raise the general level of intelligence and comfort, and also to create the free and mobile society in which the finest and rarest human capacities will come oftenest to fruition.

The legitimate conclusion of the foregoing discussion is, that the patriotic and considerate voter, not forgetting the progressive domestic policy of the Democratic Party, should base his choice between the candidates on his acceptance or rejection of that policy of world-leadership and world-helpfulness which is irrevocably associated with the name of President Wilson.

HOW, THEN, SHOULD SMITH VOTE?

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE talk on the veranda had been prolonged, and only my old friend Smith, smoking in meditative silence, had refused to contribute to our discussion of the men and the issues of 1920. Between campaigns Smith is open-minded on all matters affecting the body politic. Not infrequently his views are marked by a praiseworthy independence. Smith has brains; Smith thinks. A Republican, he criticizes his party with the utmost freedom; and when sorely tried, he renounces it with a superb gesture of disdain. But on election day, in a mood of high conse-

cration, he unfailingly casts his ballot for the Republican nominee. A week earlier he may have declared in the most convincing manner that he would not support the ticket; and under extreme provocation I have known him to threaten to leave the Republican fold for all time.

Party loyalty is one of the most powerful factors in the operation of our democracy, and it has its special psychology to which only a Josiah Royce could do full justice. Smith really thinks that he will bolt; but when it comes to the scratch, an influence

against which he is powerless stays his hand when he is alone in the voting-booth with his conscience and his God. Later, when gently reminded of this mood of disaffection, he snarls that, when it comes down to brass tacks, any Republican is better than any Democrat, anyhow — a fragment of philosophy that is the consolation of great numbers of Smiths.

Smith, as I was saying, had refrained from participating in our talk on that August night where the saltless sea complained upon the beach and the pines took counsel of the stars. Then, as the party broke up, Smith flung his cigar into Lake Michigan and closed the discussion by remarking with a despairing sigh, —

‘Well, either way, the people lose!’

I

Smith prides himself on his ability to get what he wants when he wants it — in everything but politics. In all else that pertains to his welfare Smith is informed, capable, and efficient. In his own affairs he tells the other fellow where to get off, and if told he can’t do a thing, he proceeds at once to do it and do it well. It is only in politics that his efforts are futile and he takes what is ‘handed him.’ Under strong provocation he will, in the manner of a dog on the highway, run barking after some vehicle that awakens his ire; but finding himself unequal to the race, he meekly trots back to his own front yard. If the steam-roller runs over him and the self-respect is all but ground out of him, he picks himself up and retires to consider it yet again. He has learned nothing, except that by interposing himself before a machine of superior size and weight he is very likely to get hurt; and this he knew before.

Smith and I are in the north woods thirty-five miles from a telegraph in-

strument, where it is possible to ponder great questions with a degree of detachment. Loafing with Smith is one of the most profitable things I do; he is the best of fellows, and as our lives have run parallel from school-days with an unbroken intimacy, we are thoroughly familiar with each other’s manner of thought. What I am setting down here is really a condensed report of our talks. Just where Smith leaves off and I begin does n’t matter, for we speak the same language of the Ancient Brotherhood of the Average Man. Smith is a Republican; I am a Democrat. We have ‘gone to the mat’ in many campaigns, each valiantly defending his party and its heroes. But, chumming together in August, 1920, the punch had gone out of us. We talked of men and issues, but not with our old fervor. At first we were both shy of present-day matters, and disposed to ‘sidle up’ to the immediate situation — to reach it by reluctant, tangential approaches, as if we were strangers, wary of wounding each other’s feelings.

We mean to keep smiling about this whole business. We Americans seem destined to rock dizzily on the brink of many precipices without ever quite toppling over. We have lived through wars and rumors of wars, and have escaped pestilence and famine, and we are deeply grateful that the present campaign lays so light a tax upon the emotions. The Republic is n’t going to perish, no matter who’s elected. One thing is certain, however, and that is that this time we — that is, Smith and I — are not going to be jostled or pushed.

The other day we interviewed an Indian — whether untaxed or enrolled at the receipt of custom we did n’t ascertain. Smith asked him whether he was for Cox or Harding, and the rightful heir to all the territory in sight,

interpreting our courteous inquiry in a restricted tribal rather than a national spirit replied, 'No whisk.' He thought we were deputy sheriffs looking for boot-leggers. Even at that, Smith held 'no whisk' to be the most intelligent answer he had as yet received to his question.

Smith nearly upset the canoe one morning as he turned suddenly to demand fiercely, 'What's this campaign all about anyhow?' This was a dismaying question, but it precipitated a fortnight of reminiscences of the changing fortunes of parties and battles long ago, with the usual profitless palaver as to whether the giants of other days were really bigger and nobler than those of the present. We decided, of course, that they were, having arrived at that time of life when pygmies loom large in the twilight shades of vanishing perspectives. The recuperative power of parties kept us interested through several evenings. It seemed a miracle that the Democratic party survived the Civil War. We talked much of Cleveland, speaking of him wistfully as the habit now is — of his courage, his bluff honesty and contempt for sham and hypocrisy.

In generous mood we agreed that Mr. Bryan had at times rendered meritorious service to his country, and that it was a good thing to encourage such evangelists occasionally to give the kettle a vigorous stirring up. The brilliant qualities as well as the many irritating characteristics of Colonel Roosevelt were dwelt upon, and we readily and amiably concluded that many pages of American history would be dull without him. He knew what America is all about; and that is something. We lamented the disheartening circumstance that in the very nature of our system of political management there must always be men of first-rate capacity who can never hope to win the

highest place — men, for example, of indubitable wisdom, character, and genius, like George F. Edmunds, John Hay, and Elihu Root, and Judge Gray of Delaware.

'When I've got a place to fill in my business,' said Smith, 'I pick out a man I'm dead sure can handle it; I can't afford to experiment with fakers and amateurs. But when it comes to choosing a mayor in my town or a president of the United States, I've got to take what I can get.'

There is no justification for the party system, unless the major parties are alert and honest in criticism and exercise a restraining influence upon each other. It is perfectly legitimate for the opposition to pick out all the weak spots in the record of an administration and make the most of them. The rules of good sportsmanship do not, unfortunately, apply in politics. With all our insistence as a nation upon fair play, we don't practice our greatest game in that spirit. It was not, I should say, until after Mr. Cleveland's second election that the Civil War ceased to color political discussion. Until I was well on toward manhood, I was troubled not a little by a fear that the South would renew the war, so continually was the great struggle of the sixties brought fearfully to the attention, even in local contests. In the criticism that has been heaped upon Mr. Wilson's administration we have been reminded frequently that he has been far too responsive to Southern influence.

The violence of our partisanship is responsible for the intrusion of all manner of extraneous matters into campaigns. It would seem that some single striking issue that touches the pocketbook, like the tariff or silver, is necessary, if the electorate is to be thoroughly aroused. Human nature in a democracy is quite what it is under

any other form of government, and is thoroughly disposed to view all matters selfishly. Shantung and Fiume are too remote to interest the great number of us whose club is the corner-grocery. Anything beyond Main Street is alien to our interest. We'll buy food for the starving in other lands, but that's missionary work, not politics. Politics is electing our township ticket, even though Bill Jones does beat his wife and is bound to make a poor constable.

We became slightly cynical at times, in the way of Americans who talk politics heart-to-heart. The national convention, where there is a thrill in the sonority of the very names of the far-flung commonwealths as they are recited on roll-call, is, on the face of it, a glorious expression of democracy at work. But in actual operation everyone knows that a national convention is only nominally representative. The delegates in their appointed places are not free and independent American citizens, assembled, as we would believe, to exercise their best judgment as trustees of the 'folks back home.' Most of them owe their seats to the favor of a district or state boss; from the moment the convention opens they are the playthings of the super-bosses, who plan in advance every step in the proceedings.

Occasionally there are slips: the ringmaster cracks his whip, confident that the show will proceed according to programme, only to be embarrassed by some irresponsible performer who refuses to 'take' the hoops and hurdles in the prescribed order. In other terms, some absurd person may throw a wrench into a perfectly functioning machine and change the pattern it has been set to weave. Such sabotage calls for a high degree of temerariousness, and cannot be recommended to ambitious young patriots anxious to ingra-

tiate themselves with the powers that control. At Baltimore, in 1912, Mr. Bryan did the trick — the most creditable act of his career; but in accepting for his reward the premiership for which he was so conspicuously unfit, he foolishly spoiled his record and promptly fulfilled the worst predictions of his enemies.

There is an oft-quoted saying that the Democrat party always may be relied upon to do the wrong thing. Dating from 1876, when it so nearly won the presidency, it has certainly been the victim of a great deal of bad luck. However, remembering the blasting of many Republican hopes and the swift passing of many Republican idols, — the catastrophe that befell the much-enduring Blaine, Mr. Taft's melancholy adventures with the presidency, the Progressive schism, and the manner in which Mr. Hughes struck out with the bases full, — it may hardly be said that the gods of good-fortune have been markedly faithful to the Republicans. Disappointments are inevitable; but even the Grant third-termers and the followers of the plumed Knight and the loyal Bryan phalanx outlived their sorrows. The supporters of McAdoo and Palmer, of Wood and Lowden, appear to be comfortably seated on the band-wagon.

Smith was an ardent supporter of General Wood's candidacy, and we sat together in the gallery of the convention hall at Chicago and observed with awe and admiration the manner in which the general received the lethal thrust. The noisy demonstrations, the oratory, the vociferous whoops of the galleries touched us not at all, for we are not without our sophistication in such exhibitions. We listened with pleasure to the impromptus of those stanch veterans of many battles, Messrs. Depew and Cannon. At other times, during lulls that invited oratory,

we heard insistent calls for Mr. Beveridge; but these did not reach the ear, or failed to touch the heart, of the chairman. The former Senator from Indiana had been a Progressive, and was not to be trusted before a convention that might, with a little stimulation, have trampled the senatorial programme under foot.

We knew before the opening prayer was uttered that, when the delegates chose a candidate, it would be only a *pro forma* confirmation of a selection made privately by half a dozen men, devout exponents of that principle of party management which holds that the wisdom of the few is superior to the silly clamor of the many. At that strategic moment when it became hazardous to indulge the deadlock further, and expediency called for an adjournment that the scene might be set for the last act, the great lords quite shamelessly consulted in full view of the spectators. Messrs. Lodge, Smoot, Watson and Crane, hastily reinforced by Mr. Herrick who, aware that the spotlight was soon to be turned upon Ohio, ran nimbly across the reporters' seats to join the conference, stood there in their majesty, like complacent Olympians preparing to confer a boon upon mankind. It was a pretty bit of drama. The curtain fell, as upon a second act where the developments of the third are fully anticipated, and interest is buoyed up only through the intermission by a mild curiosity as to the manner in which the plot will be worked out.

My heart warmed to the enterprising reporter who attached himself to the sacred group for a magnificent moment. His forcible ejection only emphasized the tensivity of the situation, and brought into clearer relief the august figures of the pontiffs, who naturally resented so gross an intrusion upon their privacy.

II

The other night, when every prospect divulged by the moon's soft radiance was pleasing and only the thought of man's clumsy handiwork was vile, Smith shocked me by remarking, —

'This patter of both parties about the dear people makes me sick. That "vox populi, vox dei" stuff was always a fake. We think we're hearing an echo from heaven when it's only a few bosses in the back room of a hotel somewhere telling us what we ought to want.' We descanted upon this at length, and he adduced much evidence in support of his contention. 'What we've got in this country,' he snorted, when I tried to reason him out of his impious attitude, 'is government of the people by the bosses, for the people's good. The people are like a flock of silly sheep fattening for the wolf, and too stupid to lift their eyes from the grass to see him galloping down the hill. They've got to be driven to the hole in the wall and pushed through.'

He was mightily pleased when I told him he had been anticipated by many eminent authorities running back to Isaiah and Plato.

'Saving remnant' was a phrase to his liking, and he kept turning it over and investing it with modern meanings. Before we blew out the candles we were in accord on the proposition that while we have government by parties, the parties have got to be run by someone; what is everybody's business being, very truly, nobody's business. Hence the development of party organizations and their domination by groups, with the groups themselves deriving inspiration usually from a single head. Under the soothing influence of these bromides Smith fell to sleep denouncing the direct primary.

'Instead of giving the power to the people,' he muttered drowsily, 'the

bloomin' thing has commercialized office-seeking. We're selling nominations to the highest bidder. If I were ass enough to chase a United States senatorship, I would n't waste any time on the people until I'd been underwritten by a few strong banks. And if I won, I'd be like the Dutchman who said he was getting along all right, only he was worried because he had to die and go to hell yet. It would be my luck to be pinched as a common felon, and to have my toga changed for a prison suit at Leavenworth.'

Some candidate for the doctorate, hard put for a subject, might find it profitable to produce a thesis on American political phraseology. As a people we are much addicted to felicitous combinations of words that express large ideas in the smallest possible compass. Not only does political wisdom lend itself well to condensation, but the silliest fallacy will carry far if knocked into a fetching phrase. How rich in its connotations even to-day is the old slogan, 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too'; and many others equally illuminative of a period might be dug out of the records from the beginning of our history, including 'the tariff is a tax,' 'the full dinner-pail,' down to 'he kept us out of war.' A telling phrase or a catchword is enormously persuasive and convincing — the shrewdest possible advertisement. The present campaign has offered little inspiration to slogan-makers.

There is no way of knowing how many of our hundred millions ever read a national platform, but I will hazard the guess that not more than twenty-five per cent have perused the platforms of 1920, or will do so before election day. The average voter is content to accept the interpretations and laudatory comment of his party paper, with its assurance that the declaration of principles and purposes is in keeping with the great traditions of the grand

old party. It is straining Smith's patriotism pretty far to ask him to read a solid page of small type, particularly when he knows that much of it is untrue and most of it sheer bunk. Editorial writers and campaign orators read platforms perforce; but to Smith they are fatiguing to the eye and a weariness to the spirit. The primary qualification for membership on a platform committee is an utter lack — there must be no question about it — of a sense of humor. The League of Nations plank of the Republican platform is a refutation of the fallacy that we are a people singularly blessed with humor. We could ask no more striking proof of the hypnotic power of a party name than the acceptance of this plank, solemnly sawed, trimmed, and painted red, white, and blue, in the committee-room, and received by the delegates with joyous acclamation. Senator Johnson must have laughed; the joke was certainly not on him.

III

The embarrassments of the partisan who is challenged to explain the faith that is in him are greatly multiplied in this year of grace 1920. Considerable literature is available as to the rise and development of the two major parties, but a student might exhaust the whole of it and yet read the Chicago and San Francisco platforms as through a glass darkly. There is a good deal of Jeffersonian democracy that is extremely difficult to reconcile with many acts of Mr. Wilson. The partisan who tries to square his Democracy or his Republicanism with the faith he inherited from his grandfather is doomed to a severe headache. The rope that separates the elephant from the donkey in the menagerie marks only a nominal difference in species: they eat the same fodder, and when the spectator's back

is turned, slyly wink at each other. There is a fine ring to the phrase 'a loyal Republican' or 'a loyal Democrat,' but we have reached a point of convergence where loyalty is largely a matter of tradition and superstition. What Jefferson said on a given point, or what Hamilton thought about something else, avails little to a Democrat or a Republican in these changed times. We talk blithely of fundamental principles, but are still without the power to visualize the leaders of the past in newly developed situations of which they never dreamed. To attempt to interview Washington as to whether he intended his warning against entangling alliances to apply to a League of Nations to insure the peace of the world is ridiculous; as well invoke Julius Cæsar's opinion of present-day questions of Italian politics.

Delightful and inspiring as it would doubtless be, we can't quite trust the government to the counsels of the ouija-board. The seats of the Cabinet or of the Supreme Bench will hardly be filled with table-rapping experts until more of us are satisfied of the authenticity of the communications that purport to be postmarked oblivion. We quote the great spirits of the past only when we need them to give weight and dignity to our own views. (Incidentally, a ouija-board opinion from John Marshall as to the propriety of tacking a police regulation like the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution would be first-page stuff for the newspapers.)

Monroe was luckier than most of our patriarchs. The doctrine associated with his name is jealously treasured by many patriotic Americans who have n't the slightest idea of the circumstances that called it forth; but to mention it in a discussion of international affairs is to stamp the speaker as a person of breeding, endowed with

intellectual gifts of the highest order. If by some post-mortem referendum we could 'call up' Monroe to explain just how far America might safely go in the defense of his doctrine, and whether it could be advantageously extended beyond the paths of all the western stars to keep pace with such an expansion as that represented by the Philippines, we might profit by his answer — and again, we might not.

We can't shirk our responsibilities. One generation can't do the work of another. In the last analysis we've got to stand on our own feet and do our own thinking. The Constitution itself has to be interpreted over and over again, and even amended occasionally; for the world does, in spite of all efforts to stop it, continue to move right along. This is not a year in which either of the major parties can safely harp upon its 'traditional policy.' There are skeletons in both closets that would run like frightened rabbits if dragged into the light and ordered to solve the riddles of 1920.

The critics of President Wilson have dwelt much on the vision of the founders, without conceding that he too may be blessed with a seer's vision and the tongue of prophecy. To his weaknesses as a leader I shall revert later; but his highmindedness and earnest desire to serve the nation and the world are questioned only by the most buck-ramed hostile partisan, or by those who view the present only through the eyes of dead men.

IV

When President Wilson read his war message to the Congress, it must have been in the minds of many thousands who thrilled to the news that night, that a trinity of great American presidents was about to be completed; that a niche awaited Mr. Wilson in the same alcove with Washington and Lincoln.

Many who were impatient and restless under the long correspondence with the Imperial German Government were willing to acknowledge that the delay was justified; that now the nation was solidly behind the administration; that amid the stirring call of trumpets partisanship would be forgotten; and that, when the world was made safe for law and decency, Mr. Wilson would find himself in the enjoyment of an unparalleled popularity. It did not seem possible that he could fail. That he did fail of these hopes and expectations is not a matter that any true lover of America can contemplate with jubilation. Those of us who ask the greatest and the best things of and for America can hardly be gratified by any failure that might be construed as a sign of weakness in democracy. But Mr. Wilson's inability to hold the confidence of the people, to win his adversaries to his standard, to implant himself in the affections of the mass, cannot be attributed to anything in our system, but wholly to his own nature. It is one of the ironies of our political life that a man like Mr. McKinley, without distinguished courage, originality, or constructive genius, is able, through the possession of minor qualities that are social rather than political, to endear himself to the great body of his countrymen. It may be, after all our prayers for great men, that negative rather than positive qualities are the safest attributes of a president.

It may fairly be said that Mr. Wilson is intellectually the equal of most of his predecessors in the presidency and the superior of a very considerable number of them. The very consciousness of the perfect functioning of his own mental machinery made him intolerant of stupidity, and impatient of the criticism of those with whom it has been necessary for him to do his work, who have, so to put it, only asked to be

'shown.' If the disagreeable business of working in practical politics in all its primary branches serves no better purpose, it at least exercises a humanizing effect; it is one way of learning that men must be reasoned with and led, not driven. In escaping the usual political apprenticeship, Mr. Wilson missed wholly the liberalizing and broadening contacts common to the practical politician. At times—for example, when the Adamson Law was passed—I heard Republicans, with unflattering intonation, call him the shrewdest politician of his time; but nothing could be further from the truth. Nominally the head of his party, and with its future prosperity in his hands, he has shown a curious indifference to the maintenance of its morale.

'Produce great men; the rest follows.' The production of great men is not so easy as Whitman imagined; but in eight tremendous years we must ruefully confess that no new and commanding figure has risen in either branch of Congress. Partisanship constantly to the fore, but few manifestations of statesmanship: such is the record. It is well-nigh unbelievable that, where the issues have so constantly touched the very life of the nation, the discussions could have been so marked by narrowness and bigotry. The exercise of autocratic power by a group pursuing a policy of frustration and obstruction is as little in keeping with the spirit of our institutions as a stubborn, uncompromising course on the part of the Executive. The conduct of the Republican majority in the Senate is nothing of which their party can be proud.

Four years ago I submitted in these pages¹ some reflections on the low state to which the public service had fallen,

¹ 'The Third-Rate Man in Politics,' in the *Atlantic* for August, 1916.

and my views have not been changed by more recent history. It would be manifestly unfair to lay at Mr. Wilson's door the inferiority of the men elected to the Congress; but with all the potentialities of party leadership and his singular felicity of appeal, he has done little to quicken the public conscience with respect to the choice of administrators or representatives. It may be said in his defense that his hours from the beginning were too crowded to permit such excursions in political education; but we had a right to expect him to lend the weight of his authoritative voice and example to the elevation of the tone of the public service. Poise and serenity of temper we admire, but not to the point where it seemingly vanishes into indifference and a callousness to criticism. The appeal two years ago for a Democratic Congress, that the nation's arm might be strengthened for the prosecution of the war, was a gratuitous slap at the Republican representatives who had supported his war-policies, and an affront to the public intelligence, that met with just rebuke. The cavalier discharge of Lansing and the retention of Burleson show an equally curious inability to grasp public opinion.

V

The whole handling of the League of Nations was bungled, as most of the Democrats I know privately admit. The end of a war that had shaken the very foundations of the earth was a fitting time to attempt the formation of an association of the great powers to enforce the peaceful settlement of international disputes. Here was a matter that spoke powerfully to the conscience and the imagination, and in the chastened mood of a war-weary world it seemed a thing possible of achievement. Certainly, in so far as America

was concerned, it was a project to be approached in such manner that its success could in no way be jeopardized by partisanship. The possibility of opposition by Democratic Senators, the hostility of Republican Senators, which was not merely partisan, but in certain quarters tinged with bitter personal hatred of the President, was to be anticipated and minimized.

The President's two trips abroad were a mistake, at least, in that they encouraged those of his critics who assailed him as an autocrat and supreme egotist stubbornly bent upon doing the whole business in his own way. The nation was entitled to the services in the peace negotiations of its best talent — men strongly established in public confidence. Mr. Wilson paid dearly for his inability to recognize this. His own appearance at Versailles conveyed a false impression of his powers, and the effect at home was to cause uneasiness among many who had most cordially supported him.

The hovering figure of Colonel House has been a constant irritation to a public uninformed as to the training or experience that set him apart for preferment. In sending from the home-bound ship an invitation to the august Foreign Relations Committee to gather at the White House at an hour appointed and hear the good news that a League was in prospect, the President once more displayed a lamentable ignorance of human nature. His attitude was a trifle too much like that of a parent returning from a journey and piquing the curiosity of his household by a message conveying the glad tidings that he was bringing presents for their delight. There are one hundred millions of us, and we are not to be managed in this way.

Colonel Roosevelt might have done precisely these things and 'got away with it.' Many thousands would have

said it was just like him, and applauded. The effect of Mr. Wilson's course was to precipitate a prolonged battle over the League and leave it high in the air. It hovers over the present campaign like a toy balloon floating within reach of languid and indifferent spectators. In that part of the country with whose feelings and temper on public matters I may pretend to some knowledge, I do not believe that anyone cares greatly about it. The moment it became a partisan question, it lost its vitality as a moral issue that promised peace and security to America and all the world. Our attitude with respect to the League has added nothing to the nation's dignity; rather, by our wobbly course in this matter we have done much to weaken the case for world-democracy. Its early acceptance, with reservations that would have stilled the cry of denationalization, would have made it an achievement on which the Democratic party might have gone to the people with satisfaction and confidence. Even considered as an experiment of dubious practicability, it would have been defensible at least as an honest attempt to blunt the sword of the war-god. The spirit in which we associated ourselves with the other powers that resisted the Kaiser's attempt to bestride the world like a Colossus needed for its complete expression the further effort to make a repetition of the gigantic struggle impossible.

As a people we are strongly aroused and our imagination quickened by anything that may be viewed in a glow of spirituality; and a scheme of peace-insurance already in operation would have proved a dangerous thing to attack. But the League's moral and spiritual aspects have been marred or lost. The patience of the people has been exhausted by the long debate about it, and the pettiness and insin-

cerity, the contemptible evasion and hair-splitting, that have marked the controversy over what is, in its purpose and aim, a crystallization of the hope of mankind in all the ages. Such a League might fail; certainly its chance of success is vastly decreased by America's refusal to participate.

VI

In the cool airs of the North, Smith and I have honestly tried to reduce the League situation to intelligible terms. Those voters who may feel constrained to regard the election as a referendum of the League will do well to follow our example in pondering the speeches of acceptance of the two candidates. Before these words are read, both Governor Cox and Senator Harding will doubtless have amplified their original statements, but these are hardly susceptible of misinterpretation as they stand. Mr. Harding's utterance is in effect a motion to lay on the table, to defer action to a more convenient season, and take it up *de novo*. Governor Cox, pledging his support to the proposition, calls for the question. Mr. Harding defines his position thus:—

With a Senate advising, as the Constitution contemplates, I would hopefully approach the nations of Europe and of the earth, proposing that understanding which makes us a willing participant in the consecration of nations to a new relationship, to commit the moral forces of the world, America included, to peace and international justice, still leaving America free, independent, and self-reliant, but offering friendship to all the world.

If men call for more specific details, I remind them that moral commitments are broad and all-inclusive, and we are contemplating peoples in the concord of humanity's advancement. From our own viewpoint the programme is specifically American, and we mean to be American first, to all the world.

Mr. Cox says, 'I favor going in'; and meets squarely the criticism that the Democratic platform is not explicit as to reservations. He would 'state our interpretations of the Covenant as a matter of good faith to our associates and as a precaution against any misunderstanding in the future,' and quotes from an article of his own, published in the *New York Times* before his nomination, these words:—

In giving its assent to this treaty, the Senate has in mind the fact that the League of Nations which it embodies was devised for the sole purpose of maintaining peace and comity among the nations of the earth and preventing the recurrence of such destructive conflicts as that through which the world has just passed. The coöperation of the United States with the League, and its continuance as a member thereof, will naturally depend upon the adherence of the League to that fundamental purpose.

He proposes an addition to the Covenant of some such paragraph as this:—

It will, of course, be understood that in carrying out the purpose of the League, the government of the United States must at all times act in strict harmony with the terms and intent of the United States Constitution, which cannot in any way be altered by the treaty-making power.

There is no echo here of the President's uncompromising declaration that the Covenant must be accepted precisely as he presented it. To the lay mind there is no discernible difference between a reservation and an interpretation, when the sole purpose in either case would be to make it clear to the other signatories, through the text of the instrument itself, that we could bind ourselves in no manner that transcended the Constitution.

Smith is endowed with a talent for condensation, and I cheerfully quote the result of his cogitations on the platforms and the speeches of the

candidates. 'The Republican Senators screamed for reservations, but when Hiram showed symptoms of kicking out of the traces, they pretended that they never wanted the League at all. But to save their faces they said maybe some time when the sky was high and they were feeling good they would shuffle the deck and try a new deal. Cox is for playing the game right through on the present layout. If you're keen for the League of Nations, your best chance of ever seeing America sign up is to stand on Cox's side of the table.'

Other Smiths, not satisfied with his analysis and groping in the dark, may be grateful for the leading hand of Mr. Taft. The former President was, in his own words, 'one of the small group who, in 1915, began the movement in this country for the League of Nations and the participation of the United States therein.' Continuing, he said, in the *Philadelphia Ledger* of August 1:—

Had I been in the Senate, I would have voted for the League and Treaty as submitted; and I advocated its ratification accordingly. I did not think and do not now think that anything in the League Covenant as sent to the Senate would violate the Constitution of the United States, or would involve us in wars which it would not be to the highest interest of the world and this country to suppress by universal boycott, and if need be, by military force.

In response to a question whether, this being his feeling, he would not support Mr. Cox, Mr. Taft made this reply:—

No such issue as the ratification of the League of Nations as submitted can possibly be settled in the coming election. Only one third of the Senate is to be elected and but fifteen Republican Senators out of forty-nine can be changed. There remain in the Senate, whatever the result of the election, thirty-three Republicans who have twice voted against the ratification of the League without the Lodge reservations. Of the fifteen retiring Republicans, many

are certain of reflection. Thirty-three votes will defeat the League.

Smith, placidly fishing, made the point that a man who believed in a thing would vote for it even though it was a sure loser, and asked where a Democratic landslide would leave Mr. Taft. When I reminded him that he had drifted out of the pellucid waters of political discussion and snagged the boat on a moral question, he became peevish and refused to fish any more that day.

The League is the paramount issue, or it is not; you can take it, or leave it alone. The situation may be wholly changed when Mr. Root, to whom the Republican League plank is attributed, reports the result of his labors in organizing the International Court of Arbitration. Some new proposal for an association of nations to promote or enforce peace would be of undoubted benefit to the Republicans, in case they find their negative position difficult to maintain.

The platforms and speeches of acceptance present, as to other matters, nothing over which neighbors need quarrel. As to retrenchment, labor, taxation, and other questions of immediate and grave concern, the promises of both candidates are fair enough. They both clearly realize that we have entered upon a period that is likely to witness a strong pressure for modifications of our social and political structure. Radical sentiment has been encouraged, or at least tolerated, in a disturbing degree by the present administration. However, there is nothing in Mr. Cox's record as governor or in his expressed views to sustain any suspicion that he would temporize with the forces of destruction. The business of democracy is to build, not to destroy; to help, not to hinder. We have from both candidates much the same assurances of sympathy with the posi-

tion held nowadays by all straight-thinking men — that industrial peace, concord, and contentment can be maintained only by fair dealing and goodwill among all of us for the good of all.

From their public utterances and other testimony we are not convinced that either candidate foreshadows a stalwart Saul striding across the hills on his way to the leadership of Israel. Mr. Harding shows more poise — more caution and timidity, if you will; Mr. Cox is a more alert and forthright figure, far likelier to strike 'straight at the grinning Teeth of Things.' He is also distinctly less careful of his speech. He reminds the Republicans that 'McKinley broke the fetters of our boundary lines, spoke the freedom of Cuba, and carried the torch of American idealism to the benighted Philippines' — a proud boast that must have pained Mr. Bryan. In the same paragraph of his speech of acceptance we are told that 'Lincoln fought a war on the purely moral question of slavery' — a statement that must ring oddly in the ears of Southerners brought up in the belief that the South fought in defense of state sovereignty. These may not be inadvertences, but a courageous brushing-away of old litter; he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

VII

Smith rose from his morning dip with the joyful countenance of a diver who has found a rare pearl. We were making progress, he said; he thought he had got hold of what he called the God's truth of the whole business. What those fellows did at Chicago and San Francisco was to cut the barbed-wire entanglements in no man's land, so that it does n't make much difference on which side of the battle-line we find ourselves on election day. The parties have unwittingly flung a chal-

lenge to the independent voter. An extraordinary opportunity is presented to citizens everywhere to scrutinize with unusual care their local tickets and vote for the candidates who promise the best service. As Smith put it, we ought to be able to scramble things a good deal. Keep the bosses guessing: this he offered as a good slogan for the whole Smith family. In our own Indiana we would pick and choose, registering, of course, our disapproval of Senator Watson as a post-graduate of the Penrose School, and voting for a Democrat for governor because Governor Goodrich's administration has been a continuous vaudeville of error and confusion, and the Democratic candidate, a gentleman heretofore unknown in politics, talks common sense in folksy language.

We finally concluded as to the presidency that it came down to a choice of men tested by their experience, public acts, and the influences behind them. The imperative demand is for an efficient administration of the Federal Government. The jobs must be given to big men of demonstrated capacity. Undoubtedly Mr. Harding would have a larger and more promising field to draw upon. If it were possible for Mr. Cox to break a precedent and state, with the frankness of which he seems capable, the order of men he would assemble for his counselors and administrators, he would quiet an apprehension that is foremost in the minds of an innumerable company of hesitating voters. Fear of a continuance of Mr. Wilson's indulgent policy toward mediocrity and a repetition of his refusal to seek the best help the nation offered (until compelled to call upon the expert dollar-a-year man to meet the exigencies of war) is not a negligible fac-

tor in this campaign, and Mr. Cox, if he is wise, will not ignore it.

The manner of Mr. Harding's nomination by the Senatorial cabal, whose influence upon his administration is hardly a speculative matter, invites the consideration of progressive Republicans who rankle under two defeats fairly chargeable to reactionary domination. It was apparent at Chicago that the Old Guard had learned nothing and would risk a third consecutive defeat rather than accept any candidate not of their choosing. Mr. Harding's emphasis upon his belief in party government, as distinguished from personal government — obviously a slap at Mr. Wilson — is susceptible of an unfortunate interpretation, as Mr. Cox was quick to see. If the Republican candidate means submission to organization chiefs, or to such a group as now controls the Senate and the party, his declaration is not reassuring.

If Smith, in his new mood of independence, votes for Mr. Cox, and I, not a little bitter that my party in these eight years has failed to meet my hopes for it, vote for Mr. Harding, which of us, I wonder, will best serve America?

With renewed faith and hope we packed our belongings and made ready for our return to the world of men. Having settled the nation's affairs, and being on good terms with our consciences, we turned for a last look at the camp before embarking. Smith took the platforms and the speeches of acceptance of the candidates for president and vice-president of the United States, affixed them firmly to a stone, and consigned them without ceremony to the deep. The fish had been naughty, he said, and he wanted to punish them for their bad manners.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AS AN INSTRUMENT OF LIBERALISM

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

I

THE attack on the League of Nations in the United States comes, oddly enough, from two widely separate points of view. According to one of these, the League is anathema because it is supposed to represent the denial of nationalism—the repudiation of the time-honored principles of Washington, Jefferson and Monroe, to use the words of the Republican platform. The disciples of this theory, therefore, would willingly adopt the Treaty of Versailles except for the fact that it contains the Covenant of the League; and they are frankly embarrassed because the inextricable relationship between the Treaty and the Covenant makes impossible the conclusion of peace with Germany on the basis of terms which they generally approve.

According to the other point of view, any plan of international coöperation is a step forward, and the Covenant of the League of Nations is a consummation devoutly to be wished, except for the fact that it is interwoven with the Treaty of Versailles, which is held to be wholly vicious. The followers of this theory, therefore, are opposing the League because its adoption means the adoption of the Treaty.

In a word, one attack upon the League is from the standpoint of conservative nationalism; the other is from the standpoint of liberal internationalism. The first group would willingly keep the last 414 articles of the Treaty,

if the first 26, on the League, could be eliminated. The second would willingly accept the first 26 articles, on the League, if these were not inextricably associated with what they regard as the iniquities of the last 414.

It is the purpose of this paper to discuss the second of these two attacks. Less attention has been paid to the dissatisfaction of the liberals than the seriousness of their criticism deserves. For it cannot be denied that, when the political furore created by the issue of nationalism *versus* internationalism subsides, and the desire of the United States becomes evident to coöperate in some relationship with the League of Nations, a question of momentous importance will still stare us in the face: quite apart from the reservations which it may attach to its approval of the Covenant of the League, shall the United States accept the Treaty of Versailles, with all the gross injustices which its enemies charge against it?

That many of these injustices are real, that the Treaty is marred by clauses of supreme unwisdom, cannot be denied by anyone who followed the work of the Paris Conference and who knows the forces that are moving in Europe to-day. It is foolish to blink at the facts. Instead of pursuing a healing policy of reconciliation, of 'charity for all,' which alone was worthy of the vast agony of war and of that great army of dead who fought for a better world, the

Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties of liquidation reflect too much the spirit of vengeance. They mirror the bitterness, the passion, and the exaggerated fears of those trying months which immediately followed the Armistice. The bill of particulars for this general indictment has been presented too often to need repetition. Shantung is by no means the only item. The Fourteen Points, on the basis of which the German nation agreed to lay down its arms, and to which the Allies were bound by promises of a solemn character, were in part distorted and in part ignored. The Reparations clauses — taken in conjunction with similar clauses in the other treaties — represent a deliberate attempt to strangle the industrial and economic life of Central Europe, reducing her to servitude for a generation. They leave the hundred million people of the beaten races, including Magyars and Bulgars, with no real hope for the future except through revenge, and no inducement to become willing members of a new system of peace. Austria, indeed, is reduced to impotence and penury, and a specific barrier is erected against the only measure that can save her from dissolution — union with Germany. The Saar Valley settlement is an experiment of questionable validity, containing the seeds of probable future strife. The annexation by Italy of the Southern Tyrol has nothing to justify it except military expediency. The inclusion within the limits of Czecho-Slovakia of three million Germans is a measure which, like the partition of Hungary and the international control of the rivers of Germany, cannot easily be defended. There are many points in the treaties which can be explained only on the basis of vindictiveness, bad judgment, and unwise compromise.

Perhaps the most amazing fact about the Senate debate during this last fall

and winter is that in all that welter of discussion scarcely a single voice was raised in condemnation of these reactionary sections of the Treaty. Shantung, to be sure, figured occasionally in the controversy — more perhaps as a result of latent anti-Japanese feeling in America than as an expression of outraged liberalism. But as to the other sections that merited disapproval, there was no senator who dared to condemn them. Indeed, the two outstanding instances — Fiume and Thrace — in which President Wilson made a determined fight against national selfishness and imperialism brought him and have continued to bring him, nothing but abuse and censure from the Republican senators. Some of them even condemned his successful efforts in thwarting the French design to hold the left bank of the Rhine in perpetuity. Theirs was a creed of vengeance. To the victors belonged the spoils. Germany and her Allies deserved their medicine and the Treaty was none too strong — that was the accepted philosophy of the Senate, and it vied with the Paris Conference in glorifying the Carthaginian peace. It was only in regard to the 'internationalism' of the League of Nations and the conduct of the President in relation to their own body that they raised their voices in protest. The liberalism of Lincoln's second inaugural, of Wilson's 1918 addresses before he went to Europe, and of Smuts's valedictory in Paris, they threw contemptuously aside, even if they understood what it meant.

II

Out of this situation arises a dilemma for which there is no easy solution. If we accept the Treaty of Versailles, we accept all its weaknesses; if we reject it, we reject the League of Nations. Confronted with this choice, a relatively large and influential body of American

liberal opinion has elected to oppose the Treaty and all its works. The men and women representing this decision feel that upon such a document no sound or permanent peace can be built, and that the present inextricable relationship between the Treaty and the League will drag down the latter to an inevitable doom. Indeed, these liberals — I use the designation which they give themselves — believe that the League is, or will shortly become, merely the agency for enforcing the vicious terms of the Treaty — a twentieth-century Holy Alliance — a creature of European imperialism to carry out its sinister purposes. The League will not wag the Treaty, but the Treaty will wag the League — this is their proclaimed belief. They therefore advocate a new international conference and a new peace, with a League of Nations on more solid and more enduring foundations. Only as final peace is based on justice can a society of nations hope to succeed. Therefore, let us be sure of our basis before we begin to build.

A considerable degree of plausibility attaches to this point of view. If the Treaty is not right, why not make it right? If the substructure is faulty, why not correct it now? If mistakes were made in the heat and confusion of 1919, why is it not the part of wisdom to rewrite the whole treaty in the calmer atmosphere of 1920? To Americans, this point of view comes with peculiar force.

But the suggestion is utterly without practicability, and those who advocate it are chasing a rainbow. Decisions between nations, involving the settlement of vast social and economic questions, cannot be undone at a moment's notice; nor can the complicated machinery of the Treaty of Versailles, with all the impetus which it has gained in the last eight months, be scrapped at the nod of a group of statesmen. For it must not be forgotten that the Treaty of Ver-

sailles is now in effect; its roots have already struck deep into the life of the world; in large measure its provisions have been executed. It has been directly ratified by twenty-seven nations and indirectly indorsed by thirteen others, embracing in all hundreds of millions of people. A score of commissions which it created are now engaged in tracing boundaries, in holding plebiscites, in governing new territories, in establishing international courts, and in settling claims to river-craft, rolling-stock, mines, and other properties. The new nations for which the Treaty is the charter of independence have set up their governments, and are now in full operation, with their parliaments, their laws, and their officers. Thousands of square miles of territory have changed hands and are flying new flags. Four great autocracies have been disarmed, and the menace of Central Europe, so far as physical force is concerned, has been dissipated. A great labor tribunal has been set up, and new conventions and standards have been adopted which place international labor relations upon a wholly novel footing; and through this machinery the workers and labor-groups have secured an advantage they will never willingly surrender.

Moreover, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out, the Treaty embraces a vast network of economic relations which in the eight months of its existence has become the chart and compass for industrial Europe — not only for the former belligerents, but for the neutrals as well. The Treaty forms the basis of tariff and customs regulations, trade-agreements, international communications, and all the interwoven, complex detail of commercial relations. It is not an academic question relating to the future. It is a vital element which has become the very life of Europe. To attempt to get the world to retrace its steps back to the Armistice of 1918, and begin all over

again, is the height of absurdity. The clock cannot be set back. The slate cannot be wiped clean. No sponge can erase the record which has been written since the Armistice in letters of fire.

Particularly unhappy is the suggestion of these liberals that America should take the lead in summoning a new conference. They do not realize that America long ago forfeited her leadership — that months ago she lost all the influence that she had gained by her splendid achievement in the war. The insulting character of the Senate debate; the provocative tone of the reservations; our belief that the obligations contracted by Mr. Wilson on behalf of the United States could be lightly repudiated, because they represented 'the mistaken voice of America, spoken in unheeding haste,' — to use Senator Harding's phrase; our repeated assertions that Europe would have to take us on our own terms or not at all; our willingness to trade on Europe's necessity; the continuous taunts at Europe's helplessness by such men as Senators Johnson and Reed; our easy assumption of 'moral superiority,' and our willingness to back it up with 'the biggest navy in the world' — such things as these have cut deep into the consciousness of Europe and have left a bitterness which cannot be measured. The countries of Europe are by no means agreed in their opinion of each other, but they are united in their opinion of America. The United States is therefore the last nation whose suggestion for a new conference would be acceptable to the other nations of the world.

But even if our influence were to-day as potent as it was in 1918, do our liberal friends imagine that at our behest forty other nations, representing three quarters of the people of the globe, would reverse their action in ratifying the Treaty of Versailles and accept the kind of peace which we particularly de-

sire? Even if the economic and social currents of the world made such a step possible, would the other nations stultify themselves to please America? Would they willingly undo a settlement which, whatever else it was, constituted at least the liquidation of a condition which threatened the break-up of civilization? Would they consent to let loose upon the world the savage forces which the Treaty of Versailles has, temporarily at least, held in check? These practical questions, in regard to whose answers there can be no possible doubt, have escaped the attention of our liberals in their determined hunt for Utopia.

But, assuming that the other nations were willing to scrap the Treaty of Versailles and send representatives to a new conference, what warrant is there for believing that the product of their deliberations would be any improvement on the document that was drawn up in Paris? It is here that our liberal friends show the lack of a sense of history. Reactions have followed all great upheavals. Illiberalism is the inevitable aftermath of war. The Hundred Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, the Napoleonic wars, all were succeeded by waves of bitter conservatism in which forward-looking ideas were drowned. To this general rule this last great war has proved no exception. In England, in France, in Italy, in the United States, the forces of reaction are in the saddle. The condition of our political parties in America and the character of the present campaign are indications enough of the illiberal trend of current public thought and of the tremendous swing of the pendulum toward conservative extremes.

In such a world-wide environment, what chance would liberalism have at a new peace conference? Rather, such a conference would play into the hands of tory influences everywhere. The nations which feel, as France does, that

the Treaty of Versailles robbed them of legitimate spoils, would make sure in this new gathering that no Wilson and no Fourteen Points, impotent in many cases as they had proved to be, should stand between them and the fulfillment of their imperialistic ambitions. Out of such a conference would come no forward-looking idealism such as prompted the labor clauses of the Treaty of Versailles; no principle of mandates as the basis of a new colonial policy; no consideration for small nations; no plebiscites; no guaranties to minority peoples; no League of Nations — nothing, indeed, but sinister purpose and unashamed greed, riveted by a treaty in which all pretense of liberalism would be swept aside.

III

Our liberal friends have chosen the wrong horn of the dilemma. Their proposed solution is an impossible one. In building for the future we must start with what we have, unless we hope for some cataclysm to clear the ground for us. In the absence of revolution, evolution is the inevitable method of social change. Let us, therefore, be honest with ourselves: the only approach to international order is through the Treaty of Versailles; the only hope for the future is in the modification of that treaty. With the liberal forces of the world behind it, the League of Nations can become the instrument of modification.

At this point the liberals smile derisively. 'Look at the League of Nations,' they cry. 'It is in leading-strings, held by such reactionaries as Lord Curzon in England and Millerand in France. And look at the condition of silent impotence in which it is placed by the Supreme Council. Its imperial masters allow it to do nothing important or say nothing worth while. It evades all the critical issues with which, by the terms of its Covenant, it should grapple. It is

helpless, spineless, and contemptible — the embodiment of official cant.'

Part of this indictment is unfortunately true. The League is overshadowed by the Supreme Council, and the deliberations at Hythe, San Remo, and Spa have had far more influence on international relations than the polite and shadowy gatherings at St. James's Palace. There seems to be a reluctance on the part of the Elder Statesmen of Europe to part with the Supreme Council — a disposition to maintain for its exclusive consideration the more important of the political problems. Under this influence the League has missed two or three golden opportunities for establishing itself as a potent factor in the world's affairs. It stood idly by when the French seized Frankfort-on-Main. Although open war was waged between Russia and Poland for months after the League came into being, it took no step to define or reconcile the quarrel. The attack of Russia upon Persia won only the reluctant and timid consideration of the League's Council; and in a meeting in which the Persian representative was the butt of Lord Curzon's pompous arrogance, a 'formula' was discovered which offended and profited nobody.

On the other hand, the argument of Mr. Lloyd George is not without some weight. 'We must not imagine,' he said in a frank talk with a protesting labor delegation, 'that the League is dead because it has not in its babyhood suddenly become a full-armed giant, holding down all the forces of disorder and the monster of militarism. To attempt now to force it into the full fruition of all its hopes might destroy it.' More persuasive was Mr. Balfour in his recent speech in the House of Commons in which he pointed out that the indirect weapons with which the League is equipped — delay, discussion, public opinion, commercial boycott, and arbi-

tration — are designed to meet crises in a world normally at peace rather than to rescue a world in chaos. They constitute an admirable equipment with which to weather a squall or a storm, but they afford little opportunity for headway in a hurricane. The machinery that could have averted the tragedy of 1914 has a limited application to the world-upheaval of 1920.

However, when all the arguments are in, it will have to be admitted that the League has not got away on as good a start as its friends had hoped for, and that, to some degree at least, it has been elbowed aside to make way for the trading and dickering of the Supreme Council. The consequence, as might be expected, is a growing cleavage between the two bodies and their respective lines of policy. This is a point of deep significance. While the personnel of the two councils is to some extent interlocking, the environment of the two bodies, the points of view from which they carry on their work, and their ultimate sanctions are widely different. The Supreme Council is the creature of the reactionary governments that are now ruling the destinies of Europe. Its motive is vengeance rather than reconciliation, punishment rather than redemption. It gives the impression of wanting to exact its pound of flesh though Europe be pulled to pieces. It is too largely the instrument of Millerand and Foch, with Lloyd George acting as a curb on their aggressive militarism, not from stern principle, it must be admitted, but chiefly because the liberalism of the English Labor Party is strong enough to compel his careful attention. In a word, the Supreme Council is dominated in large degree by national selfishness and egotism. The League of Nations, on the other hand, has its roots in a popular support far deeper and firmer than shifting governments. To the peasant in France, with the horror of the

war seared in his memory, it represents the symbol of a new hope. To the worker, its labor office, under the leadership of Albert Thomas, is the promise of a better fortune. The League stands for disarmament, for peace, for international justice, for the protection of backward peoples, for a better standard of living, for the relief of suffering, for the fight against disease, and for all the other forward-looking policies bound up in the longings of mankind for a better world — policies which the *people* everywhere in Europe, as distinguished from their governments and leaders, are unwaveringly supporting. The people understand the League; at least they know what it aims to accomplish. They do not understand the Supreme Council, and they are suspicious of its motives.

While the Supreme Council, therefore, has the support of conservatism and reaction, the liberal forces of Europe are on the side of the League, and from them the League has taken its tone and color. Only one who has been intimately associated with the League's affairs can know how real has been the struggle, not only to keep it free of vicious entanglements, but to make it the instrument of those coöperative policies which embrace the welfare of peoples. The Secrétariat, which is the League's permanent body of experts, and which naturally has a deep influence in the determination of its course, is pledged to the principle that the League shall not become merely the agency for enforcing the Treaty of Versailles; and in all the plans of the League and in the creation of the machinery through which it works, it has consciously endeavored to cut itself loose from association with the mistakes and the politics of the Paris Conference. It has fought, and thus far successfully, the attempt of a section of the French party to foist on it the responsibility for managing the Reparations Commission. It has resisted the

proposition that its machinery should be used to try Germany's 'war-criminals.' It has declined to employ its facilities in establishing title to conquered territory or in fixing new boundaries. It has evaded many another task in connection with the enforcement of the treaties which would have given it irrevocably the character of an alliance of victorious powers.

More than once the present writer represented the interests of the League of Nations at the later conferences in Paris, as a sort of 'lobbyist,' to make sure that particular clauses which would have saddled the League with undesirable responsibilities were not inserted in the Austrian and Bulgarian treaties. Where the treaties have conferred definite tasks upon the League, notably the governing of the Saar Basin and of Dantzig, the work has been undertaken in a spirit and with a personnel that should win the approval of liberals everywhere. It has been clean-cut and impartial, divorced from all attempts to make it serve the selfish interests of particular nations. In brief, the League has been fighting for its own soul, for its own integrity; and while thus far, because of the overshadowing importance of the Supreme Council, it is chargeable with sins of omission, no sins of commission mar its record. Its achievement in influencing the tides of political events may not as yet bulk large, but the work it has undertaken has been honest and sincere.

This work is far more extensive, too, and far more vital than most people imagine. The progress which it is making toward a rational plan of disarmament is real and positive, as shown by the recent conferences at San Sebastian; and the time is not far distant when a programme of disarmament will be ready for the consideration of the nations of the world. The San Sebastian conference, moreover, saw a substantial advance in the application of

the principle of mandates to the territories and peoples freed from German and Turkish rule. The fulfillment of the terms of these mandates, and the launching of these great areas under the administration of nations serving as 'the trustees of civilization,' are now only a matter of time and detail.

Much of the League's present activity is related to tasks that are distinctly humanitarian. Single-handed on the eastern frontier of Europe, with financial support provided by its thirty-three members, the League is fighting the epidemic of typhus. It has thrown itself into the breach to protect mankind everywhere from a horror which only those who know Poland and Esthonia can appreciate. Similarly the League has undertaken, through Dr. Nansen, the repatriation of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war who, two years after the Armistice, are still detained in enemy countries. In Russia and Siberia alone there are 275,000 such men, isolated from their homes and families only because facilities of transportation are lacking. It is estimated that, before the arrival of winter, the League will be successful in returning 100,000 of these men to their own countries, having fed them and clothed them in transit. The League, moreover, has taken up an active campaign against the opium traffic on the lines laid down in the Covenant. This campaign and the similar campaign which it is waging against the traffic in women and girls are of international concern and can be fought to a successful conclusion only through international coöperation.

If anyone wonders why the League of Nations should give its attention to this kind of non-political activity, the answer is that it is precisely in line with the purposes for which the League was established. Its primary function is to lead in the fight on the common enemies of mankind. Its duties will inevit-

ably be more non-political than political, more creative than negative, with greater emphasis upon the welfare of peoples than upon the rivalries of states. In fighting typhus in Poland and in returning thousands of war-prisoners to their homes, the League is harnessing international coöperation, to further, not the selfish interests of classes or countries, but the common good.

Moreover, in all this supplementary activity to which the League is giving so much of its present attention, it is establishing the precedents — ‘getting the *feel*’ — of international coöperation in the pursuit of a common object. Every step that it takes, however halting, every decision reached as a result of frank discussion, is a definite advance toward ultimate world-peace. Just as the government of the United States after 1789 felt its way forward slowly and cautiously, gaining in strength and confidence with each new step, so the League of Nations is developing its abilities and powers on matters which may appear to some observers comparatively inconsequential, in the hope and belief that when the great problems of the future press for solution, and the issue is a world at peace or a world at war, it may meet its responsibilities with weight and stature fully matured.

What have the self-styled liberals of America been doing to assist in this forward-looking programme? What measure of help have they given the League in its first struggles? To the shame of those who call themselves by this name, let it be recorded that they joined forces with the reactionaries in the Senate, and because the League was not as perfect as its best friends could have wished, they gave aid to those of its enemies who would strangle it because of its ‘internationalism.’ They condemned it in advance, without a hearing, without waiting to see whether it could or would be a progressive instrument of

human welfare. They gave their whole attention to the obvious flaws in the treaties which underlay it, obstinately shutting their eyes to the possibilities of correcting them. They have spent their energies in futile lamentation over the past, in morbid analysis of the Paris Conference, in critical discussion of the conduct and temperament of Mr. Wilson. And now, having done their utmost to wreck the League by preventing the United States from joining it, they point fingers of scorn at its limping gait, and prophesy for it an evil end.

The inconsistency, indeed the presumption, of this last attitude is little short of amazing. More than any other single factor, the failure of the United States to join the League has handicapped its first months. Mr. Balfour spoke the exact truth when, in a recent utterance in the House of Commons, he said that the countries which used the League as an instrument in their own party warfare ‘must bear the responsibility of destroying the most promising effort in the direction of the renewal of civilization which mankind has yet made.’ We are the only great, disinterested nation that could have brought detachment and vision to the League’s deliberations. With America sitting at its council board, the reactionary elements of Europe would never have cared or dared to trifle with it. Long before this we could have stabilized it and made it the one great impersonal force in the adjustment of international relations. With our aid, particularly with the liberal spirit which America generally displays in foreign affairs, and which she invariably shows when a situation is fully understood, many of the decisions that in these later months have fallen under the influence of the Supreme Council could have been made to follow the course of wisdom and common sense, with some consideration of the future consequences of to-day’s

selfish and vindictive policies. What our liberals apparently have not grasped is the fact that American liberalism has the same burden of responsibility in humanizing the new arrangements of the world as the liberalism of any other country. If we insist on leaving the game, we have no justification for criticizing the participants.

And yet this figure gives the exact position of America to-day. From considerations of self-interest, we have declined to add our resources and our peculiar abilities to the settlement of the world's affairs. We have drawn the skirts of our virtue about us to avoid contamination. We have imperiled the existence of the League by making it a mere tool in our party warfare, an excuse for political differences. In the name of good taste, therefore, and for the sake of what little remains of the respect in which other nations hold us, let those who speak for America or American liberalism speak from a contrite heart and keep their moral precepts for themselves!

IV

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note the plans of European liberalism as to the use and future of the League of Nations. He would be a bold prophet who would forecast with assurance the course of events in Europe. There are many who hold that the disruptive political and economic influences which the war has released and which now loom so threateningly and ominously will in the end prove more powerful than any cohesive forces which can be marshaled in opposition, and that revolution and chaos on a wide scale are inevitable. If this is an accurate forecast, a league of nations that had learned at least the rudiments of international co-operation and had behind it some measure of confidence, some tradition of common action, and some ideal of dis-

interested public service, would seem to be indispensable if the world is to be saved from utter collapse. In such a period a league of nations might well be the staff with the aid of which a mired civilization could reach firmer ground. Surely in such a contingency some method or practice of international or interracial coöperation will be the only way out. What nations cannot do together they cannot do separately.

But one is not obliged to take so pessimistic a view of the future. While by no means exempt from decay and extinction, our civilization has an extraordinary virility, and has survived many a shattering blow before now. The tradition and habit of order are tough and hardy. Although the next five years will sternly test its powers of recuperation, one may believe with reason that society will withstand the present shock. To this period of adjustment and adaptation the League of Nations is bringing its plans for peace and reconciliation. Not only must it humanize the new arrangements as they mature, but it must see that no festering sore in the old arrangements remains. Too little attention has been given to Article XIX of the Covenant, which places upon the Assembly the responsibility of advising 'the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.' This article was inserted to avoid rigidity in the final settlement; to leave the door open to change as change became desirable. It was prompted by the thought that the light of the post-Armistice period might seem darkness to a succeeding generation. Its effect is a permanent challenge to the *status quo*; it requires that international engagements shall continually justify themselves by contemporary standards. In

other words, the arrangements of the world are not fixed for all time by the Treaty of Versailles. The errors of the Paris Conference are not handed down as a permanent legacy of hate to our children's children; 1925 can escape from the bitterness and passion of 1919, and the dead hand of the past is robbed of control.

But our liberal friends are not satisfied. They point out that the Assembly can only 'advise' as to changes in treaties, and that presumably any nation could refuse to accept the advice. The potency of Article XIX, they claim, is vitiated by the unanimity requirement of Article V. Consequently there is no possibility of change, for the reason that the nations whom it disadvantageously affected would not consent to it. The grip of Italy on the Tyrol, of France on Germany through the Reparations Commission, and of Japan on Shantung, will therefore not be shaken.

It is true that the unanimity requirement as regards voting in the Council and the Assembly (without which the sovereignty of the member-states would have been jeopardized and the Covenant rejected by every nation of the world) impairs to some extent the operations of the League in effecting change in treaty arrangements.¹ Certainly it reduces the speed with which such changes can be brought about. But what the liberals have failed to appreciate is that the League of Nations has harnessed a new force in human affairs, far more potent in the long run than armies and navies. International public opinion, working through the definite machinery of a league, can command a prestige and an authority which no single nation would dare long to defy.

¹ Yet important innovations may be brought about in the future if special treaties adopt the principle, already adopted in the treaty with Poland (Article XII), that alterations may be effected by *majority* votes of the League.—THE AUTHOR.

Hitherto we have lacked machinery. We have had no way of focusing world-wide attention on specific wrongs and concrete remedies; no method by which the representatives of nations in common council could dramatize the existence of particular situations which threatened the good understanding of the world. With the opinion of mankind behind the League of Nations, and with the steadily increasing prestige which that body will attract, even difficulties like Shantung and the Tyrol can eventually be reconciled.

That unanimity of opinion and harmony in action are possible even when conflicting political and economic interests are involved is shown by the recently inaugurated Imperial conference of the British Empire, made up of the representatives of Great Britain and her dominions. Here no decisions are taken unless by unanimous agreement, but positive results are constantly reached because the members have grown accustomed, even when their interests are diametrically opposed, to come to conclusions that are based on mutual understanding and common benefit. A similar illustration of solidarity was given in the meetings of the International Labor Conference of the League of Nations, held in Washington in October, 1919. Here were gathered the representatives of government, capital, and labor from forty nations, to discuss such controversial questions as the eight-hour day, the employment of women before and after childbirth, and the minimum age for the admission of children to industrial undertakings. Although the Conference was marked by heated and often bitter discussion as the interests of the different groups clashed, unanimous votes were ultimately obtained for a series of progressive proposals and conventions which are destined to have a profound influence on the labor relations of the world.

No one pretends that the machinery of the League of Nations is without flaw. But with intelligent support it can be made immeasurably serviceable to the welfare of men. It can be used for whatever ends the peoples of the world agree in thinking desirable. With the forces of liberalism behind it, it can become an outstanding instrument of human progress, a new way of life for the world, instead of the old way of slaughter. The fathers of 1787 made no claim of perfection for the product of their

deliberations. They took the Constitution with all the concessions to sectional prejudice which it contained, and with devotion and patience they turned it into a mighty engine of progress. 'This instrument,' said Alexander Hamilton in 1788, in words singularly applicable to the present league, 'has some grievous defects, but it has also the possibilities of vast human usefulness. It would be idle to reject it for what it omits; rather let us accept it for what it promises.'

THE LATEST MEXICAN REVOLUTION

BY EUGENE E. ROVILLAIN

THE facts concerning the Revolution are known, and are instantly seized and commented on by eager thinkers trying to explain everything according to American thought and American ways. By a strange process, the subject which, at first, was preëminently Mexican, becomes an American one. Since no rational people would act, in similar circumstances, as the Mexican people do, the Anglo-Saxon writer sincerely believes that dark influences from without Mexico must have been at work.

The present writer watched closely the coming of the Revolution, saw it daily grow in power and strength, till it burst forth the very image of triumphant militarism.

We call it a revolution; it was, in fact, a schism between members of one political family, hitherto associated to prey upon a people of whom they talked much and thought little. If ever a revolution came from within, it was this one.

The army, which, after the downfall of Huerta, elevated Carranza to the Presidency, belonged to everybody else but himself. Even as soldiers go in Mexico where, in case of revolution, every lawyer is a general by right, Carranza was not a military man; stranger still, he never claimed to be one. With Villa eliminated, the army was in the hands of Murguía, Dieguez, Alvarado, Aguilar, and, foremost among all, Obregon and Pablo Gonzalez.

Jealous of one another, no one was powerful enough to impose his personality, however much he may have wished to rule. Carranza had been the outstanding figure of the Revolution, and, because he was not a general and they could not agree between themselves, they bolstered him up. The people at large did not care for him, for the revolutionary hordes had plundered, under his leadership, everything in and out of sight; yet he was thrust upon them.

Between army men who backed but did not like him and a people who did not want him, Carranza had a very hard time indeed. Obregon and Pablo Gonzalez looked to their own advantage, that of their friends and of the military class, while Carranza ruled in so far as he submitted to their wishes. His mind was firm, however; he gradually increased the power of other generals, played them against one another, profited by the rivalry created, and succeeded in imposing many of his views. He was a past master at that game, while his singleness of purpose and his strong will made of him a dangerous adversary. Yet Obregon and Gonzalez remained the most conspicuous figures in the politics of the nation. If some act of the President prodded the fiery Obregon to vehement protests or brought a more than amiable smile to Gonzalez's lips, Carranza went quickly to work. He would meet Obregon, speak of Obregon's glory, of his great victories, call him his son, whom alone he considered worthy to succeed him in the presidency; and the lion with the peacock feathers would roar out his fealty, the feathers rising on his back. Then, to cat-like Gonzalez, Carranza would wend his way, smile, kiss, and receive an answering smile and kiss. The diplomacy of Gonzalez would be exalted, his wonderful if wily ways of getting rid of Carranza's enemies touched upon, and Gonzalez's smile would grow. The difficulties of international politics, the need of a man such as Pablo Gonzalez to settle these questions when he, Carranza, should leave the presidency, would be discussed, Gonzalez's smile would broaden, and in soft purring tones Carranza would be assured of devotion.

While this went on, revolution, headed by former Huerta men, was still rampant over the land.

Other destructive forces were at

work, also. To succeed in 1914, Carranza had made many promises which, if kept, would have prevented any administration whatsoever from achieving harmony. The new Constitution, for example, gave to Mexican workingmen rights far above their real and industrial value; and, whatever its force may have been, the labor party went over to Carranza in his fight against Huerta. Once in power, Carranza was unable to satisfy the demands of the workingmen and to fulfill his engagements. This, added to the high cost of living, created a deep discontent among the working classes. The Revolution and the new Constitution had frightened the Europeans, who went away, saving what they could of their capital. Without money, without leadership, with no creative power of their own, the Mexicans remained passive, and produced so little that the industrial life of the nation was practically at a standstill. The banks, looted by Cabrera, the new finance minister, who prided himself on taking gold and silver 'wherever he found it,' were partly ruined and could not put the finances of the land on a sound basis. The railways were going to pieces. Agriculture kept on in a leisurely way; the increase in oil-taxes, alone, saved the nation from complete ruin. Schoolteachers remained entire months without pay, and the government employees received fictitious salaries. A heavy monthly percentage was taken from them to carry on, so it was said, 'urgent administrative works.' This tribute, of course, generally found its way to the pockets of impecunious friends of the Carranza administration. The discontent increased.

The men in power came to realize that the nation, poorer and poorer every day, would not tolerate them much longer. Something had to be done. This brings us to the second phase of

Carranza's political life: the attempt made to placate the classes whose interests had been put in jeopardy by the Carranza Revolution.

Churches and ecclesiastic establishments used as barracks by the Carranzists were given back, bishops and priests received better recognition and fairer treatment. Governors of the states were advised to be amiable and to make advances to the wealthy land-owners. Political exiles were recalled, while the greater part of their properties was returned to them. These advances were, in the main, very coldly received; a certain number of exiles, however, took advantage of Carranza's offers and came back. They pledged him a lip-allegiance and remained his enemies as before; for hatred dies hard in the Mexican heart.

Satisfied with his fancied achievement, which was to cost him so dear, he tried to carry on the pacification of the country. But the generals, who profited by a state of unrest, seconded him half-heartedly, and he failed.

Then a new factor came into play. General Aguilar married one of Carranza's daughters and here, we may truthfully say, the trouble began. According to the best Mexican traditions, Aguilar should now become the most important man in Mexico; his political rise should be phenomenal. However, this was hardly possible, with an Obregon to roar out defiance and a Gonzalez to smile his dangerous smile. Both had been promised the presidency—one at a time, and at different moments, to be sure; but, despite this ludicrous situation, they were not men to be trifled with. Made a little dizzy by the sudden change that thrust him to the fore, Aguilar quickly realized how the opposition of these two thwarted his political ambition. He began to attack Obregon—the most noisy if not the most dangerous of his opponents.

From that time Aguilar had nothing to hope from Gonzalez, still less from Obregon. If one or the other were elected, his possessions, his influence, his life perhaps, would be in danger. He knew it, and, with his father-in-law and the camarilla that surrounded the latter, there was evolved a scheme to bar the way to the presidency to Obregon and Gonzalez.

That purpose was, of course, dissimulated under fine words and lofty purposes, to attract sentimentalists on the other side of the border. These well-meaning but uninformed persons, accustomed to civilizations of a higher type, judge the Mexicans according to Anglo-Saxon standards. They forget that eight tenths of the nation is made up of half-castes and Indians.

This may seem to be very hard on the former Mexican administration. Yet let those who considered Carranza an able and just ruler (who did not succeed in the regeneration of his country because greed and ambition, in and out of Mexico, prevented him) explain how Bonillas came to be chosen as a candidate to succeed him.

Bonillas was unknown in Mexico. He had spent the greater part of his life in the United States, and was said to speak English better than Spanish. He represented the Carranza administration at Washington, and Mexican public opinion believed, rightly or not, that American influence would have been supreme in Mexico if he had been elected. The hatred of every Mexican for anything which savors of 'Gringo' influence made of Bonillas the most unpromising candidate.

The foolishness of Carranza and his advisers in choosing such a candidate was more apparent than real. In fact it was craft, deep craft. No civilian could be imposed at such a time upon Mexico unless he had the backing of the army; and this could not be, with

Obregon and Gonzalez in the lists. Through governmental pressure, irresistible in a country where standards of education are low, the election of the civilian could be assured; but the revolution, headed by Obregon surely, by Gonzalez possibly, would then begin.

Carranza knew this, but his intention was to force Obregon into a premature revolution, and, in that case, he expected to be the winner. He understood that the choice of a civilian was bound to make a strong appeal to Anglo-Saxon minds. If, moreover, this civilian should be Bonillas, a fairly good and intelligent man, well known in Washington circles, the appeal would be stronger. A military revolution to oppose him might well arouse the sympathy of the American government in his and Carranza's behalf. If Carranza had, *as he believed*, the backing of a part of the population, the revolution was sure to be a protracted affair, and Washington, exasperated, would inquire into the motives of both parties. Bonillas, better known than any other man, had a chance to be kindly judged and discussed; moral help and some ammunition besides might have been offered, and he would have stepped into power. Then, as he had no personal following in the land and needed to be backed by Carranza's influence, he would have carried on the latter's politics and prepared the way for Carranza's son-in-law, Aguilar.

Such was the great plan of Carranza and of his camarilla. That plan might fail, — the opposition to Bonillas's candidacy might be too great to be overcome, the revolution itself too powerful, — but in that case nothing was lost. A secondary plan was decided upon, and many well-informed persons in Mexican politics considered it, at the time, as most agreeable to Carranza himself. The sympathies of Washington, assumed to be decidedly on the

side of Bonillas as opposed to 'the dark forces of militarism,' were to play a new part in it. The outside world would be advised that on account of the condition of the country the elections had to be postponed indefinitely. Carranza would submit to a sweet violence and stay indefinitely in power, to defend poor Mexico against the naughty men who wished to ruin it. The Mexican people, tired of revolutions which never benefit, would remain silent, and venerable Carranza, blessing his loving people, would keep on fleecing them with no protest from Washington.

These are the only reasons to be given for the choice of Bonillas; it is absolutely inexplicable in any other way. The revolution was purely an internal affair and, strange to say, came first and foremost from the governmental side. Could the plans be carried out, as they would have been, if cat-like Gonzalez had not stepped in at the last moment, Obregon would have been lost, the Aguilar and Carranza policy would have triumphed. Involved as this plot may sound, it came within a hair's breadth of success.

Carranza and his advisers missed some very important and vital points, however. They acted too soon, for the real army belonged either to Obregon or to Gonzalez. A new army, called 'Supreme Poderos' (Supreme Powers) and devoted to Carranza, was in the making, but, being too small in numbers, it could not be of very great help before the presidential elections. Carranza never realized how far most of the government employees were against him, the railroad men defiant, the laboring men sulky. His policy of conciliation, whatever he may have thought, did not work. The people, as a whole, were indifferent, a few hated him, many disliked him, none, or few, liked him.

For the pacification of the land, since he himself was not a general, he

had to rely upon chiefs of operation who did pretty much what they liked with the rebels, and often made agreements with them that redounded to their benefit and that of their immediate chiefs, Obregon and Pablo Gonzalez. As they knew little about Carranza, the former rebels, hiding their weapons, became staunch supporters of one or the other great general. Carranza and his partisans were not blind to the danger such secret agreements might bring, but they had not the force to oppose them. For that very reason, the progress toward pacification of the land, which looked so well on paper, was a myth.

The new civilian policy of Carranza was received with a smile in Mexico. The Mexicans, whatever else they may be, appreciate satire and irony; Bonillas will remember to his dying day the nicknames given him. But money was lavishly used, to bolster up the candidacy of Bonillas. Many of the governors of the states had been appointed by Carranza. The governors of Guanajuato, Guerrero, San Luis, Nuevo Leon, Tamaulipas, Puebla, were called to Mexico. Not only did they agree to stand by Bonillas, but they even called on the other governors to support him.

Neither Obregon nor Pablo Gonzales underestimated Carranza's power and wiles. As soon as they heard of the civilian candidacy, they realized the danger and sent in their resignations to the War Office. Obregon, losing no time, started to canvass the country. The government opposed him in every way: its adherents ridiculed him, Aguilar launched forth into violent diatribes against him, his political friends were attacked and imprisoned in many places, military men were forbidden to discuss politics. The latter order was not obeyed, and military men were among the most active and influential politicians.

The danger-point had been reached when Carranza set the match to the powder-cask. The far-off State of Sonora, birthplace of Obregon, was ready to a man to vote for him. That state had a militia and a constitution which permitted the governor to refuse entrance to large federal armies, except in case of war or revolution. It was not in revolution or at war; but Carranza justly feared that his opposition to Obregon, the great man of Sonora, might rouse the anger both of the state and the militia. He decided to send numerous federal troops to the far-away state, to ward off any possible trouble and, especially, to control the elections. Adolfo de la Huerta, Governor of Sonora, shouted defiance.

Obregon meanwhile had not been inactive in his political tour. Satisfied that the army was his in great majority, he sent fiery appeals to the labor party and workingmen at large, and, above all, to the railroad men, who would be most important in a revolution. Obregon made many promises, and serious strikes began throughout the land, in Mexico City, Puebla, Monterey, Vera Cruz, and Tampico. Carranza, worried, played his strongest card, and called Obregon back to Mexico City to disprove a charge which, if true, might cost him his life.

It happened that, not long before, a famous Puebla rebel, Roberto Cejudo, had laid down his arms and recognized the Carranza government. Strange to say, he was appointed general, and left in command of his former troops, to guard for Carranza the territory which he, for some years, had successfully defended against him. Cejudo had stopped harassing Carranza for a very simple reason — he had no more munitions. To assist him, in his new capacity, in pacifying the land, munitions were sent to him; but it was soon found out that he intended to revolt again.

Letters between him and Obregon were, so it was reported, discovered. Obregon was taken unaware, and had no time to put the finishing stroke to the intended revolution; he could not but obey Carranza's order. He came back to Mexico City, and presented himself before the judges to deny his complicity in the Cejudo affair. Everybody wondered if he would ever leave the city alive. According to Mexican political traditions, he should have been assassinated without delay. But Carranza hesitated and that hesitation cost him his life.

Events, meanwhile, moved rapidly forward. Troops and more troops were sent to the North, to be near Sonora. Governor de la Huerta called the militia to oppose them; the Revolution was on. This was bad news to Obregon. His position became critical. Through the complicity of railroad men, he escaped from Mexico City while surrounded by spies.

Some governors of states declared themselves for Sonora. Part of the army, in those states, went over to Obregon. Yet Carranza had quite a number of troops faithful to him, even in the rebellious states; friends and foes were so mixed that they did not know each other, and nowhere did the people take a hand either for or against the revolution. Obregon had been caught napping. He had followers everywhere, but they were scattered all about: the chiefs were at one place, the men at another, cut off by Carranza troops, doubtful troops, or shifty partisans of Gonzalez. Defections were numerous in the Carranza camp, but many men on whom Obregon had counted hesitated. Desultory warfare, undecisive in character, took place in the North. The revolution, such as it was, might last for years. The key to the situation had fallen from Carranza's and Obregon's grasp, to go into other hands.

Every eye in Mexico turned to Pablo Gonzalez — to cat-like, shifty Pablo Gonzalez, who had become the master of the hour. That enigmatic personage pawed his heavy moustache, purred, and smiled, and kissed, and was silent. During the events just recorded Gonzalez had worked, half-heartedly, it seems, to further his own candidacy. Never excited, he had swayed, as if hesitatingly, between the two parties, until each was convinced that he would eventually declare himself in its favor.

On Obregon's side were the greater part of the soldiers, many generals, the railroad men, the workingmen, the Indians, the discontented masses whom his fiery oratory and democratic ways had won.

On Bonillas's side were Carranza, his administrative officers and employees, with a few thousand soldiers and, above all, gold and American recognition.

Pablo Gonzalez had behind him fewer soldiers than Obregon, but more distinguished officers and older men; while what was left of the aristocracy, united with the Catholic party, followed him. This was a power to be reckoned with, representing, as it did, some of the best elements in the nation. Carranza recognized that fact and, prevailed upon by his frightened camarilla, sent Breceda, one of his favorites, to Gonzalez. A meeting took place at which both Bonillas and Gonzalez agreed to withdraw their candidacies and, if Obregon kept up the revolution, to unite their forces against him.

The next day the deal was called off. Gonzalez remembered that Bonillas had decided to withdraw his candidacy for the sake of his country, but he himself had done no such thing. Of course, he was a man of his word; and if Carranza gave him command over all the army and recognized him as a candidate later, he would do his duty, like the honest man he was.

Carranza answered not a word, and two days later Pablo Gonzalez found himself so very tired that he decided to go and rest at a little ranch he possessed outside of Mexico City. He went, and Carranza was lost.

In five days Pablo Gonzalez united all the forces south of Mexico City to the Zapatistas, took Puebla, and cut all communication between Carranza and Aguilar, his son-in-law, who had gone to Vera Cruz to recruit an army. General Aguilar, one of the most sinister influences responsible for the downfall of Carranza, was no more heard of in a military way.

With Puebla in the hands of Pablo Gonzalez, the understanding arrived at between that leader and Obregon was the knockout blow to the Carranza régime. From north to south, from east to west, all but a few who feared the vengeance of the revolutionaries, or whose fortune depended upon Carranza, shamefully deserted the old chief in his hour of need.

With 6000 troops, Carranza left Mexico and started toward Vera Cruz. He went to his death, a bad but a valiant man.

The very next day Gonzalez and his smile entered Mexico City, followed by the Zapatistas and the revolutionaries. The Carranza administration was no more; the military revolution had triumphed.

What happened to Carranza — the causes which, very probably, made of his assassination a foregone conclusion — may be explained later. How the former adversaries ruled the country jointly, smiling at each other, bowing to each other, yet hating each other, will be told in due time; but the aim of the writer is to explain the Revolution as he saw and understood it.

Months before the Revolution began, many Mexican officers told the

writer how and why it would come, and what its ending would be. Carranza and his advisers were blind to the fact that the country which had suffered so much from them supported them only for lack of better leaders, and because of that peculiar apathy so deeply rooted in the Mexican heart. The force of the so-called constitutional government of Carranza was based primarily on bayonets; if the army were moved, the régime would crumble. For a military government to carry on, without the help of public opinion, an anti-militaristic policy, was sheer madness. Actuated by unworthy motives, the Carranza administration committed suicide when it opposed an artificial civilian party to an organized army wishing, for no less unworthy motives, to retain in its hands the destinies of the nation. The army, made up of the worst and the most destructive elements in Mexico, had through revolutions acquired the preponderance of power and meant to keep it. However much such men as Obregon and Gonzalez might be divided by conflicting ambitions, they could do nothing else but unite when their position as leaders was threatened. There was not a military man, however unintelligent, who did not understand the danger to be run by his class if Carranza were to succeed; and the army, to a man, answered the call of its alarmed leaders.

Distrustful of both parties, the people remained neutral. The rôle of the public (taught by many long years of painful experience) is to suffer heavily at the hands of its self-styled liberators. A militaristic rebellion, selfish in character, dangerous for the near future, brought just retribution, however, to those who, in spite or ambition, had engendered it. Such was the deserved fate of Carranza and his advisers, guilty, one and all, of their country's blood.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN DEFENSE OF SCIENCE

GREAT is Science, and great is Man, the only animal that ever solved a quadratic equation. Mr. Ferrero, and the other backward-looking persons who look to religion, or common sense, or the like indefinite vapors, for the salvation of the world, are merely registering their inability to comprehend the signs of the times. They would never deny so cavalierly the civilizing power of Science, did they for a moment imagine the tremendous possibilities which it is my intention to set forth in this paper.

I refer, of course — as who does not? — to the Theory of Relativity. Everyone has read three or four popular explanations of this fascinating theory, and so is no doubt thoroughly familiar with its fundamental formulæ; for the sake of historical background, however, I will give a brief but rigidly scientific résumé of the five principal points.

A. Axiom: As we fly through the ether, the wind must blow in our face.

B. Einstein's Idea: There is no way of finding out how the wind is blowing.

From these it follows that, —

C. All bodies are shortened in the direction of their motion.

D. The time of day depends on our direction and speed.

E. The distance from here to there depends on the wind.

(NOTE. As everyone knows who ever studied mathematics, the expression 'it follows' means 'if you don't, you flunk'.)

And now, little children and reverend theologians, gather about and let us consider the situation. Do you realize what is really meant by Einstein's Idea?

Why, bless your orthodox hearts, this is no less than a scientific Doctrine of Free Will! If we can't tell which way the wind is blowing, why, what prevents our having it blow any way it listeth us to suggest? Nothing, says Mr. Einstein, and you may have three wishes, C, D, and E, above mentioned. Glorious thought! The Inexorable Law, holding us forever in unbending clamps of steel, is relaxed at last; mind has assumed its dominion over matter; Man has come into his kingdom.

Here is no vague yearning of finite hearts after the infinite, no vain appeal to the Will to Believe in face of a senseless universe. This is no glittering Dogma to divide once again the already seven-times-confounded mind of man. This is Truth, which, the further you chase, becomes the more shiningly true; till at the last, down a tremendous vista of unutterable space, we see it sitting cross-legged upon Infinity itself, like the Pythoness on the three-legged stool, and discoursing formulæ unto the universe at large. A noble vision, fit to rouse the imagination to the high pitch of prophecy.

This evening I sat at my window looking off at the sunset in the direction $\frac{dy}{dx} = Q$; and in my vision I saw a wonderful new-made world. What now can daunt the master, Man,

Blowing the feather of his thought
Beyond the uttermost stars?

Does the time seem out of joint? Let us but solve the equation $M\Theta_B = \Phi(x)$, and it will be whatever time we wish. Does the land of our dreams seem hopelessly far off? Then blow, ye ethereal winds, on the axis of x ; and behold the far-off land is just across the way.

Enter on the scene of my vision Ebsworthy, the chauffeur.

'Please, sir, I'm sorry to trouble you, but the car ain't running right. You see, sir, the road to town is in the line $z = xp$, and with the prevailing velocity, sir, you see, it makes the wheels so elliptic I can hardly drive, sir.'

'All right,' I reply; 'you just let me know when Miss Anne is going to town, and I'll shift the helm to $z = q$.'

The maid enters, to ask if I can reduce our velocity for a couple of hours, as the dining-room table has been shortened so it won't do for our expected guests this evening. Her request granted, she goes away satisfied.

Next comes the gardener, with wood for the fireplace. He is enthusiastic.

'O sir, I can never thank you enough for telling the doctor about my brother. Poor Bill was nearly desperate, for Molly had told him for the last time that she'd never, never marry a man as fat as him. Then the doctor came, and he gave Bill the formula $p = \frac{dy}{dx}$. He had Bill rotate about this as an ax, and in less than an hour Bill was sneaking through the back streets to buy a suit of clothes he could keep from falling out of. Now they're engaged, and Bill's the happiest man in seven counties. The doctor showed me how to use the same formula for chopping wood: I roll the sticks around the line p and then turn them suddenly across it, and the strain splits them all to pieces.'

He goes out, but comes back a moment later.

'Beg pardon, sir, but about that round flower-bed. Do you want it to be circular by daylight-saving or railroad time, and at what velocity?'

This being settled, he leaves me to my meditations. How dependent and respectful are these servants! Yes, a well-ordered world, under the benevolent control of an intellectual aristocracy, who can manipulate the slippery

elliptic function and the prickly differential. Do Bolsheviki attempt to agitate a peaceful community? Let our velocity be $-dv(An)$, and presto! these uncomfortable characters won't have been born for a century and a half yet; and we may confidently leave their treatment to posterity. Do some of our enthusiastic officials suppress certain of the rights of man? Let us apply the formula $Xdp = Y^2$, and whoof! they find themselves in the seventeenth century, where they may hunt the fearsome witch and wily Quaker to their hearts' content. Does my revered wife's uncle read aloud items from the *Daily Transcript*? $Q = pz$, and lo! it's four o'clock, and the paper has n't yet arrived.

Poor Hatter, and poor March Hare! Had they lived a few decades later, what a different tea-party it would have been! No insolent unmannerly Time to thwart their culinary plans; but a Time well disciplined, brought to heel, and mindful of his p 's and q 's.

Hello! what's this? Midnight? No, Mr. Ingersoll, you are mistaken. I find that we are headed at tremendous speed toward the star Nemo Domi; and so long as I face E.S.E. and by E. it is only ten-thirty. Blessings on you, Mr. Einstein.

ON MAKING A VERY COMMON DISCOVERY

She puzzled me this morning, that chubby, fair-haired little freshman, there at the first meeting of my section of English 1: who was she, and where had I seen that face before? Ordinarily I find it easy to recognize in class later editions of familiar faces; but here was a problem that baffled me. After the class was dismissed, she came to my desk with a 'Please, sir, my mother wished to be remembered to you; she was in your first class here at the University; her name used to be Miss

C——.' Then it came in a flash that I was now an intellectual grandparent.

This evening I have been reviewing the steps in my pedagogical senescence and have been recalling those first years as a teacher, when I knew by their nick-names every member of the athletic teams, and when no mass meeting was complete without one of my 'peppy' talks, though at that time they had another name for 'pep.' In those days I regarded the loss of a crucial game with a sickening of heart similar to that with which, years later, I read of the last great April drive of the Teutons toward Paris; and here the other day I flunked without a pang one of our star athletes when his services were sorely needed by the team. During the earliest years of this century I spent my afternoon hours on the tennis-court, or on the rings and bars, and finished the vigorous sport by challenging some student friend to a race in the pool. Now, 4 or 5 P.M. finds me cudgeling my dull brain for some clever project in composition that may quicken the sales of my *Live Language Lessons*, or, perchance, sweating over the task of adjusting a new set of washers on the supposedly automatic pump that supplies the home with soft water.

My first intimation that I had joined the ranks of the 'have beens' came some fifteen years ago. Back in those neolithic ages of my first two or three years as an instructor, I seldom missed a dance; and there were two or three friendly sororities where I could be quite sure of making a date for the next gathering of the *Entre Nous* dancing-club. Then I left the University for two years, to work toward my doctorate, and when I returned found the girls I had known as sophomores risen to the rank of seniors. Yes, they would accept my invitation to a dance, but I could see that I was more welcome when some of the older girls appeared

at one of the homecoming celebrations. Gradually the lure of the waxed floor and of the 'music yearning like a god in pain' grew less seductive, till, finally, I chanced to watch a fellow instructor, who is built along low, broad, Dutch-colonial lines similar to mine, hopping through the one-step with something of the grace of a disabled gander. That night I buried one of my former selves.

Last year I received another jolt when, as I passed a group of students, I chanced to overhear one of them refer to a certain member of the faculty as 'old A——B——.' I gathered that he used the adjective as a term neither of praise nor of reproach, but simply as an expression of an obvious physical fact. To him the generous patches of gray and the stooping shoulders marked my colleague as no longer middle-aged, but old. It happens that A——B—— is my senior by some ten years, and I had been thinking of him as a man in his prime; so I wondered, with a start, how my students regarded me; whether behind my back they were speaking of me as 'old C——D——,' and whether some of the younger men in my department were speculative as to when I shall drop anchor in Port Carnegie.

Thus through the evening these and a dozen other memories have been flitting through my brain, roused by the arrival of this latest member of my intellectual family. To-night I am convinced that 'Grow old along with me' is largely drivel, and I am wondering whether before long I shall be taking a melancholy and very personal interest in 'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,' and all the rest of that bulky anthology of the days that are no more. Perhaps I shall; even now it would not startle me much to find among my Christmas remembrances a framed copy of Ronsard's lines:—

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame!
Las! le temps non: mais *nous* nous en allons.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frank Tannenbaum, whose paper on 'Prison Cruelty' in the *Atlantic* for last April aroused widespread interest and discussion, is now traveling through the United States, devoting himself to a comprehensive study of the whole question of prison management. L. Ames Brown is a veteran newspaper correspondent in Washington. Charles Bernard Nordhoff is spending a year away from time, in the South Seas. A. Edward Newton has recently been elected the first honorary member of the American Booksellers' Association. A manufacturer of electrical apparatus, quite innocent of electrical knowledge, Mr. Newton has, we believe, the profoundest comprehension of the instinct of correct advertising that ever graced an eighteenth century essayist.

* * *

George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company and a publisher of great experience, follows in his article an argument apt to encourage serious controversy. It will interest our readers to see the comments upon this paper made by a well-informed advertising man to whom we showed proofs of the article.

I have read with surprise the comments made by Mr. Brett in his article which are, I think, unfair, not only to the business of advertising, but to manufacturing and selling as well.

Let me check up certain of his points in detail.

In his third paragraph Mr. Brett gives the impression that a certain publication (which the judicious will recognize as the *Saturday Evening Post*) increased its circulation over-night. As a matter of fact the tremendous growth of this magazine covered a period of four years.

In paragraph four, he goes on to state that the general increase of the magazines in circulation and in bulk is due to advertising, further remarking that most of this advertising is simply a means for national advertisers to escape the excess-profits tax. He quotes the president of a large western corporation to prove his case.

Coming in contact as I do with the majority of national advertisers, I should dispute Mr. Brett's statement. There may be a few isolated cases of manufacturers spending more than they should, but the great majority are exercising just as much prudence and foresight in their advertis-

ing as under pre-war conditions. It is true, some advertising appropriations have been increased because of the fact that, advertising being free from taxation, the manufacturers are taking this opportunity of strengthening their hold upon the consuming public and creating a larger demand for their product and thereby reducing the cost of manufacture, which has been the function of advertising and the reason for its strength in our social, economic, and commercial life to-day.

As it happens, I have just come from the office of an advertising counsel who handles the publicity for a large public utility where the directors are inclined toward retrenchment at a time when it would be of great danger to their product to yield to the inclination. This case is multiplied by many within my personal experience.

A little later on, Mr. Brett seems to me to misrepresent the power of advertising, when he says, 'neither is it a matter of doubt that the many millions of dollars spent annually in advertising of this description are added to the price of the commodity sold and that the expenditure is one of the causes of our present high cost of living.'

From data which I happen to have on my desk I can show that there are but four large advertisers who are spending a higher percentage for advertising than that shown by Mr. Brett's book publisher whose exhibit appears on page 474. A women's wearing-apparel company, which sells entirely by mail, has no retail store or salesmen, and whose entire selling force is that of advertising, spends 15 per cent; Old Dutch Cleanser, 10 per cent; Sears, Roebuck, whose entire selling-cost is advertising, 10 per cent.

Mr. Brett's strictures on magazines are obviously directed to the so-called 'flat' magazines, not to periodicals of the old standard size. He does not differentiate between a standard magazine like the *Atlantic* and large-sized publications like the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Pictorial Review*, where the amount of white paper per page is from 250 to 300 per cent greater than in the case of the standard magazine. It is fair that the reader should appreciate the immense economy of paper practised by the magazines of standard size.

As an illustration of what advertising can do, take the California Almond-Growers' Exchange. It assesses its members one cent per pound for advertising. During the past two years, the price of almonds to the consumer has increased about 25 per cent, while during the same period, wages have increased 300 per cent. There have also been heavy increases in transportation; but the reason that the increase in cost of almonds has been lower than in that of practically any other food-product, is that the advertising has so greatly increased the consumption of almonds.

Robert M. Gay, long familiar to *Atlantic* readers, is now Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston. His 'Writing through Reading,' recently published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, is based upon a novel plan for teaching composition, which has met with immediate appreciation.

* * *

Amory Hare, a Philadelphia poet pleasantly familiar to our readers, is a granddaughter of the late Bishop William Hobart Hare, the Apostle to the Sioux. **L. Adams Beck** is an Oriental scholar and wanderer in many lands. At this moment he is visiting the Midnight Sun in Alaska. **Francis B. Gummere**, who was Professor of English at Haverford College from 1887 till 1919, has left behind him a name honored wherever America cherishes the humanities.

* * *

Lord Dunsany, of the historic Plunkett family, and holder of one of the oldest titles in the peerage of Ireland, is the author of numerous volumes of plays and essays. His 'Fame and the Poet' was printed in the *Atlantic* for August, 1919. **Gamaliel Bradford**, eighth of the name, lives in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. **Carl F. L. Zeisberg** is a manufacturer, of Warren, Pennsylvania. **W. W. Williams**, who served his country at a dollar a year in Washington, here gives his poetic impression of a lady in the stenographic ranks.

* * *

Charles W. Eliot, for two generations a public servant in private life, is of all distinguished Americans the most detached and independent in beliefs and in processes of thought. The *Atlantic*, having invited this contribution without knowledge of President Eliot's present choice of party, is all the more interested in the definiteness of his conclusion. **Meredith Nicholson**, novelist and essayist, student of men and manners, and excursionist into politics, has with his solid friend Smith frequently figured in *Atlantic* pages. What Smith thinks of the Church is known, we imagine, to every clergyman who faces a congregation. It is the same Smith who now has a word of advice to politicians. **Raymond B. Fossdick** was appointed Under-Secretary of the

League of Nations, by Sir Eric Drummond, in May, 1919, but resigned when it became apparent that the United States was not likely to be an early member of the League. In June of this year the *Atlantic* printed his paper, 'The League of Nations is Alive.' **Eugene E. Rovillain** is Professor of French at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. He served his country with distinction in the war, and was subsequently sent to Mexico by his government as official observer.

* * *

Interesting testimony to the remarkable rightness of Mrs. Gerould's judgments comes to us direct from the capital of Bulgaria.

SOPHIA, BULGARIA, 7/20/20.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Another example of the 'Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling' is furnished by the inclosed clipping from the Chicago *Tribune*, Paris Edition. I had been rereading *Actions and Reactions*, when I came upon it. You remember the 'ads' that follow 'With the Night Mail'? Compare these actual ones with those.

AIR SERVICE SCHEDULE

Leaving Paris for London

- 9.30 a.m. & 4.30 p.m. (Daily) Air Express.
- 11.00 a.m. (Mon., Thur.) Gds. Express Aeriens.
- 12.30 p.m. (Daily) Mess. Aeriennes-Handley Page Cos.

Leaving London for Paris

- 9.30 a.m. & 4.30 p.m. (Daily) Air Express.
- 11.00 a.m. (Wed., Sat.) Gds. Express Aeriens.
- 12.00 m. (Daily) Mess. Aeriennes-Handley Page Cos.

THE GO-AHEAD BUSINESS MAN TRAVELS BY AIRCO EXPRESS

LONDON AND PARIS (TWICE DAILY)

PLEASURE TRIPS & FLIGHTS OVER LONDON

Daily Flights are made over London & Trips to all Business Centres, Pleasure & Health Resorts arranged at short notice.

After arid weeks, nay, months, of wandering about Germany and the Balkans, imagine the joy of coming, last week-end, upon two copies of the *Atlantic* (for May and July) up at the American School at Samokov, about forty miles back in the mountains from Sophia. The last copies I had seen were in the American Church Library at Munich. . . .

Next to a daily shower-bath, the chiefest delight of getting home again will be the regular

arrival, warm off the press, of each *Atlantic* at my front door.

Faithfully yours,
ALFRED LOURY.

* * *

The following 'human reaction' will interest deeply all those to whom the order of the world is a subject of concern.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I'm so sleepy, but I cannot resist the impulse to tell you what a breath of life you are to me at times. I live in one of the cesspools of the earth — in a city within a city. The Great City is one of the proud of the earth, whereas *my* city — my city is the sediment of the Great City: what even its jails and worst lodging-houses won't keep; for I am at 'the County.' I sometimes wonder if even the 'yellowest' reporter in the city would not be stunned into comparative silence by the vast fund of lurid experiences he would find if he were a nurse at 'the County.'

'The County' is in the heart of the city. It is near the Ghetto, near 'the Bucket o' Blood.' It knows that summer is here only because of the hideous waves of heat that sweep over the Great City and send in dying babies and hideous stinking sores. It draws its inhabitants from every corner of the earth — and the Seven Seas. One cold winter morning, just before dawn, I stood by a bed where lay a giant who would never walk again; and he grinned between his pains, and thanked me for the water I gave him by telling me of being for days in an open boat on the China Sea without a drop of that precious fluid. Near him lay a little gnome of a man, who has been with us for years — Johannus, who cleans the bed-pans, and who is nearing the end of his journey alone and in a foreign land. For Johannus is a son of a high-born German family, a graduate of Alt' Heidelberg, and he quotes Heine and Shakespeare and the rest. And not far from Johannus is a man who will go to jail under the Mann Act when his wounds are healed — wounds made with a dagger by a jealous woman.

On the floor above is a little Frenchman who has tried for the third time to commit suicide because of the overthrow of all his ideals and beliefs by the war. Beside him lies a belated 'D. T.,' to use the hospital parlance: a man who is leaving this world in a delirium tremens in which his old mother on the farm seems to come to him between his fights with 'red-hot monkeys' and the rest. It was in that ward that Thaddeus died, coming out of his dreadful pain at the last, to cry, 'Mutter, mutter! Don't cry! Oh — I'm going to mass mit der angels!' Thaddy was the son of a fine old man, who had been a banker in Poland and who had surrounded his family with every luxury — till the Germans came.

But I could go on indefinitely — we get them all, the murderers and the murdered, the suicides, the betrayed, the feeble-minded. We have a fourteen-year-old colored girl and her baby, whose father is little older than the mother; we have the girls whose families have cast them off and who have come here to have their illegitimate babies;

we have old people whose families have turned them out in their helpless old age; we have tiny children who are already steeped beyond hope in sin and crime; we have lepers that society fears as it does no other class; we have women with broken heads and razor-cuts and bruised faces.

Can you see what a breath of life you are to me when I come out of this that is so far from the happy, sane, beauty-loving world you live in? I am seized with a sort of horror at times as I look at some of them! 'And this is the Dream He dreamed, to be the ruler of the world, to search the heavens for power, to feel the passion of Eternity!' Oh, I know that is not correctly quoted, but I'm too sleepy to see or quote correctly. Imagine only two nurses on duty, all night long, making rounds with a candle in the midst of *this*! Don't you believe that it is almost soul-crushing at times? How many who lie in their comfortable beds ever think of that hideous maelstrom at 'the County'?

* * *

Is the dearest tenet of popular natural history in danger? Is 'playing 'possum' an exhibition, not of cunning, but of nerves. Mr. Erich A. O'D. Taylor, of Newport, Rhode Island, writes us as follows: —

The author of the 'Whimsical Goddess' seems to be under the impression that the 'possum is capable of feigning death to escape its enemies, much in the same way as the man in the story feigned death to escape the bear. Such is not the case. It seems almost unnecessary to say that in order to imitate something one must have some idea of the thing one would imitate. As far as I know there is nothing to show that the 'possum (or indeed any other animal) does know anything of death. If there were, we must admit that the animal takes thought of the future. That seems to me to be going too far.

Jean Henri Fabre, the French entomologist, made very careful experiments upon this subject. In his case, however, a beetle and not a 'possum was the subject of the experiment. It was dropped two or three times and then turned on its back. To all outward appearances it was dead. Sometimes this condition lasted for over fifty minutes; sometimes only twenty. At any rate, after a longer or shorter time its legs began to quiver and its antennæ moved. Within another minute it had turned over and was moving off as alive as ever.

If the beetle was subjected to strong light (which exposed it to full view of its enemies), the 'sham' ceased. In other words, when danger threatened, the beetle ceased to 'sham,' and made frantic efforts to get away.

If the 'sham' was a trick, why did it not make use of it? On the other hand, if this condition is not a trick of the beetle to escape its enemies, what is it? The answer is fairly simple. The insect has been 'hypnotized' by the shock! If it was 'shamming,' when the danger had passed it would at once turn over and escape. Instead, its energy returns slowly, and it is some time before it is strong enough to right itself. All this coin-

cides with the action of one returning to consciousness after a faint or a deep sleep.

The scorpion has been said to sting itself to death if surrounded by a ring of fire. M. Fabre made this experiment also. He surrounded a large scorpion with glowing charcoal. The animal, crazed by the heat, made a vain effort to escape. It brandished its sting, crooking and straightening it out, with all the fury of its intense anguish. At length it became motionless. Had it stung itself? It might well have done so, for its movements were so rapid that the eye could not follow them. With much uncertainty the experimenter removed the 'corpse' from the furnace and placed it on some cool sand. Within an hour the animal returned to life as lusty as ever. Evidently hypnosis, or a faint, is again the answer.

Birds also may be hypnotized. There are probably many people who have tucked a hen's head under its wing and rocked it gently until the bird was apparently dead. Only the rise and fall of the feathers denotes the fact that she 'is not dead but sleepeth.'

Now birds, scorpions, and beetles are all less highly organized than the 'possum. Clearly, then, the argument that the 'possum belongs to too low an order to be rendered unconscious by a nervous shock falls to the ground. The shamming of the 'possum is no more a trick than that of the bird, beetle, or scorpion, or the fainting of a woman on hearing of her husband's sudden death.

* * *

Thousands who have read in the *Atlantic* of 'Old Sawney' have a regard for him which may fairly be called affection. It is good, then, to learn from Mr. E. B. Chappell of Nashville that he

has not retired from the oversight of the school. He is still hale and vigorous, a Socrates grown mellow with the passing of the years. He still makes his morning talks to the boys, not the garrulous mouthings of an old man in his dotage, but talks full of wit and vivacity and homely counsel, and apt comment upon current life and events. And the school is still dominated by the influence of his personality. Moreover, two of his sons, who have inherited a measure of his genius and have worked with him for many years, are ready to perpetuate the spirit and ideals which he has wrought into the life of the institution when the great founder has gone to wear 'a truer crown than any wreath that man can weave him.'

* * *

The 'Soaring Hawk' will not stay down. Another paper on the subject will be contributed by Mr. Burroughs to an early issue. Meanwhile, Mr. John Breck, of Grosse Ile, Michigan, has some interesting remarks to make.

How does a hawk soar? That question will probably remain open for speculation through

another decade while we perfect the airplane. A spirited discussion of it between Mr. George Clough and Mr. Burroughs has recently broken into print. It would be a bold naturalist who dared oppose either one of them in his own field, but—I have tried soaring.

Back in the early days of airplanes, I had a third interest in a glider—a home-made contraption of split bamboo fishing-rods lashed together with a wilderness of wires. And it was a monoplane, an imitation of the wings of a soaring bird.

It would support us only in a strong head wind. The instant it veered off a direct course, the leeward wing would drop and it would begin a descending spiral. But if you could manage to lean the windward wing, it would sometimes seem to pry up the leeward one,—which had less wind-pressure, and therefore less resistance,—face about full and lift strongly again.

Isn't this the secret of the body-roll? Isn't a bird a kite, with gravity for the boy and the string, the wind for its power, and this incessant shifting of the weight on the windward wing for its lifting energy?

The forward motion of a bird, at any gait, is intrinsically a matter of wing-construction. The wing is an arch, since an arched surface will lift half again as efficiently as a plane surface in the same head wind. Its centre of support is the hollow directly behind the bone; its rigid cutting edge, a form echoed by each individual flight-feather. Here is the point of compression for the downward stroke; the escaping air is kicked out of the flexible rear edge of the wing exactly as a screw-propeller kicks water. Hence even the slight pressure exerted by gravity may enable the bird to use a head wind in lieu of considerable forward effort.

But the wind cannot do it all. The bird must lift itself enough to counteract that gravity-pull. It must maintain steerage-way, the stability to continually present those arched wings to the air-currents. Otherwise it would fly like a curled leaflet, tumbling before the autumn breeze. Whichever way it heads, its own velocity must keep it at an angle with that tie to the solid earth, like a kite tugging at its slanting string. And the alternating stroke of the body-roll applies as positive a pressure as though the wings beat in unison. Little power is needed, no more than the tentative oar-dips by which we head a boat into a current, perhaps no more regular.

After comparing the wing and tail areas on various birds as diverse as the frigate-bird and the hawk, for instance, I feel sure that a tail is a counter-balance with no more effective a supporting surface than the tail-planes of an airship, unless perchance the thrushes get an occasional lift out of that spank with which they mark their dipping flight. The frigate-bird's tail is slit for three fifths of its length, and the two halves have an opposable as well as a united action. This not only contributes to the marvelous flexibility of his turns and dodges, but gives him a forward impulse. He brakes by water-pressure, either submerging or dragging his feet at the end of his glide.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1920

FROM AN AUSTRIAN PRISON

BY ALICE G. MASARYK

[THE writer of these letters is the eldest daughter of the late President of Czecho-Slovakia. Her mother is an American lady, and she herself, in preparation for a life of service, spent many months in residence at Hull House, Chicago. Her father, in private life an eminent professor of economics, has given his best years to the enfranchisement of his country. In order to curb his revolutionary activities, since Professor Masaryk was himself beyond its grasp, the Austrian government, in defiance of law and civilized usage, arrested the daughter and kept her imprisoned as a hostage. During the long ordeal Alice Masaryk wrote continually to her mother, and from these letters, which tell their own story and are so full of the spirit that brings Liberty into the world, the *Atlantic* is privileged to make a selection. — THE EDITORS.]

IMPERIAL ROYAL PRISON
VIENNA, November 12, 1915.

MAMA, —

Well, I have arrived quite without mishap in my native city. The journey was not bad. A beautiful day — a yellow light everywhere — like Worpsselde — the plain near Wisch! The real thing!

Here it is more according to the *Fidelio* effect. I am in K. K. Landesgericht (state) prison, but we will not speak about that; one must have character, and I have given my word not to complain; on the contrary, to get the best and most human experience out of my relations here.

And now, how are you, my splendid, noble mother?

A little too much for a mother's heart? Please, no. Everything is all

right. Every experience helps us in life, and this is truly better than the *Ladies' Home Journal* experience which many women have. Even so, I would by no means be opposed to a little piece of garden. I shall have my books, and then I shall be saved entirely.

I had hoped that I would not please them here; that, as soon as they saw me, they would send me back. But they have left me here. However, 'Thy will be done!' A kiss, and an end to these things.

Perhaps I shall get a room for myself and then I shall look still more blooming. Each one of us has his cross, but one must have firm muscles in order to carry it. And so I am a Hercules for my cross, and bear it smilingly. But to see how the people here have taken root in their misery, and with the second step

have succumbed with sighs and tears! I shudder! I am oppressed by the deep misery of humanity. Yes, mama, if they free me, I shall live still more intensely, and strive humanly for the simplest and noblest things. The life of Christ!! — But really I must stop.

Send me the books in my black bookcase, the ones I had prepared for the winter session. My work!

I should like to hang up a couple of pictures from the Modern Gallery. — Would it be possible?

Have you found a nurse — a good one?

Please tell my friends to write to me. I shall write in German, for it will be sent quicker if I do. Greetings to all!

I am as always,

ALICE.

[A. G. M. came to the prison from the railroad station on foot, carrying her baggage, and arrived at 11 P.M. The warden led her to the cell, where she received scant welcome from her fellow prisoners because of the already overcrowded state of the room, 12 by 14 feet, in which twelve people were forced to live. In these crowded quarters the mattresses piled in one corner during the day covered the ground at night. The warden, who undressed her, and took away everything that might suggest the slightest bit of comfort or luxury, was most favorably impressed by the silk lining of her coat, which at once established her social position.]

November 23, 1915.

DEAR MAMA, —

On the 20th¹ I was with you the whole day. I am always. Sixty-five years old and yet you are not alone, mama! I know you better day by day and treasure you unendingly.

When I was traveling to America the

¹ Her mother's birthday.

sea one day was quite still, like a mirror in which the face of the heavens was reflected; in the distance it was a bit 'ruffled.' An endless quiet reigned — it was boundless, full of strength, beautiful. And now I too am quiet and industrious. 'I do not cry over fate' — I only do what I can, and stop.

Often I see beautiful pictures before me, very often the sea. The contrast is marked. Here everything is narrow, small; there all is large and open.

I am so sorry that I could not send you any roses. (Here at the utmost I could only decorate a straw pillow with a mouse and send it — and such an expression of reverence would hardly be allowed!) In the night my arms were filled full with lovely roses; then from the Imperial gardens came two women who carried more baskets of them. I chose a couple of long-stemmed, buds, wonderfully formed, and added them to my roses. The women said that there was a bower of unbelievably beautiful roses — I should ask the Kaiser for them. I entered the garden and found myself among the loveliest rose-beds; the courtyard had a splendid appearance. I got my roses and promised to come again. 'Such a dream can only come from contrast.'

I look very well and feel finely. I take care of keeping the house in order.

Indeed, I would not allow the wardens to be discourteous to me, and if it is necessary, I ignore them. The wardens are not so bad as I imagined them to be during the first days. I live, learn, and like everyone — there is nothing else to do. Write, and think of me as well, strong, and happy.

Many, many kisses.

[Once A. G. M.'s fellow prisoners understood who she was, they lost no opportunity to express their respect and admiration for her. They felt the influence of the spirit of freedom that radi-

ated from her, and they loved the artistic grace that her red-and-white striped uniform of a nurse and her red slippers expressed. She had served as a nurse in the hospital in a city in southern Bohemia the preceding summer, and had worn there the uniform and slippers which held the admiration and interest of her fellow prisoners.]

November 25, 1915.

DEAR MAMA, —

Yesterday I had a very severe headache and then I understood how weak people can suffer here — and it then is hard! But I began to philosophize a little — thought over the meagre relations between body and soul. Then I called on God for help, and now I am quite normal again, quiet — but also with firm faith! I should like to know if all my friends love me and think about me. I write only to you, because I don't want to bring trouble to anyone.

Listen — I must tell you a wise saying of Buddha: 'Right faith, right decision, right word, right deed, right life, right endeavor, right thoughts, right self-abnegation.'

There are five political prisoners here and one — God alone knows under what category she comes. She looks like the old woman in [Turgenieff's] *The Spade*. It is an art to *look on* at the inner, individual world from the outside. It is necessary to be very clear and pure. You know that I hate and despise talk which has two meanings, and I have already turned and made a *break*, and now I have peace. I know a new side of the world. No amount of social pathology gives such an insight as this. At first I felt horror at the injustice of the jail-keeper and nausea at the common criminals. God, how unjust! All, all are human beings, and in each one flickers the divine spark, no matter how miserably small the flame sometimes is, put out through poor education, greed, or a desire for power.

Two sparrows have come to visit me — God bless their warm little hearts! They open their little bills and look . . . pert and happy.

So is it granted to each one

That his spirit may press upward and onward
And lose itself far above us in blue space.

Hurrah, hurrah! it cannot be the lark. It is only the sparrow against the sky and the chimneys. Ah, mama, love me, believe in me, that I may love truth with my whole soul and work once more for unhappy people. I feel power, and I see that my interest will be kindled anew here. Long live social pathology! How necessary it would be in our prisons! But I will not talk about it. For heaven's sake, write.

[The cell was white-washed, and on the court side had two windows near the ceiling. It was furnished with a long table, three benches, one tiny washstand, two small pails for dirty water, two pitchers and a row of shelves, whereon each prisoner kept her very small store of belongings. Each had a folding bed, consisting of three iron horses covered over with thin wooden slats on which reposed a straw mattress. The cell was designed to admit of no privacy.]

SUPREME COURT, Cell No. 207.

December 1, 1915.

MY DEAR MOTHER, —

I am afraid that sometimes I write too disorderly. I confess that I have been through a depression which I wanted to laugh away; that is one method, but not the right one. Three days long I suffered physical pains in my heart, and I could not sleep; which is quite excusable, if you consider things as they are in reality.

A great sense of peace came over me to-day. I felt myself to be young, for I was strong and healthy. To-day I feel that I have changed completely. I feel as if I had died physically, and a new

December 2, 1915.

human being had come into birth. Can you understand this?

My dear mother, everything seemed to be so dark here. Now, although I see many gloomy sides, I also begin to see the good and the human. One must be and *should be* just.

I should like to know if our friends remain faithful even in misfortune.

In this peace I consider my whole life. The Slav and the German have melted in me together in this hard test; it has always been fatal for me: on one side the highest exaltation followed by deep depression; on the other side the faithful and the strong — the brain. Now I imagine I have reached a combination where there is a grade of development. This grade, I hope, we shall reach in Bohemia too! I saw so often proofs of it.

With regard to this state of mind I do not expect the impossible, but I take without a shudder what is given to me, hard and bitter as it may seem. I know there are a great many people who give advice without knowing why man really is as he is. 'Here I stand and I can do no other,' said Luther; and I feel as he did.

Mail is so slow here, it is possible that you will get this letter only by Christmas. What does Christmas mean? 'Peace to people of good-will' — no more and no less. It is much. You, mother, you have the right to this peace, for I do not know any person of better will possessing so much love of truth as you do. — And I? I wish I could go once more through the days of my early development. No, I am still in development, and to-day I still feel a longing for truth. I hope I shall be permitted to have books and to write. It is said about Kant that he took a walk only once a day, but he *always* had sky over his head. Only good-will, and you can feel even here that there is blue sky over your head.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Last salute of fire, heavy drums, music going home, a gay march — formerly it was a melancholy funeral march. There are often funerals in Olser Street. I find my identity in music. So often I long to hear the harp and piano — to listen to some pieces and forget myself entirely. Orpheus was a happy man; he gave deep peace to men and animals.

I find peace only in work. Often I see very sad things.

Goethe says: 'A miserable state of mind is the consequence of cowardly thoughts.' — Yes, miserable — this is the right word.

I should be much better physically even than I am; but please be convinced that I have always aimed for a better life and do so from day to day.

Olser Street! What a fate for me! When I was standing at the threshold of my life in the Public Hospital,¹ I had no notion how my life would turn out! I do not mind the hard situation for myself — I am only very sorry for my friends, because they feel for me. I am rather indifferent for my own sake.

I am thinking of you so often: —

Oh, what about the love of a mother!
In the mountains you do not extinguish it,
In the sea you do not drown it.²

Now *au revoir*!

December 11, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER, —

William Shakespeare was a fellow!
Two Gentlemen of Verona: —

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lamentest.

To-day was such a fine day. At four o'clock we went for a walk. O mother, the sky! I look at it, and forget every-

¹ She refers to her first experiences when, as a medical student, she worked in the Prague City Hospital.

² From the *Cosmic Poems* of John Neruda, a famous Czech poet, who died in 1899.

thing, everything. It is surrounded by the square frame of the prison roofs; from one side you may see the top of a high birch tree, in the background the fine tissue of branches; otherwise, only the Renaissance sills of the Court of Justice, and even this gets a reflection of the sky — yes, even the prison is surrounded by the sky. At four o'clock we took a walk, three soldiers watching us. But the clouds! They were light pink on the night-blue heaven. The sky did not light. Then suddenly I discovered the silver moon among the pink clouds, and not far from this the lovely evening star. Everything was so free.

Music in the afternoon: a funeral — a beautiful funeral march, beautifully harmonized. I went for a walk with a poor woman, evidently paralytic. What contrast between her and the clouds!

In this meditation I have forgotten where I really am. When I awake, I cannot remember; all at once I find the way, but I cannot understand why I am here. At the end I remember all. So, —

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lamentest.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Yes, now I have courage to stand alone in the world. *Alone* — there is such a great force in it. The right to love you all — that is my birthright.

Good-night, dear mother.

[The prisoners were expected to take a walk every afternoon. No regular time was set: it might be between one and two o'clock, between two and three, between three and four. It all depended upon the whim of the soldier who had charge of the prisoners at the time. He came to the cell-door, and shouted, '*Spazieren gehen*' (Go to walk!). Prisoners from about four cells went for this walk at the same time. In the yard, which was only about forty feet square, grew several chestnut trees; also one birch in which a blackbird had her nest.

Three soldiers guarded this yard, and the prisoners had to walk two by two, going round in a circle, thirty at one time. The period was as long as the soldier who took us out decided it should be — a half hour, three quarters, or a full hour.]

December 12, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Sunday. — Behind the grating a pure sky, a soft wind; both windows open.

Depression in my forces; the skull — what a small house for the brain! Sudden change at noon: strong will for life, for love, for truth. Victorious above all — like the Victory of Samothrace — in the kingdom of truth and soul. Nothing useless — but life.

A man who wants good must not succumb to weakness.

I have always understood Christian duties, the faith and love — but now I see that hope has a place in the life of man.

The anchor, yes, the anchor is on the ship when it is far from shore, when foaming breakers assault the keel in rage. Sailors leave the anchor on the ship when it is not used for the moment. Why cast it away? Many a ship that has passed through a storm has reached the quiet bay in safety by the evening. Then the anchor fastened the ship and the sailors stood in longing, contemplating the windows of their native town, gilded by the evening glow.

And if the anchor should not be used at all? Is there any change in the subject? Sailor to the end. Long live my ship! Cheers to the tempest that sharpens my forces!

For goodness' sake, don't stop loving me.

[No date. Received December 17, 1915.]

DEAR MOTHER, —

Only imagine I am standing at the seashore, relating, relating, convinced

that you hear me. It does not occur to me even to stop, for it seems to me that you answer me, that you feel with me. All of a sudden I awake from this dream — silence all around me, the gray sky over my head and the sea murmuring, roaring, ignoring completely my presence — that I am standing here with hope and longing, courage and resignation. Waking up is so sad. May be that you, far away, are standing at the sea like that, too, and are longing like me.

Man disappears as a stone in water. We see some rings, which spread to the bank more and more slowly; now that last ripple splashes, and it is silence — deep silence! And so I disappeared here. And now, after resurrection, I seize work again and want to live on with my own life here at the bottom.

I hear that books have been sent to me. It is so hard for me, so hard, that I do not know what is going on out-of-doors, how you live in Prague, and how you all are! I have had such a fit of anxiety for you that I really thought it was all over with my understanding.

Now I make the decision — for the second time already — to approach the chalice with my lips and drink as if it were honey.

Could I not get some old illustrated American newspapers? It is such a pleasure for me to see people in movement.

I see that I must not be petty. Bells are ringing, ringing, rising from depth toward heaven. How I would love to be changed into the metallic sound, which is vibrating, mounting higher and higher until it melts in heaven. Such longing! It is to be seen that things are not going so badly with me yet.

December 23, 1915.

MOTHER, yesterday I wrote you from the shady side of my existence —

I felt so tired. I feel fresher to-day. It is snowing, and I shall take a walk now.

To-morrow is the 24th.¹ The thought that you are thinking of me makes the evening quite tolerable: I am thinking so much of you.

You have often mentioned that I shall understand you when we are far from each other. It is not quite true: I always used to love you; but it is true now that I see you free from the petty Prague conditions; it must have been very hard for you to live there and educate us in your own spirit. Your faith is the right one — I acknowledge it fully. Olga² will probably develop to this spiritual truth, and we all shall live in it united — if I shall be bodily present then; this is another question, but of no importance.

I do not mind that life is a little unpleasant, you may feel quite easy.

In the calm night I was thinking of the following verses: 'In the midnight sky an angel appeared and sang a quiet song; the moon and the stars and clouds.' It has so much feeling. I thought of [John] Huss — I must think much of him and admire him greatly.

Good-bye, my dear mother, and write me, if you feel inclined to.

I got 200 crowns. I am not permitted to get any cakes in my cell.

Time-table

MOTTO: 'In spite of myself.'

6 o'clock: Getting up. Fixing room.

Washing. Gymnastics.

7.30: Coffee. Social pathology.

12: Dinner.

3 P.M.: Coffee. Wardrobe. To keep shoes in order. Gymnastics.

When light made: Bellety.

8 o'clock: Going to bed.

¹ The evening of the 24th is the great Czech Christmas celebration.

² The younger sister; an active member, before the war, of the World's Christian Student Federation.

[This letter reached Mrs. Masaryk when she was utterly alone in Prague. The soldier son, Jan, at the last moment was given leave and managed to reach home late Christmas Eve.]

January 3, 1916.

On the *first*, in spirit I wished you: Here's to 1916!

I have not written for a couple of days, for two reasons: first, I was not well; and second, I had no paper. Before me on the table lies Asard's *Welfare and Regrets of Youth* — a very practical book; and there are moments when a wave of happiness softly soothes my wounded spirit — that is, when I forget myself in my world of work. The promise of the family life as it goes on in our villages demands regulating, to give the woman who expertly rears a family warmth and happiness. It is true that I always believe in the family, but I take conditions as they are, and I have found my place in just these conditions. Dear mama, it could be an unbelievably pure, helpful, and æsthetic world. When I think about my room, about music, pictures, and sculpture, it is beautiful; when I think about the relation to the children of a great city, it is helpful; and when I think about the relation to God and people, it is pure. Now I have been cruelly thrust out of the world, and I feel forsaken by God and man, because this is not what I have been destined for, and I am powerless, helpless as a child; whereas in my own world I was sure and joyful as a man. May God forgive me that I ever thought of such things at all! But why groan? This sounds like complaining again. Prison, everything, is nothing to me; only my inner struggle tires me to death.

I often think of Jane Addams: I see here her strength, gentleness, better than ever. Oh, if I were only like her!! Funny, I could have worked near

her; but it would not do. Home! Home!

I spend a good deal of time thinking about religion. I see that Olga is right in many things. I often think of her; if I could only press her hand once more! A sister remains a sister. It is a wonderful relation. I am afraid I shall make your heart heavy, but to-day, for instance, I slept only from 7 till 11 o'clock — too little. I look fairly well. How are you, mama? This is to be my last mournful letter! !

I love you. Your praise is too great: I have not yet grown to the aim of my life.

January 7, 1916.

Let's have a little visit in Prague, shall we, mother? Are the trees bare already, as here, and does a steady wind blow? And how are you, mama? Peaceful? Have you the complete peace of which you spoke? I can well believe it.

Life here is monotonous. To-day is letter day. We are all sitting around a large table. There are six of us in the cell. Four political prisoners; two seem different. One is a twenty-two-year-old girl — a little angel, always helpful, always good; a Pole, who is clever and has her own sense of humor; a teacher from Moravia, kind and phlegmatic; a pretty young Jewess with pleasant manners; and a woman — Rubens in Viennese dialect. One day is much like the next; there is little to describe. My inner life is not very rich, either. There is always a self-imposed circle. Things which I had no suspicion existed, or were of any importance, become the centre of attraction. The arrest — why? etc.

I am fundamentally somewhat superstitious, and you know that, at the beginning of the war, I felt that I would not survive it. I see myself now as a superfluous back number, and treat myself like a historical factor. The core

of man is at the heart; the expression is 'pierced to the heart.'

It is hard for me; it hurts — physically, it is true.

Your letters are all right. Mama, you prize me too much. I realize that only a tiny little step more is necessary to bring complete, immediate joy of life, but already I have lived for many days in a firm, assured freedom.

I have such great love for you that it almost hurts me.

Now I have still one other request. I should like to have the following books:¹ Huss's *Postila*; Neruda's [*Cosmic Poems*]; Nemcova's *Bavicka*; New Testament; Kallab; —; Englis —.

[The hour set for rising was five o'clock in the summer and six o'clock in the winter. No one had a watch or clock in the cell; therefore we had no way of measuring the time; but the bell of the prison church rang the hours for us. The beds, during the daytime, were piled together on the dark side of the room, in order to provide space in which the prisoners could move about. The removal of the dusty straw mattresses raised great clouds of thick dust every morning.

At seven-thirty breakfast was brought on a wooden tray and set outside the cell, on the floor. The woman warden called out, 'Suppe!' There were just two varieties of this morning soup. One was thickened with brown flour and was fairly edible. The other was dubbed 'mattress soup' by the prisoners. It was made of some sort of preserved meat and was absolutely unedible.

The task of sweeping the floor and of washing the washstand, of carrying out the closet-pail and the dirty water to the hole in the floor that led to the sewer, fell to two different prisoners each day; a duty they gladly accepted,

¹ This list was heavily censored.

because it meant a walk of some twenty steps out of the cell. Twenty steps seems like a long walk when you are held in a prison cell 12 by 14 feet, with eleven other persons. We used this opportunity to get in touch with people we knew in other cells. One would engage the woman warden in a long conversation, while another ran to the cell of our friends, knocked on the door, and called out 'Nazdar Jak se Mate' — Greetings: how are you?]

January 11, 1916.

MY DEAR MOTHER, —

How good it is that you write so often! To be quite honest, I confess that I have two bright moments in the day: early, when coffee comes; in the afternoon, when the mail is distributed. I probably do not look sick, so you can rest assured as far as that's concerned. If I could only make a dash for home!

Early this morning, before coffee, we went for a walk. There is a very simple Ruthenian woman here, illiterate, black eyes, a little heaven-reaching nose, bow-legged, little, haggard, miserable. She is always happy when we meet in the yard. Although she is older, she calls me 'my mother' and she says I do her heart good. Her voice is like weeping — as the Ukrainian melodies are, if you have heard them.

I shall write more to-morrow.

Ah, mama, I hope you are well.

January 14, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER, MY DARLING! —

The road to hell is paved with good intentions! Therefore I must confess openly that my road is a broad post-road in this direction — I am big in good intentions. To-day I wished to be up all day; now I will be merry; this evening I shall take my bath, etc., etc., and therefore —

O my mother — to know that I still

have you in the world! You know that it is a fact that I am an ass; that an ass in sunny Dalmatia is a useful animal is true, but demand that an ass enter a Derby, and he is out of it. I am an historic example that powerful fathers (and father is that, in spite of everything) have a third or even a fourth as strong children. The world condemns me because I am stupid and awkward. I am. I understand child-protection and child-care to a certain extent, and could do a small but first-class work in that line. In politics, however, I am an ass, and I had better be a funicular railway operator than to bother myself with such things.

So! Strong language! Not womanly. God! if I could only be a woman in my own white room. Do you know that they even attack my honor! *You* know: 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as white as snow; thou shalt not escape calumny.' — My mother! how have I turned to battle, to purity, with my whole soul! *You* at least believe that I have been an honest person, don't you?

It seems to me that I have plunged myself into unhappiness through my temperament. I know that if I were a bee in a hive, I would build up cells; so I thought of my life in the state which I recognize, and *now!*

Mama, good-night. I must sleep. I should like to sleep.

January 21, 1916.

DEAR MAMA, —

To-day is the 21st, and I received yesterday a letter dated the 18th, so I was very happy.

I now can stay in bed longer; then I wash, and every day in warm water. It is very dirty here, much soot, as is usual in the centre of a large city. Please send the clothes and the blue dress with mother-of-pearl buttons, the black blouse with the white fastenings, summer nightgowns (I have only one here),

warm, gray stockings. That is about all.

How are you? If we could only have a week together! You must feel how I love and treasure you. I have entirely other feelings about myself.

Until we meet again! That is my 'business'!

January 21, 1916.

P.S. I feel that still another change is happening to me. At the bottom of it all, God knows whether I am an arch traitor or not; I trust my judges to find it out, and, if not, God. I am in his hands. I always intended the best, and if I die to-day I have not lived without a little bit of work. I will sleep, live, and then the end. I have the right to rest.

[Little water for washing was available, because the receptacles for carrying were few and too small. The two small pitchers conveyed so inadequate a supply that it sufficed the twelve prisoners only for washing their faces. There was also a lack of clean towels, one of which was served to each prisoner only once in two weeks. Those who had money were permitted to buy soap. Baths were very rare. (Later A. G. M., by dint of persuasion, obtained more water for bathing — even a tiny pitcher of warm water.)

No one had a mirror in prison — that was considered a luxury. The only way we could tell whether our hair was neat or not was by watching our shadows on the wall in winter; in summer, we observed our reflection in the pail of water!

The prison physician had ascertained that A. G. M.'s condition required that she rest a great deal; therefore she was permitted to stay in bed as long as she pleased. She had been wise enough to bring with her a pillow and blanket, and her bed appeared royal beside those of other prisoners.]

January 22, 1916.

Darling MOTHER, —

It is said that women are like our grandmother Eve — they enjoy things that are none of their business. So it is with our lady-wardens — the 'lion-keepers.' They read and reread our letters, and are well posted in financial as well as private and intimate affairs of the inmates.

I am healthy, though I sleep little. If I am sad, it is not the prison — more the surroundings. I think of my life, and that I was not prepared for this trial. You know I just began to realize my ideal in life; if it had happened a little later, I would have had so strong a character that I could have laughed most of the time. So do not worry about me. Everybody gets what he deserves, and it is an experience, anyhow.

My soul! It is most of the time dead, and I work like a puppet by brain work. That instinctive overflowing life, which was so strong in me this summer and spring, where I worked and lived simply because I could not help working and living — that's put out. Well, true history will be a judge of my deficiency — to be in a prison and be sad, is mean. Ah! well, what shall I do? I cannot help it. And it might be such fun!! That's what kills me.

Be sure, mother, that I do *all* to keep well. You are right in all your ideas. I remember that last evening, when we took tea in my room. Is my room as it used to be? Pictures, all? Thanks for love.

There is a lady here — about forty. She has been in prison nineteen years. Our cell seems a dream to her; for it's large, light, well-ventilated, and is not in an overcrowded district. We are only political prisoners, with the exception of one lady, who is here because of her husband. They are all

young, twenty-three years the whole group. I used to be young in spite of years: they all thought I was not thirty when I came. Now I look my thirty-six, which is what they call a wise, ripe age.

Well, a kiss!

January 23, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER, —

To-day is an unbelievably beautiful day, isn't it? 'Spring sweeps through the birches.' Is the day just as perfect in Prague? To-day I saw you in a dream — you were in a light-green dress, in Bystricka in our home. I smiled at you — that was all. I had no idea how deeply I love you and what good *friends* we are.

You must pardon me, — and the honorable Mr. Censor, at least, — if my letters are somewhat confused. It is often very much against my will that my mood rules me instead of *vice versa*.

I have been reading Goethe. He says that dilettanti put passion in the place of purpose, are always subjective, do not describe the circumstances, but only their own feelings in regard to the circumstances. Well said!

My letters are empty, are n't they? but heavy with great love.

I often think of America. There the world and a career were so glowingly open to me; it would have been wonderful if I could have been in social work there for ten years and then come back here. Only my love of home and my own brought me back.

I am such a village person.

Many greetings from your loving

ALICE.

[The following note from one of A. G. M.'s students in the Sociological Section throws light on the mother's condition at this time, of which A. G. M. was entirely unaware.]

January 29, 1916.

Mrs. Masaryk is very ill. I was aware of that before, but not until yesterday did I know the nature of her malady. To-day she has three troubles — hardening of the arteries, heart-disease, and some kind of nervous spells. She is to remain entirely quiet and is not to become excited. How is this possible, with all that she is experiencing? Her relation to Masaryk was so ideal. He

always wrote her daily, and in Vienna she acted as his secretary, worked with him, knew everything; and now that they are parted from each other, they may not write. Mrs. M. promised the police, and I believe fully that she keeps her promise. She despises a lie. Moreover, she knows that Alice's position would become more difficult and that she does not desire. Mrs. M. is a lady before whom one must bow deeply.

(To be continued)

MAROONED ON MATAORA

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

THE sun was low when the Faaite steamed out through the pass and headed for the Cook Group, six hundred miles west and south. Dark clouds hung over Raiatea, — Rangi Atea of Maori tradition, the Land of the Bright Heavens, — but the level sunlight still illuminated the hillsides of Tahaa, the lovely sister-island, protected by the same great oval reef. Far off to the north, the peak of Bora Bora towered abruptly from the sea.

It was not yet the season of the Trades, and the northeast breeze which followed us brought a sweltering heat, intolerable anywhere but on deck. Worthington was sitting beside me — a lean man, darkly tanned, with very bright blue eyes. His feet were bare; he wore a singlet, trousers of white drill, and a Manihiki hat — beautifully plaited of bleached Pandanus leaf — a hat not to be bought with money. The dinner-gong sounded.

'I'm not going down,' he remarked; 'too hot below. I had something to eat at Uturora. How about you?'

I shook my head — it needed more than a normal appetite to drive one to the dining-saloon. Banks of squall-cloud, shading from gray to an unwholesome violet, were gathering along the horizon, and the air was so heavy that one inhaled it with an effort.

'This is the worst month of the hurricane season,' Worthington went on; 'it was just such an evening as this, last year, that the waterspout nearly got us — the night we sighted Mataora. I was five months up there, you know — marooned when Johnson lost the old Hatutu.

'I was pretty well done up last year, and when I heard that the Hatutu was at Avarua, I decided to take a vacation and go for a six weeks' cruise with Johnson. Ordinarily he would have been laid up in Papeete until after the

equinox, but the Company had sent for him to make a special trip to Penrhyn. We had a wretched passage north — a succession of squalls and broiling calms. The schooner was in bad shape anyway: rotten sails, rigging falling to pieces, and six inches of grass on her bottom. On a hot day she had a bouquet all her own — the sun distilled from her a blend of cockroaches and mildewed copra that did n't smell like a rose-garden. On the thirtieth day, the skipper told me we were two hundred miles from Penrhyn, and so close to Mataora that we might sight the palm-tops. I'd heard a lot about the place (it has an English name on the chart) — how isolated it was, what a pleasant crowd the natives were, and how it was the best place in the Pacific to see old-fashioned island life.

'We had been working to windward against a light northerly breeze; but the wind began to drop at noon, and by three o'clock it was glassy calm. There was a wicked-looking mass of clouds moving toward us from the west, but the glass was high, and Johnson said we were in for nothing worse than a squall. As the clouds drew near, I could see that they had a sort of purplish-black heart, broad at the top, pointed at the bottom, and dropping gradually toward the water. There was something queer about it; the mate was pointing, and Johnson's Kanakas were all standing up. Suddenly I heard a rushing sound, like a heavy squall passing through the bush; the point of the funnel had touched the sea three or four hundred yards away from us — a waterspout! There was n't a breath of air, and the Hatutu had no engine. It was moving straight for us, so slowly that I could watch every detail of its formation. The boys slid our boat overboard; the mate sang out something about all hands being ready to leave the schooner.

'I've heard of waterspouts ever since

I was a youngster, but I never expected to see one as close as we did that day. As the point of cloud drooped toward the sea, it was ragged and ill-defined; but when it touched the water and the noise began, I saw its shape change and its outlines grow hard. It was now a thin column, four or five feet in diameter, rising a couple of hundred feet before it swelled in the form of a flat cone, to join the clouds above. Curiously enough, it was not perpendicular, but had a decided sagging curve. Nearer and nearer it came, until I could make out the great swirling hole at its base, and see the vitreous look of this column of solid water, revolving at amazing speed. It had n't the misty edges of a waterfall. The outside was sharply defined as the walls of a tumbler. I wondered what would happen when it struck the Hatutu. The mate was shouting again, but just then the skipper pushed a rifle into my hands. "Damned if I leave the old hooker," he swore; "shoot into the thing — maybe we can break it up." And, believe me or not, we did break it up.

'It did n't come down with a crash, as one might have expected. When we had pumped about twenty shots into it, and it was not more than fifty yards away, it began to dwindle. The column of water became smaller and drew itself out to nothing; the rushing noise ceased; the hole in the sea disappeared in a lazy eddy; the dark funnel rose and blended with the clouds above.

'A fine southeast breeze sprang up as the clouds dispersed, and we were reaching away for Penrhyn when a boy up forward gave a shout and pointed to the northwest. Sure enough there was a faint line on the horizon — the palms of Mataora. A sudden idea came to me. I was fed up with the schooner — why not ask to be put ashore and picked up on the Hatutu's return from Penrhyn? She would be back in a fort-

night, and it was only a few miles out of her way to drop me and pick me up.

‘Johnson is a good fellow; his answer to my proposition was to change his course at once and slack away for the land twelve miles to leeward. “You’ll have a great time,” he said; “I wish I were going with you. Old Tairi will put you up—I’ll give you a word to him. Take along two or three bags of flour and a few presents for the women.”

‘At five o’clock we were off the principal village, with canoes all about us and more coming out through the surf. The men were a fine brawny lot, joking with the crew, and eager for news and small trade. I lowered my box, some flour, tobacco, and a few bolts of calico, into the largest canoe, and said goodbye to Johnson.

‘It was nearly a year before I saw him again; as you know, he lost the *Hatutu* on Flying Venus Shoal. They made Penrhyn in the boat and got a passage to Tahiti two months later. Everyone knew I was on Mataora, but it was five months before a schooner could come to take me off.

‘There is no pass into the lagoon. As we drew near the shore, I saw that the easy, deceptive swell reared up to form an ugly surf ahead of us. At one point, where a crowd of people was gathered, there was a large irregular fissure in the coral, broad and deep enough to admit the passage of a small boat, and filled with rushing water each time a breaker crashed on the reef. My two paddlers stopped opposite this fissure and just outside the surf, watching over their shoulders for the right wave. They let four or five good-sized ones pass; backing water gently with their paddles; but at last a proper one came, rearing and tossing its crest till I thought it would break before it reached us. My men dug their paddles into the water, shouting exultantly as we darted forward. The shouts were echoed on shore;

by Jove, it was a thriller! Tilting just on the break of the wave, we flew in between jagged walls of coral, up the fissure, around a turn—and before the water began to rush back, a dozen men and women had plunged in waistdeep to seize the canoe.

‘Mataora is made up of a chain of low islands—all densely covered with cocoanut palms—strung together in a rough oval to enclose a lagoon five miles by three. Though there is no pass, the surf at high tide breaches over the gaps between the islands. The largest island is only a mile and a half long, and none of them are more than half a mile across. Dotted about the surface of the lagoon, are a number of *motu*,—tiny islets,—each with its flock of sea-fowl, its clump of palms, and shining beach of coral sand. Set in a lonely stretch of the Pacific, the place is almost cut off from communication with the outside world; twice or three times in the course of a year, a trading schooner calls to leave supplies and take off copra. Undisturbed by contact with civilization, the life of Mataora flows on,—simple, placid, and agreeably monotonous,—very little changed, I fancy, since the old days. It is true that they have a native missionary, and use calico, flour, and tobacco when they can get them; but these are minor things. The great events in their annals are the outrage of the Peruvian slavers in 1862, when many of the people were carried off to labor and die in the Chinchas Islands, and the hurricane of 1913.

‘After presenting myself to the missionary and the chief, I was escorted by a crowd of youngsters to the lagoon side of the island, where Tairi lived, in a spot cooled by the trade wind and pleasantly shaded by cocoanuts. The old chap was a warm friend of Johnson’s and made me welcome; I soon arranged to put up with him dur-

ing my stay on the island. His house, like all the Mataora houses, was worth a bit of study.

'Pandanus logs, five or six inches in diameter and set four feet apart, made the uprights. On each side of these logs, and extending from top to bottom, a groove was cut. Thin laths, split from the aerial roots of the pandanus, were set horizontally into the grooves, making a wall which permitted the free circulation of air. At the windward end of the house, a large shutter of the same material was hung on hinges of bark; on warm days it could be opened to admit the breeze. The plates and rafters were made of the trunks of old coconut palms — a beautiful hard wood which blackens with age and can be polished like mahogany. The roof was thatched with *kakao* — strips of wood over which were doubled selected leaves of pandanus, six feet long and four inches across. The *kakao* are laid on like shingles, so deeply overlapped that only six inches of each is exposed, and the result is a cool and perfectly watertight roof which lasts for years.

'The floor of Tairi's house was of fine white gravel, covered with mats. A bed of mats, a few odds and ends of fishing-gear, and a Bible in the Rarotongan language made up the furniture. The old man had been a pearl-diver for many years; he knew all the lagoons of this part of the Pacific, and could give the history of every large pearl discovered in these waters. Twenty fathoms he considered an ordinary depth for the naked divers — twenty-five, the limit. One day he went too deep, and since then he had been a cripple with paralyzed legs, dependent for care on the kindly people of his island. He busied himself in carving out models of the ancient Polynesian sailing canoes, beautifully shaped and polished, inlaid with shell, and provided with sails of mother-of-pearl. Now and then he presented

a canoe to the captain of a trading-schooner visiting the island, and received in return a bag of flour or a few sticks of tobacco.

'I had some interesting yarns with Tairi — I speak Rarotongan, and the Mataora language is a good deal the same. They have three extra consonants, by the way: the F, L, and H. What a puzzle these island dialects are!

'Tairi told me a lot about pearl-fishing. The people had divided their lagoon into three sections, one of which was fished each year. In this way each section got a two-years' rest. The shell is the object of the diving — pearls are a secondary issue. The divers are not much afraid of sharks, but dread the *tonu* and the big conger-eel. Some years before, when Tairi was resting in a boat after a spell underwater, one of his companions failed to return to the surface. Looking through his water-glass, he saw a great *tonu* lying on the bottom sixty feet beneath him — the legs of his comrade hanging from its jaws. Fancy the ugly brute, ten feet long and all head, like an overgrown rock cod with a man in its mouth. Tairi and several others seized their spears and were over the side next moment; they killed the *tonu*, but too late to save the life of their companion.

'Conger-eels grow to enormous size in the pearl lagoons, and the divers keep a close watch for them. They lie in holes and crevices of the coral and dart out their heads to seize a passing fish, or the wrist of a diver, stooping and intent on his task. When the conger's jaws close on wrist or ankle, the diver needs a cool head; no amount of struggling will pull the eel from his hole. One must wait quietly, Tairi told me, until the conger relaxes his jaws preparatory to taking a better grip. Then a quick wrench, and one is free.

'On an atoll like Mataora, where the food-supply is limited to fish and cocoa-

nuts, with a chicken or a piece of pork as an occasional treat, fishing plays a large part in the life of the people. The men were all expert fishermen, and used a variety of ingenious methods to catch the different kinds of fish. Tairi, of course, was no longer able to go out; but a friend of his — an old fellow named Tamatoa — used to take me with him. He was a fine specimen — six feet tall, muscular and active as a boy, with clear eyes and thick gray hair. One day he proposed trying for *koperu*, a small variety of mackerel.

‘The settlement is on the lee side of the island, where a coral shoal runs out half a mile to sea, covered with twenty to forty fathoms of water. It was early in the morning — a dead calm — when we launched the big canoe and slipped out through the surf. About a quarter of a mile off shore, Tamatoa asked me to hold the canoe stationary while he went about his fishing. Fastening a twenty-foot rope to the thwart, he made a noose at the other end and passed it under his arms. Then he took a ripe cocoanut, split it, and gouged out the meat with his knife. With the white pulp in one hand, he slipped overboard and swam down as far as the rope would let him. Through my water-glass I watched him put pieces of cocoanut into his mouth and blow out clouds of the finely chewed stuff, which drifted and eddied about him in the gentle current. He seemed to stay under indefinitely — the lungs of a pearl-diver are wonderful things! Now and then he came to the surface for a fresh supply of *chum*, and finally — at first in twos and threes, and then in shoals — the *koperu* began to appear from the depths. Little by little he enticed them close to the surface, until they swam all about him fearlessly, gobbling the morsels of cocoanut. At last, the old man reached up for his fishing-tackle — an eighteen inch twig, with a bit of doubled sewing-

cotton and a tiny barbless hook. He baited the hook with a particle of cocoanut and dangled it under the nose of the nearest *koperu*. While he hung on the shortened rope, just beneath the surface, his right arm broke water in a series of jerks, and each time it rose, a fish tumbled into the canoe, until they lay in the bottom by dozens.

‘Though the people of Mataora made sport of their work, they had plenty of leisure for other things. In the evening, when the tasks of the day had been completed by lighting the lamps in the roofed-over sleeping-places of the dead, the young people loved to gather for a session of *akatu talanga* — story-telling. They met in someone’s house, or brought mats to spread in the bright moonlight outside; and while the others lay about, intent on the tale, one after another related the adventures of some Polynesian hero, or the loves of some legendary island princess — strange fragments from the old days, full of spectres and devils and monstrous heathen gods. There was a girl named Porima who told her stories marvelously well — a tall youngster of seventeen, with a dash of off-island blood; Hawaiian, I think. She was an artist in her way; one could imagine in her the pioneer of a literature to come. Her broad forehead, the masses of black hair which from time to time, with an impatient gesture, she shook back over her shoulders, and the slumbrous eyes, with a suggestion of hypnotic power, made her a person not easily forgotten. Although she had told them many times, Porima’s stories never failed to hold her audience; the whispering ceased when she began, and every head turned toward where she sat, her hands continually in motion, her voice rising in excitement, or dying away to a murmur, while the listeners held their breath. As the hours passed, both audience and performers used to grow weary and drop

off to sleep, one by one; finally a rooster crowed and one awoke with a start to realize that it was day.

‘One evening, at a story-telling, I heard a shout from the beach and remembered that I had been invited to go after flying fish. A dozen canoes were putting out through the surf, each manned by four paddlers. I made a fourth in the last canoe; we shot out of the opening with a receding wave, paddled desperately through the surf, and a moment later were rocking gently beyond the breakers. The canoes were formed into a rough line; each stern-man lit a torch of cocoanut leaves, bound with bark, and a man forward took his place standing — net in hand. The net is like a shallow landing-net, set on a haft of stiff bamboo, and can be handled only after years of unconscious training. My position, paddling amidships, enabled me to watch how the net was managed — one does n’t often see such an exhibition of dexterity and strength. The art consists in clapping the net over the fish just at the moment when he is lying at the surface, hesitating before taking flight; at any instant the netter may see a fish to port, to starboard, or directly ahead. Our man swung his net continually, and each time it passed over the canoe, he flipped it upside-down to drop a fish. Think of the muscles needed for this sort of thing; the quickness of eye and hand, where a delicate balance must be maintained, and one is constantly alert to guard one’s face against the fish, which whizz past at all angles. Then remember that it is a pretty serious matter to capsize in this torch-lit water, swarming with sharks, where it is imprudent even to trail one’s hand overboard.

‘In the bend of a bow-shaped islet at the north end of the lagoon, under the palms behind a shore of blue water and dazzling sand, lived an old chap named

Ruri, who introduced me to another kind of fishing. Ruri was close to seventy, but a strong man still; his only complaint was lack of teeth, which compelled him to live on *varuvaru* — the grated-up meat of the young cocoanut, mixed with its own milk. The ambition of his life was a trip to Tahiti, to get a set of false teeth. He was not a native of Mataora: his mother was a Gilbert Islander and his father a Samoan. For many years Ruri had followed the sea — cabin-boy under Bully Hayes; deserter (to keep a whole skin) from the famous *Leonora*; blackbirder in the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands; pearl-fisher in Penrhyn and the lagoons of the Paumotu. At last, on a black night of storm, his vessel struck and went to pieces on the coral of Mataora, and Ruri’s days of wandering were over. He married a woman of the island, but now she was dead, and the old man lived alone, a mile from the settlement, occupied with his simple wants and immersed in dreams of the past. Close beside his house was the grave of his wife — a tomb of cement, enclosed in a neat building of octagonal shape, with a door and a small curtained window. A fine lamp, carefully tended and lit every evening at sunset, hung above the grave, and a few stunted gardenias and frangipanis, brought from enormous distances, were planted about the door. Ruri’s little plantation of cocoanuts and coarse taro was free from weeds, and the neatness of his house, shipshape and scrupulously clean, betrayed the old sailor.

‘After a spell of calm weather, when the breaching surf had ceased to cloud the waters of the lagoon, and the suspended particles of coral sand had settled to the bottom, Ruri offered to show me how to catch *tenu*, — a fine fish, inhabiting the lagoon in ten to twenty fathoms of water, — speckled like a trout on a ground of brown and gold,

and reaching a weight of twenty pounds.

'In the absurdly complicated process of obtaining bait, tenu-fishing is typical of the South Pacific. The night before, Ruri had spent two hours with a torch, catching hermit crabs; now, using these crabs for bait, we had to catch some *ku ta* — a small prickly fish which alone has power to interest the tenu. We set out in Ruri's leaky canoe and paddled to a big coral mushroom, which rose to within a yard of the surface. Here the old man smashed the shells of his hermit crabs with a stone, broke off the claws, set the soft bodies to one side, and mashed the claws to a paste, which he dropped overboard and allowed to drift into a dark hole in the coral. Then he produced a short line, baited the hook with the body of a crab, and let it sink out of sight into the darkness of the hole. In ten minutes a dozen *ku ta* were gasping in the bottom of the canoe — fantastic little fish, colored scarlet and vermilion, with enormous black eyes, and a dorsal fin which seemed to be carved out of red sealing-wax. We put them in a basket, trailed overboard to keep them alive, and began the real fishing of the day. I paddled slowly, while Ruri — who did not believe in fishing till the fish was in sight — leaned over the side, scrutinizing the bottom through his water-glass. Finally he signaled me to stop — his eye had caught the movement of a tenu among the masses of live coral, forty feet below us. The rest was simple: one hooked a *ku ta* under the dorsal fin, tossed him overboard, and allowed the weight of the hook and line to carry him to the bottom. By means of the water-glass, one could watch the approach of the tenu, see him seize the bait, and judge the proper moment to strike.

'The bonito, which they call *atu*, is the most important of all fish to the people of Mataora. Almost any fine day one could see a fleet of canoes work-

ing offshore, busy at bonito-catching, surrounded by a cloud of the sea-birds which guide one to the schools. They use a pretty lure for this fishing — a sort of jig cut out of mother-of-pearl, equipped with a tuft of red-dyed cocconut husk, and a barbless hook of shell. Each fisherman carries a stiff bamboo rod and half a dozen of these lures — ranging in color from pale green to black — attached to ten-foot lengths of line. The islanders have discovered that the condition of the water and the variations of light make certain colors more attractive than others at a given time; and when a school is found, they try one shade after another till they discover which the bonito prefer. Then the jigs not in use are hooked to a ring at the base of the pole, and the fisherman begins to pull bonito from the water, heaving them out by main strength, without a moment's play. The barbless hook releases itself the moment the fish is in the canoe, and the lure goes overboard without the loss of an instant.

'One day, after a period of low tides, I saw another method of fishing — rarely practised nowadays — an *ora*, or fish-poisoning picnic. You know the *barringtonia*, probably — the big tree from which they make their drums; it grows on all the high islands, and sometimes one finds it on the richer atolls. There were a few on Mataora. Ever notice the flower? It is a lovely thing: a tassel of silky cream-colored stamens, shading to old rose at the ends, and tipped with golden beads. The fruit is odd-looking, like a squarish pomegranate, and it has odd properties, for when pounded up and put into shallow water, it seems to stupefy the fish.

'I was sitting in the shade beside Tairi's house when a boy came through the settlement, blowing melancholy blasts on a conch-shell, and announcing that the chief wanted everyone to be

on hand that afternoon at a certain part of the lagoon, where an ora was to be held. We set out at noon, the women carrying the crushed seeds of the *barringtonia* in hastily woven baskets of green cocoanut frond. A crowd from the other settlements was waiting our arrival; and when the babies had been put to sleep in the shade, with small children stationed beside them to fan away the flies, the fun began. A shallow stretch of lagoon lay before us, half a mile long by a quarter wide, and into this plunged the women and girls, wading and swimming in all directions, trailing behind them their baskets of poison. As time went on, a faint and curious odor began to rise from the water — a smell which reminded me vaguely of potassium cyanide. Soon the spearmen were busy — wild brown figures, naked except for scarlet loin-cloths — pursuing the half-stupefied fish among the crevices of the coral. Before the effect of the poison wore off, and the reviving fish began to make their escape to deeper water, the men were returning to the beach, the strings of hibiscus bark at their belts loaded and dragging.

‘On another day I joined a party of young people for a picnic across the lagoon. It was glassy calm; the water was like a mirror in which the palms of the wooded islets were reflected with motionless perfection. The beaches on the far side, invisible on an ordinary day, seemed to rise far out of water in the mirage. We landed on an uninhabited island, hauled up our canoes, and set out on a hunt for cocoanut crabs.

‘They are extraordinary creatures, these crabs, enormous, and delicious to eat. You will not find many on the high islands; but in a place like Mataora there are hundreds of them, and they do a lot of damage to the cocoanuts. During the day they hide in their holes, deep among the roots of some big trees;

at night they come out, climb the palms, nip off the nuts with their powerful claws, descend to the ground, tear off the husks, break open the shells, and devour the meat. To catch them, one can either dig them out, or build a fire at the mouth of the hole, which never fails to draw them. Fire simply fascinates the brutes. They must be handled warily, for their claws can grip like a pair of pipe-tongs, and shear off a man’s finger without an effort.

‘We lit a fire under the shade of a *puka* tree and liberated the crabs we had captured. It sounds incredible, but they walked into the fire, and sat down quietly on the embers to roast! One of the boys climbed a palm and brought us some cocoanuts of a variety called *nu mangaro*, with an edible husk, sweet and fibrous, like sugar-cane. After lunch we had a swim in the deep water close inshore, and lay about smoking while the girls wove us wreaths of sweet fern. It was an idyllic sort of a day.

‘I spent five months on Mataora. At first, when the schooner did not appear, I was worried and used to fret a little; but as time went on I grew to like the easy-going, dreamy life, and when at last a schooner came to take me off, I did n’t know whether to be glad or sorry — there were moments when I almost decided to send for a few things and follow the example of old Ruri.

During those five months I knew more disinterested kindness than I had supposed existed in the world; my heart warmed to the people of Mataora.

‘Finally the day came when a schooner dropped anchor in the lee of the village — Whitmore’s *Tureia*. Canoe after canoe shot out through the surf; the women gathered in the shade of the canoe-houses on the beach, awaiting the landing of the boatmen, who would bring news of husbands diving for shell in distant lagoons, or relatives scattered among far-off groups of islands. As I

shook hands with Whitmore, I heard a prolonged wailing from the village — the *tangi* of a new widow.

‘When I went to the house to get my things together, Tairi informed me that, as the schooner would not leave till next day, the people were preparing a farewell feast in my honor. It was held in the assembly-house of the village, decorated with arches of palm frond, garlands of scented fern, and the scarlet flowers of the hibiscus. Everyone brought a gift for the departing stranger — a fan, a hat, a pearl fish-hook, a drinking-cup of ornamented cocoanut-shell, a carved paddle of porcupine wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. I distributed what little I had to offer, wishing it were a dozen times as much.

‘On the beach next morning, the people of Mataora gathered for a last hand-clasp; smile cynically if you will — there were tears shed; I was n’t too

happy myself when I heard their plaintive song of farewell floating out across the water.’

Worthington ceased speaking and leaned forward to scratch a match. The squall had passed long since; the immense arch of the Milky Way stretched overhead, and low in the south — beyond Hull Island and Rimatara, over the loneliest ocean in the world — the Southern Cross was rising. Lying on mats behind us, a party of Cook Islanders spoke in soft tones, their faces illuminated fitfully by the glow of their cigarettes. My companion was lighting his pipe, and in the flare of the match, I could see that he was smiling to himself.

‘Some day,’ he said, ‘You will hear that I have closed up my affairs and disappeared. Don’t worry when that happens; you ’ll know I have gone to Mataora — this time to stop for good.’

THE HUMAN SPIRIT IN SHADOW

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

WHAT, then, is wrong with the world? The question has been heard many times these latter months, and I have myself been asked to account for the conditions I described in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.¹ That article was criticized by one of the leading English reviews, not on the ground that it is untrue, but precisely on the ground that it presents a true picture of Europe to America.

¹ ‘The Menace of the World.’ May, 1920.

Controversy is not what I seek, but I cannot refrain from remarking that it is not Europe as such of which I am writing, but mankind. It is natural that Europe has suffered more than America from the aftermath of war, both morally and materially; but I would like to have it clear that I am no more blaming a continent than I would dream of blaming the Equator.

Europe happened to be the cockpit of the fight, and it is in Europe that the

dreadful moral results of the war can best be studied. Many people have gone to study the material results, but few have thought it necessary to depict the human spirit in the Rembrandt-sesque shadow in which it is plunged. The spiritual chiaroscuro is terrifying, but those who are in the gloom seem unconscious of the dark ground of the picture. Yet it certainly seems to me better worth while to record the *débâcle* of spiritual forces than the economic *débâcle* which cannot be made to interest, precisely because perceptions are blunted, and the meaning of the facts in terms of humanity is not appreciated.

I recently read the gruesome speech of Mr. H. P. Davison, in which he relates the physical facts concerning tremendous tracts of Europe. Wholesale starvation, misery unimaginable, from the Baltic to the Black Sea; and yet America remains apathetic, disinterested, passing by, like the Levite in Scripture, on the other side. But let no American reader suppose that this is a particular reproach to him: Europe no more realizes the intolerable state of many countries in her midst than does America, in spite of the hundreds of reports that have been made, and in spite of the tangible effects which touch everybody. We read these things. They make not the smallest impression on us. Why? How is it that we are not horrified, and do not resolve that not for a single day shall any preventable evil exist? How is it that, on the contrary, for two years we have been cheerfully engaged in intensifying the sum of human suffering? Why are we so heedless? Why are we so callous? Why do we allow to be committed, in our name, a thousand atrocities, and to be written, in our name and for our delectation, a million vile words which reveal the most amazing lack either of feeling or of common sense?

There have been crimes perpetrated

by the politicians — by all the politicians — which no condemnation could fitly characterize. But the peoples must be blamed. The peoples support the war-making politicians. It is my business to follow the course of events day by day, and it is sometimes difficult to stand back and take a general view. Whenever I do so, I am appalled at the blundering or the wickedness of the leaders of the world. Without party prejudices or personal predilections, an impartial observer, I cannot conceive how it is possible to be always blind to the truth, the glaring truth, that since the Armistice we have never sought to make peace, but have sought only some pretext and method for prolonging the war.

Hate exudes from every journal in speaking of certain peoples — a weary hate, a conventional hate, a hate which is always whipping itself into a passion. It is, perhaps, more strictly, apathy masquerading as hate — which is worst of all. The people are *blasé*: they seek only bread and circuses for themselves. They regard no bread for others as a rather boring circus for themselves. Every morning there is another war, though the news has almost lost its power to excite; every evening there is a fresh revelation of some warlike menace about which the jaded fancy may play. The key of all the folly and all the unhappiness in Europe is the fact that we cannot do without wars any more than a drug-maniac can do without cocaine or morphine.

It is incredible that not yet have we even tried to cast off the war-spirit and to put on the peace-spirit. We regard everybody and everything through the distorting spectacles which were made for our wear from 1914 to 1918. We demand that those who govern us should serve up somebody's head on a charger from time to time. When I went to Spa, for example, believing

that we were at last to hear conciliatory words spoken, were at last going to discuss methods of coöperation for the restoration of a shattered civilization, I quickly found that the old war Adam was too strong, and saw that coercion was still the only conception of men who should surely be able to place themselves above the passions of the crowd and guide the passions of the crowd. I am certainly neither pro-German nor pro-Russian: I am by temperament and by training wedded to another culture. (I regret that it is necessary to make this personal claim, to defend myself against otherwise inevitable misinterpretation.) But it seemed to me — and surely to many others — indisputably clear that, whatever was our duty in war, it is now our duty to pursue peace as ardently as we ever pursued war. It seemed to me that it is urgent to cast out the unclean spirit whose name is Legion. The health of Europe, who had been dwelling for so long in the tombs, who could not be bound or tamed, who had been running about in the mountains, crying out and cutting herself with stones, demanded instant measures. We were all in the same galley, and that galley was in danger of wreck. The fighting had come to an end, and now mutual aid was indispensable. There was no doubt about the chaos in many lands, and there could be little doubt that the chaos would reach our own. Where was our instinct of self-preservation? Where was our pity? Both the one and the other attributes were lost. Reason and all sweet virtues had been devoured by Moloch.

II

Of the treaty-making in Paris it is only necessary to say that, apart from Mr. Wilson's abortive effort to preach peace, it was simply a gathering of cynical diplomatists quarreling over

the spoils, and determined to kill, even in the name of the League of Nations, the nascent sentiments of justice and of mercy. After one interlude of hope, during which Peace fluttered timidly over the world, the war regained its empire. Peace conferences were in reality war conferences: when it was not a question of sending troops or asking others to send troops, the peace documents and decisions were only declarations of war in another form. The Versailles Treaty is blamed as a Wilsonian document. It is certainly not that, in the sense in which we had understood Wilsonism. It put a sword on the council-table. It suspended a sword over Europe. Marshal Foch, who is a capable soldier, became the chief of the diplomatists, always ready to threaten, always ready, in his own words, to act as the 'interpreter' of Allied thought. Now he is right, as a soldier, to believe in force; but if peace is wanted, the last man to call in is the soldier. I saw the sinister smiles in the Salle de l'Horloge when a League to Establish Universal Peace was spoken of; and it quickly became clear that the world was turning back, after the first fine flush of generous rapture, to the dismal conceptions of eternal war.

I am convinced that, if some great figure had then appeared, the course of history would have been changed, and mankind would have taken a different path. But cynicism soon became naked. In the East all pretence of righteousness was abandoned. Every successive treaty was more frankly the expression of shameful appetites. There was no pretence of conscience in politics. Force ruled without disguise. What was still more amazing was the way in which strife was stirred up gratuitously. What advantage was it, even for a moment, to anyone to foment civil war in Russia, to send against the unhappy

famine-stricken country army after army? The result was so obviously to consolidate the Bolshevik government around which were obliged to rally all Russians who had the spirit of nationality. It seemed as if everywhere we were plotting our own ruin and hastening our own end. A strange dementia seized our rulers, who thought peace, replenishment of empty larders, the fraternization of sorely tired nations, ignoble and delusive objects. It appeared that war was for evermore to be humanity's fate.

Time after time I saw excellent opportunities of universal peace deliberately rejected. There was somebody to wreck every Prinkipo, every Spa. It was almost with dismay that all Europeans who had kept their intelligence unclouded saw the frustration of peace, and heard the peoples applaud the men who frustrated peace. I care not whether they still enjoy esteem: history will judge them harshly and will judge harshly the turbulence which men plumed themselves on creating two years after the war. It will presently appear incredible that there was no whole-hearted attempt at mutual understandings and a settlement on equitable lines, with a firm resolve to repair the havoc of the past war and to prevent its renewal in future.

The war-spirit dominated the world in the so-called years of peace, and it is this war-spirit which explains all the unpleasant phenomena which may be seen, and in particular this shocking indifference to the most terrible events and situations. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' That it has been kept alive is the fault, in the first place, of the war-obsessed statesmen. They had made war, and were the last persons in the world competent to make peace. For that purpose, in the interest of mankind as a whole, national sovereignties should have been surrendered, and

recognized moral authorities called in to prepare the settlement with the aid of experts. It is impossible to be judge of one's own cause; and this world-catastrophe was of such a character, was likely to leave behind it such bitter feelings, that only those who had been *au-dessus de la mêlée* should have acted as arbitrators.

III

That there is now a hopeless territorial tangle in Europe, instead of a durable ethnographic and economic settlement, every international political student knows; and the world of the statesmen at Paris and elsewhere will not endure for a day longer than it can be buttressed up by the vanishing forces of the countries which were given a rather illusory hegemony over a great part of the globe.

There is such a criss-cross of principles, such a complicated pattern of interests, such an arbitrary set of solutions which are no solutions, that in any event the scheme of things would come collapsing down—if indeed it has ever been even momentarily built up; if it has not always been like the child's edifice of toy-bricks which is perpetually falling to pieces as the child reaches for another brick. To attempt to put together the shattered world while leaving out the corner-stone of Russia, while not making sure that America was safely in the foundation; proceeding at haphazard without architectural plans; fitting in Germany anyhow; angrily breaking up Austria into jig-saw bits; carving Turkey into rough-edged chunks, was to betray a total ignorance of the immanent justice, or at least the immanent logic, of the universe. Water is not made to run uphill, and sledge-hammer diplomacy, which avails itself of the hatreds of races rather than of their affinities; which pits army against

army, faction against faction; which encourages a score of little struggles; which eggs on other nations to attack nations which it cannot directly reach by its own military means; which keeps Europe in a ferment, keeps Asia in a whirl, because it dislikes this doctrine or is prejudiced against that people; subsidizing a brood of adventurers, the *condottieri* of our time, in the Adriatic, in the Baltic States, in the Middle East, in the Crimea, in Siberia; furnishing them arms when it suits a political purpose, repudiating them when it suits another political purpose; running helplessly about from Boulogne to London, from London to Spa, from Spa to Boulogne, from Boulogne to Hythe, from Hythe to Geneva; arriving at decisions one day which must be reversed the next, always trying to balance the bricks in an impossible equilibrium, is a childish pastime which unfortunately is big with disastrous consequences.

These bricks are, after all, the bricks of human life, of human happiness. It is the human aspect of the statesman's business which is truly interesting; and not the arid disputes about historical frontiers, and the multiplication of statistics. If in this further survey of the European field I add these criticisms, it is assuredly not for the sake of enunciating my own views about this frontier and that sum which should be given by way of reparation. It is because I think that the political management of Europe, based on the diplomatic doctrine of the inevitability of conflict, is largely responsible for the spiritual state of things. Frontier problems are comparatively trivial beside the all-important temper in which they are tackled. That temper has always been the war-temper. The peace-temper, I repeat, has never been recovered. There may be war in the world, though not a shot be fired. War in action has

at least this virtue: that the war-makers may affront personal perils. War in its new form is utterly despicable; the peoples are still drunk with the maddening fumes of war, but they are now too slothful and too cowardly to fight except by proxy.

In Italy Signor Nitti said to me: 'What is wrong with the world is that we still keep the war-spirit: we do not cultivate the peace-spirit.'

I could not but agree: it was the echo of my own conviction. But how came it that there was in the world no statesman big enough and daring enough to declare indefatigably that peace was not a mere suspension of fighting, — even that was not achieved, — was not a negative but a positive thing, worth attaining by the most laborious efforts, if needs be; worth many sacrifices?

But if the statesmen are primarily to be blamed for the sabotage of the League of Nations and all it originally stood for, the foolish wicked diplomatic history of two years would nevertheless not have been possible if the soul of mankind had not been in shadow. Not only were the cornfields and the vineyards of France ravaged by the war, but the cornfields and vineyards of the spirit were trampled underfoot. The iniquities of peace are born of the war.

IV

If it is certain that France must force another fight with Germany in a short span of years, if she pursues her present policy of implacable antagonism; if it is certain that England is already carefully seeking the European equilibrium, and that a responsible minister has already written of the possibility of a military accord with Germany; if there has been seen, owing to the foolish belief of the Allies in force, — a belief which increases in inverse ratio

to the Allied possession of effective force,—the rebirth of Russian militarism, as there will assuredly be seen the rebirth of German militarism; if there are quarrels between Greece and Italy, between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs, between Hungary and Austria, between every tiny nation and its neighbor, even between England and France, it is because, when war has once been invoked it cannot be easily exorcised. It will linger long in Europe: the straw will smoulder and at any moment may break into flame.

To have brought America really into the European concert it was necessary to have acted with a single eye to justice and the establishment of good relations. It was necessary to have shown a real disposition to found a solid League of Nations instead of making it a mere docile instrument in the hands of two or three great powers. I recommend to all who desire proof of my rather plitudinous assertion that out of war only war can come, that war goes on propagating itself, the memorandum of Sir Henry Wilson, which was published in July in England, on the North Russian campaign. The chief of the Imperial General Staff shows how this particular campaign began with 150 men. It was not intended to make it a British war. But it ended its inglorious career with 18,400 men in the field. In Mesopotamia Britain began with two brigades; she finished with 900,000 men. In the Great War itself it was not considered likely that many more than the original six British divisions would be needed: as a fact there were sixty-three engaged at the end and the whole nation was under arms. He draws the moral that, once a military force is involved in operations, it is almost impossible to limit the magnitude of its commitments.

France could tell the same tale. Her Eastern adventures since the Armistice must have cost her dearly, and will

probably go on costing her dearly for many years to come. America herself realizes how enormously, how unthinkably, her forces swelled during the war. Once in, there is no getting out. As Kipling sings: 'There's no discharge in the war.' It stops here and it stops there; there is a period of comparative calm; but all these fires blazing about the world; and all these treaties which contain only accidental justice, since the guiding principle has always been 'Woe to the vanquished!' and which can only give the impression that war brings its rewards and that what is lost may yet be won back; and all the new nations whose liberation from oppression has only aroused their desire to oppress in their turn; and the general example of egotism set by the big nations, must make of the present so-called European peace a mere truce, a truce in which to take breath; the hush—a troubled hush, but still an hour of relative quietude—before the last phase of Armageddon: that final battle, in which diabolical contrivances of a potency even now hardly dreamed of will make a desert of a continent, will destroy the cities, the wealth, the life of the Old World!

This is not lurid imagining: it is as logical as a piece of Euclidean reasoning. Only by a violent effort to change our fashion of seeing things can it be averted. War-making is now a habit: the Great War has made war familiar and frequent, and may assuredly, in a sinister sense of the oft-repeated phrase, prove to be the war which will end war—by ending mankind! That we shall seize ourselves in time, shall flout the Furies that hurry us on to our fate, and shall escape from war by the sole available path,—not that of a half-peace, which only leads round the centre of the maze, but that of true peace among peoples,—I cannot doubt. But for this we need a change of heart.

V

It might have been expected that, whatever the politicians did or did not do to lead the peoples into the Promised Land, the writers of the world would have fought against the three forces of Militarism, Materialism, and Egotism which are rampant to-day. For my part, I anticipated, in sheer reaction to what is usually called Reaction, a great movement which would show itself in the post-war literature. Perhaps it is yet too early to pronounce a definite judgment. Perhaps a little more grace must be given. Perhaps conventional habits of thought, which patriotism and prudence rendered almost obligatory during the war, cannot be thus lightly discarded. The war has killed elasticity of mind, independence of judgment, and liberty of expression. We think not so much of the truth as of conforming to the tacitly accepted fiction of the hour.

The journals offer a striking commentary on this observation. Look at them day by day; look at the gloss they put upon events, the specious interpretation of political facts, which is obviously wrong and which can have been arrived at only through the training of the war in the art of twisting or suppressing awkward truths. There is no longer a censorship, which was quite openly an official institution for the manufacture of false intelligence, or rather for the manipulation of information into a desired shape. But without the censorship the habit persists. This is exceedingly serious, for, as Balzac says, journalism is the religion of modern society; and if the journalist is a charlatan and not a priest, a charlatan who can always be relied upon by governments to disseminate false news and views, society is living on a lie. To live on a lie is as dangerous as to live on a volcano.

News is always approached from a

special point of view. Even ordinary incidents, which can have no political significance, are perverted. I was, for example, with other writers, an eyewitness of a drunken brawl at Spa. It can surely be no reflection on Belgium to say that a Belgian officer in his cups brutally assaulted a German engaged on Conference business, who was quietly entering a café. It certainly would not occur to me to draw deductions. It was a purely personal and quite comprehensible affair, for which the Belgian officer was doubtless punished. How is it possible to see either Belgium or Germany involved in such a trivial event? Yet, because it was the fashion to find that Germany—represented by the individual German—must necessarily behave badly, and Belgium—for the Belgian officer grows into Belgium—must behave admirably, there were long accounts of a provocative German, singing his national hymns, hanging out his national flag, dancing with Belgian women, doing I know not what; while the Belgian officer was described as having gently remonstrated, tactfully intervened, to save the German from an exasperated crowd.

When I read such grotesque distortions of incidents which I have seen with my own eyes, and which do not appear to call, in anybody's interest, for the smallest embroidery, I wonder how it is possible to believe any newspaper story.

Just because I am myself a journalist, I deplore the more this unconscious dishonesty of the press. That it is unconscious in large part, I am sure. It is simply that we were all obliged to put on special spectacles for five years, and to examine even the most unimportant fact through these spectacles. We are no longer forced to wear them, but we do. How long shall we continue to do so? This willingness to lie for the sake of the popular policy of the moment is

sometimes amusing. Thus I recall that when M. Krassin came to London to enter into trade-negotiations with the British government, the newspapers which were at once anti-Bolshevist and pro-government were at first puzzled. But by unanimous consent the way out of the dilemma was found by stating that Krassin was the one and only reasonable and sincere Bolshevik, who held in horror the misdeeds of his compatriots.

That there should be such disingenuous and voluntary falsifications is certainly now discreditable, whatever excuses could be urged during the war, when one naturally expected everybody who lived on one side of a stream to be black, and everybody who lived on the other side to be white. Geography was the only morality, unless one admits that time as well as space determines the goodness or badness of people. There was some determinable moment when the Russians, from being our brave Allies, became utterly ignoble. There is doubtless a date on which a Czecho-Slovakian ceased to be an enemy and was treated with respect — indeed, a great part of the population of the Austro-Hungarian Empire escaped rather cheaply and luckily from the glib judgments of journalists. Now, that rivers and mountains and seas divide during the conflict, and that the *simpliste* view should then prevail, may be held to be permissible; but it is time to drop this nonsense. It is made into a beautiful hash by the changes of nationality — and presumably of character — under the plebiscites.

Is a journalistic reform possible? The journalist must fulfill his functions as the modern priest. If he told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, wars would assuredly not be possible. It is only ignorance, distortion, unilateral praise or blame, refusal to examine the mind of a possible

opponent, malicious misunderstanding and misrepresentation, that make war a constant menace. That there was mischief-making before 1914 goes without saying; but I am persuaded that there was not so conspicuous a lack of scruple as now. We have for so long had butts that could not reply, targets on which we could let ourselves go, that to moderate our transports now is hard. One almost regrets the day when there will be no suitable whipping-boy for the serious writers in Europe. And oh, those spicy stories of Prince A and those scandalous revelations about Duke B, which could not be contradicted and were so easy for the more audacious writer!

The lack of perspective, or truth, in the trifling items which make up our newspapers, means a lack of perspective and of truth in the gravest parts of the journals; for nothing is so infectious as this slipshod, facile, irresponsible method of recording the world's events. One of the institutions which has suffered most in reputation because of the war, owing to the *bourrage de crâne* which was practised, is the press, and nothing will be put right till there is a reform of the press.

It is not only ruinous to the intelligence of nations and disastrous to their morality to feed them upon lies — it is in a definite and demonstrable manner fatal to them in a strictly material sense. One instance — it happens to be a good one, in which cause can be connected with effect with a shattering certainty that is usually not possible — of the folly of basing a society upon any but the solid foundations of truth may be given. It was considered necessary, rightly or wrongly, to keep up the spirits of France by a series of illusions, the chief of which was that Germany would pay. France believed this often-repeated fallacy implicitly. The celebrated book of Norman Angell had

exposed the impossibility of extracting indemnities of any serious character from a conquered country in modern conditions. You cannot carry off coal-mines, with cold logic strip the enemy bare, or make slaves of many millions of men. Even what you get has such queer incalculable effects on world-economy that, paradoxical as it sounds, you will probably find yourself ultimately worse off by its possession.

It could not be expected that the man in the café should realize the impossibility of complete reparations. He was actually persuaded that France would be no worse off through the war. The ridiculous legend was repeated so often that few there were who doubted that it represented the reality. The result was the wave of idleness which we saw in France following the Armistice. Why work when Germany would perform all irksome tasks? Why reconstruct the ravaged regions? Was not that Germany's job? Were not all Frenchmen *rentiers* for the rest of their lives?

That this political lie had a baneful effect, morally and materially, upon France, no one who lived there during a certain period can doubt. The happy period was followed by another period of blank despair, of national chagrin, as France gradually became disillusioned. It was then that she began to blame all her friends. It was America who had robbed her of the fruits of victory. It was hypocritical England who had been too astute for her. The newspapers let themselves go in a vivid fury, turning savagely on anybody and everybody. Not only did this grotesque reliance upon an obvious inexactitude — as if Germany were occupied by a race of supermen who can not only achieve economic reconstruction quicker than everyone else, but can aid everyone else! — lull France into a perilous state of false security and hinder her in her

efforts at restoration, but it nearly cost her the best of her allies and associates, nearly placed her in a position of isolation in Europe, deserted by all. The failure of the lies fanned the discontent (discontent always accompanies the awakening to reality) and might thus have precipitated a social revolution. The thing left its slimy track in every domain of life. When will rulers learn that lies always come home to roost? They may be convenient for a moment, but they are fatal to the State in the long run.

VI

Look where you will, you find that the governments govern more rigorously, and the people are in fetters. The other day in the French Chamber a deputy dared to quote a phrase from the Declaration of the Rights of Man, on which the Republic is founded. He was cried down, and the minister who followed him indignantly denounced him. In England, I remember, somebody was imprisoned for putting forward scriptural passages by way of an anti-militarist tract. Habeas corpus no longer exists. There come from America strange tales of Socialists (call them Bolsheviki, if you like) who are excluded from Congress because of their opinions, and a long sentence of imprisonment passed upon an orator. The fate of Liebknecht in Germany is well known. Many striking instances could be collected to prove the wave of repression, if it were worth while. It is not worth while because we all know that in every country men of the intellectual value of Mr. Bertrand Russell, for example, are treated as common agitators — though why even 'common agitators' should now be the synonym of 'common malefactor,' I do not know.

I cannot believe that there was ever a revolutionary danger. I suspect it to be as much exaggerated as was

the spy danger. The peoples are tame enough. Nothing would rouse them except sheer animal hunger. The social feeling is extinct. There does not exist a rallying cry of any potent appeal. In France there was a great railway strike, and in other countries there is from time to time a half-hearted manifestation of economic unrest. But the strike in France was largely automatic: it had nothing revolutionary in its character. The steps that were taken to crush it and to crush the working classes were unnecessarily drastic. It is, I know, popularly believed that we are perpetually menaced by revolution. The bogey of Bolshevism, that Asiatic, exotic thing, has been agitated so much that the bourgeoisie — to give the middle classes their more expressive and comprehensive French name — are in panic.

Nowhere do I find these signs of an uprising. It might be more hopeful if there were such signs! Myself, I am altogether opposed to the stupid love of a few fanatics for confusion. They seek a *bouleversement* of Society that could remedy nothing, that could only aggravate the *malaise* that now reigns. Nothing could be more deplorable than the setting of the mass in movement. The extremists who suppose that disorder will cure all ills, that terrorism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the abolition of parliaments, are desirable in themselves, can only be charitably regarded as mad. They have their institutions neatly fashioned on the pattern of their cheap ready-made doctrines. They would make them fit mankind. The social clothes of mankind are not to be cut according to the measurements of mankind; but mankind is to be cut according to the measurements of the ready-made doctrine! Nothing more stupid was ever imagined; but these individuals are rare, and far too much importance has been given

to them. I am persuaded that nowhere does a real revolutionary tendency exist; and greatly as I should detest its existence, I consider it is a tremendous indictment of mankind that we should have become so submissive.

For the governments are provocative. They have done their best to produce the conditions in which crowds may fly into unreasoning fury. There was never so much despotism as to-day, and there is practically no protest. The fact that there have been revolutions in Russia and in Germany does not invalidate my conclusion. The Russian revolution was not a popular push: it was rather the total and spontaneous collapse of a régime which was unequal to its task, which pulled down the pillars of its own institutions and perished in the débris. The Russian revolution was made by the Tsar; the régime fell apart because of its own rottenness. In the confusion anyone with will and energy could have come to power. The people had no will. That it was Lenin rather than another who possessed the will was a pure accident. Had Kerensky been strong enough, he would have been the new Napoleon. Had a grand duke displayed enough character and organizing ability, he would have been welcomed. No, the Russian Revolution, if it proves anything, does not prove that the people are critical, vigilant, and difficult to control: it proves the contrary, as any student of Bolshevism will acknowledge. Lenin could never, after placing himself, by his vigorous acceptance of an opportunity, in power, have maintained himself there, had there not been a strange obedience which is the hallmark of immorality, or at least is the negation of morality. The Russians accept anyone — the Tsar or Lenin; but while their acceptance of the Tsar may be attributed in part to tradition, their acceptance of Lenin (for it would

of course be absurd to pretend that there is general agreement with his social theories) is an indication of the serf-spirit.

That serf-spirit is not confined to Russia. It distinguishes certainly all European nations, although perhaps other peoples have not sunk so low in this respect. I am reluctant to illustrate this point with concrete examples, for I do not wish to attack persons in this simple exposition of the post-bellum psychology. But there was a period when in Western Europe the meek endurance of tyranny had grown shameful. Governments had not, as in the old days, to study the best method of imposing their wills. Any arbitrary decision was good enough. No illegality was too flagrant. *Lettres de cachet* were revived; new Bastilles were built; and the people applauded. There never was in Europe, since the Roman days, such despotism; and in America, too, Mr. Wilson made the tremendous mistake of placing himself above all other powers. In international affairs there was nothing beyond the Supreme Council except God; and in national affairs, nothing beyond the Prime Minister, or whoever, in accordance with the Constitution of the particular country, was effectively the chief of the State, except his valet or his secretary or his wife.

The discipline of war persisted. During the war it was possible to clap in jail a poor woman who gave bread-crumbs to canaries, or to break by long confinement a political enemy; and after the war the ordinary rights and safeguards against the abuses of authority did not disappear. D.O.R.A., as the Defence of the Realm Act, with its thousand vexatious consequences, was called in England, lingered on, and it was unfortunate for any lady to bear that name, which is now ruined as being synonymous with acerbity of temper and wilfulness of ways. No English

baby will ever again be christened Dora!

The Anglo-Saxon was the first to resent the attempt to keep him in an unnecessary subjection; but in Latin countries the slavery imposed during the war will not easily be shaken off. Now, when anybody asks me if I think there will be revolution, I am, even as an anti-revolutionary, tempted to reply that happily there will not, but unhappily the degree of impossibility is to the discredit of the peoples. That statement should be modified by the proviso that there should be no running away of responsible authorities if circumstances lead to a crisis. The German Revolution was, in the nature of things, impossible. It ought not *a priori* to have taken place. I think it would not have, if the authorities had sat tight, if the Kaiser had not taken to his heels when defeat was certain. That there was no political opinion behind the revolt is shown by subsequent governments. It was a revolution of circumstance. To imagine that Germany will go Bolshevist, or that France will go Bolshevist, is not to know the mentality of these peoples. Only in the event of a spontaneous collapse of bourgeois administrations through their own rottenness, is it possible that some Bolshevik will impose himself by force upon a spiritless country. At the same time, I do not think they could be dragged into a new war. Militarism is strong enough, but it is a militarism which will not for the moment march. It is fatigued and wants to lick its wounds. It will, however, applaud others, just to keep things humming. It would seem that submissiveness is the reverse side of the military medal.

VII

Recently there was a great discussion in England on the eternal subject of whether mankind is progressing or is in

decadence. It arose upon the remarkable Romanes Lecture of Dean Inge, who is generally called in the newspapers, 'The Gloomy Dean.' His habits of mind lead him naturally to dismal conclusions. I do not adopt them. What I have written may seem to be sheer pessimism. But in truth I think that progress is certain—from the baboon to the barbarian, and from the barbarian to the modern man with his development of mechanical resources, of intelligence, and of the idea of coöperation, there is an undoubted upward drive. But though we have built the edifice high, it is nevertheless in danger of a catastrophic collapse. Civilization has made vast material strides: but morally the whole earth is now darkened and we grope in that darkness to our own destruction. Everything depends upon our return to peace.

Many reservations would have to be made, but on the whole the years immediately preceding the war found a world made better. Science had brought us many gifts. Culture had become more diffused. We had a sound sense of interdependence, which for me is the greatest spiritual conquest of our age. But all this did not prevent us from turning science to our own and to our neighbor's hurt; from using our culture to deceive ourselves and our neighbors; from battering down the Temple of Life, painfully erected stone by stone, with the battering-ram of knowledge. Progress is a reality; but it turns upon itself like a serpent. It pursues a splendid path, and then suddenly swings round, and we are worse than our fathers.

Quo vadis? Shall we ever advance without these perpetual retrogressions? Or are we doomed to strive like squirrels in a cage? Is the vicious circle a necessity of nature? For my part, I believe that we shall profit even by our war-experience—but that will be later.

For the present we have not learned the lesson. For the present Europe is in greater peril of conflict than ever it was in the ante-war years. The spirit of man has been tortured and twisted. Recent revelations in France suggest that it would have been possible to conclude the strife a year earlier; but it was not only that the statesmen refused to examine the possibility, but that the peoples would not have heard of an end. They had grown accustomed to their habits. Again, when a heavy step was taken by M. Millerand this fall, which might have brought down the avalanche once more, while it is true that there were protests, there was, on the whole, joy in his vigorous invitation of the catastrophe. War has got into our bones and blood, and we can hardly do without these wild excitements. If Europe does not settle down, it is because we are men who have been out on a Great Adventure and are now asked to accept the humdrum farm and the fetid factory.

The politicians, as I have shown, have their responsibility. The journalists who have given their pens over to Beelzebub, the Prince of Lies, must be blamed. But the churches cannot escape condemnation. Where has been the clear denunciation of the manifold iniquities perpetrated even for the sake of a righteous cause? What great ecclesiastical authority has made an unmistakable pronouncement? The Pope remained silent. Perhaps he could do no other. His ministers were on both sides, and they proclaimed the justice of their own country. (Bear in mind that for me Germany is the arch-criminal; but there is a higher plane than the national plane, on which war itself should be treated as something from which the world must be rid—something which will rid us of the world if the world does not rid us of it.) Since 1918 I have heard no authori-

tative declaration against scientific slaughter.

Then, too, the women, who might have been expected to shrink in horror from any further trial of strength, have not, in Europe at least, manifested their repugnance for combat, their determination to lend their aid to any movement which has for aim the abolition of such a wasteful and wicked method of settling national disputes. There are disputes between individuals, between towns, between states, between countries which are allies; but these are all settled in a sensible way. I should have thought that the women of the world would cry out without ceasing for the civilized organization of peace, even though it cost as much as the organization of war. Women have been singularly callous: they remain apathetic in face of the tremendous problems big with menace.

What appals me most is the feebleness of the so-called 'pacifists.' No big book has yet been written about the war. Sir Philip Gibbs deserves praise for his unflinching revelation of realities, and certainly I should look upon him as the most honest writer on this immense subject. But it is only in imaginative form that the really big book can be cast. H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett attempted to show the emotions of the life at home; and there is much that is fine in their work. But Wells is obviously not altogether sincere — that is to say, he is not consciously insincere, but he would have written differently and more convincingly had he possessed no national interest in the struggle; while Bennett, who is a wonderful painter of what he sees, does not penetrate deep enough — he is always a trifle too facile. As for men who have tried to give us the detailed horrors of the front, I think their work frankly detestable.

Henri Barbusse started it in France;

he is an excellent realist, but it is not the physical sufferings of a handful of men, — typical of the rest, — sordid, unpleasant, gruesome, but not penetrated and overhung by any sense of Destiny and profound consciousness of the Human Tragedy, which represent the war. These figures, whether they reappear in the books of George Duhamel, of Roland Dorgelès, or of any of the others who have followed Barbusse, do not interest us. They are so painfully *mesquin*, so frightfully little. Nothing huge and noble relieves and heightens the effect: it is almost as if we were presented with a detailed account of the horrors with which the execution and cremation of Landru's victims must have been accompanied. Landru and his victims do not really matter to us; certainly the surgical operations and the particular kind of wounds inflicted, and the mud and the discomforts, do not convey much to us. Blasco Ibañez has, I think, been vastly overrated. In short, there has not emerged a Dostoïevsky of the war who would write another *Crime and Punishment*. That seems to me to be the type of war-novel for which we are waiting — a great psychological study of the effect of war on the human spirit.

But, for heaven's sake, spare us little pacifist tracts written by men with smelling-salts at their elbow! It is not a feminine shrinking from violence that will persuade us of the moral shame of war: it is the fierce, flaming language of an old Hebrew prophet, aglow with righteous wrath, which is needed to drive us from the sloth, the vindictiveness, the submissiveness, the cynicism, the insensibility, the cruelty, the egotism of the post-war, and to inspire us with energy to labor together for the reconstruction of the House of Life which our Science has battered down.

Quo vadis?

MATCHES

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE

I

WEATHER is the villain of this story.

The early-morning March sun, careless and debonnair, shone through scattered clouds upon the packing of nine persons into the seven-passenger auto stage, and upon the loading of the stage's trailer with cases and miscellaneous articles for far-off ranchers and squatters and homesteaders, and with the furniture and boxes and trunks belonging to Frances Stead and Louise Elmhurst, the two women passengers, who were setting out on the adventure of taking up land in the Great West.

The stage had just begun its journey along the Bison Skull Trail when Little Willie, the six-foot driver, bethought himself of a commission.

'Lee Dodd, he give me a letter for you girls. Most forgot it.'

Without slackening the speed of the car, he extricated from a remote pocket a much crumpled note, the reading of which was achieved with difficulty in the lurching machine.

'Ladies,' ran the letter, 'I would n't of let You Ladies buy my Relinkishment even for \$150\$, only the Land agent Said you got some Capitle, enouf to go Home east Winters. This country aint no place for a Porr man or enybody specially Ladies after november But I fixed the Place clean for you and Dug some coal out a butte and Theres a pile of Sage brush ready that will keep firs for a while the Stove Draws good. I hauled a Barrel of water it is Froze

now. You Haf to melt it. I here some Ladies done pretty good Once on a homestead and I hope You will.

'Your Snerely [this was crossed out]
Truley
LEE DODD'

Dr. Calhoun, a tall, thin, clear-eyed young man, with a whimsical mouth, shared the back seat with the two young women. He studied their faces as they deciphered the missive. At once he liked them—especially Miss Stead. Miss Elmhurst, tall, dark, dreamy-eyed, was doubtless an 'interesting girl,' but a slight preoccupation, even as she read the letter, suggested a dominant far-away interest, excluding him. Miss Stead, in contrast, was so imminently present. He liked what he called to himself the 'good weather-beaten look of her face.' It expressed the vigor of her personality. Her deep blue eyes, her high color, her smooth light hair, her clear voice—clean-cut and quick, yet soft—engaged his fancy. He wanted to hear her speak again.

'Lee Dodd discouraging you?' he asked.

'You know him?' asked Frances.

'Next-door neighbor. That is, two miles from my place.'

'And now we're your neighbors.'

She looked at him, thinking it fortunate to meet so attractive a Westerner at the outset of their adventure. Perhaps, she warned herself, beating out the sudden spark of too glowing an interest, perhaps it was only his broad-

brimmed hat and his tan and his eyes and the way his ears set.

Meanwhile Louise was handing him the letter and asking, —

‘Is it as desolate as it sounds?’

It depended on the weather, the doctor replied. They should really have waited till the middle or end of April to begin their homesteading. March was tricky, a bad gamble. Lee Dodd’s shack was not built for cold weather. The doctor himself had a ‘soddy,’ but even so preferred the city through March. Still, plenty of families lived their winters in tar-paper shacks. With plenty of wood and coal and warm clothing, they could probably keep going.

He sized them up as game. Frances, obviously, was the *hârdier* of the two. He knew, or imagined he knew, what she had looked like as a baby, and what, in the matronly years to come, she would look like. He hoped nothing would ever happen to spoil the serious, yet up-cornered mouth. She would be the rare old lady whose grandchildren would visit her, not as a duty, but from choice. And she would manage to keep ahead of them, the young seamps.

At this point in his reverie, the doctor caught himself. Why, the girl could n’t be much over twenty-two or twenty-three, and here he was, almost jealous of her grandchildren. Ridiculous! He grinned at his folly, but did not abate his interest.

Of the other passengers, two cowboys took turns sitting on each other’s lap in the front seat next to the driver. A cross-roads storekeeper and a sheepherder shared the two small folding seats in the tonneau with a nervous fat man, whose ampleness spanned the space between the two seats and abutted precariously upon their edges. As the car twisted and lurched in the frozen ruts of the trail, one side of the fat man would occasionally slip down and

get wedged between the seats. The first time this happened, it caused hilarious merriment. But, ‘God, this is no time to laugh!’ he exclaimed. ‘My wife may be dying!’ And despite the absurd irrelevance of this comment, the laughter ceased, for it was known that he had come a hundred miles to get a doctor.

Along the Bison Skull Trail the stage bumped and twisted its way, in and out, among buttes and bad lands. Dwellings were seldom to be seen. The great potent emptiness of the brown rolling country, patched here and there with drifts of old snow, dotted now and again with cattle and sheep grazing in the more sheltered places, had to the two women a stark and terrible grandeur. The end of March was at hand, but no hint of spring was in the land. The mottling of sunshine and cloud-shadows brought out subtle colorings, and relieved somewhat the threat of sombreness. ‘It’s the kind of country,’ thought Louise to herself, ‘that reaches out and gets hold of you, for all that it looks so hard and inhospitable and uncompromising. It throws a spell, and you belong to it.’

Partly to throw off this very spell, partly to make conversation, Frances remarked, —

‘This is going to be the kind of day that’s crisp and cold about the edges, and soft and warm in the middle.’

‘You a warranted weather prophet?’ asked a cowboy.

‘I hear they guarantee weather prophets like the rest of the mail-order supplies in the East,’ said the storekeeper, who nursed a special grievance against the mail-order business.

The doctor explained: ‘It takes a brave man to prophesy March weather out in this country!’

Whereupon the fat man queried anxiously, ‘You don’t think the weather’ll delay us?’

To which a unanimous chorus of 'Hope not' gave him dubious comfort.

But soon the fickle sun was cringing before a fierce, threatening wind, and the temperature began to drop. The car's side-curtains were put up to keep out the gale. The isinglass patches in the curtains were opaque with dust and mud, and a neat circle, five inches in diameter, directly in front of the driver, was the only transparent part of the wind-shield. Deprived of the landscape the passengers' attention turned upon one another. A few questions were asked and answered. Conversation did not flourish, however. The fat man's anguish, the wringing of his hands, his impatience for more speed, his frequent appeals to the doctor for impossible assurances, sat heavily upon the spirits of the company. He seemed to resent the doctor's interest in the two women, as if that were delaying the car's progress.

The journey grew more and more uncomfortable. The trail, nowhere good, became rougher, more twisting, with sudden steep ascents and descents. The wind shook and buffeted the car. The temperature fell with malevolent persistence. The passengers shrank huddled into their wraps, stamped their feet, rubbed their hands, and made other vain attempts to get warm.

At noon, when they drew up at the Half-way House, the fat man wrung his hands anew. 'Good God!' he cried, 'this is no time to eat. Look at the weather! My wife—'

'Say!' exclaimed a hungry cowboy, 'your baby ain't the only kid ever born in this county! Can't you cut your groaning for a while?'

But the doctor interrupted curtly with 'Pull in your teeth, Teddy. You're not married.'

'Righto!' retorted the cowboy with good-nature. 'You ain't neither. I vote we let the girls decide.'

Dinner was foregone.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the stage wrenched itself out of the trail-ruts, and turned onto the rough trackless prairie.

'Your outfit's along here somewhere soon,' said a cowboy.

The fat man groaned anew at the delay which this stop meant. 'Will it take long to get their things off the trailer?' he asked, almost resentfully.

No, it would take only a few minutes. Presently the stage stopped. Everyone got out of the car and bent against the wind to the task of unloading furniture and trunks and boxes. The fat man, helpless and awkward in his very eagerness to be of help, almost wept at the delay. This was less than five minutes, but the consciousness of a sick woman forty miles beyond made it seem a long time.

'Don't bother to untie anything!' exclaimed Frances. 'We can do everything ourselves. Yes, we have tools, matches, everything. Yes, of course we can put up the beds!'

'I'm sorry,' said the fat man gratefully, as he climbed into the car. 'If it was n't for my wife—'

'Yes, yes, all right, hurry off!' Louise and Frances cried at the same time.

And with shouts of 'Good luck!' 'We'll come and see you soon,' and the like, the stage was off. Louise and Frances were alone with their property.

II

It was too cold to stay outside long enough to get the first proper impression of the little tar-paper shack. That it was a tiny black speck in the vast boundless landscape; that no other dwelling was in sight; that the wooden strips holding the tar-paper in place were nailed on at neat intervals; that a small stovepipe stuck out of the curving roof at a rakish angle; these things

they took in at a glance, and called the place 'cunning.'

They hurried inside, and threw their arms about each other.

'O Fran! it is really true! We're here. I never entirely believed it, even on the way!'

'But let's light the fire before we do anything. I'm frozen brittle!' exclaimed Frances. 'Now let's see. The matches are in the box marked food. You open that, while I start on the bedding.'

'Here's the food-box,' replied Louise. 'Wow! these tools are cold.'

She pried open the lid of the box. The odor of tea and coffee, the sight of many small boxes and cans, were heartening.

'No matches here,' said Louise, blithely. 'Have another guess.'

'Oh, yes, they're there. You're probably looking for a small box. It's a big one — a year's supply. I saw him put it in myself.'

At last, 'Here it is.' Then, 'No, this is too heavy. It's soap.'

'Can't be,' replied Fran. 'The soap's in a box by itself.' Yet she left the case she was unpacking, and came over to inspect the box where the matches should have been.

'Why, we did n't order that kind of soap!' she exclaimed. 'Anyhow, how absurd to pack soap with food! It's a mistake. The matches *must* be in this box, for I told him to put them there, so that we could have a fire and food as soon as we got here. The box is the same size —'

Here Frances broke off, and caught a quick breath, disturbed at a sudden memory: for when she was ordering the groceries, a woman from a laundry had come hurrying into the store for some soap. And Frances, because her order was a long one and would take some time, had let the grocer wait on the other woman. What if the grocer had

sent the matches to the woman — Her heart gave a sudden turn, but her mind darted away from the fear.

'He must have packed the matches in another box,' she said. 'We'll have to open them all, till we come to them.'

'I move we have a cup of tea, first,' said Louise.

'Righto! I'll chop some ice from the frozen water-barrel, and we can melt —'

At that moment it flashed upon them both that fire was essential to tea. They laughed, Frances a bit hollowly. Louise, not realizing the terrible possibility *that there might not be any matches*, enjoyed the joke.

'It's like the Walrus and the Carpenter! "And this was very odd, because there were n't any matches." I'll have to write that to Jim. He's probably sizzling down there on his old Equator. Just think, Fran, what nice warm work building bridges over the Equator must be!'

Jim was the man Louise was to marry, after his engineering exploit was finished. And every experience was something to write to Jim. Frances sometimes thought that Louise lived entirely as a sort of preface, savoring life only as it could be passed on to Jim.

Although their feet and fingers ached with cold, and every breath was visible in the chill room, the exercise of unpacking warmed them a little. They worked with their outdoor wraps on. By half-past four it was beginning to get dark. Despite the cold, Louise seemed in high spirits.

"Adventure One — The Mislaid Match," she said. 'That would be a good title for a story. O Fran, why don't we write our adventures? We're going to have them wholesale. The ride out was almost an adventure, with the poor worried fat man, and all. I hope they got to his wife in time. "The Riggers of Ranching" would n't be a bad title. It would be awful to get sick out

here. I'm glad we're both husky, although it would be convenient for the present to have a delicate appetite. If we don't find the matches soon, I'll begin on raw food. You know we had no lunch.'

Frances was weighing the possibility of not finding the matches. Half an hour would bring darkness. The beds had not been put up yet. She did not wish to communicate her fear to Louise; but finally she suggested that it would not be a bad idea to begin on raw food, and get one bed ready before dark, on the chance that they might not find the matches till the next day.

The stiff frozen bread crumbled when they cut it. They opened a can of beans and of sardines, and found them both frozen solid.

'I knew it was cold, but I didn't realize it was *this* cold!' said Louise, as they broke the frozen food into small chunks. 'You suck a bean and a sardine till they melt; then you slip them between your chattering teeth, and the temperature does the rest. Quite a technique! This *is* an adventure!'

But despite their hunger, they could eat very little of the frozen food. They turned greedily, however, to some cakes of chocolate.

'What next?' asked Louise, when they had finished. 'We can't wash the dishes, because there's no water. Besides, it's too dark to do anything. I move we shiver to bed and get warm. Oh, I say, we can't even wash ourselves, or brush our teeth!'

'From furs to flannelette,' said Frances, attempting a joke. 'We'll need flannelette nightgowns. See, it's begun to snow!'

It was all but dark outside. A mad and furious wind raged, driving fine helpless snowflakes from the last vestiges of twilight into the blackness of night. It had the momentum of infinite distances, uncurbed. Amazing that the

little frame shack, with its single thickness of tar-paper, could withstand it!

'How terrifying this wind would be on the lonely moors of England, in a Hardy novel!' exclaimed Louise, as the two girls, quaking with cold, undressed.

Frances repressed an impulse to say that it was more terrifying here and now. She felt just the least impatience with Louise's habit of interpreting everything for its literary value, or for its interest to Jim. But she remembered that Louise did not know about the woman who had interrupted her order just when she was buying the matches; that Louise did not know that there might be no matches, and that the possibility of freezing to death was more than a literary contingency. And Louise must not know this till the last possible minute—some time to-morrow.

Undressing and slipping between the cold sheets was like a penance. But, having had time to put up only one bed, they had piled all their bedding on it, and they counted on this extra covering, and on the heat from their bodies, to get them warm.

It was too early to go to sleep. Waiting for warmth, they talked. They discussed the arrangement of the room. 'Let's get it all fixed up to-morrow, and take some pictures, and I'll send them to Jim with the first person who goes by. O Fran, I wish you had a Jim to be sending things to!'

'It is customary, I believe, to wait till after marriage before patronizing and pitying your old-maid friends,' laughed Frances. In her heart she was thinking, 'Poor Louise! She has so much to live for. And poor Jim! But we must keep laughing as long as we can, now.' Aloud she continued, 'The room is larger than I thought. What would you say were the dimensions?'

Louise guessed twenty-five by thirty. Frances laughed. 'Never: twenty-two by twenty-six, at the most.'

Louise said that rooms ought to come in figures divisible by five. They non-sensed on, waiting for warmth. Notwithstanding the number of covers, they were warm only where their bodies touched. Sharp cold draughts pried their way into the bed. They could not get warm. Frances finally found courage to get out onto the icy floor, snatch their coats, furs, and sweaters, and pile these on top of the bed. She scrambled back under the covers, quaking with cold. The extra covering apparently had no effect.

After a few hours, Louise fell into a restless sleep. But Frances could not sleep. It was not only the cold that kept her awake. There was black panic and fear. And when at last she could shake a part of her mind free of panic, she began weighing the possibilities of freezing to death: wondering how long it took; wondering if the weather would change; wondering if anyone would happen by their shack; wondering if, by any mad chance, the stage would come out of its course, and go past their homestead on its way back to the city; wondering if, by striking two pieces of metal together, she could start a fire. Boy Scouts, she had heard, learned how to do that. It was not as if it were a wet cold. Perhaps, if she cut some tiny shavings, and chopped them fine —

Would the doctor stop on his way back to the city? She had liked the doctor.

She knew that she was in no way responsible for the accident. That had happened in spite of more than ordinary care. She had checked over all the supplies; the grocer had pointed to a package and had said, 'Matches.' Yet a feeling of responsibility troubled her. The idea of homesteading had been hers. She had suggested it to Louise as an interesting thing to do during Jim's absence. She had argued against the objections of Louise's family, and had

persuaded them that it was a safe and sane project. Somehow, now, she must pull Louise through.

The other stage passengers had said they would come to see them soon. How soon? She hoped the doctor would be the first to come.

She tried to recall all the stories she had read about Arctic explorations. She could remember no details, only general impressions that one could stay alive for days; that after the pain came a numbness, and then a torpor. The thing to do, if the feeling of numbness came, was to stay awake.

What would Louise say when she realized the situation? Louise was of a temperament always on the crest or in the trough of the wave. Most of the time, especially since her engagement, she had been on the crest. Frances felt it almost a mission to keep her on the crest. However black the outlook, she must see that Louise should cling fast to hope.

III

When Louise awoke at daybreak, Frances had a plan. Louise should stay in bed while Frances opened the trunks and got out their warmest underwear. No need for two of them to fumble around in the cold room before they were dressed.

'By the way,' Louise interrupted, 'can't you do a little weather prophesying to-day? You were right about the edges, yesterday, but it certainly was not soft and warm in the middle.'

Frances lifted her head from the pillow to look out the window. 'Why, there's nothing but snow in the world. It's drifted up to our window-sill. If the sun comes out we'll have a great dazzle!'

'That's a safe prophesy,' laughed Louise. 'I could do almost as well myself. But keep your head down close to the pillow. A hurricane has just

intruded. I suppose I have feet, but I can hardly feel them.

They lay a while, shivering, yet savoring the few patches of warmth their bodies made; not daring to change their positions, for fear of contact with a cold part of the bed. Frances delayed the getting up as long as possible: every moment's delay was just one moment's more hope for Louise. For herself, too. After all, there might be matches. She had traveled far from the fierce fear that there might not be any, to the faint hope of the opposite. It was a hard downward traveling. At the bottom of the road stood despair, beckoning. Louise, luckily, had not yet passed even the first signpost of fear. Extremely uncomfortable, she was taking a perverse enjoyment in her discomfort: it would make such a good story.

Frances insisted that they each put on three suits of underwear, and three pairs of stockings; and Louise, though she thought the idea absurd, since they would surely find the matches presently, consented. That too would make a good tale to write to Jim. Frances then suggested that one of them look for the matches, while the other put things away and set the house in order. Things in their present disorder were so confusing that one could never be quite sure whether or not a box had been searched for the matches. Besides, — and this was sheer invention on Frances's part, — a neighbor might drop in at any moment.

So, after a breakfast of bread and butter and sweet chocolate, they set to work, Louise hunting for the matches, Frances putting things away, arranging their belongings, and frequently calling Louise from her task, to consult on the placing of some article, to help move something heavy, to hand Frances some tool as she stood perched on the convertible chair-step-ladder, hanging the attractive cretonne curtains. Chat-

ting gayly, she seized every possible pretext to prolong the hunt for the matches.

Lee Dodd had left the shack neat and clean. Save for the brightly polished stove, it had been empty. But in the course of her explorations Frances found on a high shelf a baby's shoe and a lady's pink garter. Here was food for speculation. (This will keep me talking quite a while, thought Frances to herself.) They had assumed Lee Dodd's bachelorhood. Was there then a Mrs. Lee Dodd? From his letter and from his singular replies, they tried to reconstruct the man and his possible family.

But in the midst of the discussion Louise stopped short.

'Fran!'

And Frances, though she knew what was coming, asked, 'What?'

'What if the grocer made a mistake? What if — O Fran — what if there are n't any matches?'

'Have you looked everywhere?'

'No; but what if —'

'Come on, don't be morbid. Time enough to consider that after we've done hunting.'

But a silence fell upon Louise, and for the first time she was frightened. She turned to her search, trying to conceal her panic.

'Want to change jobs?' asked Frances.

No, Louise preferred to do the unpacking and to keep on searching.

'I wonder if it can be much colder outside,' said Frances later, when for a few moments they left their tasks to take some calisthenic exercises. Their ears and faces as well as their hands and feet ached with the cold.

They opened the door. The snow, drifted half-way up to the knob, was frozen stiff. Frances got a shovel, planning to make a path, but the wind-packed snow was too hard to make the effort worth while. She stepped up on the snow, rather gingerly at first, expecting it to give way; but it bore her

weight. Suddenly she saw a thermometer. It registered twelve degrees below zero. The wind had fallen, and the out-of-doors seemed no colder than the house.

The two girls walked a little way from their house, and looked about them. There was nothing between them and the horizon — nothing; not a tree, not a landmark; only a rolling whiteness, smooth, blank, unfeatured. It lay supine, frozen, helpless, under a gray crouching sky. Only a terrible stillness, a silence that muffled all hope.

Without speaking, they walked back to the house. Frances wished passionately for some way to spare Louise the fear and despair, wished for some word that would not sound like an empty reassurance to a frightened child. What was Louise thinking? What would she say when she knew?

The shack was as cold as outside, only it had a different smell. Not a particularly pleasant smell, yet, suggesting shelter, it was welcome. They closed the door and returned to their tasks.

At last everything had been searched, everything was in order. Except for a comment now and then as to where some object should be placed, there had been little conversation since their walk. At noon they stopped for food. Louise tried a joke.

'Now for the groaning board!' she said, and then suddenly she was weeping. 'I'm so cold! so terribly, terribly cold! Except my feet: they're burning hot, and pricking and itching, and I want to scream! Oh, Jim would be so worried if he knew!'

'Scream, dear, scream. Let's have the comfort of screaming, if we wish, and of saying what we are thinking.'

'Your feet, too?'

'Not yet.'

'How long have you known — have you feared?'

'Since yesterday.' And Frances told

about the women who had interrupted her to order the soap.

'O Fran, dear Fran! And you did n't tell me. You — you wanted me to have hope, to cling to hope, as long as possible? You're splendid! O Fran!'

There was relief in weeping. Even Frances, the strong, the steady, welcomed the dear relief of tears.

Then they faced the situation. What should be done? What were the chances?

There were two chances. Someone might come. Probably the doctor would come by. His homestead, he had said, was only a few miles away. Possibly he would stop at his homestead on his way back to the city. If so, — and possibly if not, — he might stop to see them. If not, someone else would surely come in time. It would be a matter of endurance until someone should come.

'We'll be awfully uncomfortable,' said Frances. 'But as long as we're uncomfortable, we're safe. The danger does n't really set in until we begin to get numb. Then we have to keep each other awake. We have food enough to keep us alive a long time, even though it is frozen and unpalatable. Later, we'll have to take turns sleeping, and while one of us sleeps, the other will have to rub her arms and legs, to keep them from freezing. This may not be the scientific way, but it may work.'

'And the other chance?' asked Louise.

'Oh, it's the faintest hope. We might try to make a fire from a spark. I have wanted to try all day, but it's so suggestive of despair that I've kept putting it off. We might try striking two pieces of metal together, and make a spark. But it's such a thin little shav- ing of a hope. Now if we were Indians, or if we had some flint and whatever goes with it, there might be a chance of success.'

Louise grasped eagerly at the straw, and became enthusiastic. Boy Scouts had done it, she had heard. Then surely

Frances, the clever competent Frances could do it. She helped make the preparations. She tore tissue paper into tiny shreds. She whittled to small bits pieces of dry sage-brush. She and Frances arranged these scraps in the dishpan, and with a somewhat awed feeling, got the poker and a screwdriver.

'We ought to have a chant, a fire-worshippers' chant, to start the thing off,' said Louise. She had found laughter again. 'If Jim could only see us now!'

But soon the hope petered out. Occasionally a spark flew, and fell into the fuel, but the longed-for combustion did not occur. After an hour they gave it up.

Then Frances said, suddenly, 'We must rub your feet with snow or ice. I had forgotten. That's the thing to do for chilblains! We'll chop some of that frozen snow into small bits.'

Louise at first protested. Quaking with cold, the thought of cold snow on her feet and legs made her cringe. But anything was better than the fearful burning and itching.

She was surprised, when Frances applied the snow, to find that it felt like warm water on her feet. Blessed discovery! They rubbed their ears, their faces, their fingers, with the snow. It gave them a measure of easement.

That night they went to bed with all their clothes on, including woolen caps. They decided that it was safe for them both to risk sleeping that night. They ate as much supper as they could force themselves to swallow, trying frozen ham this time. And they went through all the physical exercises they could think of before retiring. Both beds were up now, but they slept together for the added warmth.

From the bed — it was still light — they surveyed the room.

'It is attractive!' exclaimed Louise, her eye running from the cheery cur-

tains, patterned with small yellow flowers and occasional diminutive blue-birds with red tufted heads, to the two comfortable willow chairs, with cushions of the same material. The unpainted deal table, with its brown desk-blotter, some writing materials, and a soft brown-shaded lamp, made a respectable library table.

'Some day,' said Frances, 'we'll paint that, and the desk chair, and the bookshelves a deep rich creamy color, to match the chiffonier and mirror. Shall we paint the dining-room table, too, or shall we leave it as it is?'

The 'dining-room table' stood toward the back of the room near the stove, a strip of Russian peasant embroidery and two squat brass candlesticks, with orange candles, 'lending it tone between meals,' according to Louise. Hanging along the wall near the stove, bright new aluminum pots and pans added cheer to the room. A folding screen concealed the trunks and empty boxes. Two or three braided rugs, which Frances had rescued from her uncle's New England attic, lay on the rough unfinished floor. Yes, even in the fading light, it was attractive.

But it was cold, aching cold; and notwithstanding their talk of painting furniture, and getting some gayly colored prints for the walls, their hearts were chilled and preoccupied, Louise's with anxiety for Jim, and Frances's —

'Why,' thought Frances, 'why is that doctor always in my mind? Anyone could rescue us. Anyone with a match. A slim little piece of wood, tipped at one end with a speck of sulphur, would save our lives. It need not be the doctor.' Yet it was of the doctor that she thought most often.

Somehow the night was lived through. Frances, having lain awake the previous night, snatched bits of dream-troubled sleep. A fat man in a machine was trying to prevent one of the cowboys from

amputating her feet with the screw-driver. 'This is no time to be tending to chilblains!' the fat man was crying. 'My wife may be dying!' And the cowboy answered, — only he had the doctor's voice, 'Pull in your teeth, Fatty. Let the lady decide about her own feet.' 'I'm sorry to detain you,' Frances replied, 'but he *must* cut off my feet.'

'The craziest dream!' she exclaimed to Louise as she woke, and recounted it. 'And the most absurd part was that I actually wanted him to do it, and that the sensation was pleasurable. When he got through he handed the feet to the other cowboy, and told him to put them in the closet next to the dancing-slippers. Then he took my temperature, shouted, "Up to normal!" and they all rushed out. Then I woke up, and my feet are burning and itching like the deuce!'

Louise found no sleep that night. She stayed awake with her fear, and with a resolve 'to live up to Frances' to the end. Would rescue come? Poor Jim! she thought. And more often than she knew, she said it aloud.

The next day they tried an experiment. They walked in opposite directions from the house, as far as they could, having agreed not to go out of sight of the house or of each other. Possibly they could see some other dwelling. 'Which way does he live?' thought Frances, gazing around at the unanswered horizon. Nothing came of the undertaking. They returned exhausted, scarcely able to articulate, so stiff were their faces from the wind.

They tried to read, but could not hold a book in their hands. Moreover, their own thoughts seemed more important than anything they could find in books.

They took turns rubbing each other's feet with snow.

'Jim will be so worried!' exclaimed Louise for the hundredth time. 'He'll

think something terrible has happened.'

Frances was silent. To think that Louise did not realize that something terrible *was* happening! Frances almost wished she had a Jim on whom to project her worry!

They stayed in bed most of the next day. The cold seemed to come up from under the bed; so, with great difficulty, because of their stiffness and weakness, they lifted the mattresses to the floor. Yet this gave them no relief.

If only the doctor would come!

Soon they lost track of time. They did not know how many days they had been alone. They only knew that the sun had not shone, that the sky was lowering and gray, that sometimes it snowed, that the thermometer — now their only immediate interest — wavered between twenty and forty below, that the wind raged and fell and raged again.

They began to feel numb. Pain ceased. It was as if drowsiness were breathed down upon them.

'We must n't let ourselves sleep!' exclaimed Frances. 'We must not!'

Then a wonderful thing happened. The long deep silence was broken. A sound was heard outside.

A sheep, a weak staggering sheep bleated outside their door.

'Poor thing!' they exclaimed. 'Poor helpless beastie! Strayed from the fold, literally.'

And suddenly they were overwhelmed with tears of pity for the sheep. Once more their tears were like a gift.

They coaxed the sheep inside, and tried to feed it bread, but it was too weak to eat.

'But it's still warm!' exclaimed Louise, as she hugged the animal close. 'Come, get near it. Feel here, under the fur, Fran; it's warm!'

Then Frances had an idea. It was a fearsome thought, loathsome, but it might help.

'Could you help me do something terrible, Louise? Could you keep your nerve? It might keep us going a few days longer. Someone is bound to come soon. We — we must kill it, and drink its blood.'

'O Fran!'

Yet they did it. Louise, her face averted, held the helpless creature as Frances cut its throat. Crying, they drank the blood — all of it.

Then the desire for sleep was on them again, a terrible passion, a fierce hunger, a thing not to be withstood.

'Let's give up, Fran. Let's write our farewells and go to bed.'

Scarcely able to hold a pen, Louise wrote a few lines to Jim.

'My dearest, if I could only spare you this anguish! There was an accident: no matches were packed with our things. We are freezing to death. Here is my love, all of it. And my arms about you.'

Frances found she wanted to write to no one but the doctor. But that was too absurd a whim to be indulged. Instead, she wrote to Jim. Her letter was longer than Louise's. She told him how much Louise's love for him had saved her of anguish. She told, too, in some detail, of their experience: their fight against the weather; how they had killed the sheep and drunk its blood; how they had hoped for rescue. 'We thought a certain doctor, who had come out on the stage with us, might stop here on his way back, and we hoped, and then wished passionately for his coming.' Frances paused here. Should she allow herself the luxury of that impersonal statement?

She let it stand. She could not have written the letter over again. She could scarcely finish it, as it was, for sleepiness, yet she goaded herself to the end. She left it open on the table, weighting it with a volume of Conrad. 'Rather fitting!' she thought. Then she wrote

on a large sheet of paper, 'We have no matches, and are freezing to death,' and nailed this to the outside of the door. She read the thermometer. It registered twenty below.

Every movement required tremendous effort, nightmare effort. Yet, coming back into the room, she looked around, walked back to the 'dining-room table,' and straightened the strip of Russian embroidery that had fallen awry. 'Now I guess we're ship-shape.'

Then, as she got into bed, she said to Louise, —

'Can you endure to take the cap off your head for a few minutes? If we pull our hair down over our faces it may keep our noses from freezing.'

'Kiss me,' said Louise sleepily; and Frances held her close. 'I love you, Fran, so much — next to Jim.'

'I love you, too. Funny how we don't say these things in life. I mean —'

'I know,' Louise replied drowsily. And then, 'If only Jim were here!'

Then, still in a close embrace, they yielded themselves to sleep.

IV

After ten weatherbound days in the 'soddie' of the grief-stricken fat man; after helping to dig through the snow and into the fire-thawed earth to make a grave for the fat man's wife and baby; after helping him put a rude fence about the lonely grave, — to keep the cattle from tramping over it, — the doctor started out on horseback for the town ironically named Sweetweather, the stage terminus. If the stage would risk the deep snow, now beginning to soften under the shy advances of the long-truant sun, he would stop to see how 'those girls' had weathered the blizzard and the bitter weather. They had been on his mind. Nothing could have happened to them, really. They were a healthy, capable sort, — espe-

cially Miss Stead, — and much better equipped for cold weather, doubtless, than many homesteaders. However, they were new to the country. Had they brought all that they needed?

At Sweetweather, where he spent the night, Little Willie was emphatic: the stage would not start till after the weather had 'set.' He tried to dissuade the doctor from going on ahead on horseback. 'Them girls is all right. And you don't need to go to your outfit. You were n't counting on getting to it for another week, anyhow. You can't trust this sun.'

Yet the doctor ventured on. The stage was to stop at 'the girls,' when it did go back to the city. The doctor would leave word with 'the girls' as to where he would wait for it.

The trip was far more laborious than he had expected. The horse plodded painfully through the snow. In one place a queer series of lumpy mounds attracted the doctor's attention. The horse shied. The doctor dismounted and scraped into the snow with his spur, which finally struck something hard. Further investigation proved it to be a sheep, frozen to death. A whole flock, it seemed, pressed close together, had frozen there.

'The spring should be coming, and there seems to be nothing but death in the land,' he said, and shook himself, as if to throw off the thought of death. 'I suppose I ought to be feeling gay, or pleased, or something, to be making a call; but there's only apprehension in my heart, and a great weariness.'

The light was falling, when of a sudden he spied the little black shack. He whistled: he had expected to see the smoke first, for the wind was coming from the direction of the house. And here was the shack, and no smoke. What could have happened? He spurred his horse. Soon he could see the white paper on the door. Perhaps they

had gone somewhere else, and the paper was merely a notice. Yet his heart sank.

There was hope, just a ghost of hope. Their hearts were still beating. He lighted a lamp, and placed it as far from the bed as possible. 'Lucky a doctor found them,' he said between his teeth, as he set to work. 'Some fool might have lighted a fire at once.'

With great difficulty he disentwined the two bodies and removed the clothing, being careful to avoid a sudden jerky movement. So frozen were their fingers and toes, that an awkward manipulation might easily break them off. He poured brandy down their throats. Then he brought in snow, and packed it about their arms and legs, and moving their hair, which had caked with ice from their frozen breath, he packed the soft snow on their faces. The rest of their bodies had escaped frost-bite.

But their limbs looked dead. Perhaps they could not be saved. Still, he remembered an account, in a medical journal, of a man who had been exposed four days, one of whose limbs had been apparently dead, but who, after seventy hours of careful treatment, had been able to walk about with nothing worse than a frost-bite on his heel. He remembered vividly the description of the treatment. The frozen leg had been bathed in ice-cold water for two hours, and then enveloped in furs. Then there had been friction with the feathery side of a birdskin; then with snow. The treatment had been continuous for twenty-four hours. The temperature of the room had been gradually raised, with lamps.

He looked about the room for some substitute for the birdskin, and for the first time saw the open letters on the table. The sheep incident fed his hopes: they had had something with real food-value. 'They're a plucky lot, and they

certainly used their heads!' he said aloud. He could use the sheep's skin. But before he turned to look for the sheep, his eye took in the next sentence of the letter: 'We thought a certain doctor, who had come out on the stage with us, might stop here on his way back, and we hoped and then wished passionately for his coming.' Perhaps, then, she had been drawn to him as he had to her? But, no, that was sheer fatuousness. Of course a doctor would be the person hoped for. Nevertheless, all the depression which had weighed him down since morning seemed to fall from him. He forgot, too, his weariness. He knew only that there was a hard fight ahead, and that against a million odds, with all his heart and all his science, he would fight it.

He must do more than save the lives of the two girls. He must save for them their arms and legs and ears and noses; he must fight against the coming of Arctic fever, pneumonia, gangrene, erysipelas, and against other fearful possibilities.

He worked all night, watching anxiously for signs of returning consciousness. Toward morning Louise's eyelids flickered. Then there really was hope! He had said it over and over to himself, but only now did he really believe it. His spirit was upborne. Now if only Frances would give some sign.

Hours passed, yet Frances gave no sign. He worked on, ceaselessly. Louise woke and slept and woke and slept. Once she spoke.

'Frances?'

'She'll come round all right,' he answered; and he willed it with all his might. His will was a flame, searing him, goading him on. It was a thing more than mere will. It was — could it be — love?

At night the miracle happened. Frances's eyes, half-open, heavy, uncomprehending, were idly upon him.

He stopped, and caught his breath. The eyes opened wider, and — as if her mind as well as her vision were gathered into focus — they felt out toward him with question and with understanding.

An ecstasy of thanksgiving gushed up in his heart, flooding him. The joy was almost pain. He turned his head away. Then he pulled himself together, and went on with his work.

Three sunny, thawing days passed before the sound of the chugging stage fell upon their welcoming ears. The doctor was still at work, never having stopped to sleep. It had been a long but a victorious fight. Complete recovery, though not yet achieved, was assured.

He had never once been conscious of exhaustion; but when Little Willie came into the room, an ally from the outside world, Dr. Calhoun said only, 'Get some woman,' sank into a chair, and was at once asleep.

Frances and Louise explained, — they had long since regained speech, — and Little Willie started off at once for a neighbor.

'I'm glad he does n't snore,' said Frances, absently. 'Does Jim?'

'Why, what a question!' She stopped a gasping moment; then, 'O Fran!'

'What utter nonsense! What do you mean? How absurd! Why, I hardly know the man! Besides —' She broke off. Then, with apparent irrelevance, 'O Louise, I do wish you had your Jim here.'

Louise paused a moment. Then she retorted, 'It is customary, I believe, to wait till after marriage, and it is only decent to wait till after engagement, before patronizing and pitying one's old-maid friends!'

Her eyes and her voice and her laugh were sunny with understanding. Here was a tale, oh, what a tale, to write to Jim!

ON DUTY. I

BY HARRIET SMITH

Thursday, September 18, 1919. — There are wild rumors in the bazaars to-day, among the Christians, not from the Moslems, that 50,000 Turkish troops are marching on Urfa, that the Americans are preparing to move their Orphanage to Aleppo, that the British are going also, and that all Christians are to be wiped out. The British are only a small band here, — the 51st Sikhs, about 600, — but the defense of Urfa has long been planned in case of emergency, and the machine-guns placed. Major Burrows inspected the Orphanage and industrial plant to-day. I do not know if it has any significance, but I suspect that it has.

Friday, September 19. — Wild times to-day. We were at breakfast at the new house, when in came rushing Lucia Mairik and Manush Mairik from the Orphanage, with excited tales of an impending massacre. Then, too, there were rumors of this army — said by some to be Bolsheviki — moving on from Diarbekr; and others, that quantities of rifles had been recently brought to the city; so that among the Armenians there was great unrest. Whatever happened, there was terror in the bazaars, among Turks and Christians. Both fled, in most cases even failing to take the time to close their shops — each afraid of the other and both afraid of the Arabs and the Kurds. The Armenian shops were looted, the Moslem shops untouched, we heard later. El-mas said that the news came to them by a boy who goes to the market with Alexandre, our buyer. Well, it has

blown over, but I am a bit sorry I did not plan to stay at the Orphanage to-night just to reassure the older folk. It is a terrible thing for these people to walk always under the shadow of an impending massacre, to feel always the knife at their throats and rifle at their heads. They say, 'Must we always feel this dread?'

Friday night, September 26. — I did not write yesterday, but they had another panic in the bazaars and again the Armenians ran for protection to the Americans — not in so great numbers, however, or in such dire terror, I think. There are various rumors about how it starts. Some say a man on horseback, with blood splashed over his face, comes dashing through the bazaars crying that the Christians are massacring the Moslems, so naturally the Moslems quit their booths and run, as do also the Armenians.

October 10 [?], 1919. — You could never guess whom we drew to-day for a fellow worker, here in Urfa, so I shall tell you. With Mr. Clements came Mrs. Mansfield, wife of the Richard Mansfield. I hope you have not forgotten the great American actor. They have both been working in Beirut, but the work has mostly closed down there, and the committee is withdrawing most of its workers. Earlier, Mrs. M. was in France, Paris, and Lille. They came up on the British lorries this morning, having remained on the train all night at Telebiad.

Thursday, October 23. — It is openly acknowledged now that the British are

going, so the major is trying to range all the nearby Arab and Kurdish chieftains on our side, so that they may know us and befriend us.

Saturday. — The idea of French occupation of Urfa as a part of Syria is somewhat reassuring, though we do not expect to find them as staunch friends and backers as the English; yet their presence may in part restrain the turbulent passions of the Moslems — Turk, Kurd, Arab — and prevent any general massacre, such as the latter have threatened: that they would not leave one Christian alive.

Wednesday, October 29. — The French arrived in British lorries this afternoon, something over a hundred strong; but we are told that another company is coming. How they expect to live in this far-away post without their own automobile to connect them with the outside world is a question which is puzzling us. The highest officer so far is a captain — we expect him to dinner tomorrow night with Major Burrows.

Thursday night. — The French Commander, Captain Lambert, came to-night with Major Burrows and Captain Garrett. He was at Verdun, and is very quiet and simple and cordial. He helped us play charades after dinner. One word being his name, — Lambert, — we had 'lamb' and 'bear,' and I was the greedy little girl who ate the porridge of the three bears.

We shall be sorry to have Mr. Weedon go and shall miss him tremendously; but he leaves for Boston in December. Perhaps you may see him later — expert aviator and baseball artist.

It was rumored that Turkish cavalry was approaching Urfa to-day, but the two commanders went out in the armored car and found none. To-morrow the aeroplane comes to take a look over the country.

Saturday, November 1. — The British forces left at seven this morning, most

of the troops going by motor-lorry, but about 150 of them marched with the transports. The officers breakfasted with us, but I happened to take this morning — All Saints' Day — to be extra good, and went to church, so missed everything, including all the group-pictures taken by the numerous cameras; so you will not see me in any of them. Only Major Burrows and Captain Garrett remain to comply with all formalities — French and Turkish. They leave about noon.

We are all sorry to see the British go. They were friends and brothers and fellow workers.

With the French we hope to have cordial relations, but you know there cannot be the same fellowship with people speaking another language, no matter how good the intention. We simply cannot understand each other.

Saturday, November 8. — The carts of the new French troops arrived to-day, but we saw no new infantry. So far they have not a single automobile among them, where the British had ten or twelve lorries, three armored cars, and a few Fords.

Sunday night, November 9. — It lacks less than a month of the time of Mr. Weedon's departure for America, and he is in correspondingly high spirits. To-night he proposed a ride out in the desert in the moonlight — a wonderful full moon; so with Miss Waller and Mr. Clements on the rear seat, we started.

The city, silent in its darkness, was on our right as we skirted the Gardens on the Telebiad Road, with the desert stretching far away toward the mountains on our left, and the serene moon looking down on our solitude. The whole countryside lay quiet, the noise of the motor being the only sound that broke the stillness except the songs of the boys. Even the dogs that crossed our path were silent, and we saw one wolf or hyena loping swiftly away.

Saturday, December 27, 1919. — Our house stands in the middle of an immense field, with the tents on both sides of us — girls on one side, boys on the other; so robbers, Turks, Kurds, Arabs, and, I suppose, even Armenians, can come upon us in the darkness from any point, a plain barbed-wire fence being no protection, and even that having many openings. They steal from us in broad daylight — blankets, clothing, anything.

Monday, February 2, 1920. — I have closed letter No. 27, but do not know if it is possible to send it off; perhaps it may go by Turkish post; but so far as the railway is concerned, we are cut off from the world. With machine-guns and ammunition a few could stand off an army of men armed only with rifles and spears; but of course there is an end to supplies, and I doubt if the French are as well stocked as were the British. They have not been here long enough, nor have they transportation facilities — no lorries. Oh, for a few armored cars and an aeroplane! The latter would make short work of an attack at any place. I walked through the bazaars with Mr. Woodward this afternoon, but found the shops mostly closed, the Christians obstinately refusing to take any chances of surprise and slaughter in the market-place.

Thursday, February 5. — Mrs. Mansfield and Mr. Clements report that more of the stores in the market are opening up, and we hope that in a few days all the Armenian shopkeepers will get courage to go back. The Mutisarif yesterday called a meeting at Abraham's Mosque, and invited the Armenian Committee to be present, saying he wanted them to dwell as brothers, and asking if it were true that they were being armed by the French as was reported by the gendarmes. Five went and returned safely, being permitted to give their views on why they could not trust

to Turkish promises of good-will, and denying the arming of the Armenians by the French.

Saturday, February 7. — Having heard last night that some Armenians were going through to Aleppo by wagon, *via* Aintab, we all wrote and sent letters to Karekeen Effendi, to have them forwarded; but this morning we learned that the Turkish gendarmes had stopped our messenger and taken the letters, saying that the Armenians were secretly corresponding with each other. They were handed over to Karekeen Effendi this morning, too late to catch the travelers, if they went; some say they were afraid to go.

All the shops are closed to-day, Moslem and Christian, and rumors of an approaching force were rife. This afternoon we noticed the French deploying in all directions; and when we attempted to cross the fields and the river for a walk in search of a fabled Roman bridge, which we have twice vainly tried to find, we were turned back by a French officer, Lieutenant Marcerau, who said it would be highly imprudent to walk out into the country this afternoon. The soldiers were occupying individual trenches all along the brow of the hill commanding the river and the Aleppo and Samsat roads. Three detachments were beyond 'lone tree hill' just back of the house, commanding the road to Severeke and Diarbekr. Lieutenant Marcerau said that about 500 Arabs or Kurdish horsemen had been seen on the Diarbekr Road, but it was not known whether or not they were friendly. The children in the Orphanage were ordered to their tents by Miss Holmes, and the grounds looked deserted when I came along from Dr. Vischer's. Even my sterilizer, or, in other words, 'delouser,' had been left to its fate; but I soon got back my boy who was attending to it, and set him to work. I do not believe there is anything

imminent. If there were we should be between cross-fires.

Darkness is falling, with everyone in the city, I suppose, Moslem and Christian, in a state of terror, afraid of each other, though Moslems assure the Armenians that no attack is directed against them, but against the French, and the French, while they do not know exactly what they will be called upon to do, are taking the necessary precautions for defense. Out here in the environs, we, although we are in a more dangerous place than in the town Orphanage, not having known fear before, have none now. Last night I had a very vivid and complicated dream of battle and flight and being told off for the firing-squad, but saved by the quick wit of a woman as I was passing through a railroad station.

Later, authentic. The Orphanage is not full of refugees, but there are six machine-guns mounted on its roof and four on the hill behind; so it is well protected. (The guns were removed next day from the Orphanage at Miss Holmes's request.)

Sunday, February 8. — Rather a memorable day, and full of excitement. With Yester, my interpreter, I started for the Assyrian Catholic Church this morning, but we were stopped at the Millet Kapon (National Gate) — which guards the entrance to our country home and the French Headquarters, and stands just across the river, guarding also the bridge which carries the line of water-supply to the city — by the Turkish soldiery, who forbade our egress, saying no one could come or go. But through Miss Law's Arabic and the arrival of an officer, we were permitted a pass to go to the old orphanage, and from there I made my way down through the town to the church, — the Latin, — because I thought it wiser to defer my Assyrian visit to another day. We found the street very

quiet — a few Turkish soldiers here and there, but they offered no obstructions.

It seemed a bit pathetic that these elderly bearded priests in the sanctum and those dear old Sisters — I think Mère Cécile is eighty — should have just left one five-year war behind in France, to run into another one here. They had been exiled to France by the Turks in 1915, and had but recently returned.

At the convent three Sisters, who had served in the hospitals in France, were partaking of a hurried repast before accompanying me to French Headquarters where the Père Superior had directed them to report to Commandant Hauger for duty in case of need. All this because a body of horsemen, variously estimated at from one to five thousand, had reached Kara Keupri, a village about one and one half hours distant behind the hills, on the Severeck Road, and had sent in a white-flag messenger to carry the ultimatum to the French that they evacuate Urfa in twenty-four hours or take the consequences.

Of course, all the French could reply was that they had been placed here by their government and could not withdraw, but must defend their position; but that they would not fire the first shot. The twenty-four hours were up about three this afternoon. So when I reported to Miss Holmes that the Commandant had asked me to tell her to put the children under shelter in the cellars, etc., if rifle-firing began, she decided to send them all to the Orphanage within the city walls, already defended by ten machine-guns on the hill behind.

The hegira soon began, each one carrying his bed and bedding on his back, and the tents were empty and quiet. I evacuated my hospital of all except one sick girl, whom I took into the house, sent most of the nurses with

the children to look after their needs and to be themselves safe, keeping my interpreter, Yester, and two others who elected to stay by me, with my boy Yermia. Then I offered myself and hospital to the Commandant in case of need; for which I received a very nice note from him, saying that he accepted if the occasion arose. The French, even the common soldiers, Algerian and others who served on the battle-fields of France, look very lightly on this affair, calling it play, after all they have seen and done; but they are not overlooking any precautions.

Miss Holmes wanted me to accompany her and Miss Law to the city, but I preferred to remain here, where there would be opportunity for aiding the wounded if necessary; and besides, one rather likes to stay by one's goods and chattels. Also, the French outposts and defenses are beyond us, so that we are within the lines. We lie between them and headquarters. Of course, there are many chances from rifle-bullets, but we are hoping that the enemy has not machine-guns or artillery. However, if Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish general, is leading the attack, as some say, he doubtless has both.

We can manage with our canned food-supply in the cellar if our water is not cut off as threatened. The French say they have food for thirty days. I want Annie Carpenter to know that her flag is flying from the housetop — happy thought of hers. I made a good flag-pole with the stick on which my rubber sheeting was rolled, and Mr. Weeden put it up. Mr. Woodward also put up a Red Cross flag which Miss Waller had manufactured from a piece of red cloth; so they fly side by side.

Monday, February 9. (First day of the war.) — Snowing — cold. The Moslems were favored this morning by a snowstorm which began about 8 A.M. Mrs. Mansfield and I had been

awakened at 5 A.M. by a shot which sounded as if it came from the city; and going out of the door onto my verandah, I seemed to hear the noise of voices, and Mrs. M. thought she heard an Arab drum beating; but nothing further happened and we went to bed. Thinking all was quiet, I sent my interpreter with another nurse and Yermia to the city, to hold clinic, about 8 A.M., intending to follow as soon as I finished breakfast.

They could hardly have reached the Orphanage — having to pass the Turkish guard at the Millet Gate — when suddenly came the sound of rifle-shots from the town. The fusillade continued for some time, and has been intermittent all day. Now that night is closing, we still hear an occasional shot. They come from the Turkish gendarmes, who are shooting at French Headquarters from the Samsat Gate and the houses near the city wall.

We went up on the housetop at first; but the bullets whistled over our heads, so we all decided it was safer in the house. Except for the fact that we kept pretty closely to the house you would not guess that there was a war in progress. It's a rather jolly crowd. Lieutenant Marcerau came in this afternoon, in the snowstorm, to tell us how things are going. If the army — Turks and Kurds they are — shows itself, it will be quickly mowed down by the machine-guns; but it is difficult to shoot at snipers.

The enemy has cut the water-supply somewhere near its source beyond the hills, so we're economizing on washing, with many a joke. The boys make it an excuse for not shaving.

The French are expecting large reinforcements, but the telegraph and telephone lines being cut, do not know just where they are or when to expect them. I suppose the authorities could not have known what a storm-centre this

place would be, or they would not have sent troops here without automobiles, armored cars, wireless outfit, or an aeroplane, of which there are two *escadrilles* at Beirut. The defense is blind without an aeroplane for eyes. With one, they could make short work of an attacking army. As it is now, they hardly know from what quarter they will be attacked. All that is known is that the attacking force is a Kurdish tribe from the North, doubtless augmented by Turks and Arabs, and probably with a Turkish leader. A letter was sent by the Turks in the city to the Armenian Union, asking that the Armenians permit them to pass through their quarter to attack the French; but the Armenians, knowing their ultimate fate, have barricaded the streets leading to their quarter, and will resist any attempt.

It's a good thing that the children are in the city. They may get bread there. Here there is no way of getting it for them, for communication is cut off. To-night the boys cleared out the cellar and brought in beds from the Infirmary, making two comfortable wards, one for us and one for the men. Including the three kitchen-maids, my one sick girl whom I could not send to the city, and one nurse, we are eight women (three Americans), four men (three Americans and one Syrian), and six boys. I guess there are two revolvers among them—Mr. Weeden's and Mr. Woodward's. The latter, having had much army experience in France, at Salonica and on the Struma, has built a barricade of our supply-boxes in front of the cellar windows and door, leaving a firing platform which commands the door. I think Lieutenant M. came this afternoon to see if the men would defend themselves should the Kurds break through the lines of defense on the hill behind us and attack the house. In that case the French will sweep our

house with machine-gun fire and the cellar will be the safest place. An awkward thing is that there is no entrance to the cellar from inside the house; one must go outside and around the corner.

Tuesday, February 10. — There will probably be no attack in force to-day, for the shining mantle of snow which covers mountain and plain would render clearly visible an advancing army, and every day gained means the nearer approach of the reinforcements of the French. It seemed rather funny for us all to go to bed as usual with the sound of firing about us, trusting to the small handful of French to keep us safe from the cruel Kurds and Turks lurking behind the hills and the city walls; but the voice of the machine-gun, speaking for the first time just as I climbed into bed, — literally climbed, for we used the high hospital beds augmented by some of our own devices for comfort, — gave a sense of security, and I slept till the bright sunlight came into my room and the footsteps of an unusually early-rising family sounded in my ears.

By special Providence — and Elaine Van Dyke, who gave me a free hand with the medical supplies when I was in Aleppo — I have a goodly amount of medicines, gauze, and bandages on hand, so am able to supply the Sisters at the military hospital with these very necessary things. We've been making dressings and bandages, for the French seem to have little or nothing of that kind. Last night I made up two big baskets and two bags to go over, together with bed-linen, of which I fortunately have a supply. The soldiers came for some at midnight. At that time four had been wounded. Mr. Clements and I want to walk over to the hospital, but the vote is against our going because of rifle-bullets flying about.

Wednesday, February 11. — Two

French soldiers came over just after dark, to ask for some candles for Lieutenant Marcerau, who holds the slope of the hill to the west; and Mr. C. and I took advantage of their coming to ask if we might go to the hospital under their escort. So they, with two bags of medical supplies, and we, with packages of sheets under our arms, started down the back road through the snowdrifts. Here they left us while they crossed the vineyard to their headquarters, and we sat down in the middle of the road and watched the Mesopotamian stars, which are much the same the world over. There was a biting wind and we felt none too warm; but this was soon remedied as we tramped across the low, freshly ploughed vineyards to the barracks, and were thence directed across the road to General Headquarters, where we found the Sisters in their four-bedded hospital tucked away below in a tiny room protected from the flying bullets. There was hardly room to turn around, and the place seemed full of people. Crossing the road both times, we had to do a double quick to escape the possible chance of being hit; and we tumbled down the bank and through holes and gullies hidden in part by the snow, to the Mess, where the surprise of the officers on seeing us was shown in their smiling faces.

We reached home without harm. About eight o'clock we received a glad surprise in the shape of Elias, our chauffeur, who had come from the city Orphanage with a letter from Miss Holmes. He carried a pole with a small American flag attached, which I doubt would receive any consideration.

The Commission little knew, when it sent us shovels and pickaxes, that they would be used for digging French trenches for our defense, and that our plentiful supply of evaporated-milk-cans would be used to stop Turkish bullets. We used to laugh and say,

'Another lot of shovels and pickaxes,' or 'Another consignment of condensed milk,' but we've no occasion to smile now, for the shovels have proved their use and the milk-cans not only provide us with food for the French and for ourselves, but serve for the defense of the Armenian quarter, and form a barricade in our windows against stray bullets. With my somewhat abundant supply of medicaments, they seem to have been a direct provision of Providence, which saw beyond our human vision.

Through the night there was comparatively little shooting; but this morning, as I lay awake, rather disliking to get up in the cold, there came a sudden fusillade of bullets, and I jumped up to see a man crawling on his stomach in the snow along a shallow gully that runs parallel to our fence, in the vineyard in front of the house. Several of the bullets flicked the snow in the yard, and it sounded as if some struck the house. The family was interestedly watching him, and who should it be but Elias, who, thinking himself safe here, with French Headquarters between himself and the city, had foolishly started in broad daylight to walk across the vineyard. He had a bad half hour crawling there in the cold and snow, with the bullets flicking the snow and earth all about him; but he finally succeeded in crawling back to a trench originally built for a garage foundation near our gate, and from thence to the house, which he reached in an exhausted condition. I guess he was nearer to death than he had been in the midst of the fighting in the city, for the Turks had sighted him across from the city walls; but it shows what a fair chance one really has of escaping the bullets if one lies low and keeps moving.

We are down to our last can of oil, so fires are taboo and the only fire permitted is in the living-room, where our

feet freeze on the cold stone floor. This morning the men opened up the stone floor in the hall, to furnish access to the cellar without going out of doors.

Friday, February 13. — It is very cold and it has snowed all day long, so there has been less shooting than usual, I think, because outlines and objects are obscured. It also will probably delay the appearance of the reinforcing French troops. We have a pool up on the date of their arrival. Three have already lost, but my guess is for Sunday and Miss Waller's for Sunday night, so we still have a chance to win. However, the reinforcements begin to seem rather mythical, and we shall probably have another chance to win on another pool when this is finished.

We had all gone upstairs to bed last night, leaving only Mr. Clements reading by the fireplace. Suddenly he gave a yell and came bounding up the stairs. A bullet had come in the small upper arch of the window left unprotected by the boxes of condensed milk, and had ricocheted across the room, too near for comfort. He found it this morning, flattened like a dog's tooth. In consequence, we have put up more barricades, including my window; but my doorway facing the city is still unprotected.

It was to-night that the French soldier promised to come after me, to guide me to the Orphanage; but it is so stormy, I do not know if he will come. The family is much opposed to my going, saying that my duty is here, as they will have neither nurse nor doctor at hand, while in the city they have two doctors and six nurses — natives, to be sure, but pretty good in emergencies. So you see I am trying to decide, or have decided for me, what is my real duty. I want to go and shall be much disappointed if I cannot. Mr. Weeden has forbidden any of the boys to go out to-night to help me carry any-

thing; so, if I go, I shall have to depend upon my soldier. All three of our own boys — men, rather — are just now giving us a very realistic imitation of a back fence full of cats.

I made a codicil to my will to-night, giving my belongings here in Urfa to Elmas. It will save people the trouble of sending them to America, where they would probably never arrive. Some time, if she gets there, she may distribute some of the things. Not that I am expecting to get shot, but, as my lawyer readers know, it is well to be prepared.

Saturday morning, February 14. (St. Valentine's Day.) — Isn't it funny how things turn out. Five Americans, — Mrs. Mansfield, Miss Waller, Mr. Weeden, Mr. Clements, and myself, — together with the accountant, Mr. Woodward, elected to stay here in the country, believing it to be the point of danger from the waiting hordes of Kurds and Turks, said to be beyond the hills a few miles away, and in their direct line of attack upon French Headquarters; so we watched the children with Miss Holmes stream away to the City Orphanage, believing that they were going to a comparatively safe shelter. In fact, subconsciously, I would have felt myself to be a bit of a coward had I gone; and besides, I wanted to be within the French lines, where I could help take care of the wounded, while the children in the city could be well enough cared for temporarily by the native nurses and doctors.

By a whim of fate, it has turned out just the opposite. We are comparatively safe, except for the snipers and the stray bullets, if we stay inside the house; while so far, the attack upon the French has been made from the city itself, within which the forces from Severeck and Diarbekr have taken shelter. As the French, in reply to the Turkish ultimatum, had said they would not

fire first, the outside army had time to get by night, and by detachments of ten and fifteen, within the city walls. There were probably not more than a thousand.

When I opened my eyes this morning, it was upon a white world — earth and air and sky. Through my open door I could see but a few rods away, just beyond our front fence. It was not snowing, but all was obscured by a white mist, covering valley and plain and mountain.

Because of the obscuring mist, there was not much firing this afternoon, and I went out to some of the tents and to the infirmary, through snow more than knee-deep; but the boys, going out for water just a little later, as the mist lifted very quickly, drew the fire of the Turks. They probably also saw Mr. Clements, who, tired of the five days' imprisonment in the house, was running through the snow in the front yard. Just now, after 8 P.M., all is silent. Captain Perrault sends three rifles for self-defense to the men, but we hope there will be no occasion to use them. Warmer to-day, and the snow beginning to melt.

Sunday morning, February 15. — Bright and clear and cold, across the snowy expanse this morning, could be seen in sharp outline the roofs of the city and the citadel beyond. This afternoon the rifle-shots came pretty regularly, and we got another bullet in the window of Miss Holmes's office and storeroom; so we proceeded to barricade those windows also with boxes of supplies. This heavy snow will delay reinforcements, for it will be almost impossible for horses to drag the heavy guns through the piled-up drifts in the mountain defiles; so we are settling down for another week. The first shell-fire began to-day. This afternoon, Mrs. Mansfield has been reading quotations from Shakespeare and the poets for us

to guess the plays and the authorship. To the men she gave for a prize a pair of white kid gloves worn by Richard Mansfield in *A Parisian Romance*.

The rifle-shots are increasing in frequency again to-night, but we stay indoors. We congregate day and night around our blaze in the living-room, and carry on our occupations, or while away the time. I do not have much time to while away. I can always find plenty to do, and one is never bored if there are books to be read. My own room has the chill of the tomb, when I go there to sleep at night, and we dress with numb fingers. My little room in Boston with its cosy warmth would feel pretty good to me.

Bed-time, Sunday night, February 15. — The bullets from the city have been striking close to the house to-night, sounding as if they were at our doorsteps; but it is difficult to judge localities.

Monday, February 16. — It is a calm day and warmer. All is serene in earth and sky. The fleecy clouds drift lazily across the blue — a picture framed by my open doorway. The snowy hills, rank on rank, fade away into the distant south and west. The sunlight streams through my open doorway in the morning, doubtless showing the room beyond to watching eyes; so, when I rise to close my door, they seemingly take a few pot-shots at me just for luck. So far no bullet has entered, though yesterday one found its way through the window of the room below, when I was standing in my door above.

Mr. Weeden was standing in the window upstairs this afternoon when a bullet came through just beside him, so he has his souvenir.

The natives in the house are afraid, and we are putting them down in the cellar to-night; but for ourselves, we prefer to remain upstairs, and just now

I am preparing to go to bed as usual. The French had three more wounded to-day.

Tuesday, February 17. — The Turks seem to have made good their threat. They hold Lone Tree Hill, a few hundred yards back of us — and I have seen men die. I was the first to go to bed last night, leaving the family downstairs; but I could not sleep. About 1.30, I went to Mrs. Mansfield's room across the hall, and not finding her, concluded that all the family must be downstairs; so I decided to dress. Now, dressing is a long and laborious process with me, and to give you a chance to laugh, I shall give you a few details of the process. First, let me whisper — all my life, or perhaps less, I have had a secret ambition to own a pair of trousers. Well, I have a pair, and they are nifty ones at that, of English worsted, but they came from America; so when I thought a few days ago that I was to make a night-run for the City Orphanage, I put them on, intending to shed my skirts for the time being, not wanting to be handicapped by them in a race with the bullets. Finding the trousers warm and comfortable, I have worn them ever since under my dress; so after I have put on my ordinary underclothing, and added a pair of equestrian tights, I don my trousers, lace up my high boots, put on spiral puttees of khaki, wearing the trousers knee-length as do the sailors when they are wearing their leggings — and I am dressed for the fray; but it takes an hour.

When I descended to the living-room, I found Mrs. Mansfield and Miss Waller lying dressed on the couches, while the men were upstairs in bed, also fully dressed. It was too much trouble to disrobe again, so I went upstairs to Miss Waller's room, which opens on the road leading to French General Headquarters. The constant

and close firing all night created a sense of something unusual astir, and I watched a group of Frenchmen of the *quatre-cent-douze* coming toward our gate and clustering about the gate-post. It was not quite dawn, but a long orange streak showed in the eastern sky, and the white background of snow made things fairly visible. The soldiers came in among the tents in an undecided way, and then continued farther on up the side of the hill to the Orphanage cook-house. We learned later that they were a detachment of twenty-five men with a machine-gun, whom the Commandant had sent to guard us when he learned that Lone Tree Hill back of the house had been lost. The hill had been defended by Algerians, who fired a volley at the oncoming, greatly superior force of Turks, and then retreated, as we heard from a French soldier.

A few moments later, I saw a soldier leave the cook-house and run crouching back to Headquarters. The orange streak in the east was slowly turning to crimson, when three soldiers came out of Headquarters and started to run across the vineyard in front of our house, several hundred yards away, making for Lieutenant Mercerau's headquarters, guarding the hill toward the mountains and Arab Poonar — to our right as we face the city. He had reached the lowest part of the little depression in the vineyard, when he fell and lay still; another came running a few yards behind him, and when he had almost reached the first, he too fell and was still. Another came running, and he too fell. Hours later, we saw the third slowly drag himself uphill to Headquarters, but the other two lie out in the field, and the afternoon snow is gently covering them.

The sun was sending a crimson banner far up into the sky, when three more men came running, crouching

and lying low — this time toward us. The bullets whizzed all about, singing viciously, for the men were being fired at both from the hill behind us and the city in their rear; but they won through and came to a grateful, panting rest behind our great stone gatepost, and soon after came dodging between the rows of tents to the door. They are a part of our guard for to-night. Every little while one sees a soldier leave some shelter and run through the open, dodging the bullets, to take up his position somewhere else, according to orders; and each time comes a shower of bullets mostly directed at our house and vicinity, so that, with the enemy both in front and rear, we have no safe abiding-place.

The end of the eighth day of the siege. The setting in our small domain is rather dramatic. Outside it is snowing and blowing, which means further delay for the oncoming 'column.' Upstairs are three rifle *mitrailleuses*, small machine-guns, pointing out of our rear window toward Lone Tree Hill, lost by the French during the night. Within are thirty-odd French soldiers, to whose care our welfare is intrusted, and who must help block the way of the Turks; so we are relegated for sleeping-quarters to the stone vaulted cellar, into which at present no daylight enters, for the tiny windows are blocked with supply-boxes. In the living-room, by the light of a single candle, we ate our frugal supper, or dinner, of soup, bully-beef hash and canned pears, all three courses from the same dish, and then washed all the dishes with half a cup of water, because the supply at present is low. Now, all are gathered in the dimly lighted living-room in various attitudes of repose, loath to descend to the deeper darkness below. Above us sounds the tramp of the soldiers' feet, and from each window a soldier peers out into the white mist of snow.

Wednesday, February 18. — We spent last night in the 'Black Hole of Calcutta,' and one night is enough for me, unless the emergency is greater. Our cellar, before spoken of, has two rooms. The inner one, about 8 by 20 feet, has no windows. No air enters except what comes through the small door from the outer room, and in that room the door and windows are blocked. Six beds were put up in the inner room for the women and girls, and a sheet hung across the door, and here eight of us slept last night, or got what sleep we could, for the family thought we would be in the way of the soldiers if we stayed above, and also in the way of the bullets, for, of course, the shooting of the French from our house would draw fire.

Wednesday, 9.30 P.M. — All lights darkened, and an extra guard is downstairs to-night at our back door. A note from Miss Holmes, written yesterday, says that the Turks have made two attempts to storm Orphanage Hill, but were repulsed with losses.

Thursday night, February 19. — The end of a quiet day, so perhaps the Turks are preparing for a rush. We seem to be pretty well prepared for them, however. To-night the soldiers took possession of my office for a machine-gun position, but I am hoping they won't find it necessary to take my room; for in that case I should feel homeless indeed. My room has three doors, one leading out-of-doors on the veranda; that one I have padded with pillows and a bag of wool, leaving room enough to open it a little for air. Another opens into a rear room, now occupied by the soldiers with a machine-gun, whose window is directly opposite and directly faces Lone Tree Hill. I've hung a heavy comforter, doubled, on that door. The third enters the hall and is unprotected. The window is barricaded with supply-boxes. With all these defenses. I feel fairly safe

and am intending to sleep there again to-night. Lieutenant Soyet, commanding our post, came over to-night enveloped in one of my hospital sheets. By another provision of Providence I had thirty dozen sent me, and we've been saving French lives with them by giving them to the soldiers to enshroud

themselves, thereby melting into the background of snow as they cross the fields, completely camouflaged. We learned from the lieutenant that we are the 'first line,' the farthest outpost; a somewhat important position, which comparatively few civilians reached in France.

(To be continued)

EVENING ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

THOU, unhorizoned as eternity,
 Yet of time's rounded hour thy mirror making;
 Thy heart the sun, thy hand the gathering sea,
 Yet in a flower thine ample lodging taking;
 Thou who dost vein the marble and the leaf,
 Mak'st thought and dream shine through the jungle's scarring,
 Till from a scented reed, as summer brief,
 Man breathes the forest some dim star is wearing; —
 These are thy shadows; here I strip me free
 Of myths and days, of grieving and of fearing;
 Tatters of fame, and love that bannered me; —
 Here bare me as the moonlight, only hearing,
 As in thy music, universes flow,
 And even as music to thy silence go.

CAN OUR CIVILIZATION MAINTAIN ITSELF?

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

FOR six years we have had practically no immigration. During this period the flood of unskilled laborers almost completely died down. Before 1914 hundreds of thousands of men and women, raised at the expense of other countries, had been brought annually to our shores. They came with low standards of living, humble and willing, prepared to accept a bare subsistence wage, and content to do the rough and heavy work of the land. Their one hope was that we of our mercy would grant them, not easy, but unceasing employment. Our manufacturers had the assurance of a large supply of surplus labor; our charitable associations could expend their energies on the poor whom we had always with us; and fatalities in the mines, on the railroads, and in the dangerous trades were unfortunate, but not a real menace to our preëminence as a producing people. We were free to go ahead recklessly educating our lower classes, making nurses of domestic servants, stenographers of factory girls, teachers of the daughters of tradesmen, clerks of hod-carriers, mechanics of miners, and college professors of farm-hands. We could indulge our theories of equal opportunity for all, and a better chance for the child than for the father, without menace to our comfort and well-being. The silent thousands from across the seas were always coming to fill the places of those who had moved up. They asked no questions, made no complaint, accepted with humility what God and the great American people

visited upon them. Perhaps they felt dimly that their children were in the line of promotion; but for themselves they did what was plainly marked out for them to do, and grew old and died doing it. Those were the good old days to which we look back, astonished that we did not more fully appreciate our blessings.

What of the situation to-day? Are the present conditions anything short of disastrous? For six years we have been compelled to manufacture our own population. Home-industry alone has had to be depended upon to supply us with hand-workers, as it had previously been depended upon to supply us with brain-workers. The latter task we have always felt competent to perform; the former has been more in the nature of an experiment. And what has been the final result of our efforts? A shortage of workers everywhere. The original shortage of manual workers induced the payment of such high wages that recruits were soon drawn from the less highly paid groups of brain-workers. This shift did not suffice to meet the demand for the unskilled worker, but it has served to spread the shortage over all branches of employment.

The shortage of farm labor bids fair to be nothing short of a national calamity. The appalling shortage of teachers may prove to be a monkey-wrench in the machinery of democracy. The inadequacy of the supply of trained nurses is so serious that having diseases or babies at home is an achievement of the past. If we must be sick, we seek

the hospital; but in the hospitals the pressure is so great that there are long waiting-lists of patients, and many die before their turn arrives. In some of our insane asylums the plight of the management is so desperate that inmates who have periodic manias are discharged, reëmployed as attendants during their lucid intervals, and readmitted as patients when their violent symptoms recur. Even then the supply of nurses and attendants in such institutions is only forty per cent of normal, and at best the number allotted was always dangerously low. Who can contemplate such guardianship and care of the tragic victims of mental disease without apprehension?

The shortage of domestic servants is a byword in the humorous columns, but for families with frail old people or little children it is not a subject for mirth. Mothers struggle along with burdens too heavy for them to bear, and the integrity of family life suffers. Prohibition has withdrawn from the economic field the last hope of the overburdened American housekeeper, the faithful charwoman, sole support of a drunken husband. That patient drudge is no longer available; she is at the movies with her peers, while the 'ladies' wash at home. The high wages the fathers are earning permit their children to remain in school beyond the minimum working age. The resultant reduction in the number of child-workers has become a source of great discomfort to the employers of that type of labor. On the other hand, the pressure on the high schools to care for the enormously increased attendance is making school superintendents old before their time. Grown daughters and wives, in both hand- and brain-occupations, have celebrated the success of the masculine supporter of the family by passing from gainful pursuit into the leisure class. To make confusion worse confounded, the

wage-earner himself, by the expenditure of his large wages, has brought additional pressure upon the activities of those who supply his children with amusement, his wife with furs, and his home with victrolas and parlor sets.

Nor is limitation in number of workers the sole complication. Our mines and our railroads suffer, not only from the shortage of labor, but from the recalcitrancy of labor. We do not seem to be able to bring up citizens to be content with what is meted out to them, which is almost as fatal as not bringing them up at all.

We have, then, a working population too small for the demands put upon it and too restless and intelligent to accept the pay and position of inferiority. We have never bent our energies as a nation to the manufacture of unskilled labor. We have prided ourselves on the fact that the rough work of our country had to be done by 'foreigners.' Must we forever depend upon that supply? Indeed, with a rejuvenated Europe, which like the phoenix must soon rise from its ashes, how long will that supply continue? Will not these 'foreigners' prefer to remain natives of the land which has given them birth, and of which they are at last citizens in the full sense of the word? And in our present national state of mind, are we likely to turn to Asia for help? Even if we could, do we want to depend on alien production of our human raw material? Do we not eventually expect to create our own citizenry?

What hope does the future hold that we shall be able to keep up the type of civilization on which we have prided ourselves, when its persistence seems to be already so seriously threatened? Greece established a democracy which was based on the existence of slavery. The victims toiled and perished, but on the fruit of their labors was nourished the rarest culture the world has ever

seen. Our democracy was founded to give the lie to such an ideal of human society. We affirm that all men are free and equal and are to be freer and more equal. What one man has, we want all men to have: a comfortable home, plenty to eat and wear, health, education, recreation. We have believed this was possible. Have those who knew better all along accepted inequality in their secret hearts while paying lip-service to the fetish of equality? For where does this bright vision lead us? It is surely not extravagant to anticipate, in the not impossible event that automobiles produced in enormous numbers can be produced at a very low cost, that every family should own one. But one of those beings whose fantastic joy it is to deal in statistics has calculated that, if each of the twenty million families in the United States possessed an automobile, it would require, for securing the raw material, and for the manufacture, repair, replacement, and upkeep of the cars, the supplying of oil and gas for their running, and the care of roads for them to run on, the entire time of eight million men. It is obvious that a population of one hundred and ten million could never spare so large a proportion of its adult males for such a purpose.

Again, is it too much to expect that the same opportunity for health of body and mind which the most favored now enjoy shall in time be the common possession of all? But if we find the present facilities for the preservation of health, hospitals, nurses, doctors, health-officers, insufficient, what would be the situation if we had any really high standards of public health? Even supposing we were intelligent enough to try prevention instead of cure, think of the experts that would be necessary to guard our people from disease and educate them in ways of preserving their health. If all our fellow citizens

took care of their teeth as you and I do, the present supply of dentists would be a mere drop in the bucket. Ignorance and indifference on the part of the multitude is all that saves us from engaging in a deadly combat with our brothers for a turn in the dentist's chair. Under compulsion we might use, in place of our present dental methods, forced extraction of teeth in childhood by machinery, and quantity production of false sets; but the plan has little to recommend it.

Shall we be compelled to consent that some be kept down in order that others may rise? Must we establish a slave class—not in name, of course, but in fact? We have the nucleus already of such a class in the individuals we impress into the service of the unproductive sides of our lives. How many working lives is even the most valuable of us entitled to appropriate without thereby infringing on the fundamental rights of man, which we are supposed to guard as our most sacred trust? An average family in comfortable circumstances employs perhaps one chauffeur and two maids. Besides those three individuals, whose entire working time belongs to the employer, how many other whole human beings does the family enslave to its necessities and luxuries in the part time it employs of transportation-workers, clerks, farmers, mechanics, school nurses, private nurses, doctors, dentists, dressmakers, tailors, teachers, actors, confectioners, writers, printers, bankers? To how many of these economic slaves is that family or any family entitled? The head of the family is supposed to make a return in kind to the community; but can that return of the one to the many ever be sufficient? Even if, in terms of economics, it seems adequate, is it morally adequate? The transaction at best would fall short of the exquisite perfection of the Greenlanders' method of supporting themselves by doing each other's washing.

Is it inevitable that we cannot all be healthy and happy and intelligent? The economist will try to comfort us with the stabilizing effect of hard times on an undersupplied labor-market, the saving quality of the psychology of content, the possibilities of substituting machinery for men, the equivalent of twenty slaves of old which coal and water-power have put at the service of every human being; but what can plain people like ourselves conclude, except that we are drifting rudderless, going nowhere, and with scant facilities even for getting there?

Our complex civilization cannot be kept up apparently for all alike, even at its present not exceptional standard, by the individuals who comprise its

membership. Shall its benefits be confined to one class of the population? Can we recruit our economic slaves from some of the less advanced races, or must we make some fundamental change in our standards? The luxuries of one generation can no longer axiomatically become the necessities of the next. So far, at least, we can see. But is not something much more fundamental essential? Can we as a nation renounce the habit of material possession, which is becoming an obsession with us, and do it with the conviction that it is incompatible with the practice of democracy? or must the horrid struggle of those who have not, to get, and of those who have, to keep, go on forever?

ON A GLACIAL HIGHWAY

BY NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON

It is four in the morning; overhead, a faintly violet dusk full of paling stars, and a promise that the coming day will be wonderfully fresh and sweet. Very delicately out of the broad chasm at our feet rises an odor of pine woods. Just opposite, shelf above shelf, the back of the Jungfrau looms darkly. To our right, beyond the ice-cap of the Breithorn, low down, hangs the crescent moon.

The ledge on which we stand is one of those secret places of which there are still a few in Switzerland outside the world of the tourist, where globe-trotters do not come. And yet it is no inaccessible place; it is within sight of the near boundary of the tourist world.

Last night, — many a night, — looking diagonally across the great valley at our feet, past the flank of the Jungfrau, we marked a bunch of twinkling lights, high in the airy distance — a nest of fireflies, as it were, which we knew to be Wengern, Wengern of the grand hotels, perched on its noble terrace, eastward of the Lauterbrünnen Valley, with Lauterbrünnen village directly beneath it, hidden from us on the heights of the Ober Steinberg by the valley's depth.

From Wengern, if you only know how, it is an easy half day's journey to Ober Steinberg. What a simple thing for the idling tourist to drop down from Wengern to Lauterbrünnen by the cogged railway, or to come up to Lau-

terbrünnen by the ordinary railway from Interlaken, thence along the highway, past the foot of the Jungfrau, to the head of the valley, — not three hours' walk for the laziest, — and then up the steep bridlepath on the valley's western slope to Ober Steinberg. What an easy jaunt, but how seldom taken! As yet the boundary between conventionalized Switzerland and the Switzerland that is still itself crosses the Lauterbrünnen Valley just where the road ends.

From Ober Steinberg, at four in the morning, no trace of conventional Switzerland is to be seen. Wengern, with all its lights, has vanished, lost in a wondrous dusk compounded equally of the distance and the starshine. We turn from its direction, from northeast to southeast, toward the icy Breithorn, toward the golden crescent. Just on the edge of the Tschingel Pass hangs the moon; square above, the little mountain known as the Mutthorn. We are up at four because we mean to breakfast — our real breakfast, after hours of steady tramping — on a shoulder of the Mutthorn. We have swallowed hasty cups of coffee, swung our light packs on our shoulders, and now we are off.

Our start in the meadows that are Ober Steinberg — to be exact, at the solitary little chalet on which is painted 'Hotel Tschingelhorn' — is at 5805 feet above the sea. After four hours we shall take our second breakfast in a refuge hut of the Swiss Alpine Club, on the Mutthorn, at an altitude of 9534 feet. Thence, an hour and a half across a glorious snowfield will take us to our journey's end, the grand snow-ridge of the Petersgraat, 1500 feet above the hut. It is doubtful whether there is another excursion in all Switzerland which will give you such magnificent results for so little effort. Come with us and we will take you into one of the most spectacular solitudes of the

ice-world; and from the first step to the last there will be not twelve paces — literally — which will cause a tremor in the faintest degree.

The footpath from Ober Steinberg — broad, easy, fit to ride on — holds approximately level until it meets the utter end of the valley at the foot of the Tschingel Glacier, whence comes that little river, the Lutschine, which so many travelers have crossed far below, at Lauterbrünnen. The valley, which is at its narrowest opposite the Jungfrau south of Laüterbrunnen, begins to open again at the Hotel Tschingelhorn, and, as we proceed southward, rapidly broadens. Very soon it is a great amphitheatre, the open side behind us toward the north, the eastern quadrant composed entirely of ice-peaks. A marvelous phalanx of peaks they are, towering above the broad basin with its sea of pines, glittering in their hoods of eternal ice. In the half-light of the dawn, — when heaven is neither blue nor violet, nor even lilac, but all in one, mysterious as an opal, the sleeping trees not yet waked by the dawn wind, — the strange and contorted precipices, the mighty bastions, the vast ice-helmets, are as worthy to be thought of as Jotunheim.

Our path holds its comfortable way, along safe terraces, opposite these monsters, the connecting links between the Jungfrau group and the glacial fortress surrounding Petersgraat. As we swing along in an easy, steady walk, the sunrise comes — a rosy miracle with the Breithorn square against it, with the sea of pines on this side the mountain still in a neutral dusk, with the glaciers on its slope gleaming faintly, of a green hue, and as cold as shadowed steel. And then, suddenly, the rose is gone out of the sky, the sun is up; a golden radiance turns the glaciers into falls of jewels; the sky is a sapphire's heart.

Six o'clock has come, and we are half-way to the hut. That means that we have crossed the brook which begins the Lutschine; struck leftward, up the steep path which climbs a rocky slope toward the moraine dividing the glaciers of the Tschingelhorn and Breithorn; passed a wonderful little lake, the Oberhorn See, nestled right under the moraine — a glowing turquoise in this ethereal loveliness of the first hour of the day; bent to the right again, and set foot on the lowest slope of the Tschingel Glacier.

And so we are on the ice. Not a step, thus far, that the most nervous person might not have taken without a tremor. Nor will there be any for nearly two hours more, while we follow the easy slopes of the glacier, turning this way and that on its backbone of solid ice, avoiding the fissures, ascending gradually almost to its head, and never once crossing a chasm. Slowly, almost lazily, the guide leads us on the serpentine path, — the highroad of the glacier, — as plain to him as a railway track to an engine-driver. Up and up, along the easy slopes of the ice, — an hour — a half hour — something more, perhaps, — and then, for a moment one must keep one's head steady. We have worked our way diagonally up the glacier, to a point where it coasts the east part of the Mutthorn. Here, — making a landing as it were from the ice-stream to the rock shore of the mountain, — for a space of about thirty feet, the path leaves the broad ice and, in passing to the rock, threads the narrow ridge of a *serac*. The ice-flow, creeping round a spur of the Mutthorn, forms an eddy, so to speak, splits its edges into tentacles, makes of its margin a fringe of bent ridges, — the *seracs*, — ice knife-blades between clefts, where the under ice glitters blue-green, below the white, at the bottoms of the narrow cañons. It is along one of these *seracs*

that we take the dozen steps, faintly hazardous, by which a landing is effected from the glacier to the rock. Think of this short passage as a section of a glacial highway, try to make it unaided, and you may get fidgety; but, if this experience is new to you, have your guide give you his hand, think of the *serac* as the top of a garden wall, and in two minutes you are at the end of it, undisturbed.

Now, we are really over the border, well within the limits of the ice-world. All about us there are snowfields, above which rise the ice-peaks. On this clear day, the snow is a white blaze of reflection beneath an intense sun. The sky has a blue that dazzles. Soon we are to learn that on clear days, among these eternal snows, the sun can be burning hot.

To-day, as generally, there is a motley group at the Mutthorn hut. Several ice-roads meet at this point. Besides the one we have ascended and the one we are to follow, there is a grand route on which, to-day, we shall turn our backs — a route that dips westward through the Tschingel Pass, that magical avenue of the frozen world, where, daily, the afternoon sun builds Aladdin's Palace, turning the snow-floors and the ice-walls to pearl, sapphire and silver. There is a way over the snowfields just in front of us, to Reid and the valley of the Rhone; others more tortuous, twisting round the Breithorn, over the heads of its glaciers and away to that largest ice-flow in Europe, the Aletch, past the highest peak of central Switzerland, the Finsteraärhorn, down the Aletch to that famed wayside of the ice-roads where stands the Concordia hut, whence ramify many ways, among them the great road down the ice toward the Upper Rhone Valley, the Simplon, and Italy.

On any or all these roads wanderers will have paused, any lovely morning,

at the Mutthorn hut — a mere cabin, lined with tiers of bunks, with a keeper, a few necessities, a stove. For a trifle we have the privilege of a rough table, seats, and hot water for brewing tea. And now, breakfast. We have brought it with us: bread and cheese and eggs, which would tempt no one in the lowlands; but here, after the four hours we have been going from Ober Steinberg, it is thrillingly delicious. What do the pampered people of the autos, and the graded roads, and the hotels with French cooks know about eating! You have never had a breakfast worth talking about unless you had climbed four thousand feet to it and breathed the glacial air while you ate — that peculiar air, so indescribable, so strangely unlike any other.

While you sip your tea, look about you. Probably you have pulled off your boots, which are toasting by the stove, and your feet are encased temporarily in huge wooden shoes, lined with felt, of which the hut keeps a supply to lend. In the little crowd congregated here, what variety of face and speech! English and German you are sure to hear; very likely French; possibly Italian. Some, at least, will show by their accoutrements that they are bound for arduous climbs: they carry ice-axes, their boots are shod with ice-clamps; others, like us, are but stout walkers of the snow, needing few safeguards except the inevitable rope, which we need to-day only during the two minutes on the serac, and sharp nails in our heavy boots.

And these wayfarers of the snow are not always men. In our party one is a woman. It will be a long time before any of us forgets a girl, seen once upon a time, at this Mutthorn hut. She was the slimmest, most graceful creature, eighteen or twenty, with a lovely face, lithe movements, dressed exactly like a boy, in a party equipped for dif-

ficult climbing. Whither went she into that labyrinth of the inscrutable ice? We have never seen her since.

Though every foot of the excursion to Petersgraat is a joy to the healthy senses, the finest part of it is beyond the Mutthorn hut. We are taking our time, luxuriously, among these magical effects of the glacial air and the steadily heightening sun; it will be nine or after before we shed our wooden shoes, resume our boots, and set forth into the snow. But before doing so, let us understand clearly just what Petersgraat is. The snub-nosed mountain, the Mutt-horn, stands at the head of the Tschingel Glacier, and gives onto a great snow-field that slopes up into the sky. As you set forth on what we may call the land side of the mountain, — considering the glacier we have diagonaled as the stream side, — you have on your extreme left, and well in advance of you, the Tschingelhorn with its massive ice-hood; from this, a rocky spur projects along the sky-line toward the centre of your angle of vision. Continuing the spur, past your eyes, extending far to the right, the top of the snow-slope draws a sharp, even line against the sky. When we top this slope, another will fall away before us, downward toward an enormous chasm, beyond which stand some of the grandest of mountains. That lofty snow-ridge, the summit hereabout of the divide between the valley of the Rhone and the Oberland, is Petersgraat (10,515 feet), with a view justly celebrated among the true lovers of Switzerland.

From the hut to the sky-line, though we rise fifteen hundred feet, the ascent is so gradual that we hardly notice it. Every footfall is on firm snow, as easily traveled as a paved walk. On a day like this, it is fairly dry snow, though the sun is getting hot on our shoulders, and presently all the surface of the snow will have its tiny beads of moisture, and will

twinkle, literally, like a field of diamonds. Here about ten o'clock you will want, very probably, to unloose your wraps, and it will occur to you that goggles, or blue glass, in snowfields, at least for the uninitiated, have their use.

You have now been across the border of the snow for several hours, and something — a new sense of things — is growing within you. What it is begins to be plain. You thought, when you set out, that you would do no more than make a quick transit from summer into winter and return; but it is coming over you that this experience is quite a different thing. The world of the snowfields is not the winter of the lowlands made perpetual. What is the difference? Why is Petersgraat, in August, with its snows that have never faltered, a different thing from a ridge of the low country mailed white in December? It is hard to say. You must have seen both to understand the difference. But once seen, once felt, what a thrilling novelty this snow-world becomes. Perhaps you are one of those who have scoffed hitherto at the lure of the ice. You will never scoff again. Here, above the glaciers, at the backs of those dragons of the ice, in the secrecy of their remote places, a presence rises out of the snow, descends out of this blue that is unlike all other blues, — so terribly, burningly clear it is, — gathers silently, flashingly, the very soul of radiance, pulsating everywhere in the strange gold of these high solitudes.

Shall we drop from imagery to rationality, try to explain the miracle by theories of the all but unbelievable marriage of summer and winter in this brilliant desolation, the burn of the sun, the glitter of the freezing, the sparkle of the drops upon the snow, the peculiar breath — which all people who have inhaled it admit to be peculiar — of the glacial ice?

Science helps us little. It is as well to

let rationalism go by and give up the attempt at explanation. The fact abides: somewhere, coming up the glacier, we crossed the limit of the world we used to know; we entered another, brilliant, indescribable, utterly new, a world unstained by living breath except our own, a pure, passionless world, where man, Nature's master in the plains, is become her mere toy; where the glittering day becomes to our heightened imagination the smile of the elder gods, of the heartless old powers, to whom humanity is an incident.

It is this world, now fully realized, that you traverse easily up the long gradual slope that at the summit will be Petersgraat. If your guide is a man of imagination, — not the best quality in a guide, by the way, — or if any of your party have been here before, you may have the good luck to be directed how to make of the last ten minutes of ascent a *coup de théâtre* of the first magnitude. Simply drop your eyes upon the path and walk half that time without looking up. When you raise your eyes, you will stop short, your breath gone. Because, when you looked down, there was nothing visible in front of you but that long smooth slope, that field of white diamonds, glittering upward into the sky; sharp at the edge of the white began the blue — so pale, so keen, so dazzling, harmonized with the white only through the translucent gold of the hot sunshine. But as you lift your eyes, that sky-line is gone; no longer does the sharp white meet the keen blue; beyond the white, as if by magic, has risen, towering against the blue, a jagged, toothed, tremendous wall, of a color that defies naming — something pearly in tone, dovelike in quality, opalescent, iridescent, a-reek with the golden sparkle, whelmed in a radiance that is shot with lilac glimmers, with a violet undertone, but on the surface, where it meets the sunshine, almost flushed. And at

the superb apparition you stare aghast. No host of the archangels ever rose upon the spiritual vision more appallingly. You are looking over the skyline of Petersgraat to that monstrous group of mountains — higher in the main than the Jungfrau — which wall the Aletsch Glacier, their central giant the colossal Finsteraärhorn.

And now you are at Petersgraat, on the crest of the snowfields which slope in opposite ways before and behind you. Here you are to spend the acme of the day — the hour or two of the high sun. A marvelous moment of your life that should be made the most of. My advice is to turn leftward along the back of the ridge, even to that rocky spur of the Tschingelhorn; there, on the warm dry rock which makes a peninsula in the snow, stretch out, take a bite of chocolate, — for of course you have chocolate with you, — and surrender yourself, body and soul, — literally, body and soul! — to the spell of this wonderful place.

Whosoever you are, I think you will want to be silent. The ice-world is not a talkative one. The silence that Kipling heard at Mandalay may compare with the silence of the snowfields, but I doubt it. In the heaviness of that other silence, you were conscious of living things holding their breath. Of what are

you conscious here? What is it, invisible, inaudible, but all-pervasive, of an utterance in the spiritual ear as distinct as those mountains opposite you? What is it that you meet here that you never have met before? And how does it affect you? What singular new emotions steal over you — quiet, deliberate, like the calm procession of the hours, like the trance indescribable of the lonely sunshine on the eternal snow? It is useless to try to forecast for you this experience. You would jeer. You would swear you never could feel that way. You would imitate Romeo's flippant acquaintance, who, never having felt a wound, jested at scars. Words are powerless to convince you. If one were to tell you how strange, how enticing, how unforgettable, is the lure of this mighty silence, this trance of the only changelessness which earth contains, this something which is like the breathing of the old gods in their sleep — but it is useless! The moment one attempts it, words head toward paradox, toward metaphor, toward the most reckless imagery. And they would not convince. The spell of the ice-world, the visions that are its tenants, are not to be known at second-hand. If you want to know them, the gods of the ice have permitted you a single easy road — the road to Petersgraat.

GOOD-BYE, DEAR MR. GRUNDY

BY A LAST YEAR'S DÉBUTANTE

DEAR MR. GRUNDY, —

Of course I have read your views on 'Polite Society,' and Mrs. Gerould's explanation of its collapse, and one of the 'Wild Young People's' defense of present-day manners and morals. But I feel as if there ought to be just one more point of view expressed — that of the modern girl: a soprano voice should be raised, to round out the quartette.

I have never written anything but themes and compositions when I was at school, and of course the *Atlantic* would n't dream of publishing anything I should send it myself; but I thought I would like to write you an informal letter, telling how an average girl feels about these perplexing modern questions, and then you could use your own judgment about sending it to the *Atlantic* or returning it to me. In either case I'm afraid my letter will prove a homing pigeon.

I did enjoy your article; and you try so hard to get our point of view, that I feel as if you would really hurt yourself trying to do us justice — as if you might have apoplexy or something: not a bit from anger, like so many older people, but just a sort of rush of tolerance to the head. I agree with a great deal of what you say, and some of what Mrs. Gerould says, but of course most of all with the views of my male counterpart, because he and I belong to the same generation, speak the same language, and have the same code. Still, I must confess I think he is a little hard on the 'oldsters.' Of course, you are rather stupid about understanding us, — I

mean bewildered, and dazed, and all that, — but I *don't* want you to dig fat pink worms in your backyard; and I do think our fathers, at least, knew something about work, and our grandfathers certainly knew something about war.

I should n't wonder if we young people were apt to lay a little too much blame for the general mix-up on the war, because, from all I can hear, we were headed six or seven years ago in the way we have gone, only the idealists thought we were all going to be purified by fire, and of course we were n't. But I take my place boldly beside the wild young person of the opposite sex; only where he interprets and justifies, I should like to suggest modes of treatment and cure.

Perhaps it is my year's experience of nursing with the Red Cross that gives me this desire to apply bandages and to give medicines; because I must tell you right away that I am not as young as you think I am. You see, I went to college for one year, and then I gave it up to get into action; and then, when that was over, I craved another kind of action, and so I 'came out,' violently and enthusiastically; only, instead of being eighteen, as tradition decrees, I was almost twenty.

It is awfully hard to know where to begin and just what words to use in writing to a person of your age, because, of course, words and actions are just symbols that mean entirely different things to different generations. Take the waltz, for instance. The other day I was reading a journal kept by my great-

grandmother when she was a girl, and she described how she felt when she first saw the waltz danced. Your horror at cheek-to-cheek dancing was as nothing to hers when 'she beheld' (these are her words) 'a young gentleman actually place his arm boldly around a young lady's waist and clasp her to his heart, while her left hand rested on his shoulder. They then floated away in an embrace so embarrassing to witness that I could only turn aside my head to hide my blushes.'

Now, you know, *really* it was a bigger jump from the square dance to the round than from the round to the cheek-by-jowl business; yet see the tempest in a teacup raised by you old people who seem to have lost your memories from dance-shock! Words and actions mean different things to different generations, and that is why there is a never-ending war raging between oldsters and youngsters; for we *are* at war, and we may as well acknowledge it. We are just as different in language and customs as if we belonged to different nations instead of different ages. We are foreordained enemies, and we youngsters are not ready to appeal to a court of arbitration, even when justice is administered by so neutral a judge as you try to be.

It is perfectly true that, if the things we do and say and wear had been done and said and worn thirty years ago, Society would really have been as rotten as we are told it is to-day. But we that are part of it know that it is n't rotten, — it only looks so, — and that all these sensational bids for popularity, which we have borrowed for a little while from the variety stage and which have been dragged into the limelight by our virtuous critics, are *not* the signs of social degeneration, but the inevitable result of a revolution that is being waged everywhere. Society revolts from the old conventions just as poetry and painting do.

And speaking of painting, we are told that if a girl of the last generation appeared with rouge she was socially damned. Rouge was a symbol of vice; but now, when some of the girls put it on, it is done perfectly frankly, with no intention of deceiving anyone, but simply to make them look prettier. Why is it really any worse than powdering one's nose the way you do? (Of course, I don't mean you personally, dear Mr. Grundy.) And is there any real reason why it is worse to make white cheeks look red than to make red noses look white?

My mother tells me that twenty-five years ago, when women first began to ride bicycles, it was considered a terribly shocking and immodest performance; and I myself can remember the screams of horror that went up when girls put on riding-breeches and insisted on riding in the only sensible way; but who thinks anything of such things now? The modesty of one generation is the prudishness of the next. How's that for an aphorism? Don't you realize, Mr. Grundy, that the world is on the hard boil just now, and that we poor little kernels of rice have been thrown into the centre of the pot and are being whirled and tossed about in the midst of bubbles and hissing steam? This is n't the time to criticize us! Wait till things cool off, and we'll emerge as tame as rice-pudding.

In this warfare between generations we have had no time to become familiar with the newly invented tools and the poisonous gases of modern life. We are unskilled in the use of the new weapons; we don't know how to manage them; but it is n't logical to blame us for that: we should either be taught by modern experts, — *modern*, mind you, — or we should be ignored till we have learned from the best teacher of all — experience. Motors, movies, jazz-music, freedom of action, liberty of thought, the rights of individuals — all these facts

and theories surround us, threaten us, excite us, and tempt us. We are experimenting with vital things, and we are bound to make mistakes; only, dear Mr. Grundy, *don't* let your contemporaries judge us without realizing the seething, bubbling, changing, electrical world into which we have been flung — as unprepared as was America herself for the struggle from which she emerged triumphant, though very faulty and somewhat smirched.

I entirely agree with you that the responsibility for the mess we seem to be making rests with each one of us — in fact, with that 'devastating and brutal frankness' which, the 'wild young person' says, marks this generation, I will go further and say that larger buttons of responsibility are hidden in the hands of us girls than are concealed by our innocent mothers, who, poor dears, know so little about life as it is. I believe that small groups of girls, who know perfectly well what they are doing, are responsible for the most conspicuous of our faults; but even they are not so blamable as the times themselves, which are so out of joint that only Time itself can set them right.

But guiltiest of all, — now brace yourself for a blow right from the shoulder, — guiltiest of all are certain members of your generation who sit on the side-lines and criticize, as typical offenders, those who are most obviously playing to the gallery. You do not understand either the rules of the game you are watching or the psychology of the players. You misjudge what you see (not always — sometimes things are just as they seem), but you believe stories on insufficient evidence, you repeat fictions as facts, your attitude is hostile, not sympathetic, you are our censors, not our friends. Of course, I know that there is plenty to criticize; but, having taken a course in psychology at college, I know that temporary

waves of thought can become permanent states of mind, that acts can become habits by constant repetition, and that you well-meaning people are simply crystallizing phases into facts.

What is the use of fixing the blame, you may ask, if even one of the guiltiest group can herself suggest no cure? She can, but it is such a simple one that I am almost ashamed to give you the recipe in its seven-word formula. It is just this: *Do not flatter us by noticing us*; for it *does* flatter us even to be criticized. The more objectionable ones among us love to be talked about and written about. Notoriety is the breath of life to the girls and young men who love to shock and scandalize their open-mouthed elders quite as much as they like to attract each other by their rather barbaric wiles. If no attention were paid to them, if tongues ceased to wag over tea-tables and scandals were never capped by super-scandals, a great deal of rubbish would go up in smoke; for there is really more smoke than flame. Don't take the young people so seriously: it merely flatters and encourages them; ignore them as they deserve, and when they find that they are unnoticed, they will have been hurt in their only sensitive spot. Of course, their conduct is often rude, common, immodest, and objectionable; but were there no girls in your day, Mr. Grundy, to whom these adjectives might be applied, even though they then stood for entirely different qualities? And is it not also true that some of those very girls have grown into spirited, attractive, and even highly useful members of society?

I've thought about this a good deal, and I believe the trouble is that words do *not* change but the qualities they stand for *do*. In your pretty little parable Modesty gives signs of returning life — and Chivalry consequently breathes again. That makes a nice goody-goody ending to your eloquent

little paper; but I don't believe it is true. I am with Mrs. Gerould there — I don't believe that the old idea of either Modesty or Chivalry *will* come to life again — at any rate, not yet; but other qualities will come to take their place, in a world in which men and women look at each other eye to eye and stand shoulder to shoulder (even if they also dance cheek to cheek).

Mrs. Gerould feels that religion is the cure for all this moral decadence, and that, by regarding the body as the Temple of the Holy Spirit, and by believing in the divine prohibitions, — the *shalt not*s that are not included in the Ten Commandments, — we shall restore the dignity of the social order. But, speaking again as one of the younger generation, I feel that the definition of religion has changed, and that religion itself must change to be the help to us that it was to our fathers, and that it can't be of any help to us unless it is *fluid*. The 'wild young people' don't believe that faith can be confined to a dogma or reduced to a creed. To say that we don't believe in religion is like saying that we don't believe in life. We think of religion as the spiritual stream in which we are all floating or swimming, or struggling or sinking, and how can we deny the existence of the very element in which we live? Of course, we may define it differently, and talk about it in a way that would seem irreverent and even blasphemous to the generation that looked alike upon a discussion of God and a discussion of sex as something 'not done,' almost indecent. I am afraid — no, I am *not* afraid, I am *proud* — that Mrs. Gerould will never see this generation the slave of creeds. We are all in the same rushing stream, but there are all kinds of inviting little brooks that some of us like to explore, even though they lead us over the rocks of false doctrine, and down waterfalls of strange philosophies; there are tempt-

ing little inlets, which seem to lead nowhere but finally trickle into the light; there are quiet pools where we dally for a time, lured by a peace that we have to discover for ourselves to be stagnation; there are rushing rivulets of poetry (perhaps poetry is one of the new outlets for our spirits, to take the place of orthodox religion); but they all empty into the same big ocean, and I don't see that it much matters which current we follow so long as they are all headed in the same direction and *so long as all keep moving*.

You see this generation wants to find things out at first-hand. We have been taught so many things that have proved not to be true, that we have naturally grown distrustful, and are perhaps apt to dismiss a fact as a fancy just because it has been handed down to us as a tradition, and we have not discovered it for ourselves. We'd rather be wrong in our own way than right in someone else's, and you've just got to let us work out our own salvation, because we don't believe there is any other kind.

But I don't want you to worry too much about us, and I don't want Mrs. Gerould to despair of us; I only want all the Grundy family, headed by that mischief-making mother of you all, to let us alone while we are in this state of ferment. Like the clergyman who keeps repeating his text, I want to say, over and over again, 'Don't flatter us by noticing us,' till this crazy, topsy-turvy world gets its balance again and we with it. I believe that the most frivolous and seemingly empty-headed girls of to-day are going to produce a finer generation of children than our parents did — and there, you see, I am giving us a rather back-handed compliment; but if we are going to be better fathers and mothers than we have been sons and daughters, it will be partly because we have learned through bitter experience that sympathy with the growing

generation is an essential part of progress, and I don't believe our children will be half so rebellious as we are! You know, warnings are sometimes just as helpful as examples.

This is a dreadfully confused and incoherent letter, but I am sure you will read it with almost irritating tolerance. You have looked at this generation with Hope; Mrs. Gerould longs to give us Faith; the 'wild young person' views us with Charity. 'Now abideth these three,' and even I and my frivolous contemporaries are not so ignorant of

the Bible as not to know the rest of that quotation — and believe in it, too!

Please regard me and all my erring friends with a mixture of these three virtues, dear Mr. Grundy, and then forget us; or, if we have made an indelible impression, at least stop talking about us! Then you will find that we shall soon emerge from the chaos of transition and take the place we ought to fill in a newly ordered world. But, besides forgetting, please forgive.

YOUR IMPERTINENT
AND UNKNOWN FRIEND.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

BY H. C. KITTREDGE

I

BEFORE Mr. Hyde reached the Chapel, a cold rain began to slant in at him from an unprotected quarter, so that he entered the vestibule a little damp and a good deal out of sorts. The boys had n't come in yet. He walked up the empty aisle to his stall in the masters' row and looked about at the familiar surroundings: the pulpit, superbly carved and supported by a pedestal of reddish stone; the row of stained-glass windows along the wall opposite him, in which crimson and dark green and brown blended exquisitely; the rows of empty benches, which would be filled in a moment or two with boys, breathless with running; and at the end of the nave, opposite the pulpit, the gallery, partly filled with parents who had come up to the school to see their boys.

All this had become familiar to Mr.

Hyde during his half-dozen years as master at St. Olave's, and ordinarily he liked it. It was sombre and restful and peaceful — necessary and not too common qualities in boarding-schools. But this morning he was hardly in a mood to be pleased with anything. In the first place, the coffee had been dreadfully weak, and the boys unusually annoying at breakfast. And now the smell of his damp woollen suit was offensive. He thought enviously of business men smoking their after-breakfast cigars and unfolding their morning papers at mahogany desks in steam-heated offices. It was not the first time since he had become a schoolteacher that such thoughts had come flitting through his mind, like disquieting shadows on what ought to have been a sunny, smiling sea. He believed his feet were damp, too, and the

envious thoughts assailed him in a still more annoying fashion. But really the time of year was to blame: it was early December, and the inevitable term-end tension had begun to show itself.

By the time Mr. Hyde had reached this point in his mental perambulations the Chapel was filled with boys — boys of all sizes and in all stages of mental and physical development, from the Eton-collared, knickerbockered, black-booted youngsters of the first form, to the stalwart, upstanding, confident sixth-formers. Almost four hundred of them there were, as they trooped in and took their seats. The sheer multitude of them oppressed Mr. Hyde — dozens, scores; they seemed to be everywhere, with their cheerful faces, and he felt like elbowing them savagely aside until he had cleared a small space and had breathing-room for himself. But as they subsided on their benches, their numbers seemed to diminish, and at least here they were quiet and comparatively inoffensive.

A latch clicked sharply near Mr. Hyde, and a door swung open to admit the choir — an immaculate procession headed by two blond-haired youngsters with shining cheeks and demure expressions; behind them came others, marching by twos, and getting taller as the end of the line was reached. Taken as a whole, with their spotless white cottas and black cassocks, their smoothly brushed hair and their pious faces, an unbiased observer might have seen in almost any of them the sentimental choir-boy of tradition. But Mr. Hyde, with his feet chilly and a little damp, and the smell of wet woollen in his nostrils, knew better. He had had glimpses behind the scenes, and knew the miniature pandemonium that reigned in the choir-room up to the very moment of the clicking of the latch and the opening of the door. Pious choir-boys, indeed! Mr. Hyde had seen them too often

when they were not on exhibition, to be deceived by any mere trappings and suits of sanctimony. As he thought of it now, it seemed to him the zenith of hypocrisy for such impish youngsters to be garbed as choir-boys and taught to sing hymns. Usually this amused him and seemed altogether natural; but not this morning. The first week of December was past.

The service began and ended. At St. Olave's there is a very orderly arrangement for getting the boys out of the Chapel: they march out, a benchful at a time, beginning at the front and working backwards. This makes an almost continuous column of boys marching out by twos for several minutes — by no means an unimpressive sight. Ordinarily Mr. Hyde watched them with interest and pleasure, even speculating sometimes on the qualities latent in each boy, and feeling cheerful on the whole as a result of his unspoken prophesies; for he enjoyed schoolteaching and liked boys. But to-day, as the column filed out, he unluckily glanced up at the gallery, and his pleasure was ruined, savage disgust filling his soul instead. His wet feet and the weak coffee were forgotten — inconsequential trifles in comparison with the new cause of wrath; for in the gallery he saw a number of parents or aunts or uncles or other ignorant adults standing and gazing in rapt ecstasy at the passing youth.

Ah! How perfectly Mr. Hyde could read their thoughts! They were thinking — if such mawkish sentimentality could be called thought — of the glory of youth, and the rare privilege of the masters in guiding the destinies and moulding the characters of such superb specimens of embryonic manhood! That was it. These adoring gazes from the balcony fairly indicated one attitude toward schoolmastering — converting, with the idealism of ignorance, and with the inevitable parental bias,

a very unromantic job into a Cause, a Missionary Duty, a Divine Calling. They saw nothing but the sugar-coating outside the pill; so how could they help misjudging the men who, they supposed, lived on sugar-coatings alone? Mr. Hyde had read the letters and listened to the maunderings of these parents, and making every allowance for their proper and instinctive prejudice, had yet found it difficult to keep calm.

'Harold is a very sensitive boy — he responds so readily to kindness and craves sympathy. His health has not been good, but the doctors say that he is quite well now and should develop rapidly. I am sure that you will understand. He has difficulty in concentrating, and we sometimes wonder whether he has ever learned *how* to study.'

Mr. Hyde looked grim; perhaps a school of Harolds would produce a set of masters who lived on the sugar-coatings of pills; he could n't say surely, but it was a fair guess. Honestly, it looked sometimes as if the reason why schoolmasters were so misjudged by such parents was that they knew only one side of their boys—or at least believed that the cherubic, tender, and sensitive side was the real and important one, and the one commonly revealed to their teachers. It was a horrible reflection, and Mr. Hyde shuddered! Probably there was little or no truth in it. At any rate, not all parents were like that.

But the spectacle of that gallery, with the boys filing out below! Could he believe his eyes, or was that dear middle-aged lady in the feather boa using her handkerchief under her glasses? Mr. Hyde gnashed his teeth.

When at last the Chapel was empty, he departed hurriedly to his room for a pipe before dinner. He had been goaded into a mood of savage reaction. He knew these Harolds, and he knew what sort of treatment they needed. The old-fashioned birch rod or mahogany ferule.

What a job he had chosen when he had innocently stepped into schoolteaching! The whole rotten business was nothing but playing a part. You could n't talk to the boys as man to man—you could n't be sincere with them. They had to be guarded and protected and sheltered, until you felt more like a nurse than like a man. You could n't give them anything but orthodox stuff, because, even if you labeled it as mere personal opinion, they would n't understand you. There were n't more than half a dozen in the whole bunch that had a full set of brains. They were utterly without imagination—so horribly literal that, if you told them Dr. Johnson was an old bear, they thought you were talking slang, and told you the next day that he was the greatest writer of the ages, puritanizing for you colloquial language. If you told them that the frank vulgarity of Fielding was vastly more moral than a show such as 'The Pink Lady,' they translated it into 'Vulgarity is better than refinement.' They had no ideas of their own, and gave you nothing; only turned your hair gray for you, and after graduating forgot your existence.

But this was n't the worst of it, thought Mr. Hyde, as he marched up and down his room and blew out pipe-smoke in great, savage clouds. You could stand the imbecility of the boys, because you had long since been disillusioned into expecting nothing else of them. What was really intolerable was the cramped, petty, exacting routine life that you had to lead, with its crowded, monotonous schedules that gave you no chance to expand or grow or develop. It dwarfed and stunted any ability that might once have lain dormant within you, awaiting only a touch of the wand of opportunity to blossom into accomplishment. Here you were deliberately killing it—the chances were more than even that it was already

dead. He tried to think of something that he had got out of his six years' schoolmastering, and could think of nothing except an uncanny glibness in quoting fragments of hymns. And for this he had stifled his ambition, killed his ability, sold his immortal soul.

In his present mood it seemed to him little better than suicide to seal himself hermetically into this insignificant corner of New England, when the Seven Seas and the Whole World lay alluring before him. Wildly he wanted to run big risks; to ship before the mast in sailing-vessels, to knock down Malays with iron belaying-pins. By Jove, he would do it! He would throw off the shackles of the cloistered academic and sail to the South Seas, where he would live in bamboo huts on Tahiti, stagger through typhoons under bare poles, and loll under persimmon trees in a pith helmet!

In his agitation his geography had become a little mixed, and his sense of humor — or perhaps the spectatorial attitude in which he was wont to detach himself from the universe and watch the pageant of life unroll itself for his particular benefit — had temporarily vanished; for no more incongruous, wildly comic spectacle could be imagined than that of Mr. Hyde brandishing belaying-pins! He was n't even sure what they were; and he had never so much as gone deep-sea fishing in summer without being dreadfully sick, and lying helpless with sunburn for several days afterward. But all such trifles were forgotten, and he saw himself quite clearly as a second Captain Waterman, subjecting mutinous crews and breaking records in clipper ships.

II

His adventurous fancies were harshly interrupted by the electric dinner-gong, which abruptly transformed him into a mild-mannered, inoffensive pedagogue.

He laid down his pipe, glanced in the mirror to see whether his hair needed brushing, and walked sedately downstairs, murmuring to himself fragments of a doggerel about teaching, well-known to rebellious schoolmasters: —

'It's up in the morning at seven;
It's kiss 'em good-night sharp at nine;
It's show 'em the short road to heaven;
It's tell 'em that Cæsar is fine.'

Mr. Hyde had once more experienced, and emerged from, the second attitude toward schoolteaching — an attitude that prevails among masters toward the fag end of long terms, and is merely another manifestation of the term-end tension aforesaid.

The table at which Mr. Hyde presided during meals was long and narrow, with places for some fifteen boys; but the only ones who greatly concerned him were his two or three immediate neighbors. In this respect he was fortunate, for at his right sat Low, a polished, gentlemanly youth of athletic proclivities, whose home was Philadelphia, and whose lessons were his smallest concern. Opposite Low was Smallie, of Minneapolis, a genial light-weight, with a fondness for conversation and a mild interest in good books. Next to Smallie was Tris, a magnetic ball-player from St. Louis, whose passion was argument, who backed every good thing in the school, and who was the best student of the three. All were fifth-formers. Their average age was seventeen.

On this occasion Destiny decreed, while Mr. Hyde was ladling soup, that these three young gentlemen should embark undaunted on the subject of Literature; and since generalities are rarely of enduring interest to boys, the question was soon reduced to shrewdly naïve comments on the book they were reading in their English course, *The House of Seven Gables*. The situation was the more intricate because no two of the boys had reached the same point

in the story. Low had labored doggedly through the first two chapters and was in a hopelessly bewildered state of mind as to the chronology of the events, and was not at all sure which of the characters were alive and which were dead; Smallie had read it all and had an intelligent but superficial line of comment to contribute; Tris was about half-way through, and found it a fertile field for debate. They attacked their soup and the book simultaneously and with equal vigor. Low opened fire.

'How far have you got in *The House of the Seven Gables*?'

'Page one-fifty-six,' came like a flash from the corner of Tris's mouth.

'Talk sense, will you! Who's going to know where page one-fifty-six is? What's happening?'

Tris scented an opening for an argument. 'Well, you asked me how far I'd got and I told you, did n't I? "How far" means what page.'

'I suppose you expect a guy to know just exactly what's on every page. That's sensible all right!'

'Accuracy, feller! That's me. If you want to know what's happening, say so.'

In spite of himself, Mr. Hyde began to be amused.

'All right — what's happening? Can you understand that?'

'That's more like it,' said Tris complacently. 'Phœbe's blown in and started to patch up old Cliff.'

Low was far beyond his depth. His muddled ideas of two chapters hardly qualified him to enter this discussion. But he ploughed manfully on.

'Cliff? Is that the guy with the bubbles in his throat?'

'Say, wake up! How much of this book have you read anyhow? Did you get beyond the title? Cliff's the duke that's dippy.'

At this point, much to the secret relief of Low, Smallie piped up.

'You're dippy yourself. Cliff's all

right. He's only dizzy from being in the jug.'

Low took a long shot and missed.

'Sure. They got him for doing old Matt out of his house and barn.'

'Hey, feller,' observed Tris; 'you don't bat in this league. Talk sense, will you?'

'You can't talk so much yourself. You thought he was dippy and he's only dizzy.'

'Any guy that smells a rose and starts raving about it looks dippy to me, that's all I got to say.'

Smallie continued his defense of Clifford's sanity.

'Just because you have n't got any sentiment in you does n't mean that nobody else has. You mean to say any guy that likes roses is bats?'

Tris dodged.

'Well, how about his starting to pike off the roof through the window to join the parade? Was n't that bats?'

'He did n't do it, did he? If he'd done it, he'd have been bugs, but he did n't do it, so he's all right.'

Mr. Hyde was beginning to enjoy himself, and had been guilty of several chuckles. He had nearly forgotten his longing for belaying-pins and mutinous Malays. The conversation jumped to another phase of the same subject.

'You can't learn anything from old Stuffy, anyhow,' said Low. 'All he does is talk for three quarters of an hour, and I never know what he's talking about; and every once in a while he'll ask you a question, and you can't answer questions if you've just waked up; and then he gives you zero for the week and says he ought to have known better than to expect intelligence from youth. He thinks that's funny.' Low's tone was replete with a fine scorn.

'He might know the stuff all right,' remarked Smallie, conscious of the virtue of his tolerance, 'but he can't get it across to me. You got to hand it to

him, that 's a bone-dome outfit though.'

'Any outfit would look foolish with a guy like that trying to teach it. Did you get what he said to me this morning? He picked two words, something about an "impalpable now," and asked what I thought about it. Good-night!'

Mr. Hyde's curiosity and amusement were by this time considerable, so, instead of checking this flow of vernacular, he joined in the conversation.

'What did you tell him?' he asked.

'I told him it looked all right to me — I could n't see any mistake in it,' replied Tris; 'and then he got sarcastic and said no doubt Hawthorne would be vastly gratified to have the approval of such high authority. He gets my goat. What was the right answer, sir?'

Mr. Hyde laughed outright. 'Don't know, I'm sure, Tris,' he said.

'I did n't even know what "impalpable" meant,' Tris went on. 'What does it mean?'

'Unreal,' said Mr. Hyde.

'That's about his speed: ask a guy what's an "unreal now" and get sarcastic if he does n't know. That's about the way the whole book is, as far as I can see — "unreal." Look at the way the picture of the old bird starts to jazz around with its eyes every once in a while. Hot dope!'

'It's a romance, you boob,' said Smallie. 'The notes say it's a romance, and that stuff goes in romances.'

'Some romance without a Jane,' interjected Low; but luck was against him again.

'Sure there's a Jane, you plumber! Is n't Phœb a dame? Have n't you read anything *at all* in the book?'

'That is n't the kind of romance it is, anyhow,' said Smallie. 'This kind of a romance means a fairy story.'

'That's about their speed,' grumbled Low — 'giving us fairy stories to read.'

'I guess it has n't bothered you much reading it,' remarked Tris.

Even Low the persistent had no reply to this, and the conversation veered off on a new tack. Mr. Hyde, in a vastly more tolerant frame of mind, finished his pie and folded his napkin. A bell rang, announcing that dinner was officially over; he left the table amid a pandemonium of scraping chairs and jostling boys, and jockeyed his way to the door. After all, he thought, these youngsters were not quite without virtue: they were at least amusing sometimes. He smiled half-heartedly as he thought of the literary discussion he had just listened to. That was really funny, if only he had been in an appreciative state of mind. Well — probably he was getting old, and he must be careful not to become crabbed and narrow.

He selected a cigar from a glass tobacco-jar, lowered himself into a well-worn Morris chair beside the window, and looked out. Already a dozen boys had donned old clothes and were somersaulting and tumbling and romping about on the snow-covered lawn, unconsciously working off some of that inexhaustible store of energy that seems to increase miraculously in the very act of being consumed. Yes, they were good boys, thought Mr. Hyde; terribly youthful, of course, and inexperienced, but that was inevitable. It was n't fair to blame them for what they could n't help. And really they had cheered him up a good deal during dinner, with their careless, irresponsible chatter.

But that was the trouble, — the shadow of a frown flickered across Mr. Hyde's face, — they were so irresponsible. Sometimes it seemed as if there were no seriousness in them; they were undeniably comic, frequently entertaining, and sometimes altogether charming; but Mr. Hyde wished they had, as a leaven to these virtues, a dash of seriousness and some feeling, if only a little, of responsibility. But then, he reflected, he must n't expect too much. No doubt

they would lose more than they gained if they had it. Boys were boys. He sighed gently. His cigar was drawing well. There were, after all, worse fates than being a schoolmaster. He had known all this for the last four years; he never really forgot it. It was only now and then, when he saw parents in the gallery of the Chapel, or when his digestion was a bit upset, that this knowledge vanished momentarily. He determined never to let it vanish again, even for an instant. But he was in his normal state of mind once more, so he grinned a bit ruefully, reflecting that vaulting ambition exists, even in school-teachers.

III

His glance rested on the clock. 'Good Lord! Quarter to three! In the excitement of his rapidly shifting emotions, he had forgotten that he was a school-teacher in fact as well as in theory. He was fifteen minutes overdue at the Lower School study, to take charge of the younger boys for an hour.

He grabbed his hat and coat, threw away his half-finished cigar, and bolted. The study would be chaos! There was just a chance that one of the other masters had happened in and started the period for him, but it was n't likely. They had enough duties of their own. If he could only get there before Smythe, the head of the Lower, heard the row! Smythe was a fine old boy and a good friend of his, but a terrible stickler for routine. An interrupted schedule broke his heart!

Mr. Hyde began to run unsteadily along the slippery board-walk. By the time he got to the study, he would be twenty minutes late. As he approached the Lower School, he listened anxiously for sounds of riot; but everything seemed calm and peaceful. He took heart; no doubt one of the other masters had saved the situation for him, after

all. He entered the Lower and climbed the stairs to the big study-hall on the second floor. The youngsters were all in their places, quiet, and apparently busy, and at the desk, cheerfully vigilant, sat Tom Hallett, a sixth-former!

Mr. Hyde could hardly believe his eyes. He hurried up to the desk.

'How the deuce did you get here, Tommy?' he whispered. 'I'm eternally obliged to you, but how did it happen?'

Hallett grinned happily.

'Oh,' said he, 'I was going by and heard a young riot up here, and thought something must be the matter, so I came up. The kids were all over the place, rough-housing and yelling, waiting for someone to come and ring the bell and start them off. So I straightened 'em out. I knew some one of the masters would be along pretty soon.'

In his enthusiasm Mr. Hyde shook Hallett warmly by the hand and repeated his thanks. Hallett grinned more broadly still and went his way, leaving Mr. Hyde at the desk. This was a new experience for the schoolmaster! In six years he had never known anything like it! It was puzzling and needed thinking out. Mr. Hyde knit his brows in bewilderment; he knew that boys were fine stuff — delightful, care-free, and, he had always believed, irresponsible; but here was a case of one who had not only accepted responsibility when it was given him, but had gone out of his way to find it. There was no call for Hallett to go up to the study and quell an incipient riot. It was n't his business. Why had he done it? Was it possible, after all, that the boys, the older ones, took an interest in the welfare of the school? Did they really prefer to see things run smoothly, and were they willing to help?

In his dealings with boys Mr. Hyde had always, in theory, adopted the platform that they are whatever you expect them to be. He argued that, if you ex-

pect them to be crooked, they probably will be crooked, and that, if you take it for granted that they are straight, they will probably be straight. But he had never been optimist enough to subject his theory to any such test as this, for this was quite beyond the bounds of mere crookedness or straightness: it was the unhesitating assuming of a responsibility that belonged to the masters.

Mr. Hyde positively glowed with excitement. Where, thought he, were those embittered old pedagogues now, who sang the song of youth's ingratitude? What would they have to say to this? Why, it was perfectly amazing! Where, indeed, was his own sufficiently cheerful doctrine that he had worked out half an hour before in his room? Inadequate and antiquated — a relic of the days of darkness. Deep and powerful emotions stirred in the sensitive heart of Mr. Hyde. He could hardly define them, so subtly were they composed: there was joy, affection, pride, mingled with perfect confidence and a glorious enthusiasm. Ponce de León need not have sought in far countries the Fountain of Youth: he need only have been a schoolteacher. For who could thus associate daily with these splendidly youthful boys and fail himself to be rejuvenated? Who could see their perfect trustworthiness and fail to get inspiration? Did there exist anywhere in the four corners of the earth — nay, or in the Seven Seas he had but now so savagely desired — anything more wholly satisfying than boys? It seemed now to Mr. Hyde that they were everything — not merely exuberant, spontaneous, and joyous, but responsible as well. He had heard talk in learned circles about the defiant irresponsibility of youth, and he had believed it. But now he realized that these wise men had not seen below the surface; these boys of his (for they all suddenly belonged to him) seemed irre-

sponsible, and because of their light-heartedness deceived the unwary into believing that they did not care. But Hallett had shown him that they did care greatly, and yet had treated the whole incident as a joke.

If only he had realized this before! So far, in his conversation with the boys, he had carefully confined himself to subjects that had no connection with the management of the school; for, in his blindness, he had supposed that they had no useful ideas on the subject. But now he was beginning to realize the enormity of his mistake — he, who had thought he understood and sympathized with boys! The sixth-formers were, after all, almost mature, and what they lacked in wisdom because of inexperience, they made up for in freshness of ideas and force of imagination. Mr. Hyde had known this for some time but had never thought of applying it to school matters. He began to wonder how far down the forms this might extend. The sixth at all events; probably the fifth; the fourth? Who could say?

The end of the study-period came as he reached this point in his meditations. He rang the bell, dismissed the youngsters, and walked toward his room, excited, enlightened, humbled, like a man who looks for the first time on an unexplored continent. It had been a great day for him. In it he had passed through all the attitudes, right and wrong, that people hold toward school-teaching. He had seen its faults and its excellencies, its vices and its virtues, its sacrifices and its rewards. And at the end he had discovered that there remained far more to be learned than he had yet mastered. How much more he could not say, — time and his conversations with sixth-formers would tell, — but, in any case, a great deal; so Mr. Hyde forgot his thirst for blood and his yearning for tropic isles, and continued to teach school.

GROVER CLEVELAND

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

WHAT a comfort it is to find a statesman who did not succeed by his tongue! No doubt many statesmen have admirable qualities that go a little deeper; but there are so few for whom the tongue does not open the way that gives the other qualities a chance! It was not the tongue with Cleveland, at any rate. What was it? Some say, — or used to say, — largely a curious concatenation of favorable circumstances. But this explains nothing, and a careful study of his character and life will make it appear otherwise.

The astounding rapidity of Cleveland's advance in the world does seem to favor the theory of accident. The son of a poor country minister in New York State, he had to make his way, and made it. He began to earn his living as a boy in a grocery store. Curiously enough, like his great rival, Blaine, he later held a position in a blind asylum. Afterwards, he found entrance into a lawyer's office and by immense industry gradually established a solid practice. He was district attorney and sheriff of Erie County, but not exceptionally active or prominent in politics. Then, in 1881, at the age of forty-four, he became Mayor of Buffalo; in 1882, Governor of New York; in 1884, President of the United States; in 1892, President for a second term. Is it strange that during his first years in the White House he should have said, 'Sometimes I wake at night and rub my eyes and wonder if it is not all a dream'?

How far was personal ambition a

driving force in this extraordinary progress? If you will listen to Cleveland's eulogists, you will think it was mainly absent. According to them, it would appear that great office called for such a man as he was, and he complied with the demand much against his good-nature. It needs but little knowledge of the human heart to find this view somewhat exaggerated. Men may distrust their own ability. They may weary of public cares and burdens. But few men have high dignity actually thrust upon them. I have no doubt that Cleveland liked to be Governor, liked to be President, especially relished all his life the grandeur of having filled those offices.

This does not mean that there was any untruth in his statement that 'I never sought an office of any kind in my life.' It does not mean that he would have sacrificed one grain of self-respect to win any office. As dignities came to him, he accepted and enjoyed the honor of them; but what they brought chiefly was duty. He set himself earnestly, strenuously, to fulfil that duty, and the task was so absorbing that he hardly perceived the necessary result of such fulfillment in another step outward and upward. When the presidential nomination came to him in 1884, he was occupied with his gubernatorial duties at Albany. Naturally he had divined what was coming, or others had obligingly divined it for him. But neither the nomination nor the campaign distracted him for a moment from his regular work. He stayed in his office and

let others do the talking; or, if they talked too loudly around him, he went off for a day's fishing and forgot them. The campaign was ugly, saturated with abuse and scandal. He paid no attention. Tell the truth, he said, and take the consequences. He appeared so little before the campaigning crowds that the sight of a great, surging, triumphant assembly was nearly too much for him. 'In an almost broken voice he said: "I never before realized what was expressed in the phrase 'a sea of faces'—look at it; as beautiful and yet as terrible as the waves of the ocean."'

The honest earnestness of his attitude through it all shows in nothing better than in his way of receiving the news of his nomination. As he sat at his desk in his office, firing was heard outside. 'They are firing a salute, Governor, over your nomination,' said General Farnsworth. 'That's what it means,' added Colonel Lamont. 'Do you think so?' said the Governor quietly. 'Well,' he continued, 'anyhow, we'll finish up this work.' That was the man. Whatever happens, life or death, we'll finish up this work.

II

With so much work and so little talk, it was natural that the country should not have known a great deal about the man it had elected president. It never did know him. It has only begun to know him since his death. Even to-day it is difficult to penetrate beneath the apparent stolidity, the calm, unshaken, impersonal reserve, to the warm human soul. And we have no such charming, indiscreet confidences as lurk and linger in the letters of Mrs. Blaine. But there was a human soul there, just the same.

There was intelligence, solid, substantial, reliable, if not broad. Early oppor-

tunities of education there had not been. The fierce necessities of bread and butter cut them off, and they were always deeply, perhaps excessively, regretted. There are some evidences of desultory reading: for instance, a rather surprising allusion to Sterne, and an out-of-the-way quotation from *Troilus and Cressida*. But, in the main, large culture was not the foundation of Cleveland's thought or life.

Nor was the lack of cultivation supplemented, as so often, by quickness or alertness of wit. Some men appear learned, and even are learned, by seizing the end of a thread here, another there, and patching all together into a respectable fabric of wide conversance. This process was foreign to Cleveland's nature. He did not generalize, did not move readily and swiftly among abstract ideas, did not spring instantly to the far-reaching significance of the immediate. It is true, we have a most interesting saying of his: 'I cannot understand the meaning of any theory until I know how it happened.' But this implied apparently rather the lawyer's close and curious search for precedent than the scientist's ample reach into the infinite relations of things.

On the other hand, if the intelligence was not swift or restless, it was vigorous, thorough, and exact. Once a problem was fairly stated, it had to be solved, and it had to be solved rightly. I cannot make this clearer than by quoting a most discerning account of Cleveland's methods in conversation, which were evidently his methods in all intellectual activity. 'At first there was a gradual approach to the question from one side, and then, perhaps after a little pause, unexpectedly from another. He was exploring, looking around, feeling his way, searching for the general dimensions. He literally "went around" the subject carefully and cautiously, and on all sides. And if some part neces-

sary to its completeness was lacking, he made note of it, and took it into account all the way to the end of his discourse. When he had made his tour around the subject, as could be noted by a penetrating word here or a phrase of discovery there, his work was almost done, and with one step he went straight to the complex question. And then he was done and the talk was ended.'

A great deal has been said about Cleveland's manner of writing. It is interesting to us because it is thoroughly significant of the man and of his intellectual quality. It is formal, elaborate, almost artificially literary, and people are surprised that a nature so simple, so elementary, in some respects so rudimentary, should adopt such conventional expression. They do not see that it is precisely because he was simple, reserved, an actor, not a talker, that his effort in words was labored and far-fetched. Perfect simplicity and directness of form come naturally to those to whom words are an inborn gift. Those who deal by instinct with deeds, when they do talk, are apt to talk ponderously. Yet when Cleveland put the hammer of his character behind his words, they beat themselves into the memory of the nation; and few presidents have supplied history with more phrases that are remembered.

Cleveland's general intellectual qualities are admirably illustrated in his spiritual and religious attitude. The metaphysics of religion had no attraction for him. He did not care to discuss speculative theology; and so-called higher criticism, with its fine-spun analyses and subtle interpretation of Scripture, was extremely distasteful to his practical bent. He had a certain fine, large, human tolerance, well illustrated in his excellent story of the old Baptist whom his Presbyterian friends tried to get into their church. 'No; you folks are Presbyterians, and if I go over to

your church I could n't enjoy my mind.' He liked to enjoy his own mind and to let others enjoy theirs. Nevertheless, his personal religion was essentially conservative. What his father had preached and his mother had practised was all he needed. 'The Bible is good enough for me,' he said: 'just the old book under which I was brought up. I do not want notes, or criticisms, or explanations about authorship or origin, or even cross-references. I do not need or understand them, and they confuse me.'

It is true that, like other human beings, he did not always practise as he preached. There were irregularities in his earlier life which would have scandalized his mother. And his summer church attendance was not quite what his father would have approved. But if he did not always go to church, he rigidly respected the Sabbath. And he had all his life a fineness of conscience rather notable in a man of such wide experience of the world and so practical a temper. When he was offered a considerable sum for a magazine article, he refused to take so much because he had accepted less for a similar contribution. Again, he writes to a friend that he had declined an offer of a position, 'to which was attached a very large salary, because I did not think I could do all the situation demanded and make the project a success.' Still more striking is the account of his remorse over a possible misstatement in telling a fish-story. His hearer assured him that the statement must have been essentially correct and quieted him for the moment. But he returned to the matter several days afterward. Again he was reassured, and told that, with the circumstances as they were, his story must have been exact. 'I hope so, I hope so,' he assented doubtfully.

It is evident that the æsthetic element of religion would not have had

much appeal for Cleveland. And in purely æsthetic matters he was even less responsive. Of the beauty of art he had little knowledge. To the beauty of nature he was more susceptible, and Professor West has admirably preserved for us the account of one experience which must have been representative of hundreds. 'I can't find a word for it,' he said quietly, after a flood of sunshine had burst through a light April shower. 'What makes it so beautiful? There is no word good enough. "Ravishing" comes nearest, I think. Where does it come from? Do you know what I mean? It is too good for us. Do you understand me? It is something we don't deserve.'

The dumb but pervading sense of such natural beauty is bound up with what was always one of the greatest delights of Cleveland's life — outdoor sport. He was an ardent fisherman and hunter. His little book of fishing sketches brings one right close to him, brings one right inside the garment of formal, conventional reserve more than anything else possibly could. You seem to be spending days of large, quiet pleasure with him, in the woods and on the water; to be hearing his quaint stories and shrewd comments, and entering into feelings which he never showed to congressmen or reporters. The very effort and obvious artifice of the expression reveal a simple nature doing its best to make refractory words convey what it seeks to utter and cannot. Under the calm, controlled surface you divine latent possibilities of excitement which could be aroused by keen sport as well as by human rivalry. There is temper there, there is depression there and discouragement, there is intense enthusiasm. There is the suggestion of imaginative range, also, though it is instantly checked and cooled by gentle irony: 'The keen delights of imagination which should be the cheering con-

comitants of the most reputable grade of duck-hunting.'

It is characteristic of Cleveland's conservative temper that his passion for sport was not modified into any of the later nineteenth-century equivalents. It was simply the hearty, out-of-doors expression of full-blooded health and vigor. There is no sign of the slightest scientific curiosity connected with it. There is no pretentious humanitarianism. The object of hunting was killing; not wanton or wasteful, but plain killing, for the excitement to be extracted from it. Yet it must not be for a moment supposed that he was a hard or cruel man. He was much the contrary. Lowell's keen vision detected this on slight contact. 'With all his firmness, he has a very tender and sympathetic nature, or I am much mistaken.' The tenderness showed in many ways. Even as to animals there was an almost exaggerated sympathy, when they were not objects of sport. He once worried for days because he had not interfered to protect a cat which some boys were chasing. He had all the horror of death that is natural to persons of energetic vitality. He had the deepest pity for suffering, and the pity tended quickly to take active forms of relief.

He had especially one of the surest signs of sensibility and tenderness, a constant love and appreciation of children. He felt their sorrows. 'The cry of a child always distressed him. It made him quite miserable sometimes when he was walking through the village. He always wanted to stop and find out what was the matter.' Their sports and spirits amused him and he entered into them quietly but keenly, as if he were a child himself. Children perceived this, as they always do. General Wood, who knew Cleveland well, says, 'He was as fond of children as was Lincoln. He understood them, and they instinctively

knew it and felt it, and they came to him as a friend.'

It is notable that this intimacy with children often goes with a rather reserved and generally unsocial temperament. This is strikingly true of General Lee, as of Cleveland. The explanation is simple. Children ask sympathy and attention. They never ask you to give yourself. To Cleveland, as to Lee, the conventional restraints of formal society were irksome. Cleveland could indeed supply charming platitudes on social duty, as in the *Fishing Sketches*: 'Every individual, as a unit in the scheme of civilized social life, owes to every man, woman and child within such relationship an uninterrupted contribution to the fund of enlivening and pleasant social intercourse.' This recalls the pretty saying of the old dramatist: 'We were all born, my lord, in our degrees to make one another merry.' But Cleveland avoided the obligation when he could, hated long dinners and pompous ceremonies, and on such occasions would often sit perfectly silent and not manifest an overpowering interest in the talkativeness of others.

He hated the display and luxury and extravagance of society, also. He believed that a community showed its sanity in its simplicity, and the attacks in his writings on the money craze of his contemporaries and their mad rush for wealth are so frequent as almost to suggest a hobby. He practised frugality as well as preached it, cared nothing for costly clothes or fare or ornament. One day, during his second term as president, a train stopped at the Gray Gables station. 'Look,' called the conductor to the passengers, impersonally, 'there's Mrs. Cleveland and Grover on the platform.' The passengers looked. 'Well,' said one woman, 'if I had fifty thousand dollars a year, I would n't dress like that.'

It must not be for a moment sup-

posed, however, that Cleveland's economy arose from any taint of meanness. He was as indifferent to the accumulation of money as to the spending of it. He tells us so himself, speaking of the sacrifice of several thousand dollars for an unnecessary scruple. 'But I don't deserve any credit for that, because money has never been a temptation to me.' And others, many others, bear him out. Even in his early law practice 'he was indifferent and careless as to his fees. His clients had to offer him money.' And the failure to accumulate arose not only from indifference, but from wide generosity. Without the least ostentation, he helped many a poor and struggling applicant — and non-applicant — over difficulties and tight places. When he left the law, his partner wrote: 'I am now closing up a case of Cleveland's which has been running on for years, during all which time he has paid all disbursements . . . because the man was too poor to meet these necessary expenses. And this is only one case out of many that are here on our books.'

The assertion that Cleveland avoided general society, does not mean that he did not appreciate human fellowship. To be sure, he found politics rather detrimental to friendship. Where there is so much to give, casual affection is apt to look for what may be got and to wither when disappointed. Also, such firm and self-centred natures are less disposed to form human ties than those which naturally turn to others for advice and comfort and support. But for that very reason the friendships formed are founded on a deeper comprehension and sympathy and are usually loyal and permanent. In the very last years of his life Cleveland wrote some touching words about his own — perhaps imagined — deficiencies in the matter of human association, and about his love and longing for it. 'I have left many

things undone that I ought to have done in the realm of friendship. . . . and still it is in human nature for one to hug the praise of his fellows and the affection of friends to his bosom as his earned possession.' Certainly no one can read Gilder's charming *Record of Friendship* without finding in it all the evidence of deep and genuine feeling. And the close association of Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, so different in character and in their life-interests, yet each so finely tempered in his own way, is one of the pleasant traditions of American biography.

Cleveland's personal affection went even deeper in his domestic relations than with his friends. His mother's memory and the reflection of her tenderness were treasured all his life. When he was elected Governor of New York, he wrote to his brother, 'Do you know that, if mother were alive, I should feel so much safer.' After McKinley's term had begun, he said, 'I envy him to-day only one thing and that was the presence of his own mother at his inauguration. I would have given anything in the world if my mother could have been at my inauguration.' All the glimpses that we get of his own home life, with wife and children, are charming, and show it as simple, devoted, sympathetic, undemonstrative, but participant of joy and grief alike.

And in these intimate relations with those who knew him best the quiet, shy, reserved Cleveland of general society melted and mellowed into the best of company and the most responsive of listeners and talkers. 'He had a real "gift" of silence,' says one of his biographers; that is, he could be silent in a way to chill impertinence and curiosity and again, in a very different fashion, to inspire enthusiasm and tempt confidence. And then, with the right company, he would talk himself, would drop reserve and restraint and give out

his hope and heart with singular and engaging frankness, and so simply that you almost saw the life right through the severing veil of speech.

The picture of Cleveland in these elementary social connections would be quite incomplete without recognition of his very attractive and winning humor. People who know him only as the heavy and somewhat solemn official do not appreciate this. Yet even in public addresses he could indulge in a vein of pleasantry. And all the testimony goes to show that in conversation Cleveland could relish a joke and make one, less often perhaps with pointed wit than with those shrewd, quiet, turns of ironic humor peculiarly American. The *Fishing Sketches* are permeated through and through with simple fun of just this sort, which at its best sometimes recalls the frolic fancy of Lamb, although it is a Lamb with the slightly cumbersome gambol of an elephant. The ways of fishermen are inexplicable, says the ex-President: 'The best fishermen do not attempt it; they move and strive in the atmosphere of mystery and uncertainty, constantly aiming to reach results without a clue, and through the cultivation of faculties non-existent or inoperative in the common mind.' And again, fishermen, 'to their enjoyment and edification, are permitted by a properly adjusted mental equipment to believe what they hear.'

III

From the preceding analysis of Cleveland's personal qualities, it will be evident that in some respects he was not adapted to political success. Few great statesmen have made themselves by their own definite action in behalf of right more deliberately unpopular. Cleveland himself was perfectly aware of this, and could even state it with a certain grim enjoyment. In speaking of

one of his vetoes as governor, he said, 'Before I married, I sometimes used to talk to myself when I was alone; and after the veto, that night, when I was throwing off my clothes, I said aloud: "By to-morrow at this time I shall be the most unpopular man in the State of New York."' He had little or none of that tact which enables some men to ingratiate themselves more in refusing than others when they grant. Shyness, reserve, obstinate determination to do right, regardless of anybody's feelings, are all far from being passports to triumph in American politics.

Moreover, Cleveland hated publicity and was always suspicious and distrustful of newspapers and representatives of the press. He had no tincture of the useful art of appearing to tell them everything and telling them nothing. He had an excellent memory, and a paper which had once criticized him unjustly, or, even worse, ridiculed him, was disliked and avoided. Though self-controlled and self-contained in all his passions, journalistic indiscretion was more apt than anything else to arouse him to a burst of temper. Of his many snubs to reporters perhaps none was neater than the remark to a young fellow who was trying to elicit comment on some question of foreign policy: 'That, sir, is a matter of too great importance to discuss in a five-minute interview, now rapidly drawing to its close.' The retort was shrewd, but not calculated to promote affection.

On the other hand, even politicians and journalists could not fail to appreciate Cleveland's great public merits. There is his honesty, his infinite candor. Said one journalist, after an attempt to get something, 'He is the greatest man I ever met — and he would n't promise to do a thing I wanted.' Nothing touches the American people like straightforward truth-telling. When Cleveland's youthful morals were im-

peached and he said at once, 'Tell the facts,' he won more votes than any possible subterfuge could have gained for him. Honesty was a habit with him; it was constitutional. It was so ingrained that, as a fisherman, he could even afford to make a jest of it and give as the principle of that fraternity, 'In essentials — truthfulness; in non-essentials — reciprocal latitude.' When it was a matter of life, not fishing, there was no question of jest. His son once brought out the truth under great temptation to the contrary, and Cleveland remarked to an intimate friend that the boy 'evidently was going to be like him; because untruthfulness seemed to be no temptation to either of them.'

And as his candor appealed to the American nation, so did his democratic way of living and thinking. He knew the common people, he had passed all his early life in intimate contact with them, and watched them and studied them with insight and sympathy, saying little but seeing much. Lowell, with his quick discernment, said of him, 'He is a truly American type of the best kind — a type very dear to me, I confess.' He grasped the large daily facts of human nature, because his own temperament was peculiarly and singly based on them. He needed no effort to enter into common lives, because his own life was common, in the best sense. He would fish all day with an old farmer and swap long stories with him, and then incidentally get and give homely views about the political questions of the hour. When, as governor, he was walking down to the State House at Albany, if he came up with the blind crier of the courts, he would take his arm and help him along over the crossings, and let the business of his great office wait.

He cannot be said to have won votes by pure oratory. He was not a natural speaker, had not a trace of the magnet-

ism that carries vast multitudes away in a storm of excitement. At the same time, especially in later life, his speeches told. He prepared them with the utmost care and delivered them with dignity and measured ease, and every hearer felt that they had character and purpose behind them. Even his appearance, while never splendid or imposing, carried the stamp of the square, determined energy which conquers the world.

These things touched the general public. But how was it with the political managers? Cleveland is generally supposed to have been weak here. His admirers often urge that all his success was gained, not through the politicians, but in spite of them, and that he did not stoop to or understand the ordinary methods by which the political game is played. Their arguments are to a certain extent borne out by his own remark, 'This talk about the importance of "playing politics" — look at the men who have played it. Have they got as far, after all, as I have?' On the other hand, he was not so wholly ignorant as some supposed. He knew men thoroughly, and such knowledge is the first requisite of political success. Moreover, even character will not make a man Governor of New York without some acquaintance with political machinery. And against the above comment of Cleveland we can set another, which may not contradict but certainly amplifies it: 'Somehow there seems to have been an impression that I was dealing with something I did not understand; but these men little knew how thoroughly I had been trained, and how I often laughed in my sleeve at their antics.'

Another thing: in political management, as in everything else, labor counts. Cleveland's superb physical strength and tireless industry enabled him to attend to details which others are forced

to neglect. He always knew what was going on, and this is the first step to controlling it. He believed in doing one's own work, doing it carefully and systematically, and leaving nothing to chance. There is an immense secret of achievement in the apparently two-edged compliment of Tilden to his distinguished follower: 'He is the kind of man who would rather do something badly for himself than have somebody else do it well.'

And Cleveland had another element of political success. He was an intense party man. We have seen the pleasant humor which played over the surface of his temperament. But it did not enter into his politics. Life was not a game to him, as it was to Seward, or a dainty work of art. He took the Democratic Party with an almost appalling seriousness. Over and over he reiterates that the salvation of the country, if not the salvation of the world, must be accomplished by the Democrats. His elaborate statement of the Democratic creed in 1891 is, to be sure, fairly general; but its possibility of fulfilment was, for him, completely bound up with Democratic organization. 'Of all the wonders that I have seen during my life,' said he, 'none has quite so impressed me as the reserve power of the Democratic Party, which seems to have the elements of earthly immortality.' And within a few months of his death he gave cordial assent to the most sweeping possible declaration of party loyalty: 'Whatever your own party may do, it is always a mistake to vote for a Republican.'

Yet, from what we have already seen of the man, it is hardly necessary to say that he never sacrificed and never would have sacrificed duty, as he saw it, to any party consideration. At an early stage in his career he wrote officially: 'I believe in an open and sturdy partisanship, which secures the legitimate advantages of party supremacy; but par-

ties were made for the people, and I am unwilling, knowingly, to give my assent to measures purely partisan, which will sacrifice or endanger their interests.' He never did give his assent to such. When he was being considered as a candidate for a third nomination, he declared, 'If I am ever President of this country again, I shall be President of the whole country, and not of any set of men or class in it.'

And, however he may have disapproved of Republican principles, he was always fair and even friendly toward Republican individuals. His repeated judgments of McKinley and of McKinley's administration showed the broadest allowance for practical difficulties and the keenest sympathy with honest effort.

Further, he did not hesitate to fight the objectionable elements in his own party, wherever he found them. 'We love him for the enemies he has made,' said General Bragg, at the time of Cleveland's first nomination. The American people loved him for those enemies and do still. But the wire-pulling and ring-running politicians in the Democratic party did not love him, and at times he seemed more severed from them than from even the Republicans. Colonel Watterson declares that 'He split his party wide open. The ostensible cause was the money issue. But underlying this there was a deal of personal embitterment. . . . Through Mr. Cleveland, the party of Jefferson, Jackson, and Tilden was converted from a Democratic into a Populist.' This is an exaggerated view. Yet it is certain that lack of political tact, and perhaps a slightly increasing fixity in his own opinions, brought Cleveland into a vast deal of friction. Speaking of him and Harrison, Henry Adams says, in his epigrammatic way, 'Whatever harm they might do their enemies was as nothing when compared with the mor-

talities they inflicted on their friends.' There was too frequent trouble with friends and enemies both. Cleveland's difficulties with the Senate are matter of history; and although he may have had the final wisdom on his side, the results for his administrative usefulness could not but be harmful.

Also, all these public conflicts were isolating, produced a feeling of helplessness and depression, even in a temperament so calm and solid as his. In 1894 he wrote: 'There never was a man in this high office so surrounded with difficulties and so perplexed and so treacherously treated and so abandoned by those whose aid he *deserves*, as the present incumbent. But there is a God, and the patriotism of the American people is not dead; nor is all truth and virtue and sincerity gone out of the Democratic Party.' The patriotism of the American people is not dead yet, and the very isolation which at the time seemed to prove the President impractical and impracticable, serves to-day to increase his dignity and to place him secure above all parties as a great American.

IV

But let us elucidate a little more definitely what Cleveland actually stands for in American history, since it must be supposed that the man who suggested the phrase, 'Public office is a public trust,' and who gave his life to working from that text, must have left some memorial of permanent significance.

It may be said at once that this memorial is not to be sought mainly in positive, progressive administrative achievement. Cleveland would not indeed have denied the possibility or desirability of progress. Some of his utterances, especially as to wealth and capital, have a radical tone which sounds like the advanced twentieth century.

Still, it cannot be said that he initiated great movements or changes of any kind. Even his most positive efforts, as with the tariff and civil-service reform, like his splendid private usefulness in the insurance world, were rather in the nature of a return to purer and saner ideals, an endeavor to put public business on the basis of thrift and common sense that is absolutely necessary to success in the conduct of private affairs.

For the man was essentially, by habit and temperament, a thorough conservative. It may seem a little surprising to find such a type in the Democratic Party, at least in the North. To understand this, we must appreciate the wholesome, admirable truth that in our American system each of the two major parties is capable of being either conservative or radical. We usually think of the Republicans as conservative, entrenched in tradition and custom. Yet the cardinal principle of Republicanism is the strength and vitality of the Federal government, and, as substantially all progress and radical change must come through that government, it is natural that radical and progressive elements should be constantly found in Republican alliance. On the other hand, while the Democrats suggest radicalism, their two fundamental tenets have always been the reduction of all government interference to the lowest terms, and in especial a jealous assertion of the state governments against the Federal. Under the American Constitution these two principles mean instinctive, persistent conservatism.

It is thus that we find Cleveland, in the midst of so many radical, disturbing factors, the incarnation of conservatism, of a firm, insistent, reiterated negative. The value of such a negative force in any popular government may be measured by the difficulty of maintaining it. To say no is the ordinary

politician's stumbling-block. Even when he is forced to say it, he mouths it with qualifying adjectives and explanations, seeking in vain to mix the opposing bitter with the seducing sweet.

This was never the trouble with Cleveland. A good, round, sonorous 'No' came from him without the slightest difficulty and there was no disputing and no revoking it. From this point of view even his limitations were a help to him. He was not a broad, speculative political thinker, did not suffer from the doubts and qualifications that always accompany such thought. His most abstract writing, *Presidential Problems*, is perfectly concrete, though the questions treated in it would have been tempting to a discursive, imaginative philosopher. 'It is a condition which confronts us — not a theory,' is perhaps Cleveland's best-known saying. He was always dealing with conditions, dealing with them fairly, honestly, but practically, and leaving theories on one side. The strong features of his character were all such as to give the conservative, negative element full force and vigor. He was simple and direct, and that helps. He was immensely silent, and that helps. He had illimitable patience, and patience is as indispensable in conservatism as in other things. As he himself said, 'Certainly the potency of patience as a factor in all worldly achievement and progress cannot be overestimated.' Finally, he had determination pushed to a degree which he himself was perfectly ready to call obstinacy, 'his native obstinacy, which he always insisted was his principal virtue.' He said on one occasion, 'I want to tell you now that if every other man in the country abandons this issue, I shall stick to it.' He said it and he meant it.

We have only to consider the chief historical events associated with Cleveland's name to see how marked in all is this negative side. I have already

said that it was largely characteristic of his tariff activity. Negative, his effort to check the free coinage of silver. Negative, his superb action in the great railroad strike. Negative, essentially, the most criticized of all his performances, the Venezuela message to Congress. As we look through his writings and those of his biographers, the thing that impresses us most overwhelmingly is veto, veto, veto. No doubt this is the chief function that all American constitutions leave to the Executive. But in Cleveland's case it seems to have been exercised with temperamental readiness. Take his mayoralty, take his governorship, take his presidency: always the veto. His presidential vetoes in four years amounted to more than twice the number in the aggregate of all his predecessors, says Richardson. And, of course, in no case was the motive mere opposition or petulance, or personal grudge. Every veto was thought out with the most scrupulous care and motivated with the most patient reasoning. The first functionary in the country sat up night after night till the small hours, studying why he should say no to the petty and insignificant petition of some fraudulent pensioner.

From one point of view there is infinite pathos in seeing a great statesman spend his soul on such minute detail of negation, instead of on the great problems of the world. The ultimate value and fruitfulness of this negative attitude appears only when we consider that it was based upon the deepest, strongest, fundamental belief in the people and in popular government. For all his conservatism, Cleveland was no reactionary, no aristocrat, no advocate of ruling the masses by the assumed superior wisdom of a chosen few. He held that the people should rule themselves, that they could, and that they would, if a free chance was given them. He believed in American ideals, Amer-

ican traditions. He speaks of his 'passionate Americanism,' and the phrase, coming from one who knew and swayed his passions, is immensely significant. And he believed in popular government because he put behind it the whole mass and solidity of his belief in God. God had ordained the framing of the American Republic. God sustained it. 'A free people,' he said, 'without standards of right beyond what they saw or did, without allegiance to something unseen above them all, would soon sink below their own level.'

It was just because he believed heartily and wholly in American popular government that he wished to guard it as it was. Let those who believed in neither God nor man keep restlessly trying experiments, overturning the old without any assurance of the new. He had studied the Constitution as the Fathers had left it. He had seen it working and believed it would work still. It might be imperfect, like other human things. Would the new devices be less so? The thing was, to take the old and treat it honestly, industriously, faithfully. So treated, it would justify itself in the future as it had done in the past.

Thus it was that, as a superb negative force acting for a great positive purpose, Grover Cleveland did his work in the world. A few grand phrases of his own show how he did it better than any description I can furnish. Speaking of Lincoln and his many military pardons, he said: 'Notwithstanding all that might be objectionable in these, what was he doing? He was fortifying his own heart? And that was his strength, his own heart; that is a man's strength.' Fortifying his own heart! Again, there is the splendid sentence about Secretary Carlisle: 'We are just right for each other; he knows all I ought to know, and I can bear all we have to bear.' Could a man say it more

simply and humbly? 'I can bear all I have to bear.' Finally, there are almost the last words he ever spoke, and what finer last words could any human being speak? 'I have tried so hard to do right.'

A four-square, firm, solid, magnificent Titan, who could speak the everlasting no, so rare and so essential in democracy. We still await the genius, even greater than he, who can speak the everlasting yes.

THE FOWLER

BY GRETCHEN O. WARREN

I HAD too much; a star, a sea,
A swift descending strength to cover me,
As winds enfold a hill.
Athirst I drank my fill,
Leaning with him above deep Beauty's well,
Then on my day dark evening fell. . . .

Long are my nights and lone and cold,
And I am old
With grief for him. But my love knows. . . .
He hears the footsteps pass of one who goes
To look for him, who weeps and strains her breast
Against the earth wherein he lies at rest.
He feels her broken wing, her cry is heard,
The fowler hears his bird.

THE PASSPORT

BY JOHN IRWIN BRIGHT

AN affair of some urgency required my presence in the Antilles; and having made all arrangements for the journey, I left written instructions at the desk of a southern hotel to be called in time to catch the five o'clock train, and retired for the night. At five-thirty I was awakened by the night clerk, who told me that the five o'clock train had gone about half an hour before, and that his neglect to inform me earlier of this interesting event was simply an oversight and was not intentional. The incident was closed.

But, after all, how fortunate it is that things do not always run according to plan; for, if they did, our lives would be devoid of color—existence would be a drab and even thing.

I must say, however, that these philosophical reflections occurred to me considerably after the event, and for the moment I took pleasure in thinking what I could do if I were Trotsky and I had that clerk in Moscow.

During the morning, while awaiting a later train, I made diligent inquiry as to what might happen if I arrived at the port after the office-hours of the man who had to visé the passport. Of course, there was a passport with photographs of the bearer on it, the whole mess costing thirteen dollars. Each authority gave different counsel, ranging from 'By no means attempt it,' to 'It is a cinch; people do it all the time.' As there were sailings only on alternate days, I decided to chance it, although forty-eight hours on a coral reef were to be the price of failure.

A drummer who sat near me in the train told me just what to do on arriving. There would be three officials to see. I was to do thus and so. Nothing could be simpler.

Following instructions, I went first to the income-tax agent. This was wrong. He should have been the second in order, and judging from his indignation at my mistake, it was indeed fortunate for me that he had n't been third. My income-tax record had been found to be perfection itself in my home town, and was recertified to when the passport was issued; but that availed nothing. It had to be done all over again by this pathetic little person, who, it seemed, was powerless to act until Mr. Bowles had signed the passport; and if I did n't make haste and catch him at his office, I could not sail that night.

George Sanders—a spiritual descendant of Captain Kidd: he asked me if I ever returned would I look him up—drove the taxi that carried me to Mr. Bowles's office just around the corner. No Bowles (fifty cents for Sanders). But he generally went right home after work, an old darky averred; so we followed and got there before him. The construction of the preceding sentence seems odd to me, but it must be right, for that is what happened. (Two dollars for Sanders.) Mrs. Bowles had no idea where he could be, but he was never later than six or seven at the outside; and to while away the time, I ate fried yellow-tails (that's fish) at the New York Café, run by a Mexican.

(Fifty cents for Sanders, not to mention the war-tax on yellow-tails.)

Sanders was given clearly to understand that, if he could locate Bowles, he was to receive a monetary reward; and as the last yellow-tail was disappearing down the red lane, friend Sanders hove in sight and reported that he had been to the Elks' Club and every other place, and nary a sign. He had asked everyone and no one had seen him.

The evening was pleasant, and feeling somewhat lonely in a strange city, I boarded Skipper Sanders's craft and called upon Mrs. Bowles, having a premonition that her husband would not be at home. And from there to the Elks' Club *via* his office, and thence to his residence to consult with Mrs. Bowles, who was trying to keep the supper hot and was getting just a little peevish about it. No Bowles.

Lots of people in the seaport were taking an interest in me by this time, and from a store where my friend the drummer was plying his vocation, I telephoned and got in touch with my man, who had finally returned home.

I told him what I wanted,

'No,' he said, 'you're entirely mistaken. I don't have to sign it. If you have a passport, that is all that is necessary. Go to the Custom House.'

So I went to the Custom House, and they said that I should have gone first to the income-tax man; but in any event, Mr. Bowles had to sign it; that was flat and final.

Back to Mr. Bowles, who reluctantly consented to glance over my document. 'This is not a passport,' said he sternly (just imagine how I felt). 'This is only an application for a passport.'

A long pause.

'When I sign it, it becomes a passport.'

'But why should I do this for you?' he continued, with a tremor in his

voice. 'I have been working like a slave all day, and should n't I be permitted to have some time with my home and family?'

The bosom of his family had not known him for the last three hours, to my certain knowledge, but I did n't think it would be tactful to remind him of that. Well, I told him why he should do it for me. First, from one human being to another. Second, from one father to another. I went on to tell him about the night clerk who had failed to wake me. How I had tried to get up at 4 A.M. so that this ordeal could be spared him; and groping in the dark, I finally had the good fortune to hit upon a reason that appealed mightily to Mr. Bowles.

'Well, of course,' said he, 'that last thing you mentioned might make some difference'; and if I would come back at half-past eight, when he would have finished supper, he would go with me to his office.

Mr. Sanders and I were not late, and after all the children had been kissed and the wife had stopped us several times to give some last messages, we started for the office, calling upon several friends on the way, one of whom was a doctor, only to discover, much to Mr. Bowles's chagrin, that he had left the passport — on which he had carefully put his glasses so that he would n't lose it — in the house. So back we went and found the passport just where he had put it and actually arrived at the office. And then he SIGNED it.

In our farewell hand-shake there was something more substantial than mere friendship.

The income-tax personage now enters upon the scene. He wrote something and questioned me very narrowly about Mr. Bowles, about charges and things, because he, that is to say Mr. Bowles, had no right to charge anything or even so much as to ask a question.

Just sign on the dotted line. That's all he had to do. But I stuck up for Mr. Bowles. No sir-ee, he was one of the nicest men I had ever met. This part of the business was concluded without any hand-shaking.

On the way to the wharf and the Custom House, I encountered a pair of my new friends, who asked what progress I was making; and when I told them I was about to take the final step, they assured me that my troubles were all over. I approached the door. Heavens, it was locked! Nothing. Not anybody. A ship had had the fiendish impulse to arrive from Cuba that very minute, and the Custom-House officers were busy examining the baggage. Finally a man came out, locked the door behind him, and confirmed the above bad news, but added that, as soon as the examination was finished, my case would be taken up and that I would n't miss my boat, which was making sinister noises with its whistle, preparatory to backing out. They made me a little nervous; those sounds did, and I asked the vanishing Custom-House man if he was sure that I would n't lose out at the very last minute. Spitting to the right and left, he qualified his former optimistic statement by saying that he *thought* I would be on time, and moved off into the gloom.

In this new crisis I dug out a kind-faced employee of something, perhaps of our 100 per cent government, and related to him the story of my recent experiences, not omitting a single detail. But, as Mrs. Scheherazade was wont to remark, it is not necessary to repeat it.

'Come with me,' he said; and taking me by the arm, he led me to a large

sliding door in a fence, on the other side of which passengers from a foreign land were having their pockets rifled and their breaths analyzed under process of law.

Presently a duly qualified person passed within hailing distance, and my kind-faced friend, acting as spokesman, set forth my urgent requirements. There were unmistakable signs that the boat upon which I still hoped to sail, which was lying on the other side of the dock, was about to depart, for the whistle was bellowing with greater and greater frequency. The official took my paper, looked it over, and what he said would be impossible to divine in a thousand years. He said, 'Why did n't you come before my office was closed?'

There was no help for it. I recited to him the story of my immediate past, not omitting a single detail. But it is not necessary to repeat it. He turned his head and walked away. I think he was crying, — I don't see how he could help it, — and in a few minutes he returned and handed me my papers, my dear little passport, which had so narrowly escaped being but an application, duly adorned with the third and final signature.

Four hours and a half to obtain three specimens of chirography, each one of which was a mere formality, entailing not the shadow of responsibility upon any one of the signers! As I turned to go, there was Sanders! But this was simple. Ten dollars. No writing; no receipt; no nothing. Just ten dollars. He was the only one of the crowd who had earned his pay. May the Lord forgive me for calling him a son of Captain Kidd!

ISLAM

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

To millions of men and women the war has been as a book of Revelation. What did so many of us, coming out of the West, know about our dusky brethren of the East? Less than nothing; for were we not cursed with that 'little knowledge' which is far more dangerous than a perfect ignorance? We had, perhaps, read Burton, and even Burckhardt, and Marmaduke Pickthall, and Kipling. Pickthall, by the way, is easily first, where it comes to English-written fiction dealing with Mohammedans. Then there is Doughty, whose *Wanderings*, however, are confined to Arabia. I, like so many others, had read all these, and I dare say more to the same effect: Moltke's *Reisebriefe*, for instance, Loti, Vambéry, Russian and Polish stories of the Turk and Tartar. One was chock-full of this shadow-show, which revealed so little; which awaited the fertilizing stroke of actual contact and a practical experience. Well, I have had four years of it, and six months of leisure for digestive purposes. Now Islam, to me, is a living thing, instead of a mystery concocted of forlorn warfare, domes and minarets, veiled women, and sacks of gold, and prayers, ablutions, and prostrations.

I would like the reader at this juncture to attempt a serious definition of Christianity and its exemplars. At only one point, so far as I can discover, is the normal Christian in complete accord with other Christians. He attempts to practise monogamy. He does

not always succeed in this attempt; in fact, his failures are a constant source of mirth and comfort to the Unbeliever. But monogamy and all that it implies in the way of home and children is his ideal, and more often than not he achieves it. In most other respects the Christians of this world achieve variety. In the Levant, for instance, the typical Christian is an accomplished liar, an abject coward, and a noxious parasite, pimp, and pander. One may explain and, perhaps, pardon these aberrations, and even admit that there are numerous exceptions to a general rule. In Great Britain, I am thankful to say, the Christian is, generally speaking, a brave and honest man, who respects women and children and whose ruling passion is a desire for fair play. The North American Christian, I believe, is not dissimilar. In France the Christian displays a more sanguine and, at the same time, a less reflective temperament; in Prussia he becomes a braggart or a servile knave; in Russia he is rather a simpleton; in Serbia he is a lion for courage and endurance; in Australia his exterior is rough and his heart is that of a little child.

One might go on for a week, enumerating the varied species that inhabit this particular field of natural history; but in the main one must agree with Buckle and that noble torso which enriches and adorns our vast heritage of British thought.

As with the Christian, so with our

Moslem brother. Climate, environment, and heredity have conspired to make him a person of infinite variety. Courageous, simple, and brave in a state of innocence, — I allude, say, to the Turkish peasant or the *fellaheen* of the Sudan, — in Egypt he becomes a coward and a prevaricator; in Palestine and Syria a weakling; in the Desert a sportsman and a gentleman; in Afghanistan a bloody-minded fanatic; in Northern India a soldier or a peaceful cultivator; in the Malayan islands a secretive and remote survival. And as the Christians of the world are united by a common impulse toward monogamy and the family, so the Moslems of the world achieve at one point a unity by subjecting their women to polygamy and a system wherein the tribe or clan replaces our smaller and more intimate unit. The Moslem civilization is, beyond all other things, masculine; the Christian civilization is of both sexes and has in the main, I believe, been preserved and guarded by its women.

Islam, I sometimes think, is being destroyed by its men. The downfall of the Turkish Empire may certainly be ascribed to such an exclusively masculine and emasculated domination.

Life, and even religious life, is a perpetual warfare. We may disguise this fact and cover it up with catchwords, such as Progress and Reform, Evolution and Revolution. But warfare it remains. Islam was all these things. It was a better faith than the 'Christianity' which it supplanted in the East, a 'Christianity' chiefly notable for feud, faction, greed, persecution, and sectarianism; for anything and everything but the application of the Christian doctrine. It was a better faith than the image-worship which it destroyed and supplanted. It even made the attempt — vitiated by its own puerilities and inherent animism — to combine in one faith the beauties

and the truths revealed by Moses and by Christ. If the world had stood still, moving neither forward nor backward, from, say, 1000 A.D., and had remained so standing forever, Islam would have been as good a religion as any other. But the world has not stood still. The Christian faith, energized by its own dynamics and the temperate climates wherein it found expansion and gathered forces at once magnificent and irresistible, has moved the world; has transformed it beyond any vision or dream permitted to the Prophet of the Arabian God.

Had Islam conquered the world, there would have been no printing-press, no Renaissance, and no Americas. The Western Hemisphere would still be undiscovered. It is an almost incredible supposition, but, envisage it as one may, it is indisputable. All the mechanical and adventurous aspects of the human Saga are primarily of Greece and Rome and the Christian heirs of these two civilizations. Arabian culture died an early death, sterilized by too great a reverence for the letter of the Koran and the savage irruptions of those Central Asiatic hordes whom, to-day, we call the Turk. Never a very vigorous plant, the culture of the Arabic theologians, mathematicians, astronomers, architects, historians, craftsmen, poets, had run its appointed course, and had, moreover, received the wound from which it has only recently, thanks to Allenby, Lawrence, and Feisal, made some sort of a recovery. The Turk took charge of the religion of his victim, and with more or less success imposed his will upon Islam. And, incidentally, he also enslaved such Christian communities as came under his hand — Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Syrians, to name but the most familiar, and to omit those liberated by Pole and Russian, Austrian and Spaniard, Venetian, French, and

British, in the more recent centuries.

Truly one plunges into a strange and dramatic stratum of history when one surveys the rise, decline, and downfall of Islamic power. And even now I have omitted, and must perforce omit, the Western chapters of that epic; must leave the Alhambra unvisited, the deeds of Moor and Frank and proud Castilian to the reader's own passion or research. Persia and India too, free-thinking Omar and the anonymous painters who defied the Prophet, must be taken for granted, together with a score of heaven-ascending monuments, a host of kings and conquerors, and that devout lover who raised the Taj Mahal.

II

My own first contact with Islam occurred in Macedonia. The Turk had ruled here and had made a wilderness. At every step one took, one thanked the Lord that he had been kicked out. The Greek could not be worse and might be better. All that remained now of Islam was cemetery after cemetery falling to ruin, falling back into the wildness and the savagery of those deserted moors. There had been forests here; the Turk had destroyed them. There had been aqueducts and water and good roads; the Turk had let them fall to ruin. His business was war; in the pursuits of peace he had proved contemptible. He could neither govern, nor administer, nor organize, nor do anything but suck the blood of this fair province. Greek, Jew, and Bulgar did their best under his exactions, till at last Greek and Bulgar, grown tired of fighting with one another, turned on the common enemy and kicked him out. A furtive remnant lingers on in the city of Salonica, but it is moribund and powerless. You and me it despises, as it has been taught to do in its mosques and in its schools; but it is

extremely glad to take our money. We are still unclean and we are still the Infidel; but at the same time we are the Conquerors, and must therefore be obeyed, until Allah, in his own good time, decrees our overthrow. Doubtless he has some good reason for our present elevation, temporary and disgusting though it be.

Thus, more or less, argue the learned Mussulmans of Macedonia. The unlearned and the simple, however, are not so severe. I am quite unrepentant where, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed. To me, as to most other Englishmen, the unlearned Turk is infinitely preferable to the Levantine, be he Jew or Gentile, Zionist or Greek. I put the Cretan in the place of honor; the Cretan Christian is the finest thing in the near East. But after him I would place the Christians of places like Bethlehem and Ramallah, and, after these, the unlearned Turk.

Though I spent two years in Macedonia, never a Greek or Jew came near me but to sell me, at three times its value, something I did not want; or he might have been a pimp, or a vender of damnable liquor, adulterated from dregs to label. There are numerous exceptions to this general rule — of that I have no doubt; but such was my own experience, and that of practically every Frenchman, Canadian, Serb, or British private and officer of the Salonica army.

The Moslem, however, won often our respect and even our affection. For the educated of that faith I had little use. Those I met, and they were fairly representative, were mainly political refugees and assassins who had fallen out with Enver and the Committee of Union and Progress. Ridiculous title of a more than ridiculous society! And yet for several years this group of adventurers, murderers, and dupes won the support and confidence of all

the 'liberals' and 'humanitarians' of the enlightened West!

O—— Bey was quite a good sample of the educated Turk. He had been in the diplomatic service, but had lost his job through a characteristic and typical misfortune. Appointed to a position of some consequence in a Protestant country, he had failed to respect the sexual prejudices of the Infidel. In Sodom or Gomorrah, or even in Cairo or Teheran, he might have served his country with distinction; but in the less imaginative North he was *de trop*. I used to talk politics and play chess with him.

The bey's politics amounted to this: why did British diplomacy allow German diplomacy to lead poor Turkey by the nose? He presupposed, firstly, that the Turk could do no wrong, and, secondly, that the Turk was an irresponsible and charming child whom it was the duty of the Great Powers to pet and spoil. To my unregenerate mind, a good hiding would have been more salutary. As a chess-player, the bey was equally unconvincing. He would begin well, and then lose patience and make an ass of himself. At first I thought these wild moves had some deep and hidden significance; but after a game or two it was plain that my friend had lost his self-control and was heading straight away for ruin.

The same psychology applied to politics will explain a deal that puzzles us about the conduct of the Turk, be it the massacre of Armenians or his pathetic attempts at government, beginning with himself. O—— Bey died suddenly. My own impression is that he was poisoned; for of such is the kingdom of politics in the Near East.

Our illiterate and untraveled Turkish friends were of quite a different stamp. Every time I came into Salonica from the wilderness, Achmet the barber would welcome me as if he

were the hound of Ulysses. He did not care a button for my money; he would have paid me to enter his shop; he would have fed me and sheltered me and found me a bride. I am not deluding myself; I am stating a simple fact. And in the Turkish villages up-country were men of the same stamp — simple, loyal, industrious, and clean. I lay peculiar stress upon their cleanliness. The Greek Christians, who likewise had their villages, were the reverse of clean. My friend Adossides, who governed this country under the direction of *his* friend, Venizelos, was wise enough to see that the Turkish peasant was, more or less, its greatest asset.

These simple men, enjoying for the first time in their lives a stable and honest administration, and free from the incubus of perpetual and futile wars, were citizens of whom any country might be proud. The more I saw of them, the more I admired them. They had dignity and a perfect courtesy, and added to these were honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, and an interest in their work which made them independent of the merchants and middle-men. They made one understand those travelers who report that the Turk is the only gentleman in the Near East.

Once only — and that by accident — did I have the opportunity of holding converse with a maiden of this simpler class. It is rather a ridiculous story, as any story of the kind must be in the East, where a man is permitted to see the faces of only his wife or wives and such near relatives as the law allows.

One summer afternoon I came to a walled garden, the door of which stood wide open. In the centre was a flagged space, with a stone well and a tree bearing some strange fruit. I have grown many kinds of fruit, but this kind I could not recognize; so in I stepped to investigate. A young girl, unveiled and

dressed in black, came up and joined me. She must have been about sixteen, and she was quite the most charming thing I had seen for months. I asked her about the tree that had so puzzled me. It was a pomegranate, heavy with fruit, and the first I had ever seen. The girl spoke French, — France has long supported a very noble series of schools in the Near East, — and soon we were the best of friends. We sat on the stone circle that ringed the well, and talked away for quite a while. It was just like talking to a very bright and questioning school-girl at home; and so we sat, chatting and laughing together, till an old woman — I suppose she was old — came out to us, all veils and fury, and chased my little friend indoors. What happened to her afterward I was never able to discover; but I can assure the reader that she was no young woman out of a Pierre Loti novel, but just a happy, healthy kid such as you may find by the dozen in Europe, and, for all I know, in America as well.

Such were the first Moslem ladies I had the luck to encounter: the duenna, obviously of the orthodox old school; the young one, less concerned with the proprieties, and trustful as a terrier pup that has never met unkindness.

In a higher class — the class of my defunct companion, O — Bey — I encountered absurd young women who raved about Enver. These were hopeless. Neither European nor Moslem, they seemed purely a destructive species; and it is to be hoped that by now they are safely under lock and key and thrice guarded by officers of the harem.

The next time I met the Turk, it was in Palestine, and he an open enemy and very much mixed up and muddled with his friend the Hun. Almost one felt sorry for the Hun. And one felt quite sorry for the common Turkish soldier. The common Turkish soldier had been

lied to more than any of us. In war and peace the Moslem has one sure advantage over the Christian. He can always raise the devils of religious fanaticism and hate, which we of the West have long since outgrown. As a Turk said to me one day, over a meal we shared in Jerusalem, 'You Protestants seem to have no religion.' In his sense of the word, we have none; for we had neither murdered nor enslaved our beaten foe, nor had we dishonored his women. Nor had Allenby, like his Turkish opposite, Djemal, established a harem of two hundred selected ladies of the country; nor had he robbed his soldiers of their pay, sold their rations and equipment, and let them starve and go naked.

Saladin, by the way, was a finer gentleman than any of his Crusading opposites. By so much has Islam degenerated and Christianity ascended since the twelfth century; though the great majority of our politicians, so I am told, can still give points and a beating to any knight or bishop who wore the Cross.

Another Moslem country with which I am familiar is Egypt, truly the most mirth-provoking land on this planet. Macedonia is sinister and tragic; Syria and Palestine and Sinai and Libya are charged with drama and the tears of things; but modern Egypt is pure classic comedy from end to end. As my friend Judge X — once said to me, and he had known the place with a judicial thoroughness for twenty years; 'Everybody out here is a bit *magnoon*.' *Magnoon* means 'touched,' or agreeably insane. Hamlet, for instance, was *magnoon*; and so, I fancy, are many of the home-keeping Irish. The tedium engendered by great heats and a monotony of sunlight may account for this perversity. Whenever I think of Egypt and the Egyptian, I have to laugh. Otherwise, one might weep over him.

England has given him two great men, Cromer and Kitchener. The rest have been nonentities, though Allenby may prove to be a third.

It is interesting to talk with an Egyptian about Cromer and Kitchener. The first he respects, the second he loves. Cromer was a great English gentleman, without much Arabic, immersed in difficult affairs, and something of a scholar and a recluse, as any study of his writings will more than testify. Kitchener was more Egyptian than the Egyptians, a rare speaker of their tongue, a man who had read other men more than books; and he was power — which means devoted service — incarnate. Ardent Nationalists have spoken to me about Kitchener as Verlaine speaks of that imaginary mistress who 'm'aime et me comprend,' and whose 'regard est pareil au regard des statues.' When there was riot and murder in Egypt during the first half of 1919, similar Nationalists repeated, 'If only Kitchener had lived!' And they meant it, too! The Oriental adores a master who says, 'Yes,' or who says, 'No'; and Kitchener not only was such a master, but he had the means and the strength to enforce his decisions. With that, he ever treated the Egyptian as a man and a brother. In his heart, no doubt, he preferred the brave and devoted Sudanese, unspoiled by contact with the West, who had fought his battles, and whose battles he too had fought; but he never showed this preference, and to all men and women, and especially to the poor, the learned, and the unfortunate, he was alike. Allenby has this same perfection of courtesy combined with firmness, a similar prestige and aura of great deeds and famous victories; but as yet he lacks his precursor's intimacy with the people and their language, and years of make-shift government have made his task no easier.

III

In dealing with the East, it is necessary to have the patience of fifty camels, and, furthermore, one must avoid being too censorious. One's own standards of truth, honesty, self-control, and especially of sexual morality, need not be laid aside; but one must accept the fact that the East views most of these matters in a totally different light. The East lives by its senses, the West attempts to follow its ideals; in the one world, matter is more dominant than spirit; in the other, climate, religion, light, and sanitation have reversed this position. Nor were we always the chastened heroes of to-day. Read, for instance, the story of the Oddi and the Baglioni of Perugia, as recovered by John Addington Symonds; read the Restoration dramatists or the minor Elizabethan playwrights; or Rabelais or Boccaccio; or the filth that was written and printed in Paris before the war, and read throughout Europe and America. We are very far from being immaculate, and it is only of recent years, as history goes, that the Highland clansman has ceased to murder and rob his neighbor, the French serf to lie and accept forced labor, the Virginian to own slaves, and the English Catholic or Protestant to burn his fellow Christian at the stake. I really dare not say that Islam is much worse than we have been; and, more than anybody, it is we who have set its present face toward revolt.

I am told that, if President Wilson's views upon self-determination were applied to the state of Florida or Mississippi, where the negro population exceeds the white by many thousands, there could be but one outcome to such an application, which I sincerely hope and trust will never be permitted. In some such light one is forced to view what is called the Egyptian Question,

where a numerically inferior Christian population is asked to accept the rule of an Islamic or pseudo-Islamic majority, calling itself for political purposes the Egyptian Nation, but in reality being neither a nation nor markedly Egyptian.

In the light of historic truth, as well as in the light of factual experience, one has to admit that Egyptian nationality ceased to exist a good many years before the birth of Christ; that it has never recovered from this overthrow; and that there is neither Egyptian language, literature, nor art. Greek, Persian, Roman, Arab, and Turk have held Egypt by the sword; Mameluke and Frenchman and Albanian have been its master; and to-day, failing the support of France and Italy, to whom a joint guardianship was offered, the British are in charge. No native-born Egyptian has governed in the Nile Valley for well over two thousand years.

Nor is there any race of people in that country which may be regarded in the way one regards the Frenchman of France, the Englishman of England, or, say, the Dane of Denmark. A native of Egypt may be anything, from a woolly-haired negro to an ivory-colored landowner or government official. The practice of polygamy has made a hotch-potch of the race and destroyed its identity. Patriotism, in the Western sense of that much-abused word, democracy, and those liberal institutions which are at once the glory and the stigmata of the Christian world, do not exist in Egypt or in any other Moslem province. The East is well content to do without them.

My soldier-servant, Ibrahim, put the whole political situation in a nutshell, when, before we were separated by order of the higher authorities, he asked me to get him a new job.

‘Why don’t you go to one of your

own people?’ I replied. ‘I am only an Unbeliever and an Englishman.’

We were excellent friends and understood one another perfectly, and so I could permit myself these candors.

‘If I go to an Egyptian, he say, “Bring me money, or bring me a girl, and then I find you a job.” If you send me to an Englishman, he say, “What can you do?” and he give me so much pay.’ Thus Ibrahim.

‘Where would you find a girl?’ I asked next.

Ibrahim shrugged his shoulders and said, ‘My sister.’

The Egyptian Nationalist politician, invariably a lawyer, journalist, priest, or some other windy individual, wishes to get hold of Ibrahim’s money and Ibrahim’s little sister. In Europe and America, gullible Intellectuals and Labor people, of both sexes or none at all, applaud and sympathize with the noble periods and mendacities which come as easy to the Oriental as tumbling off a log. What, however, he is really after is Ibrahim’s money and Ibrahim’s little sister.

IV

The white man is in Egypt, India, and elsewhere, primarily to protect Ibrahim’s money and Ibrahim’s little sister.

We of the West have managed to set some bounds to the rascality of our priests and politicians; we have created a Public Opinion which they fear as the Devil fears the Cross. In the Moslem world it is different, just as in our own world it was different before the Reformation and the major revolutions.

Fundamentally, there is not much difference between Islam and the Christian world of the Middle Ages. The trouble with Islam is that it is tied fast by the Koran and the intense individualism of the normal Mohammedan. In the modern world man must coöperate

or go under. A religion that ignores the personal existence of an entire sex; that forbids the lending of money, and therefore places its followers outside that whole system of loans and credit upon which, for good or for evil, our modern civilization is based; a religion that is so full of exclusions as to make the murder or robbery of an Unbeliever a matter of little or no account, can hardly hope to survive outside the dark places of the earth. In its own way it is honest, and in that it is pathetic; but the world needs the cotton of the Egyptian, the barley of Palestine, the silks and spices, the oils and minerals, the fruits and tobacco, and all the other produce and raw material that God has placed in the countries which are at present occupied by the followers of the Prophet. And it seems to me that if the Mohammedan cannot irrigate and sow and dig and cultivate and mine and bore, under the direction of men of his own faith, then he will have to accept the direction and, with that, the political ascendancy of the despised Christian.

The French and Dutch, in their colonial administration, have accepted this point of view quite frankly and with a quite admirable logic. They are firm, but tolerant. They do not trouble to force their own national ideals on this unready soil, and they are spared, in Tunis and Algeria, in Java and Sumatra, all those ridiculous events and manifestations which must occur when an Oriental people is led, *non volens, into a blind alley*. The Anglo-Saxon, inevitably perhaps, has preached Milton and Mill, and at the same time denied an immediate practical application of their theories. In this, Great Britain and America are much alike. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, however, though fine words to write upon a banner, are the most misleading of symbols. Man has to be

ready for these ultimate gifts before he is fit to be intrusted with their dangers and felicities. The Christian world has only in spots arrived at such a consummation; the Moslem world is quite unready.

During the four years that I lived among Mohammedans I never fell in with an original thinker or a mind that could be regarded as in any way important. And, indeed, Islam has contributed little or nothing to the sum of human knowledge. An English friend of mine, a well-known educationalist, once said to me, 'I have given ten years to the study of Arabic; I read it and I write it; but there is next to nothing to read, and there is no audience to which an original writer can appeal.'

This is perfectly true, as I discovered for myself when I looked for an Arabic version of Cromer's *Modern Egypt*. There is no such version. Let us assume that Cromwell or George Washington or Abraham Lincoln had been able to write a great book, giving a clear and convincing account of the events which he moulded, of the faith which upheld him, and of the people he led out of the wilderness. Such a book is Cromer's *Modern Egypt*; and yet so incurious and so illiterate is the Moslem world, that, for all it cares, this masterpiece might have remained unwritten.

Islam is a faith of inhibitions. It says, 'You must not,' a hundred times for every once that it says, 'You must.' A people cannot live by negation and denial. The West affirms, and in so doing saves itself. Every Mohammedan I have met who could stand up to and hold his own with the English or the French was a Mohammedan only by courtesy. S—— Pacha, for instance, had but a single wife, and was rather henpecked; he drank good wine and enjoyed it; and in religion he was an agnostic, with a sentimental attachment

to Islam. His social outlook was that of a feudal baron; he was hospitable and generous to a degree scarce known outside the East; and with that he was fat, self-indulgent, and the reverse of warlike. There are dozens like him in the East — capable men in their way, honest, industrious, afraid of the major responsibilities, lacking in initiative, and full of a conversation which is pleasantly superficial, and, in its larger moments, inclined to platitude.

The Indian Moslem, being farther from Mecca and with a good many years of decent government behind him, rather resembles those Catholics who live a good many miles from Rome. My own information about Mecca, by the way, is mainly derived from Hurgonje, a Dutch Orientalist, who had the unique experience of a six-months' residence in the Holy City, and of whose work there is no English translation. Some enterprising publisher should remedy this omission. The Indian Moslem — some not very convincing specimens are at present touring the world in the Turkish interest, and for fine, confused thinking would be hard to beat — is about the finest of the lot. One can, however, easily exaggerate his importance. The total population of India is 317,000,000. Out of this immense reservoir, scarcely a million men could be found who were fit to serve in the late war; and of this million only a fraction were Mohammedans. The bulk of the 66,000,000 Moslems of India are peaceful merchants, lawyers, teachers, craftsmen, and peasants, with a sprinkling of fighting men on the frontier who have little respect for their brethren of the Plains. In thinking of these warlike tribes and the similarly constituted Afghan across the border, one recalls Sir Pertab Singh's convincing reply to the Indian Nationalist: 'If India were given self-government, there would not be a virgin

or a gold-piece between Peshawur and Calcutta.'

Here one comes to the arch-difficulty about Islam — and all the semi-civilized peoples, be they professing Christians or professing Mohammedans. Islam, however, is almost entirely semi-civilized; which means that its leading notion of political action is to murder and mutilate the men of the opposing party and to violate their women. One cannot get round this fact. I have lived, revolver on hip, in the midst of it, and I have known less fortunate soldiers who were caught unarmed, clubbed to death by a mob of savages, their bodies divided and cast out to the elements. For obvious reasons the story of our women remains untold. Against such a factor no league of nations can prevail, unless it be backed by force, by the courage of its convictions, and by an undivided purpose. Islam then can accept its decisions or break itself against a wall of steel. Islam would accept such a league, and, in the long run, be spiritually by so much the richer and the wiser.

V

Having envisaged this problem as a general idea, rather than as one which very much concerns the British Empire, may I be permitted to approach it on the narrower basis? There are some 100,000,000 Moslems within the British Empire. Generally speaking, they are among the most loyal and contented of its subjects. We respect their religion and their code of law — the two are inextricably combined; they have been spared or reclaimed from the despotisms, the futile wars, massacres, fanaticisms, and savageries which are the constant and never-changing marks of the self-governed peoples of Islam.

Europe, down to the end of the Thirty Years' War, was similarly accursed;

and it is with the European of an even earlier age than that that one may best compare our Moslem fellow citizens. Therefore the words Democracy, Parliamentary Government, and Constitutionalism have no real meaning to the ordinary Mohammedan, who regards all government as a thing outside himself, wherein he has no voice. It is the business of a government to govern; and it is his business to be governed. That is his way of looking at it. He does not want to vote or waste his time attending meetings; he recognizes that Allah has made certain men whose destiny it is to be Masters, and myriads of other men whose destiny it is to work at their handicraft or to cultivate the soil. The whole thing rests with Allah. If he be ruled by Christians, he does not much mind; and if he be ruled by Moslems, so much the better. He is not a political animal; he has other excitements, spiritual and sensual, which, in his opinion, we Occidentals undervalue. He likes his rulers to be just, and, when their injustice becomes unendurable, he rises in his wrath, if he be strong enough, and slays them. A good liar, in the shape of a priest or a political agitator, let us say, can usually convince him of anything, and therefore his own rulers have invariably lopped off the heads of such orators. This simple remedy is far-sighted, in that it usually saves the killing of a hundred, or even a thousand, dupes.

Our own methods of government, however, do not admit of these solutions. Our object is to get good men and send them to the East, there to maintain law and order and blaze a trail for Western knowledge. We have not always been wise in these appointments, and of late years they have been too much dictated by interest, — political interest and class interest, — and by the desire to find some ‘nice

young man’ an easy job. A cad in the East, or a tomfool, be he never so blue-blooded or meticulously intellectual, can do infinite harm. The Oriental is a student of men and not of books, and he is quick and unerring in his estimates. The war has handicapped us greatly: we have lost so many of our best men, and many others have been temporarily withdrawn, serving in the army, the navy, or wherever a place could be found for them.

Unless he be their superior in character and breeding, the white man has no earthly business to impose his will upon the less developed races. The difference between the two, as between our own masses and our own classes, is mainly one of self-control. Sheer intellectuality does not matter; indeed, more often than not it is a hindrance, leading to doubts and prevarications.

A wise Egyptian of the educated class once said to me, ‘The English are fools; but they are honest fools. We do not want to be ruled by clever people; we are clever enough ourselves; we are far too clever.’ Where we fail is in honesty.’

He, at least, was honest; but the English administrator need not be a fool; far from it; and my Anglophile friend is not to be taken too literally.

An ideal solution for the recruitment of our Imperial Civil Service would be to employ a somewhat similar method to that employed in our navy. Our future Nelsons are caught young; they are the inheritors of a great tradition; the service is, in many of its aspects, a lay priesthood. Personal selection by a board of veteran officers is the main principle of this method; so that character and early training, a genuine vocation, are sought for, rather than any kind of special knowledge which answers to the limited tests of a written examination. The whole thing is more a dedication than a profession, and its

rewards are paid in honor as much as in current coin. To-day the service has been reorganized on a basis which opens the higher ranks to whosoever is fit to enter them, and officers and men are often 'a band of brothers.' Sailing, incidentally, once an art or craft, has now become one of the learned occupations. Our Imperial Civil Service might fitly be a rival to our Naval Service; and even, if a more or less general disarmament is to entail the reduction of the two senior services, then such a Civil Service might well replace and carry on the great traditions of our old-time fleets and armies.

In the East, where money, and the prestige which goes with money, count for so much, the pay should be adequate, and more than adequate, to the responsibility. Nor should any young man be allowed to occupy a position of consequence — and the lowest position is one of consequence where the white man is the observed of all observers — unless he can write and speak one language of the country, and prove himself something of an expert in its psychology, religion, history, and ethnology. Nor is a man of much use in the East unless he be a lover of horses, dogs, and children. The rest will come to him easily enough if he can master these. The above conditions are only theoretically fulfilled under our present systems of administration.

In the war, the conclusions and inconclusions of which are still distressing the world's peace-makers, one was constantly finding food for merriment, and more often for disgust, in the official attitude toward such men as Lawrence, Firth, or Edmund Candler — I name but those whose names come most readily. There were a round dozen of such men on every Oriental front, and every effort that could be made to stultify or minimize their abilities was duly made. Lawrence,

thanks largely to the enthusiasm of an American admirer, is now revealed to the whole world; but a system which cannot extend spontaneous welcome to such a man stands self-condemned. In addition to the regular imperial civil servant, a place ought to be left for the irregular whose undeniable qualifications can only enrich and broaden the none too remarkable reservoirs of human power now extant.

The old stagers will laugh at me when I make a yet more singular suggestion. Being bored and unoccupied in the *dépôt* at Kantara, I applied one day for a civil post in Palestine or Syria. By an early mail a form was sent me, asking me to state where and how I had been educated, the occupation and rank of my father, and a dozen other equally fatuous questions. Naturally, I tore this document across; for I have known men, educated at Harrow and Oxford, let us say, and the sons of impeccable fathers, who were totally unfit to be trusted with a five-pound note. And, absurd as it may appear to the official mind, I have found perhaps an even greater proportion of youngsters and grown men, with the qualities that make for courageous and honest administration, among those connected with the Boy Scout movement than in any such general reservoir as has been indicated. And I will even go so far as to say that from this particular source might be drawn a goodly number of potential administrators.

The undeniable mental and moral deterioration which is often induced by too long a sojourn under Eastern skies is a factor that no determined survey of the situation can overlook. Long leaves and plenty of outdoor sport and recreation are the surest preventives; but where these fail, there is only one alternative. The white official who has gone rotten must be removed. It has ceased to be a personal question;

it is a matter that touches the honor, the worth or unworth, of a whole race.

And now, reviewing this whole subject in an English light, one must inevitably arrive at certain conclusions. If our domination over Islam, or over any other of the more primitive peoples, means one thing more than another, it means that we are trying to fit them for self-government. Success, for us, means, therefore, a renunciation. If we succeed and teach the Indian and the Egyptian and the peoples of Palestine and Mesopotamia to 'run their own show,' then we have done what we have set out to do. There can be but one logical end to such a mission. It will mean that many white men will be cut off from pleasant and interesting jobs; it will mean that some of these will cry aloud and turn prophet. The air will be filled with evil tidings. We are, however, quite definitely committed to the Christian point of view; and, moreover, it is so deeply bitten into our nature that, try as we may, we cannot escape from it.

And, accepting this argument, the peoples who are so fitted for self-government in the modern world will no longer be the peoples of Islam. Call themselves what they may, they will have accepted our ideals, and with them our gods. A remnant may continue in

the deserts of Arabia and Africa, or in the mountains of Central Asia; and their sport, their business, their politics, will still be war. Well, we were ever a sporting nation. But Islam of the plains, the valleys, and the cities will have ceased to be Islam; just as the Christianity of to-day has ceased to be the Christianity of the Crusades, the stake, the conquistadors, and the Inquisition.

On the other hand, — and there is a good deal of evidence in favor of this supposition, — it may be that the more primitive races are incapable of responding to the demands and pressure of the modern world, and that it is the ungrateful destiny of the white race to function as a ruler. The late Mr. Roosevelt, admirably indiscreet, has said the last word on this subject.

Or one may contemplate a third solution, disgusting and abominable, and yet, under our present dispensations, not altogether impossible. The Christian world may destroy itself, — it has done, and is doing its uttermost in this direction, — and leave the more primitive peoples in possession. These — cheap, fertile, and nearer to the earth — may be our heirs; and amid these, Islam, patient, shrewd, observant, is watching our antics and hoping for the best.

THE INTELLIGENTSIA UNDER THE SOVIETS

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

MUCH of the pre-war interest that the outside world had in Russia was aroused by that peculiar social grouping in the life of Russia, known as the 'Intelligentsia.' In a very large sense, it was of the Intelligentsia that one usually spoke in speaking of Russia. Yet at present, when interest in Russia has become almost more variegated than even the chaotic Russian reality itself, interest in the fate of the Intelligentsia is, strangely enough, at a very low ebb; and this, too, in spite of the fact that, whatever the passing events in the Russian land, the life of Russia is closely interwoven with the fate of its educated groups, of its national brains, of its Intelligentsia.

Broadly speaking, the word Intelligentsia is used in Russia to designate the educated classes of the people. This designation, however, is something quite apart from the class-distinctions based upon social and economic privileges and peculiarities. The Intelligentsia, is, intellectually, the highest social grouping, but its membership has been and is, naturally, drawn from every walk of life, from every social class and caste. Brought to the top through the process of either natural selection or social and economic opportunity, those who constitute it are not in any sense an Olympus or a world of demi-gods. In many ways the Intelligentsia does represent Russia and reflects her national soul.

A national intelligentsia is not a peculiarly Russian institution, by any means. Every country in the world has it. And if the Russian Intelligentsia

attracted special attention in the past, it was largely because it has advanced very far intellectually and artistically; and also, perhaps, because it has never possessed to a marked degree the qualities of intellectual and group arrogance that one so often meets with among the intellectual groups of other countries.

The Bolshevik upheaval, overturning temporarily many institutions of Russian historic development, has also played havoc with the Intelligentsia. At the beginning of the Bolshevik régime the Intelligentsia divided into two general groups: a very small minority which went over to the Bolsheviks, and the overwhelming majority, which remained hostile to them. As the months of suffering went by, the grouping of the Intelligentsia became different. The acceptance or non-acceptance of the Soviet régime ceased to be a test of this grouping. New factors entered more and more. And the story of what has happened to the Intelligentsia under the Soviet régime, of how it reacted to that régime and was treated by it, is one of the most vital and interesting chapters of the events which are transpiring in Russia, and the course of which the whole world watches with such breathless attention and anxiety.

I

Soon after the Bolshevik revolution of November, 1917, the well-known Russian poet, Alexander Blok, published a series of essays, to which he gave the general title, *Russia and the*

Intelligentsia. The publication of these essays came at a time when the whole of Russia was thrown into chaotic turmoil by the first preachings and actions of the triumphant Bolsheviks, and they aroused very heated and widespread discussion among the *Intelligentsia*. Even to-day, in discussions concerning the relations between the *Intelligentsia* and the Soviet régime, one very often finds references to these essays.

In them Blok portrays what he believes to be the relations between the masses of the Russian people—that is, particularly, the peasantry—and the *Intelligentsia*—the small group at the very apex of Russia's cultural achievement. He brings out two important points. The first is his conception of the Russian Revolution and what he considers the relation to it of the *Intelligentsia*; and the second, the relation that exists between the *Intelligentsia* and the people, which he illustrates by the religious seekings, so strong and so typical in the Russian culture.

In approaching his subject, Blok first of all registers the horror which suddenly rushed over the educated classes of Russia when the Bolshevik triumph shattered to splinters all traditional rules of morality, honesty, and decency. In their despair, the best people of Russia found themselves exclaiming, 'Russia has perished'; 'Russia exists no more'; 'Eternal memory to Russia.' Blok, however, sees the Bolshevik process of 'deepening' the Russian revolution in a different light.

But I still see Russia before me; that same Russia, which all of our great writers had seen in their terrifying and prophetic dreams. Russia is destined to pass through the pains and the tortures of humiliation and division, but she will emerge from these trials new and renovated, and, in a new way, great. . . . We love those dissonances, those shouts and ringings, and the constant changes in the orchestra of the revolution. But if we really love them and

do not merely regard them as methods of tinkling on our nerves in the fashionable theatre halls, then should we not listen to those sounds now . . . when they come to us from the orchestra of the world? . . .

Music is not a toy, and the abject creatures who have thought that music is nothing but a toy should now be true to their real character, should tremble and cringe, and look after their worldly possessions. We Russians are now living in an epoch to which few are equal in grandeur in the whole history of the world. One involuntarily recalls the words of Tyutchev:—

Blessed is he who visited this world
In moments of its fatal deeds:
The highest Gods invited him to come,
A guest, with them to sit at feast
And be a witness of their mighty spectacle.

To Blok, the scope of the Russian revolution is the realization of all the dreams of mankind, from its earliest gropings in the darkness of ignorance to its loftiest flights into the rare atmosphere of knowledge and morality. 'What is it that is planned to-day?' he asks. And he answers his own question thus:—

It is planned to change everything, to make life such that everything will become new, that our false, filthy, tiresome, and ugly life should become just, clean, joyful, and beautiful. When such plans, which had ever been concealed in the soul of man, suddenly break asunder the chains which hold them, rush down in roaring streams, tearing away bridges and dams, shattering the shores—this is called revolution. Things smaller, more moderate, are called insurrection, rebellion, upheaval. But this is called revolution. . . .

The scope of the Russian revolution which wishes to embrace the whole world is this: its fond hope is to start a world-wide cyclone which should bring to the snow-clad reaches of the North the balmy breezes and fragrance of orange groves, and comfort the sunburned deserts of the South with the cooling showers of the North. Peace and brotherhood of nations—such is the standard of the Russian revolution.

This is the subject of the music that those

who have ears can hear in the onrush of the torrent. The deadly weariness gives place to new strength. After sleep, fresh thoughts come. In the white light of day these thoughts may seem foolish and stupid. But the white light lies.

Blok considers it 'the sin of haughty politics' that the best men of Russia fly into despair over their disappointment in the masses of the people, and jeer at what appear to be attempts on the part of the masses to win liberty in their own way. Instead of indulging itself in haughtiness and mockery, Blok calls upon the Intelligentsia to 'listen to that great music of the future, which has filled the air, and not to try to find separate false notes in the grandiose tones of the world-orchestra.' For, says he, 'the spirit is music. Once upon a time the Demon ordered Socrates to hearken to the spirit of music. With our whole body, with our whole heart, with our whole consciousness we must listen to the revolution.'

Listening to the music of the revolution, which Blok prescribes as the rule of the day to the Russian Intelligentsia, means, in his conception, to go to the people, to the great masses of the people, to blend with them and work with them. Revolution to him is the self-finding of the masses, the storm that goes to the very bottom of the people's soul. Crudely, clumsily, destructively, and cruelly, this process of the self-finding of the people goes on, and in it much, indeed, must perish.

Blok considers that all the horrors which are taking place around him are not the fault of the people in the same degree in which they are the fault of the Intelligentsia. In the ideas he presents he gives expression to the spirit of repentance on the part of the Intelligentsia which is met with more than once in the writings of the Russian literary men. This repentance, which borders on self-negation, is now invoked by Blok

to explain for himself, perhaps even more than for his readers, the sudden and unexpected events which have burst forth in fury.

In his fervent presentation of this idea, Blok tries to represent the tremendous abyss, which, he holds, separates the Intelligentsia from the people. In his conception they are almost at the opposite poles of that which constitutes spiritual power. He sees the characteristic tragedy of the whole situation in the religious seekings on the two sides of the abyss. With bitter irony he speaks of the religious intellectualism in the Intelligentsia, as contrasted with the primitive forms of the people's seekings. And yet, despite this irony, Blok realizes that, for generations past, the Intelligentsia had loved the people and had sacrificed much for it. He even conceives the possibility that the Intelligentsia understood the soul of the people; but, to him, such understanding must find expression in an all-embracing love for the people, a love that would include even that which is strange and inimical to the Intelligentsia itself. 'For,' says he, 'not to understand all and not to become enamored of all, even of that which requires the renunciation of things most dear to us, is equivalent to having understood nothing and to loving nothing.'

But what does the Intelligentsia find in the people in response to its efforts to understand and to love? Blok describes this as follows:—

And on the other side you find the silent smirk, the apparent gratitude for the teachings that are brought to the people; the apology for its own ignorance; but back of all this one feels that this is only for the time being. Yet what is this? The dreadful indolence, or the slow awakening of the giant?

And this gulf grows and widens. The educated classes seek to save themselves by the positivism of science, by

public activity or art. But even such men become fewer and fewer. Something higher is necessary. And if it does not exist, rebellion takes its place, 'things like vulgar iconoclasm and even the frank forms of self-destruction, such as vice, drunkenness, and suicide.'

The soul of the people is much more healthy; that is why the Intelligentsia should go to the people. But here again doubt overcomes him: perhaps it is already too late!

His analysis of the revolution thus comes down to the idea that the masses of the people, after generations of religious seeking, after an accumulation of hatred for the upper classes, based, primarily, upon envy, misunderstanding, and a feeling of utter dependence, have finally risen in elemental fury, sweeping everything away. In this explosion, the place of the educated and the intellectual classes is either out of life, or else in the ranks of the raging mass of the seething revolution, even when what the revolution brings with it is inimical to all the ideals and all the aims of the Intelligentsia itself; even if the revolution brings to the Intelligentsia destruction of its very self.

II

I have dwelt so long on Blok's analysis because it contains many elements that are extremely interesting and vital to an understanding of the position which the Intelligentsia occupies in the events which are occurring in Russia. It represents one of the views with which the Russian Intelligentsia approaches the Bolshevik revolution.

It is extremely characteristic that the overwhelming majority of the Intelligentsia resented Blok's views very bitterly. This very resentment is the best commentary on the doctrine preached by the poet. The approach of the Blok analysis is from the stand-

point of generalized idealism; it is 'musical,' in a very wide meaning of that word, as the author calls it. But this approach, which might have been acceptable to a part of the Intelligentsia from the point of view of historic perspective, was entirely unacceptable from the point of view of the reality itself. Some enthusiasts accepted it; the vast majority rejected it. At the beginning of its career, the Bolshevik régime found itself entirely isolated so far as the Intelligentsia was concerned.

There are at least two vital elements which any generalized idealization of the revolution overlooks, but which are, nevertheless, overwhelmingly important.

In the first place, the idealization of the revolution ignores entirely the class character which it assumed under the Bolshevik developments. The Intelligentsia is not a class in the social sense. It has always considered itself super-class, or non-class. A man of science or of art is, really, outside of the class-struggle which the social and economic developments of the nineteenth century have brought forward so prominently. But the Bolshevik revolution of November, 1917, brought the question of the class-struggle into such sharp relief that to ignore it is to throw a falsifying light on the whole situation.

And in the second place, the idealization of the revolution, such as Blok attempts, puts the whole emphasis on the spiritual aspects; whereas the emphasis is thrown, by the very nature of the events, upon the economic and the social aspects. During the past two years or more, this supposedly spiritual prominence of the Bolshevik movement has been emphasized to a very considerable extent, especially outside of Russia. And in the light of this emphasis, it has become increasingly more difficult for observers of Russian affairs to understand the position of the Russian Intelligentsia and its relation

to the Bolshevik movement. For if the movement does represent primarily the spiritual awakening of the people and the self-assertion of the masses, then it is very difficult to understand, much less to justify, the behavior of the Intelligentsia; which, though spontaneous, has been so concerted as to be almost regarded as organized.

There is no doubt that the Russian revolution did represent a spiritual movement to some extent, particularly during its first stages. Such an upheaval as the revolution could not but assume some of the characteristics of a spiritual movement, especially in a people fundamentally as religious as the Russian. But it is also certain that the revolution never developed into anything like a complete self-assertion of the masses of the people — that is, the peasantry. No movement, however severe and deep its agitation, can suddenly, in a few days or weeks, affect such a huge population as Russia's ponderous millions. It can accentuate and emphasize certain things. It can bring some things to a head. But, unless we believe in a miracle, it cannot change everything overnight.

That there is a gulf between the Intelligentsia and the masses of the peasantry is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. And this gulf is accounted for by more than the difference between enlightenment and ignorance. Throughout the whole modern period of Russian history, since the time of Peter the Great, and even of some of his predecessors, an internal spiritual struggle has been going on in Russia. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Russia passed through a period of a violent breaking down of much of her social and spiritual fabric, created and strengthened in the course of preceding generations. She turned her face definitely toward the West. She began to graft upon her national body the cult-

ure of the West. Such a process necessarily had to proceed unevenly as between the various social layers. Very naturally, the educated classes far outstripped the less educated. The creation of a gulf between the two became inevitable.

The nineteenth century was the period of the blossoming out of what is now called Russian culture. The process of grafting began to bear abundant and luxurious fruit in the form of the brilliant development of literature, music, art, science, education. The Russian Intelligentsia really came into existence during the last century. And in its social development it became the leaven of Russian life, the very conscience of the Russian people, its voice of protest against the iniquities and injustices of state and social forms. The cultural gulf between the masses of the people and the Intelligentsia remained. But the striving for a better life, the common sufferings at the hands of the oppressive bureaucracy, really constituted a bridge, which spanned the gulf.

The revolutionary movement was, to a large extent, the movement of the Intelligentsia. It is characteristic of it that the words 'student' and 'intelligent' became almost synonymous with the word 'revolutionary.' At least, they were often used interchangeably by the defenders of the old order. The revolutionary movement was led almost exclusively, at almost all of its stages, by the Intelligentsia. And, of course, the parliamentary period of the Russian struggle for liberation was similarly led. The Russian prisons and the places of penal exile in Siberia are the best testimonial to this leadership.

III

In March, 1917, the Intelligentsia suddenly found itself the inheritor of governmental authority. When the

war precipitated the downfall of the imperial régime, the authority which had been wielded by it passed into the hands of the Intelligentsia. This authority it wielded for only seven months. And it was not its spiritual separation from the masses of the people that was responsible for this loss of authority. It was the strange inability on its part to meet a new element that had injected itself powerfully into the revolution from its very start—the element which the idealization of the revolution usually ignores.

The Intelligentsia came into power still exhibiting every characteristic of a powerful opposition. It was not prepared either for summary action or for the work of violent reorganization. It thought and acted in terms of non-class ideology. And when it was confronted by the fact of a fanatical crusade of class-struggle, it became confused, and vacillated. Prince Lvov, the first premier of revolutionary Russia, is reported as saying,—

‘We cannot hang Lenin and his followers: their corpses would haunt us forever.’

And Kerensky is reported as glorying in the fact that he had never signed a single death-warrant.

Both of these incidents are typical of the Intelligentsia. For generations it had been the wrathful conscience of the Russian people, protesting against the violence and the misrule of the imperial régime. How could it, when in power, stoop to the same practices that had made more or less secure for so long the authority of its predecessor?

It was particularly difficult for the Intelligentsia when in power to use the instrumentality of that power in order to oppose agitation against it by means of what appeared to be a violent curtailment of freedom of speech and of the press, and of all the other ‘freedoms’ that it had fought for so long.

Loath to use power, the Intelligentsia could not retain it long. It came down from the height of authority as fast as it had ascended. It refused to accept the governmental experience of its predecessor. Its successor took over that whole experience, and improved wonderfully on some of its worst details.

All through this period, however, the influence of the great masses of the people was not felt at all. Certainly, in the events brought about by the Bolsheviki, the great masses of the people had no voice. The Bolsheviki raised to the dignity of statecraft the Marxian ideal of class-antagonism and class-struggle. The masses of the Russian peasantry were not possessed of this ideal. They neither rejected nor accepted it. They remained indifferent, and are just as indifferent to-day. It was a part of the industrial proletariat that constituted the backbone of Lenin’s support—the active part of the city proletariat, trained to some extent in the school of the revolution, making revolution its business, ready to be led by those who exhibit most daring and are ready to promise most. The class-conscious proletariat was largely responsible for the overturning of the imperial régime. It was very largely instrumental in the overturning of the régime of the Intelligentsia.

Coming into power in the face of indifferent masses and of an actively hostile, if defeated, Intelligentsia, the Bolsheviki naturally had to adopt a line of action that would secure their position. The first thing that had to be done was to discredit their predecessor in power. This was especially important since, during the first months of the Bolshevik régime, Russia was still living in the expectation of a national Constituent Assembly. The class character which the Bolshevik revolution wore so prominently was excellently suited for the purposes in hand. The Intelligentsia

sia, still considering itself non-class, could not accept this class character of the new phase of the revolution. To declare the Intelligentsia an enemy of the revolution and to begin proscriptions against it was not only possible, but seemed excellent policy. This policy was adopted and was followed out rigorously for several months.

There was ample reason for the widespread refusal of the Intelligentsia to accept the Bolshevik revolution. Appealing as they did to definite social layers, striking down the ties that held the whole social order together, Lenin and his co-workers let loose the forces of destruction which characterized so prominently the first stage of the Bolshevik régime. These forces were directed against everything that had any semblance of connection with what went before. A spirit of vengeance was in the air. Men breathed it and became intoxicated with it. Things were wrecked that could ill be spared. The Intelligentsia could not remain under such a régime, and did not.

IV

The first six months of the Bolshevik régime deprived Russia's administrative institutions, its industry, and practically every other phase of its national life, of the specialists, the educated men. The Intelligentsia was thrown out and trampled into dust in some places. It left of its own accord in others. Very few remained or joined the Bolshevik forces. The unscrupulous knew how to find favor with the new régime and make their way to favoritism and reward. Some, like Blok and those who held views similar to his analysis, ignored the realities and fanatically sought in the Bolshevik revolution the idealization that was so dear to them. But the overwhelming majority found itself in the opposition.

In one sense, after November, 1917, the Intelligentsia was in the same position as under the imperial régime: everything it had fought against, the violence, the oppression, the injustice, had returned in worse guise than ever, and against all this it could but protest. The only difference was that under the imperial régime the Intelligentsia had at least a restricted field for its protest, while under the Bolshevik régime its mouth was closed altogether.

But the purely destructive period of Bolshevism did not last very long. It was only for a few months that Lenin was religiously following his theory of piling up enough fragments of the old order to begin building the new. During those few months, the whole Bolshevik hierarchy, from top to bottom, was busy destroying. But at the end of the first half-year, the leaders at the top began to realize that things could not continue long in that way. While the bottom went on with its Saturnalia, the top began to sober up and to cast about for ways out of the situation that had been brought about.

For six months or more the Intelligentsia had been hounded out of life, persecuted, humiliated almost beyond human endurance. Then suddenly it was called back. Lenin sounded the first note. In the summer of 1918 he began to call specialists back to their work. All sorts of inducements began to be offered to the Intelligentsia in order to break its opposition. For dealing with active opposition, the extraordinary commissions were created. And their work of exterminating the protesting Intelligentsia has been on a vastly more extended scale than the Tsar's police itself could ever boast of.

Passive opposition was dealt with in other ways. This passive opposition consisted mostly in refusing to do work under the Soviet government. In the terminology of the Soviet régime this

was called 'sabotage.' Educated men left their positions, and preferred to starve or sweep the streets rather than work under the new régime.

It was obvious from the start, however, that this state of affairs could not continue long. Starvation and privations are poor food for active opposition. After the Constituent Assembly was dispersed and hope of a speedy overthrow of the Soviet régime began to dwindle away, the Intelligentsia began to face the plain ordinary problem of self-preservation, unadorned by the glory of heroic opposition.

In the meantime, anti-Bolshevik military operations began in different parts of Russia. As many of the Intelligentsia as could get away fled behind the newly formed fronts. Those who could do so escaped abroad. But most of them, naturally, could not leave the country, and were forced to remain. And remaining in Soviet Russia, they had to undergo changes of attitude and point of view.

Last year the Soviet government published a volume of essays, entitled, *The Intelligentsia and the Soviet Authority*. This volume consists of speeches and articles on the subject of the relations between the Intelligentsia and the Soviet authority, by several responsible leaders of the Soviet régime—men like Lenin, Zinoviev, Radek, Gorky. Included in the book is also an article by a well-known Socialist-Revolutionary, Pitirim Sorokin, who explains why he has given up political activity and, consequently, active opposition to the Soviet régime.

This book is an interesting document, which sheds considerable light on the evolution in the attitude of the Intelligentsia toward the Soviet régime, from the bitter resentment and active opposition of 1917 and the beginning of 1918, to the passive acceptance and the hopeless indifference of the present.

V

The most characteristic feature of the Soviet régime has been the fact that from the very beginning the government took into its hands the control of the possibilities on the part of the population to earn a living. It did not succeed entirely in controlling the matter of employment and means of subsistence, but it has succeeded in obtaining almost complete control over the distribution of food-supplies. Of course, its authority in these matters extended only over the cities, but it is in the cities that the Intelligentsia is found. And the control which the Soviet government thus acquired over the Intelligentsia put into its hands a tremendous weapon: by persecution and starvation its spirit was broken. The rest was easy. Uncontrolled by the spirit, the stomach may force a man to take any decision.

It is interesting to note, however, that the Bolsheviks want the Intelligentsia only in a subordinate position. They realized early that the work of education and other cultural activities must be resumed. And they also knew that they could get the personnel for these activities nowhere except among the Intelligentsia. So they began to ask back those whom they but a short time before had denounced as their enemies. In a speech delivered before a conference of responsible Communist workers, published in the volume of essays mentioned above, Lenin said:—

When we see that the Intelligentsia make even a half-turn toward us; we should rewrite all our statements about it and say to it: 'You are welcome. You are mistaken if you think we can act only by violence. We can be reached also by agreement.' Suppressing ruthlessly the landowners and the bourgeoisie, we must attract to ourselves the small-bourgeois democracy.

Besides his speech, Lenin has also an

article in this volume of essays. He builds his argument on the statements of Pitirim Sorokin, which he calls 'valuable admissions.' Sorokin explains his position as follows: 'Those who are in politics may make mistakes. Politics may be good for society or they may be bad. But work in the domain of science and popular education is always necessary.' Noting these 'admissions,' Lenin takes another opportunity to urge the need of utilizing to the utmost the change in the point of view of the Intelligentsia.

Here we have, not only an interesting evolution in that point of view, but a curious development in the Soviet régime itself. Having more or less established its authority on a bureaucratic principle very much like that of the imperial régime, the Soviet authority now seeks to adorn and embellish its régime with the work of education, science, art. In order to achieve this, it needs the Intelligentsia, it needs the services of educated men and women. But just as the imperial régime kept the Intelligentsia out of high places of authority, so the Soviet régime wants to keep it in the position of a servant of the state. It is the imperial Russian or the old Prussian point of view over again.

VI

After all this, what is the position of the Intelligentsia to-day?

Two and one-half years have passed since the Bolshevik régime came into power. All the active forces of opposition have been crushed by the Soviet authority. The hope of its overthrow by military force has grown so small that it has almost disappeared. Faith in the Allies has been disappointed even more cruelly. The Soviet government makes overtures that look enticing after years of indescribable sufferings. And many of the Intelligentsia accept.

Every time I meet a person coming out of Russia, I always ask him what the Intelligentsia is doing now. And the reply is always the same: it is so crushed in body and in spirit that it can offer no active resistance; it accepts its fate with resignation, and works under the Soviet as a means of self-preservation. I have seen educated men coming out of Soviet Russia; their general appearance, and particularly the crushed hopelessness of their mental processes, is a nightmare that haunts me every once in a while. They are a living testimonial to the processes that are taking place in Russia.

The simple classification of the Intelligentsia which was possible at the beginning of the Bolshevik régime is no longer adequate now. Then it was possible to divide it into those who accepted the régime and those who rejected it and would have nothing to do with it. Now it is no longer a question of acceptance or rejection, except for those who are outside of Russia. For the Intelligentsia which is within the territory controlled by the Soviet government, it is now a question of the degree and character of service to be rendered under existing conditions.

The Intelligentsia holds a subordinate position in the affairs of Soviet Russia; it is not admitted to the higher places of the governmental and administrative hierarchy. That this is bound to be so is obvious enough. The Soviet government still claims to be the embodiment of a dictatorship of the proletariat. It is, therefore, an expression of class-authority. Its guiding spirits and responsible leaders must be thoroughly imbued with the ideas of class-consciousness in the proletarian sense. There are very few, if any, among the Intelligentsia who would measure up to these qualifications.

The elections to the local and national soviets are so thoroughly controlled

by the Communist party that practically only its members are eligible for election. It was only at the beginning of the present year that the first 'intelligent' was elected to the Moscow Soviet. It was Professor Timiryazev, an eminent scientist of seventy-seven, who has never taken any active part in political life. Undoubtedly his election was permitted because he would be entirely inoffensive to the existing régime, while his presence in the Moscow Soviet would be an excellent excuse for the claim that the opposition of the Intelligentsia to the Soviet régime had been broken. The official poet of that régime, Demyan Byedny, even wrote a poem on the occasion of Professor Timiryazev's election, in which he laid particular stress on the fact that the Professor is still 'the first one among us,' still 'alone in our midst.' The Central Executive Committee of the Soviets issued a special rescript, addressed to Professor Timiryazev, in which he was welcomed into the higher institutions of the Communist state. This rescript contained, at the same time, a statement to the effect that the proletariat would forgive the Intelligentsia many of its 'numerous crimes' because so eminent a representative was now enrolled in its ranks. And this statement was couched in such a pompous and offensive style, as of a condescending victor, that it will scarcely add to the zest of the Intelligentsia for seeking favor with the government, even if the leaders should seriously consent to meet them even half-way.

Incidentally, the 'first intelligent' is no longer in the ranks of the Moscow Soviet. Two months after his election, Professor Timiryazev died.

Somewhat better conditions than in the higher governmental agencies and administrative organs are encountered by the specialists, who are very eagerly sought after by the government. The

nationalized industries of Russia are in a most wretched condition, and one of the most important reasons for this lies in the fact that they are deprived of specialists in the various fields. Every effort is made to bring these specialists back, and most enticing offers are made to them by the government. It is now an established rule that at least one third of the members of the committees which constitute the administrative organs of the various enterprises must consist of specialists. At present, Lenin, Trotsky, and most of the responsible leaders of the Soviet government demand even that the whole system of committee administration of industrial enterprises should be abolished and individual management substituted for it, and that this individual management should be placed in the hands of specialists.

The opposition to this plan naturally comes most emphatically from the extreme Communist elements, on the ground that the specialists, who are a part of the Intelligentsia, are not sufficiently imbued with the principles and ideals of Communism to be intrusted with undivided authority, even in their special technical fields.

Realizing the need of specialists, the Soviet authorities do everything in their power to enlist the services of those who are still in Russia. In many cases they are simply mobilized and placed in the fields for which they are best fitted, just as is being done with the officers of the old imperial army, who are now the leaders of the Red armies.

VII

The work of education and the various artistic pursuits under the government offer a refuge for the great majority of the Intelligentsia. Under Lunarcharsky, the Commissar of Education, and Maxim Gorky, the virtual

head of the government publication office, many of the Intelligentsia now find the means of subsistence. Into Gorky's department very few go voluntarily, and when they do, they do not permit their names to be used. This is particularly true of the great writers, none of whom has permitted his name to be used to advance the prestige of the Soviet régime. Classical instances of this are found in the attitude of Andreyev and Kuprin. Shortly before his death Andreyev was offered two million roubles for the rights to his works. In spite of the fact that he and his family were starving, Andreyev spurned this offer. Kuprin, while he was starving in Soviet Russia, was offered unlimited monetary compensation for signed contributions to Soviet publications. He too refused.

The only work which fairly large numbers of the Intelligentsia accept quite willingly is the work of education. Particularly has this been noticeable during the past few months. Typical of this phase of the present-day activities of the Intelligentsia is the attitude of a Petrograd group of writers, educators, scientists, and other members, who are united in a sort of association. In this group are such men as Professor Vengerov, Professor Batushkov, Leo Deutsh, A. F. Koni, V. Nemerovich Danchenko, A. M. Redko, Feodor Sologub, N. S. Tagantsev, K. I. Chukovsky and others — all of them men of national, and in many cases international, reputation. In a recent number of a monthly, published by this Association, called the *Viestnik Literaturny* (The Messenger of Literature), November, 1919, an editorial entitled 'Our Unpayable Debt' appeared in prominent display. This editorial read as follows:

One of the foremost questions before us now is the question of universal literacy. And the Russian Intelligentsia, irrespective of party and position, must do everything in

its power to bring about the condition of literacy for the whole people. At one time under the imperial régime, the Intelligentsia went to the people, exposing itself to privations and dangers, in order to win for the people liberty and better life. Now it is necessary to go to the people with the torch of light and knowledge.

It may be said that the civil war and the political situation make work of culture impossible. But that is not so. Under all circumstances, under any régime, it is necessary to fight against ignorance and lack of culture. Moreover, the very circumstances of the present-day actuality ought to convince us of the fact that many of our misfortunes and difficulties would have been avoided if the masses had had more education and knowledge.

The men who hold these views, this small portion of the Russian Intelligentsia, have now apparently given up the political struggle — at least, for the time being. They have not been won over to the class dictatorship preached by the Communists; but they have been forced by the cruel realities of life to seek somewhere and in something an opening for the application of their work. Their attitude is typical of many similar groups.

An interesting movement was started lately in Moscow under the auspices of Maxim Gorky. It is an attempt to unite what is called the 'toiling Intelligentsia.' A declaration was recently issued by the organizers of the movement, among whom there are eminent professors, men of affairs, and even a former minister of the Kerensky government. This declaration notes particularly the fact that Russia's situation is very difficult at the present time, both politically and economically. The country needs proper creative work, without which all cultural activity is impossible; also economic reform and the introduction of such measures as would render possible the utilization of all forces. It is not difficult to foretell

what path the development of the Russian revolution will eventually take, and what guiding ideas will finally become dominant. But it is clear that it is impossible to bring this about through the application of force.

The thing that is most evident in the whole Russian situation, according to the declaration, is that the population of that great country cannot be forcibly cut off from the rest of the world until its social and political problems have been solved.

In the opinion of the signers of the declaration, the present moment demands the following:—

1. The cessation of all assistance to armed intervention in the affairs of Russia.
2. The resumption of cultural and trade relations with Russia, irrespective of her political régime, as soon as possible.
3. The rendering of all possible assistance to the people of Russia for the regeneration of its economic, cultural, and productive forces.

The vague wording of this declaration makes it rather difficult to tell what course the movement is likely to take. The important part which Maxim Gorky plays in it would make it appear like a movement to enlist the services of the Intelligentsia for the Soviet régime.

Such are the various currents that carry the Intelligentsia along within Soviet Russia itself. Crushed by suffering, persecutions, and starvation, beyond the point where active resistance is possible, rendered incapable of passive resistance by the crushing struggle for the very elementary necessities of life, the Intelligentsia under the Soviets seeks only the means of existence.

Outside of Russia its position is dif-

ferent. There are no large groups in the United States, but there are very large and important groups in every country of Western Europe. Most of them, embittered by their experience under the Bolshevik domination and not crushed completely by the realities of life in Russia, are seeking every means possible for the overthrow of the Soviet régime. A very few groups are for accepting it and returning to Russia for the purpose of fighting there against it and for the regeneration of the country. The most important of these latter is a group recently organized in Berlin.

This is the position of the Russian Intelligentsia to-day. Those portions of it which are scattered over the face of the earth are eagerly or hopelessly awaiting the time when they will be able to return to their native land. Such an exodus of the educated and the intelligent as there has been out of Russia no country has ever seen, and certainly no country can ever afford. With the overthrow or the disappearance of the Soviet régime they will return to Russia. What the future has in store for them and for those who are still there, who can tell? The Intelligentsia has lost everything it had. It has lived to see every ideal it revered shattered, every aim it sought pushed away almost out of sight. The only thing that still remains with it is its aversion to force and its fervent belief in humanitarianism. How much will they avail?

Embittered and hardened in exile, or crushed spiritually and physically under the present government, the tragedy of the the Russian Intelligentsia is the most pathetic and poignant in human history.

THE FUTURE OF THE COTTON INDUSTRY

BY MELVIN T. COPELAND

I

THE improvement in the design and quality of cotton fabrics during recent years has enabled these fabrics to encroach relatively more and more on the markets for other textiles, as well as to hold their own in the demand for articles of everyday use. Fine cotton cloth competes with some classes of silk goods. For other purposes, — blankets, and summer clothing for men, for instance, — cotton fabrics compete with woollens and worsteds. For still other purposes, such as table-coverings, cotton fabrics have largely supplanted linen. In the manufacture of hosiery and underwear, the use of cotton has increased far more rapidly, over a period of years, than the use of wool and silk. Although the demand for fabrics made from other fibres continues to expand, there is no apparent reason for believing that this tendency of cotton goods to invade the fields of other textiles is at an end.

The competition of cotton with other fibres manifests itself in still another direction. The woollen and worsted mills and the silk mills are heavy consumers of cotton yarn, for admixture with yarns made from more costly fibres. Cotton also competes, in the shoe industry, with leather for linings, and in some seasons shoes with tops made entirely of cotton fabrics are in popular demand.

For cotton fabrics, furthermore, the market is expanding, not only in wearing apparel and for household uses, but also for industrial purposes. Cotton

fabrics are used, for example, in the manufacture of belting for factories. Typewriter-ribbons constitute a small but not a negligible market. In book-binding, cotton cloth is used. Bags for sugar, salt, flour, and numerous other products are made of cotton.

These illustrations suggest a few of the varied and ever-increasing uses to which cotton fabrics are put in industry. These markets are by no means saturated.

A new market for yarns and fabrics has grown rapidly during the last ten years with the expansion of the automobile and tire industries. Automobile tops are made of cotton, and occasionally cotton fabrics are utilized for other purposes in the manufacture of automobiles. The automobile-tire manufacturers recently have demanded such great quantities of fine cotton yarn and fabrics, as materials for tires, that this has been one of the primary causes of the high prices of cotton stockings and other cotton goods. The quantity of yarn or fabric in each small-size tire is stated to be ordinarily about 2.7 pounds; in each large-size tire, about 5.6 pounds; and in a pneumatic tire for trucks, about 14 pounds. During the current year, it is estimated, from one tenth to one fifth of the world's entire production of long-staple, high-grade cotton will be consumed in the manufacture of automobile tires in the United States. Under existing conditions, the widespread demand for these tires tends to

hold up the price of cotton dresses. As the tire-manufacturing industry increases its output, particularly in heavy pneumatic tires for motor-trucks, it will afford an even greater market for cotton yarns and fabrics.

The industrial demand, such as that to which reference has just been made, arises primarily in the countries that have reached the stage where industries are carried on in large factories, and where package goods and automobiles are articles of common use. The foreign markets of the Orient and Africa, which at the present time absorb vast quantities of cotton cloth each year for the scanty clothing of their people, are still far below America and Western Europe in per-capita consumption.

British India is the largest import market for cotton cloth in the world; approximately 29 per cent of the world's exports of cotton cloth, in quantity, is taken by India each year. These imports into India amount to more than one third of the total exports of cotton cloth from England; they are nearly five times as great as the total quantity of cotton cloth annually exported from the United States under normal conditions. Before the war the province of Bengal alone imported as much cotton cloth as was imported by all the countries of South America taken together. In passing, it may be noted that over 90 per cent of the cotton cloth imported into India is from England, and about one half of one per cent from the United States.

The demand for cotton goods has been increasing steadily in India, where the climate makes cotton *dhooties* and *saris* the chief wearing apparel. Nevertheless, several million people in India, even to-day, are existing precariously upon such a narrow margin of income that a poor monsoon, resulting in crop failure, leaves them with no buying power to purchase clothing, even if

starvation is averted. The primitive agricultural and industrial methods still prevalent in many parts of India yield the most meagre sort of a livelihood. As these methods are modernized in the future, the buying power of the inhabitants obviously will be increased. Because of the inherent desire of these people, like that of other human beings, for more clothing in new styles, the cotton-cloth market doubtless will be one of the first to feel the effects of the new demand.

China ranks second only to India in the quantity of cotton cloth annually imported, chiefly from England and Japan. As in India, the primitive industrial methods and the lack of transportation facilities keep the buying power of large masses of people in China at a point where they barely can afford a few essential garments, much less indulge in the luxury of a wardrobe. For example, more than one half of the cotton cloth used in China, it is estimated, is woven on hand-loom in the peasants' homes. Substantial quantities of cotton yarn even are spun by hand. The contrast between these methods and the methods universally employed in England and the United States indicates one of the chief reasons for the gap in incomes and in standards of living. On a hand-loom in the Orient about four yards of cloth are woven by one weaver in a day. On one power-loom, such as is used in the United States, the daily output of cloth is fifty yards; and each weaver in an American cotton-mill tends from six to thirty power-loom. This contrast is typical of other industries as well as cotton-weaving.

When political stability is achieved, and industry is stimulated on a more productive scale, in China, by the extension of facilities for transportation by railroad and motor-truck, the demand for cotton goods surely will be accelerated. Industrial prosperity will

increase substantially the quantity of cotton cloth purchased by the Chinese. It does not seem to require an excessive degree of optimism to believe that such transformations may take place in China within a generation.

In Africa another potential market for cotton cloth awaits industrial development. The Belgian Congo, for instance, has natural resources in minerals, forests, and agriculture, which sooner or later will be developed. The world needs the materials stored there by nature. Railroad projects already planned will provide an initial stimulus to industry in that region. If the primitive savages acquire purchasing power as a result of the investment of foreign capital in transportation systems and in industrial enterprises in that country, one of the first articles for which they will spend their wealth, judging from past experience, will be cotton clothing. In such communities a bright-colored cotton garment becomes a badge of distinction. Here is practically a virgin market, which will open as fast as civilization progresses.

Estimates were prepared last year by the Research Committee of the National Council of Cotton Manufacturers of the per-capita consumption of cotton cloth in each country in the world. These figures, of course, were only rough approximations, but they suggest the possibilities of the market for cotton goods in foreign countries. The estimates were for the pre-war years 1910 to 1913 inclusive. In the United States, owing primarily to the quantities used for industrial purposes, the estimated annual consumption of cotton cloth was nineteen pounds per capita; in South America, two to eight pounds; in northern and western Europe, six to eight pounds; in Russia and southeastern Europe, three to six pounds; in Asia, two to three pounds; and in Africa from less than one pound to two and

one half pounds. In the Belgian Congo and other territory in central Africa the consumption was the lowest — nine tenths of a pound per capita. These markets await only means of increasing their purchasing power to make a latent demand effective.

II

From this brief summary, it appears that the normal increase in population, the rising standards of living, the tendency to substitute cotton, to some degree, for other textiles, the utilization of cotton fabrics for industrial purposes, and the probable opening of undeveloped foreign countries to industry and commerce — all these influences, taken together, indicate a heavy demand for cotton fabrics in the future. Taking a long look ahead, it is not difficult to imagine that the world-demand for cotton goods may be doubled during the next generation, provided adequate supplies of the merchandise are available at reasonable prices.

The problem of providing a supply of cotton goods to meet this demand, however, is not easily solved. The solution involves four factors of primary significance: equipment, labor, management, and raw material.

The facilities for manufacturing cotton-mill machinery are limited. The quantity of machinery manufactured cannot be increased within a short time, as has been proved during the last twelve months, when the machinery manufacturers operating at full capacity have booked orders two years ahead, and would have received even more orders if their plants could have turned out machinery for immediate delivery. Despite these limitations, however, it is reasonable to anticipate that, in the long run, an adequate supply of mill machinery can be provided for whatever demand may develop. Over a

period of years there appears to be no insuperable, or even particularly serious, obstacle to be overcome in securing the production of as much textile machinery as can be used.

The labor-problem in the mills is one of real concern, especially in the United States, where immigration has shown such a marked decline and where shorter hours have tended, temporarily, at least, to reduce output. While new operatives for much of the work in a cotton mill can be trained within a short period, it may be possible to obtain the requisite supply only by attracting workers to the cotton mills from less essential occupations.

Opportunities exist, to be sure, for more economical use of labor in cotton mills. The automatic loom, for example, is a labor-saving machine that is by no means universally in use in cotton mills. There are numerous American mills that have not installed automatic looms, usually because of reluctance to scrap plain looms that are still serviceable. One weaver can tend twenty or more automatic looms, whereas in the United States one weaver on plain looms ordinarily tends from six to ten machines. In other countries the automatic loom has been adopted less extensively than in American mills. In Europe one weaver generally tends two to four plain looms. In Japan, India, and China the number of power-looms to a weaver is one or two, and at least three quarters of a million hand-looms are employed in the homes of the workers in weaving cotton cloth. Although the opportunities for economy in labor may be less in other departments of the industry than in the weaving mills in which automatic looms have not been installed, nevertheless, new inventions, improvements in machinery, and means of economizing in labor through better management-methods, have been introduced constantly during the last cent-

ury, and it is idle to assume that perfection has been attained. By taking advantage of these opportunities, it may be possible to meet the labor requirements of the future.

Managers for cotton mills cannot be provided as easily as the supply of machinery and labor probably can be obtained. Men with managerial ability, however, constantly are coming up through the ranks; the mills thus provide training-schools of a sort. In the United States and in several European countries, textile schools afford a flourishing supply of men who, with experience, may become overseers, or department foremen and managers. The development of education in business administration, furthermore, will produce some apprentices who eventually will acquire the experience to qualify as managers of cotton-manufacturing enterprises. If adequate interest and foresight are manifested by the executives now in charge, it is fair to expect that the necessary recruits for managerial positions will be available for whatever expansion may take place.

The supply of raw material is the real stumbling-block for cotton manufacturers in the years to come. Just where or how an adequate quantity of raw cotton for many new spindles is to be secured is not evident at the present time. The conditions affecting the future production of raw cotton, furthermore, are as portentous for American manufacturers as for those in other countries.

The United States, during recent years, has furnished slightly more than sixty per cent of the world's supply of raw cotton. Upland cotton, with fibres varying from three fourths of an inch to one and one eighth inches in length, constitutes the bulk of the American crop. This is the mainstay of the cotton industry of the world at the present time, as it has been for a century. In

the United States the highest quality of cotton also is produced. This is Sea Island cotton, with fibres varying from one and one half to more than two inches in length. From these long fibres the finest yarn can be spun; for the spinning process in essentials is a twisting together of the fibres with only sufficient overlap to give strength to the thread. The Sea Island crop, though high in value, is small in quantity, and the output is not increasing. Other kinds of long-staple cotton, intermediate between Upland cotton and Sea Island cotton, are produced in the United States in substantial quantities; but the supply is far from adequate. There are grounds for grave apprehension, moreover, regarding the prospects of a permanent increase in the production of Upland cotton in this country.

The obstacles to an increase in the production of cotton of all sorts in the United States are the boll-weevil, lack of labor, and the competition of other agricultural crops.

Despite the efforts of the Federal government, through the Department of Agriculture, and of various other agencies seeking to check the ravages of the boll-weevil, the pest continues to spread. It ruins millions of pounds of cotton each year. In addition to this direct loss caused by the boll-weevil, its depredations discourage farmers from planting cotton in the districts where it is most active. Starting on a small scale in Texas, near the Mexican border, in 1892, the boll-weevil has migrated steadily eastward and northward until it has infested the entire cotton belt, with the exception of portions of Tennessee, North Carolina, and South Carolina. These districts are not likely to remain immune. Unless some means be discovered for getting rid of the boll-weevil, it will tend directly and indirectly to lessen the quantity of raw cotton

that otherwise would be grown each year in the United States.

The supply of labor available for the cotton-fields in this country does not appear to be sufficient for the future. For several years there has been a shortage in the supply of agricultural labor in the South as well as in other districts. The high wages and other attractions of industrial centres have drawn workers away from the rural districts. In the South, furthermore, the labor-shortage seems to be intensified by the racial problem and by the difficulty of stimulating regularity in industry among the negroes.

The cotton crop is one that requires a highly unbalanced supply of labor. Labor-saving machinery has been applied far less extensively in picking cotton than in harvesting the other staple crops. Two to three times as much labor is required, for example, to grow and pick an acre of cotton as to cultivate and harvest an acre of corn. The chief difference comes during the picking season. In order to keep the fibre free from leaves and dirt, and to make sure that all the ripe cotton on the plant is picked without injuring the immature bolls, cotton is picked mainly by hand. For three and one half months each season the cotton farmer needs a much greater supply of labor than during the remainder of the year. This seasonal peak is not easily met. A universally successful machine, with practically human intelligence, for picking cotton, would be a godsend to the South and to the cotton-manufacturing industry of the world.

Owing to the prevalence of the boll-weevil, the labor-shortage, and market conditions, cotton must compete with other crops for the favor of the Southern farmers. From the standpoint of these farmers, a diversification of crops doubtless will prove beneficial. It is possible, nevertheless, that experience

in growing crops other than cotton may wean the farmers away from it and thus tend to lessen the quantity grown in the future.

The other cotton-growing countries of the world are Egypt, India, Turk-
estan, Persia, China, and small districts in South America and Africa.

Egyptian cotton is of high quality and long fibre. For spinning purposes, it ranks above American Upland cotton and second only to Sea Island. Because of its peculiar suitability for certain purposes, substantial quantities of Egyptian cotton are imported each year into the United States. The yarn spun from it is used in the manufacture of fine cloth, hosiery, and automobile tires.

Cotton is grown in Egypt, in the Nile Valley, by means of irrigation. The cotton-growing area in that region may possibly be extended by reclamation. The limitations imposed by physical conditions, however, appear to preclude an increase of more than one hundred per cent in the Egyptian cotton crop at any time in the future. That would amount to an addition of only six per cent to the world's total crop. Such an increase in the Egyptian crop would be heartily welcomed as a relief to fine-yarn spinners; but the rank and file of the cotton trade cannot rely upon Egypt for alleviation of their raw-material troubles.

The Indian crop ordinarily is about one fourth as large as the American, and from two to three times as large as the Egyptian. The cotton grown in India is short in fibre and of low grade. It ranks below American Upland cotton, and can be used only for the manufacture of coarse goods. The low quality of Indian cotton is due to poor selection of seed, primitive methods of cultivation, and poor methods of picking and handling. The degree to which the Indian crop can be increased in volume and improved in quality depends pri-

marily upon the possibility of overcoming the traditions and the inertia of the native growers.

In China cotton is grown; but no one knows how much, for many pounds are spun in the homes each year by antiquated hand-methods. This cotton has short fibre but is of better quality than Indian cotton. It is possible that the spread of agricultural education and the development of transportation facilities in China may result in an increased production of raw cotton, as well as in a greater demand for cloth.

The cotton grown in Turkestan and Persia is of low quality. Heretofore it has been used mainly by the Russian mills. Because of the influence of tradition on agricultural methods and the handicaps of social and political conditions, progress in cotton cultivation in these countries probably will be slow. During the last year optimistic opinions have been expressed in England regarding the possibilities of extensive cotton cultivation in Mesopotamia, but no tangible results have yet been shown.

Experiments in cotton-growing in the Sudan and in parts of eastern and western Africa indicate that soil and climatic conditions there are suited to the crop. Transportation facilities are lacking, however, and the labor that is available is of the lowest order. The British Cotton-Growing Association, financed chiefly by English spinners, has been engaged actively in this experimental work for two decades, in an effort to secure relief from complete dependence on the American crop. Eventually, the efforts of this association, together with the industrial development that seems likely to take place in Africa, may provide an abundant supply of cotton from these undeveloped sources. The demand for cloth from this quarter, however, may develop more rapidly than the quantity of cotton grown there can be increased.

While means may be found, possibly, for producing substantially larger crops of cotton in the United States, it seems probable that sooner or later raw-cotton production will expand faster in other countries than in our own Southern states. This would not be an undesirable event. Except for the rather superficial gratification that comes from mere bigness, there is little gain to the people of the United States in having this country produce sixty per cent of the world's supply of raw cotton, if other crops are equally profitable to the farmers. Whatever the size of the crop, this country's position in the raw-cotton trade is not in any way monopolistic; the growing and marketing of cotton are thoroughly competitive, and doubtless they will remain competitive. Instead of gaining an advantage from our preponderant share in the production of raw cotton, both the American farmers and the American manufacturers tend to suffer therefrom. The trade is at the mercy of weather conditions that have similar effects, good or bad, throughout the entire growing district each season. If cotton-growing could be heavily, but not too suddenly, increased in other parts of the world, where the weather conditions would be likely to differ each season from those in this country, the result would be greater stability in prices; there would be less likelihood of a glut or a famine in the world's markets in any one year. With broader producing markets, fluctuations in prices would tend to be less severe, and the degree of certainty as to prices is nearly as important to the farmer and to the manufacturer as the absolute amount per pound to be received or paid.

III

Assuming that an adequate supply of raw material may be provided from some source by the action of economic

forces, there remains one further question to be considered regarding the future of the cotton industry. What peculiar conditions affect the outlook for the expansion of the industry in each of the leading cotton-manufacturing countries?

Since the middle of the eighteenth century, when Arkwright, Crompton, and Watt, by their inventions, founded the factory system and transformed calico from an Oriental luxury to an article of common, plebeian use, England has been predominant in the world's trade in cotton goods. At the present time about 39 per cent of the world's cotton-spindles are located in Lancashire, in England, and four fifths of the cloth manufactured in Lancashire is, ordinarily, exported. The Lancashire spinners and manufacturers have the advantage of a humid climate, free from sudden changes in temperature, local supplies of fuel, good shipping facilities, plant-specialization, and, above all, a labor force that through experience in the cotton mills for several generations has become highly skilled. The English merchants, moreover, know how to cater to the demand for cotton cloth in every corner of the world's markets.

The English cotton mills have enjoyed for a century and a half the foremost prestige. This prestige has been endangered during the last year, however, not by external causes, but by the developments within the English cotton industry itself. As a result of the inflation of values arising from credit and currency conditions in England, the nominal worth of the cotton mills rose far above their original cost. Financial promoters grasped the opportunity to enter the industry. Mills were purchased at what, in the long run, are likely to prove exorbitant prices. Amalgamations of mills have been formed that we should call 'trusts,' with heavy capitalization.

There has been ample experience in

the past to indicate that large combinations in the cotton industry, in England or in the United States, have not been successful, either financially or from the operating standpoint. The gains from the larger scale of operation are not sufficient to overcome the handicap of the more extensive system of management required, or to offset the loss that results from the unwieldiness of the large mass.

In the case of the recent combinations in England, one of the valuable assets of the industry may have been sacrificed, in part, at least. Heretofore the typical English cotton mill has been efficiently and economically managed. The manager of a mill usually has been an expert. With the manageable size of the unit under his direction, and with the high degree of specialization of his plant, he could give intimate personal attention to all the operations, and also take care of the sale of the product. Overhead expense for skilled management was at a minimum. Many of these managers were part owners in the mills of which they were in charge. With the sale of the properties, these managers have tended to be supplanted; and, at all events, the new system of management under the combinations is bound to be less flexible.

In addition to the probable impairment of the effectiveness of the management, the inflated capitalization of the new combinations is likely to prove to be a handicap to the English industry in the future, when prices come back to normal. The usual attempt to pay dividends on an excessive capitalization is likely to work against the proper maintenance and improvement of the plant-equipment. If financial instability results, it may deter other investors and *entrepreneurs* from entering the industry in England. Finally, the excessive capitalization of the combinations, in anticipation of inflated profits, already

has intensified unrest among the workers in the mills. The industry is thoroughly unionized. For fifty years it has been a conspicuous example of success in collective bargaining. So long as the new owners of the mills attempt to earn dividends on an inflated capitalization, so long will the employees demand higher wages, or resist reductions in the war-time scale.

In brief, these speculative combinations threaten to impair the morale of the English cotton industry and to retard its future growth.

The countries on the Continent of Europe before the war had in the aggregate about two thirds as many cotton spindles as England. The industry there had been expanding gradually. The continental mills were equipped largely with machinery manufactured in England. In several instances, as in some of the Russian and Polish mills, managers also had been imported from England.

The cotton-manufacturing industry on the Continent suffered severely during the war. Many of the French cotton mills were in the invaded regions. Lille, for example, was the centre of the fine-cotton-spinning industry in France. The machinery in these mills that was removed or destroyed has now been largely replaced, and with few exceptions the French cotton mills are again in operation. The annexation of Alsace, furthermore, has added twenty-five per cent to the cotton-manufacturing capacity of France. The French mills thus are in a position to supply the domestic needs of that country for cotton cloth and to maintain the trade with the colonies and protectorates; and probably they will have some surplus for export to other countries. As soon as France has recovered sufficiently from the effects of the war, new cotton mills doubtless will be built; but it appears probable that the rate of increase

in the production of cotton cloth will at best be gradual. The Belgian, Italian, and Czecho-Slovakian cotton mills are in much the same condition as those in France.

In Germany, the cotton mills had only about one twelfth their normal supplies of raw cotton for three years before the Armistice was signed. Some of the machinery in these mills was used for manufacturing paper fabrics, and the plant equipment generally deteriorated. Owing to lack of supplies of raw cotton and fuel, the German mills as yet have been able to resume operations to less than one half their normal capacity. The transfer of Alsace to France has reduced the German spindlage by sixteen per cent. This loss more than offsets the total quantity of cotton cloth annually exported from Germany before the war. Except in so far as the German manufacturers are forced to export yarn or cloth in order to purchase raw materials or to meet national reparation liabilities, there will be no surplus available for other markets for many years.

In Poland and Russia, even if normal industrial life is again restored, the effects of the war and of Bolshevism obviously will long retard the establishment of new manufacturing plants.

While it certainly is to be hoped that the cotton mills of Continental Europe soon will enjoy full prosperity, in order to provide for the needs of the people, there is no apparent reason for expecting that they will be able to supply a substantially larger share of the world's requirements in the future than they supplied before the war.

In the past the Continental mills produced chiefly for domestic consumption and for colonial markets, such as the French enjoyed in Algeria, Madagascar, and Indo-China, and the Dutch in Java. With a few exceptions, the cotton cloth shipped to neutral markets by the Continental manufacturers con-

sisted of specialties of fancy designs produced in small lots.

In the Orient, cotton-manufacturing is one of the industries that already has begun to experience the industrial revolution. In India and Japan, practically all the cotton-spinning is carried on in factories. In China, factory-spinning predominates. The quantity of cloth woven on power-looms in Asia, in the aggregate, probably exceeds the quantity woven on domestic hand-looms.

The number of cotton spindles in India, Japan, and China at the present time is about 11,500,000, or approximately one third of the number in the United States. The increase in the number of spindles in these Asiatic countries during the last twenty years has been 4,600,000. In the United States, during the same period, 16,000,000 new cotton spindles were put into operation. The Japanese have gained one advantage during these years, however, so far as quantity of output is concerned, by keeping their plants continuously in operation, night and day; this practice generally has been discontinued in other countries, either voluntarily or by legislation.

The bulk of the cotton goods manufactured in the Orient is of coarse texture, because of the lack of managers and employees trained in the production of fine goods, and also because of the general use of short-fibre Indian cotton. In securing orders in foreign markets, the Japanese have shown especial enterprise. By carefully studying demand and catering to it persistently, the Japanese manufacturers have largely displaced American cotton goods, for example, in Manchuria.

While further expansion in the cotton-manufacturing industry doubtless will take place in Japan, India, and China in future years, the mills in those countries have difficult obstacles to overcome. Well-trained managers are

hard to obtain; in India many of the mill-managers are Englishmen. Asiatic labor is cheap, but in the cotton mills it is inefficient. In Japan, moreover, it is stated that the lives of many of the girls entering the mills under a contract system have been so unhappy, that the girls have been retained only by stringent control. Such social conditions are not the basis on which large industries are successfully built for permanence and long endurance.

The Asiatic mills, finally, have been equipped mainly with English machinery. So long as this dependence on foreign machinery-manufacturers continues, the industry must be considered in a measure exotic. The rate of expansion in the future will be affected by the genius displayed by the Oriental manufacturers in making adaptations in the technique of the industry to meet the conditions peculiar to their countries.

IV

The American industry remains for consideration. The total number of spindles in the United States at present is approximately 35,000,000; this is about 23 per cent of the total number in the world. As has been indicated, the industry has shown constant growth in this country, and it has not been subject to the devastation of war or to speculative combinations like those in England. While there are many more spindles in England, the American mills, manufacturing fewer fine fabrics and using less China clay as a substitute for fibre, annually consume at least one and one fourth times as much cotton as is used by the English mills.

During the last generation, one of the noteworthy features of the growth of cotton-manufacturing in America has been the expansion in the Southern states. Forty per cent of the spindles in

this country are located in the mills in the Piedmont district of the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. The chief reason for the rise of the industry in that region was not proximity to the cotton-fields, but the supplies of relatively cheap labor that were tapped in the mountains and other backward districts in the South. Whatever saving has occurred occasionally in the cost of raw materials from nearby fields has been offset by the extra expense incurred in shipping the products to northern markets. With the depletion of the available supplies of mountaineers, wages have risen in the South; and during recent years, manufacturers who have mills in both sections have found operating costs to be fully as high in the South as in the North.

On the technical side, the American manufacturers have shown special initiative in inventing machines that are particularly suited to conditions in this country, where it is necessary to secure a large output per operative, and where much of the labor has been unskilled immigrants or mountaineers. The ring spindle and the automatic loom are conspicuous examples of this process of adaptation. These machines have helped to make it possible to continue to pay money-wages that were high in comparison with those paid in other countries, while reducing manufacturing costs.

While the Southern mills have utilized local supplies of labor, the Northern mills have employed many immigrants. Frequently, in a single mill in Massachusetts, it is necessary, even today, to post signs in six or more languages, in order to have them intelligible to the entire working force. Under present conditions, it appears that both the Northern and the Southern mills may soon be forced to seek supplies of labor from some new, untried source.

So far as foreign competition is con-

cerned, the American manufacturers seem to be in a position to meet it successfully for most kinds of staple goods. The problem of the future, however, is to provide enough goods for the world's markets. While there are certain to be occasional depressions in this industry as in others, during which foreign competition may be felt keenly, there appear to be enough new markets at home and abroad awaiting development, to absorb readily all the cotton

cloth that can be manufactured here or elsewhere. The task of the American cotton manufacturer is, not to win existing markets away from foreign competitors, but to be prepared to supply a share of the new demand that will arise, not only in this country, but in other countries, such as India, China, and Africa. To the men who are able to cope with these problems, the cotton industry affords unusual opportunities for sound, enduring progress.

THE TWO MEXICOS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

EVERYTHING in Mexico seems to promise fair weather. General Obregón has been quietly elected, and will, if all goes well, be inaugurated on December the first. The last of the great bandits has surrendered, exclaiming dramatically, 'It is time for peace!' And Esteban Cantú has given up the northern district of Lower California without a struggle. Best of all, a new and better era in Mexico's foreign relations has opened, with the promise that outstanding causes of friction are to be removed.

Most important of these is, of course, the oil question, especially as it affects the United States. But the question is a difficult one; and, if a real and lasting solution is to be reached, each side must first thoroughly understand the position of the other.

For the difference between them is not a question of fact to be ascertained, or a question of rates to be adjusted.

There is really a fundamental difference of juristic theory; and until this is clearly seen by both parties to the dispute, we may have a compromise, but we cannot have an understanding.

The present vexed situation as regards the petroleum industry in Mexico, and especially in the Gulf region about Tampico and Tuxpam, practically arises from Section 27 in the new Mexican Constitution of 1917. This new Constitution, which was worked out and adopted at Querétaro by a convention containing able men from nearly every state and district in the Mexican Republic, is in many ways a highly interesting document. There is, of course, as there has been in all previous versions of the Mexican Constitution, the initial misnomer involved in calling the country 'The United States of Mexico.' In actual fact, no group of formerly separated states united to

form the present republic. There is no analogy with the Thirteen Colonies, or with the Dominion of Canada, or with the Commonwealth of Australia, which are genuine federations, groups of states or colonies, formerly separate and now joined by a federal compact. Legally, the analogy is rather with the Union of South Africa, which was a unity before the division into states, or their equivalent, was made.

But let that pass. The Mexican Constitution of 1917 is in many ways a very able document. It is distinguished by a genuinely Latin lucidity, based upon a clear legal theory consistently applied. Briefly, this is the theory of eminent domain, pushed to its logical limit, and of paternalism, which is the same doctrine applied to the inhabitants.

It is exactly at this point that there is need for complete clarity, for a thorough understanding on both sides; for it is the extension of eminent domain in certain directions that has caused, and still causes, the difference of view that creates the oil question.

Article 27 asserts this doctrine of eminent domain. The ownership of the land is vested in the nation. The nation delegates this ownership to individuals. For Mexico, this is, of course, a quite consistent development of the original historical situation. When Hernando Cortez landed at Vera Cruz, on Good Friday, 1519, because of the day naming the place of his landing 'True Cross,' and proceeded to take possession of the country, he did not for a moment consider that the land he conquered belonged to himself, even though his expedition was unauthorized and practically a private adventure. He was quite clear in his own mind that all title was in fact vested in the Crown of Spain; and from the Crown of Spain he accepted his authority and honors.

Exactly the same thing is true of the Thirteen Colonies, founded about a

century later; and names like Virginia, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, like Jamestown and New York, in honor of the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and like Georgia, are the legal fossils of that period.

One application of Crown ownership in Mexico is of particular interest at this point: the fact that the title to all precious metals was held to be inherent in the Crown, which leased the right to mine them on payment of 'royalties,' the very name of which expresses the legal theory.

Now, what has happened in Mexico is this: the old legal doctrine of the Crown's title to all the land has been rephrased in Article 27, to meet modern republican conditions, as ownership by the nation; while the doctrine, held from the beginning in the case of the precious metals, has now been applied to other valuable products extracted from beneath the soil, including petroleum. The older constitutions had nothing to say about petroleum, no doctrine to apply to it, for the sufficient reason that, if it was known that petroleum existed in Mexico, no one thought of it as having any practical value; no one dreamed that it was one of Mexico's greatest natural resources.

This brings us naturally to the American side of the vexed question. The story has been many times told, and well told; and ample justice has been done to the insight, energy, and high constructive ability of the Americans who, a generation ago, discovered signs of petroleum on the surface of waste lands near Tampico, and who, developing these lands, added so greatly to the wealth of Mexico, and of the world, besides adding to their own already large possessions. And the part of certain able Englishmen in the further production of Mexican petroleum has been likewise put on record.

It has also been pointed out—and, I

believe, with entire justice—that, besides enriching the Treasury of Mexico, the oil-wells at Tampico, Tuxpam, and elsewhere have conferred great and very real benefit on large numbers of Mexican natives, and especially on those whom it is agreed to call 'Indians,' in pursuance of the original blunder of Christopher Columbus. Further, that hitherto latent qualities of energy, honesty, and practical ability have been drawn out in these Indians of Tampico, with the revelation that they have a considerable natural gift for mechanics, and can be trusted with the care of fairly complicated machinery.

All this I believe to be true. And there is a great deal to be said for the oil men; in fact, a great deal has already been said, with perfect justice.

The original developers of Mexican oil came from California. And here we have ready at hand a vivid illustration of the difference of juridical theory which underlies the Mexican oil question. The gold-miners of Mexico had, from the beginning, the theory that all the gold of Mexico belonged to the Spanish Crown; they paid royalties, the Crown's share, on all the gold they mined. But the gold-miners of California, the 'Forty-niners' and their successors, had no such theory. The gold they mined was their own, to be held in absolute possession.

And Californians, coming to Mexico, have brought with them, whether consciously or unconsciously, their own juridical theory of wealth extracted from the ground, and, in their own minds, have applied it to Mexican oil. They are persuaded that what they extract is their own absolute property, to have and to hold. They do not realize the logical force, the historical ground, of the juridical theory native to Mexico.

As a nation, we can hardly ask Mexico to revise her historic view and to rewrite her Constitution to suit us. That

would be the kind of mistake, the kind of failure in urbanity, which we are rather prone to make. We are too prone to assume that we and our theories are of necessity superior; too prone to forget the long past of Mexico, which had its fine cities and, among other things, its beautifully printed books, like the great Aztec-Spanish Dictionary, sixty or seventy years before the historic landing of the Pilgrims or the foundation of the colony at Jamestown. And this forgetfulness does harm.

A happy solution, fair to both sides, can be reached. And the first step toward reaching it is a clear recognition of the different points of view, the difference of legal theory underlying the dispute.

II

There is a second danger-point, a second possible bone of contention, in Lower California; although the danger here has been greatly reduced within the last few weeks by the prudent and well-advised abdication of Cantú, so long the autocrat of the northern district of the peninsula.

One may suggest the danger by recalling a name applied to this region by one of the writers best informed as to its character and history: 'the Mother of California.' This name has ample historical justification. From the peninsula came to what is now our California, not only the name, but also the great industries of our Golden West. To the first religious missionaries, the followers of Ignatius Loyola, of Dominic, of Francis of Assisi, who planted gardens of European fruits, grapes, oranges, and olives, by the mission wells and rivulets of the long peninsula, our California owes its fame as a fruit garden; while the large cattle-industry of the Pacific coast has its origin in the wisdom and selfless energy of a noble Jesuit, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino,

who carried out his work a century and a half earlier, between the years 1687 and 1711.

Not only a great religious movement, very beneficent in its operation, but the germs of a great commercial movement, fostered originally for the sake of the missions, spread from Lower to Upper California, recording itself in the names of saints, which extend from Santa Barbara to San Francisco. I wonder how many of the present dwellers by the Golden Gate remember that their patron is the marvelous religious genius of Assisi, the author of the *Canticum* of the Sun.

This close relation between the two Californias, together with the almost complete physical isolation of the peninsula from Mexico, is just the point of danger. For a long series of years, there has been at least the germ of a movement on the Pacific coast looking to the annexation of Lower California to the United States. The argument has been the close relation, historical and natural, between them: if Upper California belongs to us, why not Lower California also? If the 'daughter' is ours, why not the 'mother' also? And, for a while, this danger was concentrated in the person of Esteban Cantú, whose relations with many people of influence in Los Angeles and the Imperial Valley region were peculiarly close.

The immediate danger has now been removed; and it is more than likely that its recognition at Mexico City was one cause of the removal of the able governor of the northern district by the government of President de la Huerta.

But the ultimate danger remains. There are wonderfully rich and almost untouched natural resources in Lower California. It is not merely the wild and torrid cactus waste that we picture to ourselves. It already has flourishing

towns and highly developed mines, with scores of known mining-sites, offering gold and silver and precious stones, copper, iron, and much more. But, further than that, I am convinced that it has a great agricultural development before it, when its present somewhat meagre water-supply is more fully conserved, and when artesian wells are systematically drilled. What irrigation can do in that marvelous soil and climate is already shown in the Imperial Valley. This veritable nature's garden is supplied with water from the lower reaches of the Colorado River, which are diverted from a point in Mexican territory northward into our own California, where Mexicali on the Mexican side, and Calexico in the Golden State confront each other across the international boundary. It results that the northern half of the Imperial Valley, within our boundaries, is absolutely dependent on Mexico for its water-supply. And this is the kind of fact which supplies fuel to the annexationists.

But I am persuaded that even more wonderful results will be accomplished by artesian drilling. Anyone who has seen the artificial fountains of New Mexico, bringing splendid fertility to a region naturally a desert, knows what magical transformations artesian wells can bring about; and it takes no great imagination to picture the same fertility extended to Sonora across the international frontier, to much of arid Northern Mexico, and to Lower California also. I commend the idea of irrigation on a large scale to the government of President Obregón.

Something has already been said of the large benefits brought to many thousands of 'Indians' about Tampico and Tuxpam by the oil-industry. The same thing, in another department, may be said of Lower California. At Santa Rosalia, about half-way down the coast of the Gulf of Pearls, you will

find a modern French city, equipped with electric lights and telephones, with wharves and warehouses, with well-laid-out streets and enlightened civic methods, which has grown up with the great group of copper mines known as El Boleo. The natives of the district, and many who have crossed the Gulf from Sonora, have greatly profited by this modern industry, just as in the oil districts, though the source of Santa Rosalia's culture is French, not American.

There is, then, the temptation to annex Lower California, which has existed more or less since the days of Filibuster Walker, who tried it in 1854. But any such temptation we should resolutely reject in the name of our national honor. We should make it clear to the Mexican government that we do not covet this Naboth's Vineyard; that the spoliation of Mexico by the United States, as they regard it, is a closed chapter of history.

III

So far, we have been concerned with only one of the Two Mexicos: the Mexico of the ruling class, with Spanish as its legal speech. There remains the other Mexico: the Mexico of the many aboriginal races and tongues, whose wide diversity in character and gifts we conceal under the general name of Indians — a name which is completely misleading as regards their ethnical affinities.

But it happens that, for my present purpose, the name Indian, with its suggestion of India, carries two thoughts on which I wish to dwell.

The first of these refers to their government. And the principle which I should like to see practically applied to them is the principle which, in India, has been successful to a degree never seen before in the world's history.

To begin with the question of lan-

guage. The government of India officially recognizes nearly a hundred different languages, among which English itself stands about thirtieth as regards the number who speak it. And this recognition is not a formal thing: it is exceedingly practical. The members of the Covenanted Civil Service, as soon as they have passed their first examination and are assigned to the different provinces, are forthwith set to study the more important languages of these provinces, such as Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Uriya, Tamil, and Telugu. Many take up, as an additional study, one of the classical tongues, Sanskrit, Arabic, or Persian.

And it is not a question of a superficial knowledge, like an English school-boy's knowledge of French. It is a question of reading, writing, and speaking the modern tongues, with a considerable degree of fluency and accuracy. And, after reaching India, the same process is continued. There are periodical examinations in both the spoken and the older tongues, and promotion depends on passing these examinations. Nor is one set merely to read printed books in Bengali or Telugu or Hindi: the examination is based rather on actual documents which have come up in the ordinary business of government, on petitions and contracts and so forth. And the oral examination is practical in the highest degree. I well remember, on a sultry day of the hot season, being confronted with a somewhat perturbed peasant of one of the villages of Murshidabad, and being invited by the native judge who was conducting the examination to 'talk to him about his family.' It happened that at that early date I knew only the book words for son and daughter, so the conversation did not flow. But the point was brought home.

I should like to see the same thoroughness applied to the ten or twelve

millions in Mexico who know no Spanish, and will, in all likelihood, never know any Spanish. Their languages are difficult — let us grant that; but so are Burmese and Malayalam. Yet the men who are charged with administrative work in the regions where these are spoken, can read and write and talk Malayalam and Burmese in a way to bring them into intimate touch with the natives, and intimate understanding of them.

And now I come to my second point. The foundation of the study of Sanskrit was laid by members of the Indian Civil Service, men holding just such positions as I have described. Think for a moment what it has meant to the science of Language, to the study of Comparative Religion, to Philosophy, that the secrets of that splendid tongue, with its superb literature, have been revealed.

There may not be, among the aborigines of Mexico, anything to compare with the *Upanishads*, with the life of Prince Siddhartha; nevertheless, there is much that strongly suggests them. In an earlier article, I said something about the *Popol Vuh*, the ancient Scripture of the Guatemalans, which, at least in its earlier chapters, so strongly suggests the Puranas of India. But it happens that, in another part of Mexico, namely in the high Sierras which form the backbone of Western Mexico, there is something which has an even closer analogy with the hymns of the *Rig Veda*.

Karl Lumholtz, the Norwegian explorer, who has a knowledge of some of the less-known parts of Mexico which is without rival, and who has a real genius for throwing himself into the life of these remote peoples and gaining their sympathy, has put on record, in one of his wonderful books, a series of hymns addressed to the very deities of the *Rig Veda* — the Sun-God, the Rain-

God, Father Heaven and Mother Earth, — which cannot fail to recall to anyone who is familiar with them the earlier Vedic hymns. So we have, in the mountains of Western Mexico, in the twentieth century, what is to all intents and purposes the Vedic religion, with its hymns and ceremonial, still in active operation. Surely there is interest in that. It is still possible to learn, from the priests of this archaic ceremonial, hymns strongly resembling those that our Aryan kinsmen chanted among the tributaries of the Upper Indus, heaven only knows how many millenniums ago.

I have spoken before of the great Aztec-Spanish Dictionary, finely printed in Mexico City about the year of Shakespeare's birth. But this is only one among many records of the early Mexican languages which is easily accessible to-day. The text of the *Popol Vuh* is another, this time in the Quiché tongue. Speaking generally, we owe these linguistic monuments to the zeal and scholarship of missionaries and members of the religious orders; for while zealots of one type destroyed much, equally zealous men of a better type preserved much. And the result is that we have in Mexico the records of a religious culture of high interest and value.

As regards Mexico, we have in the front of our minds the ghastly picture of human sacrifices, as they were celebrated by the priest of the Aztecs; and I think that what we know of them gives ample moral justification for the conquest by Cortez. But these sacrifices had been in existence only a few generations, and as the ritual of a conquering race. They are not characteristic of all Mexico, nor of any long period. Behind them, in the background, and especially in the region of the Mayas and Quichés, one finds many traces of a far more spiritual religion; and the deeply interesting fact is, that

this older and perhaps primeval worship seems still to survive among the remoter tribes; to survive with a spirit and a ceremonial which vividly suggest the *Rig Veda*.

And this earlier religion seems to have cherished very genuine virtues, which the religious orders, Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans, bear eloquent testimony to. They found a very real fervor and devotion, and they found, as one can find in the remoter regions to-day, veneration of Father Heaven, Mother Earth, and the Morning Star regarded as the Divine Son, these three deities being represented by three crosses, which are still set up before the houses of many aboriginal Mexicans in the mountains. They found also a rite of baptism, with veneration of 'holy water.'

All of which brings me to my practical point. Here are ten or twelve millions, of widely differing races and tongues. Would it not be wise to apply to them principles of government that have not yet been tried there, though they have been splendidly successful elsewhere? Begin by setting the administrators really to study their tongues — gaining, not the smattering which one finds, for example, in Oklahoma, in the so-called interpreters on whom we depend in talking to the older men among, let us say, the Southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes; but gaining a real mastery, such as makes it possi-

ble to enter into the heart and feelings, the aspirations and sympathies, the intimate nature of these neglected children of the Father. From understanding and sympathy, more of justice would follow; and they have, hitherto, had but scant justice.

The traders of the East India Company began by studying the languages of India, purely for commercial ends. When destiny forced them into administrative relations with the peoples of India, they went deeper, and set themselves really to master the Indian tongues. As a result, they stumbled on the splendid Sanskrit literature, which is still, after more than a century, enriching the world.

Once a beginning is made in Mexico, like secrets may be disclosed, for our common enriching; civilizations may be uncovered that will fill blank pages in history; race-affinities may come to light that will solve many ethnic enigmas; light may be shed on many dark places in the history of religions. But, best of all, by advancing along the path of genuine understanding, more of justice, more of compassion may be brought into the lives of these lowly races who have had scant compassion and practically no justice at all.

Here, then, it seems to me, we have the problems of the Two Mexicos. In each case, the key is sympathy, insight, a truer understanding, more of that charity which seeketh not its own.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

COMMENTS BY ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS

YES, the Grundy family next door is having another tantrum. The elders have been screaming out of the second-story windows for a considerable period, till at last little Johnnie Grundy rises from his mud-pies and screams back at them to stick their silly heads inside and finish their knitting. All immensely edifying to the neighbors — of whose existence the Grundys are, of course, totally unaware. But though our loud-shouting fellow citizens in the big house do not know us, we, the neighbors, do exist; and we are especially numerous among readers of the *Atlantic*. It is not unnatural, then, that a few whispered comments should break upon the momentary silence which follows little Johnnie's well-chosen words.

These Grundys are undoubtedly a problem. In our most unsympathetic mood we find them inexpressibly funny, with their frantic, anxious, yet uniformly successful attempts at educating the young saphead to resemble the old bonehead. At times they are merely maddening, as when their dying struggle against hypocrisy splashes mud all over everything. Occasionally they get to be an acute menace, and come very near wrecking the world entirely; for it is the Grundys who preach and worship sanctity of property, and doctrines that have just killed some millions of people.

A while ago I saw a youthful member of our own family who cast a great light on the problem by a 'recapitulation' of adolescent Grunditude. This youngster, aged three, lay kicking on the floor and yelled at the top of his

voice, 'I'm *not* a baby, I'm a GREAT BIG MAN!' Little Johnnie's highly pertinent comments on his elders are but cleverly elaborated expansions of the same idea. These two qualities of the undeveloped human — a tendency to become frantic and a total unconsciousness of his own absurdity — are, normally, conspicuous only during the first dozen years of life; by the time he has reached maturity, a healthy person has usually discovered that he is personally a fit object of mirth, and might as well enjoy it.

The Grundys, however, are people whose development has been arrested. Like other backward strains in the race, they represent a more primitive ethnic type, persisting by survival or reversion in a cultural environment which demands a higher evolutionary product. The lack of a sense of humor characteristic of all true Grundys, old or young, is only one obvious symptom of a far-reaching defect of development. It is part of a sort of delusion of grandeur, involving a conviction of knowledge of Life and of personal rightness and authority. Whether it is the philosophic Fitz solemnly assuring the world that he knows himself (and is therefore in full possession and control of the *omphalos* of the universe), or some older Grundy insisting upon the necessity of an orthodox creed, or the Wild Young Un who is so busy selling wallpaper or equally valuable oilstocks that he has to snatch his rosebuds between ten P.M. and four in the morning — all the tribe of Grundy have in common this solemn childlike sense of their own importance. Whether round-eyed and innocent, or dirtily naughty, or bully-

ingly authoritative, they are all more or less grown-up children in a children's world. It is only in the last few thousand years, of course, that the world has become too complex for the Grundys. During the long childhood of the race their spirit was in full control. Conformity was the first duty of man, and he conformed or was eliminated. Since the time when the nonconformist got out of hand, and began the long upward struggle toward civilization, the more ancient strain has had an unhappy history; but it has never been destroyed or put entirely out of power. Through all the generations it has handed down to posterity the categorical imperative with its clan-destine consequences, and the creed of the Fathers with its accompanying insincerities, and the code of the gentleman upheld by the double standard and the conspiracy of silence. Latterly the Grundy plan of salvation has been more than usually disastrous. Their conception of patriotism was carried to its logical conclusion by the obedient Germans, who followed the flag to a bad end. Before, during, and since that catastrophe, Grundyized Christianity has been adding its own modest contribution to the pile of victims. Some sort of religion, it is fair to say, is indispensable to any sane life; there are plenty of people of my acquaintance, Americans and Europeans, who have thrown their religion overboard because someone had attached it to a creed that had to go.

Whether it was the war, or the denaturing of Christianity by so many centuries of orthodoxy, or only our old friend Zeitgeist, something has certainly made the young Grundys more than ordinarily unruly. There is no sign of their leaving the family. How often a gay young debutante will say to a neighborly bystander: 'We're raising Cain all right, but just wait till the next generation tries anything like this

on us!' It is part of their frankness to recognize the mature Grundihood awaiting them; but meanwhile they insist on what seems to them a new order of things. They are all for open high jinks openly arrived at. Instead of the folly and conventionality of their ancestors, they will substitute folly without conventionality, and so bring in the dawn of a new age. With tremors of joy they dip into Freud and discover the self-regarding instincts and the newly risen Aphrodite. The reason they are not impressed with that other instinct, of adjustment to reality, is quite simple. The arrest of development to which the Grundy strain owes its origin has occurred just before the functional maturity of this very instinct.

Obviously, then, for us neighbors to preach to the folks next door would be wasted energy. We can rescue such of their victims as are within reach, and do our bit toward undermining the Grundy influence where we can. But mostly we shall be usefully occupied in fortifying ourselves against any contagion from their side of the fence. In a mad and devastated world our accidental sanity and equally accidental good-fortune are sufficiently evident. We have healthy children, our wives (one each) enjoy our society, we don't thirst for anybody's blood, and we are able to laugh joyfully at ourselves and everybody else. We suffer from various things, and we have some of us been shot at by Germans and bitten by cooties; but from time to time the sun does shine on us. We are not optimists, for the world is infested with Grundys, and they have without doubt already made a wonderful mess of it. But we do know a few cheerful facts to shelter us from the cold winds. The number of people who are fairly adjusted to reality is encouraging. Wherever we go there are more sane, vividly alive personalities than we can find time to

enjoy: at least, we are not a tiny remnant fighting with our backs to the wall; but part of an increasingly large minority. Though we can't answer all the riddles of life, or avoid being often foolish and sometimes unrighteous, yet we can and do make a reasonable success of the job of living. The love of God is no dogma to us; we know plenty of people who have it in them. The joy of friendship is more real to us than clothes or money; and love, as we know, is more than poor old prurient Freud ever heard of.

While the neighbors, then, fight over the conflict of old conventions and new follies, we may as well hold the fort, and take what comfort we can in the joy of life, true friendship, true love, and happy laughter. It would be a fine thing to save the world, if we could; but evolution is too slow to allow us much hope of Utopia for a while. Still, at least we may find and enjoy the large red strawberries which — all Grundys to the contrary notwithstanding — do grow in the woods for those who know where to look.

STONES

Democritus, in the 154th Fragment of his *Golden Sayings*, says, 'In matters of great weight, go to school with the animals. Learn spinning and weaving from the spider, architecture from the swallow, singing from the swan and the nightingale.'

This is the sort of advice our forefathers were always wont to give. When they saw a sluggard, they sent him to the ant; when they saw a popinjay, they sent him to the worm; when they saw a buffoon, they sent him to the cow; when they saw a fool, they sent him to the owl. All animate nature took on special characters; peacocks were vain, foxes were cunning, bears were ugly, dogs were lazy, sheep were stupid,

oxen were patient, cats were sly, serpents were wise. We began to live in an endless La Fontaine fable. Not even the plants were exempt from this strange psychology, and violets seemed modest, lilies pure, roses passionate, and snowdrops brave.

But how curious it is that we should have confined our lyric encomiums to the animate kingdoms. Living though they be, they are not one half so full of lovable qualities as the realm that is considered cold and stern — the mineral.

We have all had kittens and puppies for playmates. Mr. Hudson prefers a pig. Gautier — or was it Gérard de Nerval? — tenderly led a lobster through the boulevards of Paris. Isabella nursed her pot of basil; Louise her geranium. Life began, according to the Hebraic legend, in a garden, and it was an apple tree with whose fruit was seriously involved the destiny of the human race.

But how substanceless was that demand. We have tried to make friends with living things, and to no end. They really have very little use for us. We cajole them with food, we kill them with kindness, and we never understand them. Leave these pets but a day, and they will return to the wild. Even plants care nothing for us in a profound way. As soon as we cease our gracious ministrations, they revert to a jungle.

Nothing is so depressing as to walk in the country and see the animals flee at one's approach. Even the fish scuttle away as soon as man's shadow darkens the water. The lumbering cattle shuffle off. The rabbits prefer a semblance of death to the chance of making our acquaintance. The birds whirl up from the grasses in flocks and fly as far off as possible.

I look forward to the time when man shall himself turn from this social climbing into families which want none

of him, and look lovingly and with self-respect to those things which most deserve his attention — the stones.

For stones are not the dead and sombre creatures which tradition has made them. They are, on the contrary, as charming in their way as the most demonstrative of God's works. But their charm consists in a dogged persistence in being themselves. They do not flatter us by assuming our manners; they neither beg, nor roll over, nor pray, nor do they follow us to school and business. They pretend to be nothing other than they are — quiet, trustworthy, conservative, sensible beings, who know their limitations and never overstep them. They are the most perfect exemplification of the Greek caution, 'Nothing in excess.'

Most pets are noisy. They are forever whimpering or barking, squealing, miaowing, grunting, chirping, neighing, whistling, chattering, mooing. They are not reticent. When a dog would leave the room, he cries and scratches at the door. When a cat has foolishly run up the window-curtains and involved herself in the pulls and strings, she immediately begins to whine and wail, until her master has rescued her. When a parrot has foolishly flown out of his cage to the top of an elm tree, he must needs call and swear and yawp and scream until ladders and ropes are produced — at which time he coolly flies back. When a hen lays an egg, she cackles. When a duck begins to swim, she quacks. Our dumb friends? Show me one that is dumb, and I shall compose an Horatian ode to his memory. It is only the rocks that are dumb. In spite of Shakespeare and his sermons in stones, they preserve the silence of Nirvanah. They emit no sound. A rock will lie meditating in its corner, without ostentation, attracting notice, but not soliciting it.

Living pets are, moreover, bound to

fail their masters at some time or other. It is a proverb among horsemen that no horse can be trusted indefinitely. Some day he will balk, some day he will shy, some day he will throw his master. So too the wilder and more interesting animals must be watched incessantly: the lion-tamer never enters the cage without his pistol.

In this connection let me note my friend, a boy named Roland, who had a little kid. He loved the beast devotedly, and apparently his devotion was returned. But one day, the animal, grown to a goat, maliciously projected his master into the barn-door because Roland had quite properly refused him permission to eat a deck of playing-cards.

Roland became rather bitter after this, and expressed opinions about the world which, for a boy of eleven, were too accurate to be optimistic. I noticed his blighted face and patched trousers and worried the story out of him. By turning his interest toward stones, I saved him from a melancholy youth. He soon grew so fond of pebbles and rocks that they overflowed from his chamber to the hallways and stairs. Indeed, he became so enthusiastic about his new pets, that his father's residence took on the look of a petrological museum. To be sure, I gained nothing in popularity in the hearts of Roland's family after this move; for, as the head of the house remarked, all they needed was some snow to make the ascent to the attic seem like that of Mont Blanc. But all reformers expect ridicule. And Roland's choice was in principle, if not in practice, justified.

For he found he could trust his friends. They were reliable. And he was but rediscovering what the race has known for ages. From the days of Moses and the Decalogue, all important documents have been committed to stone. There were stone tablets be-

fore the Temple of Delphi. There was the Creation Tablet of Nineveh and the Calendar Stone of the Aztecs. These preserved for coming generations the immutable truths of the time. Such was the faith of our ancestors in stones that they never dreamed of intrusting important ideas to any other material.

Stones are by their very nature conservative. And in an age like ours, what is more needed than a good instrument of conservation? At this time, when every flurry of change sends us flying hither and yon like bits of down, we lack an example of steadiness and resolution.

Now, a stone, above all, knows its place in the universe. When thrown into the air, it returns with the least possible fuss to its natural position—the earth. It has none of the girlish hesitancy of the falling leaf, which floats on any breeze that will carry it farther away from its goal. The stone stays put; it does not seek disturbance; it remains in its niche until it is rolled out by the mighty forces of erosion.

But, one will say, stones have no souls. How lamentable an objection! And how easily is it refuted! For everyone knows that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or, as the sages sing, 'Ex nihilo nihil fit.' Now any schoolboy—whether Macaulayan or not—knows the story of the early rulers of Thessaly, Deucalion and Pyrrha, who alone, with Noah and his family, Tem and the crew of his boat, Utnapishtim and his household, Vairavasata the seventh Manu, Yima, Michabo and his muskrat, the spirit of the tree Ule, Marerewana and his followers, the Corn-men of Hurakan, were the sole survivors of the Deluge. He knows that, when ordered to repopulate the stricken earth by casting the bones of their ancestors over their shoulders, they did not search the flooded cemeteries, but picked up white pebbles from

the ground before their feet and threw them as directed, averting their eyes lest they profane the sacred metamorphosis. Had there been no soul in those shining pebbles, there would have been none in the race they generated. It is a choice between them and us.

Is further proof needed of the psychological nature of stones?

Stones, then, possess souls and should, were the right given its proper place in the universe, become close members of our households. It is only because we have grown further and further away from the stock which gave us birth that we have come to look down on them. I plead that the family open its doors to our primeval forebears, and as Abraham entertained the angels, entertain these humbler messengers of an older truth. They are not parvenus; they are the aristocrats of creation. And for that reason alone they should share man's estate.

The stones alone are coeval with man; legend permits no denial of this fact, unless one forsake classical sources and take refuge in Asia Minor. And even there the stone was not without honor, however degraded its cult had become. No, it is inferior animate nature which man should shun, and learn his lessons from the rocks. These worn-out allegories of peacocks, ants, and grasshoppers, these pathetic fallacies of rose and lily, would then give way to a more sturdy and enduring creed of life, founded and protected by the great mineral kingdom, which befriends us, but never seeks to dominate.

'ONLY BILL AND ME DOES IT'

We had earned a long vacation. It had been a hard year; for conscience, keen to help in reconstruction after the war, devised burdens and prolonged hours. Results were disappointing. Body and mind cried for a rest; and,

indeed, forethought in the winter had warned us to save, and to make the most of a month in summer.

Where should we go? Long before the turf on the terraces of my acre invited the lawn-mower, we contemplated maps of the Atlantic coast. The middle zone was best for sea-bathing, and we discovered a small hotel, with its own beach, remote from undesirables as well as from fashion. Yes, we could spend a month there, and I could relieve the possible tedium of a hotel by sailing and fishing. An old clientele, safe, sane, and highly respectable, assured the right companionship for the little one. So that was settled.

All but engaging the rooms. We were idling about the fringe of the garden, enjoying the sunset, when my eye caught sight of a dark pool of water. Where could it come from? The discovery led me to philosophize about the uncertainty of living in a village miles from the city, and in a house built in the second year of the Civil War. With no sewer, the ancient receptacle, forgotten under its stone slab, had filled up and demanded attention. I knew the villagers like a book. There was none prepared, mechanically, or even intellectually, for meeting this imperious need. It was not a subject that I could present for neighborly assistance. I was enmeshed in a set of those conditions in which the victim must mysteriously fly to the unknown, and consult pundits outside the pale of business or profession.

In the city my plumber raised his eyebrows: had he been a continental European, he would have shrugged his shoulders. If one will live in the country, he must take his medicine. No, no one did that sort of work now. A battered loafer in the office-chair was no so certain: Mike Hamblin might do it.

Where did Mike live? Plumber and

loafer exchanged glances. 'You might find him at Cobb's Livery Stable.'

The livery stable was far from the centre of things, across unpaved streets and down malodorous alleys. A surly man, with nothing to do, sat stolidly through my appeal. But Mike's brother, happening in, promised to take the word.

Next morning Mike and a man appeared. They both looked tired, and inspected conditions without interest. They then withdrew to the shade, and sat down. They talked in a low tone. Finally, after losing patience, I went over and asked their decision. They would do the job, and named their 'price.' I had heard that my old professor had been getting a hundred dollars a day for his technical skill, but here was skill, which I felt to be highly technical, asking twice that sum. Even granting that Mike and his partner had a special training compared with which my accomplishments as a philosopher seemed feeble, and in this *impasse*, irrational, I could not be a party to profiteering, and I split the sum in two. Again the men sought the shade, and debated.

They accepted my terms. Later in the day, when we were expecting guests, they returned. A wagon had been lengthened to accommodate twelve whiskey barrels. This they drove across the tender turf, and began their labors. People were coming and going, and a child's birthday party was being danced and played through on the lawn; but the two strange men and their barrels were not to escape unnoticed. The wagon had looked suspiciously aged to me, and when they stopped, before a rise in the driveway, I saw that the hub of one wheel was out of plane with the rim. The men whipped up the horses, the wheel dished, spokes fell out, and the wagon-bed, with its freight, settled to the ground. Emotion in those men

found outlet commonly in profanity. But with little girls about, — the collapse had put a stop to a dance, — even these night-prowlers could not swear. I believe, slightly less hardened, they could have cried with vexation and anger.

Mike stood looking at the spokeless hub. 'I kind of hate to leave all this here over Sunday,' he finally said.

I agreed that dispatch was desirable. He looked round at the wondering children, and unhitched the horses. Later in the day he returned with two wagons. Long after dark, so tired that he could hardly get into his buggy, he settled himself for the long drive home.

'Only Bill and me does it, 'n' it's hard work. We hed to bury a horse las' night — called up at one o'clock — fourteen miles down in the country — hard work.' He folded the check mechanically, and drove off.

He took away two weeks of our seashore. Yet I felt a kind of revelation no resort could have inspired. I had plumbed the depths of one kind of human labor. Physical exhaustion, such as I had known nothing about, had completed that service; mental revulsion, such as I could not contemplate, must have accompanied that labor. What compensation could the man have, other than money? 'Only Bill and me does it'! What can money possibly bring to men so set apart from the normal life and labor of a community? I knew that I could not evade this question at the seashore. I knew that, while gazing at the surf, laced with the moon's rays, and conscious of other lights and music within the hotel, I would still feel the intensity of this impression. 'Only Bill and me does it.'

Necessary, exhausting, hateful, or even disagreeable labor — I cannot be-

grudge them what little comfort the workers of the world may find in a sense of solidarity in misery, or distress, or fatigue such as we who write or read these lines know nothing about. It was no anarchist, no pre-Bolshevist, who raised the toast, 'Die Sacheder Armen!' Rather, a great-hearted man, who had lived so close to the elemental forces of society as to know that money is an ironical token for some kinds of labor, and no release from poverty of soul.

In the social degradation, in the physical exhaustion, in the hopeless abasement of his solitary labors, the man who cleaned my cesspool did more than render a service and go off with my dollars. In modes of thought unfit for leisure by a summer sea, he made me think of all penalties exacted and bargains made respectable by business. If I regard the man and his labors symbolically, I am sentimental only as the case has rural limitations. Labor so repulsive or exhausting that fewer and fewer people care to do it may one day cease to be; or it will be done on the laborer's terms; or — by a reversion stimulating to the imagination — by society itself. Certainly, for many women, the last condition is actually upon us. Already independence of a laboring class has brought rewards. Intelligence, and an unemotional objectivity such as only education — breeding perhaps — can give, transform repellent labor to a kind of art. The kitchen becomes laboratory and studio.

For men, the work of the world offers new adventure and challenge. Among my books, studious of the records of the past, I envy a colleague whose vacation is devoted to moving freight under a broiling sun in the railway yards. And I do not think of the seashore with regret.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Alice G. Masaryk, daughter of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, now President for life of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, wrote these letters to her mother from the prison in Vienna where she was held as hostage for her father, who was outside the jurisdiction of the Austrian government. The comments in brackets are translations from an account of their prison experiences given the editor by Reta Kotikova, to whose cell Miss Masaryk happened by chance to be allocated. For nine months, A. G. M. and Kotikova were cell-mates — an experience which developed a deep and lasting friendship. After being released, A. G. M. wrote to Kotikova regularly, giving her news of the world and encouragement to keep up her spirits. These letters were recently published in Prague (in May, 1920). Miss Kotikova is at present acting as private secretary to Miss Masaryk in the office of the Czecho-Slovak Red Cross.

* * *

Charles Bernard Nordhoff is still 'strolling' in the South Seas, whence he sends us this characteristically delightful version of the story told him by his friend. Sisley Huddleston, an English journalist of high professional standing, represented the *Westminster Gazette* at the Peace Conference. His striking paper, 'The Menace of the World,' in the *Atlantic* for May last, will be remembered. Viola I. Paradise sends this, her first contribution to the *Atlantic*, from New York City. The story is based upon an actual occurrence.

* * *

Harriet Smith, having enlisted in the Red Cross for war-service abroad, was awaiting the call when the Armistice was signed. Thereafter, she gladly accepted an invitation to join a Red Cross unit being formed to accompany the Near East Relief Commission to Asiatic Turkey. She writes, —

Thus did it happen that, in addition to carrying relief to the starving refugees of the terrible

massacre and drive of the Armenian nation in 1915, after all, I got nearer to the battlefield than many who had gone to France; for in the war of the Turks upon the French Army of Occupation, a part and aftermath of the Great War, I was in the first-line trenches, as it were, for our house formed an outpost of French defense, occupied for nearly two months by a garrison of twenty to thirty soldiers, and for those two months we were continually, night and day, under rifle- and shell-fire, and the object of many direct attacks.

After a brief stay at Prinkipo (famous as the seat of the convention which did not convene), and a tour of duty at Derindje, Konia, and Aleppo, Miss Smith arrived at Urfa, in Upper Mesopotamia, and reported to Miss Caroline Holmes of the American Orphanage, 'where I was to have supervision of the health of a thousand children. This, before the war, was the Orphanage erected and presided over by Corinne Shattuck of Boston, whose name is still honored and revered throughout that part of Turkey, by Moslem and Christian.'

Urfa [she says] is a national battleground, and has been so for ages, for here Turk, Kurd, and Arab meet. It is an independent *sanjak*, owing allegiance only to Constantinople, and all three races covet it, so that every now and then the 'kings of earth go forth to war, and on their prowess rests the fate of Urfa and its hundreds of bee-hive mud villages scattered over the adjoining plain of Hassan, where Jacob served for Rebecca so many years ago.

The Mr. Weeden frequently mentioned in the narrative will be recognized as Charles F. Weeden, Jr., author of the spirited but very brief account of the same siege of Urfa, which we printed in September.

* * *

Olive Tilford Dargan, after her delightful interlude of story-telling in the Carolina mountains, returns to the form of expression that we associate instinctively with her name. Cornelia James Cannon is the wife of Walter B. Cannon, Professor of Physiology at Harvard. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson is Professor of History at the College of Charleston, South Carolina. He con-

tributed 'The Confederacy Fifty Years After' to the *Atlantic* for June, 1919.

* * *

People are still interested in manners! Who would have thought it? Yet it is so; the publication of the Grundy Family papers in the *Atlantic* has brought about a literal avalanche of replies, assents, rebuttals, rejoinders, and simple expletives. We should like to follow these pleasing divagations further, but there are other subjects on the carpet, and to the débutante author of the present letter we give a woman's privilege of the last word. That it is prettily and sensibly said, we hope our readers will generally agree. H. C. Kittredge is one of the masters at St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., where, it is interesting to remember, his father, Professor George Lyman Kittredge, preceded him a generation ago. Gamaliel Bradford, as *Atlantic* readers will like to know, is bringing out this season two volumes of poetry — one, a dramatic story in verse, *A Prophet of Joy*, issued by Houghton Mifflin Company; the other, a volume of poems, *Shadow Verses*, bearing the imprint of the Yale University Press. Gretchen O. Warren (Mrs. Fiske Warren), poet and lover of the Classics, lives in Boston. John Irwin Bright, a newcomer to the *Atlantic's* pages, is an architect of Philadelphia.

* * *

Albert Kinross, novelist and essayist, throughout the war saw service of the most varied sort. During the Mesopotamian Campaign Captain Kinross was attached to the Commissariat, and as the army lived largely off the country, he had unusual opportunities for intercourse with the civilian population. Leo Pasvolksy, a Russian journalist and writer, but of liberal and anti-Bolshevist sympathies, is one of the group of literary *émigrés* whom the turn of affairs in Russia after the second revolution has driven into temporary exile. Until recently he was associated with Vladimir Burtzeff, editor of an anti-Bolshevist newspaper in Paris and staff-writer for *Victoire*; but he is now residing in this country. Melvin T. Copeland is Assistant Professor of Marketing and Director of the Bureau of Business Research at Harvard University. Charles Johnston, whose experience in the British

Indian Civil Service has heretofore borne fruit for readers of the *Atlantic* in a number of interesting sketches, has made a long and detailed study of conditions in Mexico.

* * *

It is with very deep satisfaction that we are privileged to tell our readers — this time on indubitable information — that Madame Ponafidine is still living. From more than one source, rumors of her death, only too plausible, reached us; but now we know that she is living, though under most difficult circumstances. Her blind husband, worn out with suffering and privation, died last year. Certain other particulars we have learned, but for the present, on Madame Ponafidine's account, it seems prudent to add nothing to this statement.

* * *

An aspirant to the *Atlantic's* pages, to whom the chill comfort of a note of rejection was recently administered, approaches us again thus pleasantly: —

Howdy, Mistah Editors.
Ain' you-alls ter home?
I keeps a-rappin' at yer do'
Ter let yer see a pome.

Don' you take no verses
In de speech ob nigger folks?
En does you feel too biggetty
Fer li'l' songs en jokes?

Dese kin' en frien'ly wo'ds er yone
Des tickles me ter def —
Ez ef I'd dremp a happy dream
Erbouten me, mahsef.

So I 'll des keep a-rappin', boss —
Hit sho'ly hain't no sin —
In hopes dat bimeby you-alls 'll
Ax me ter come in.

L. A. G.

* * *

THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Having noticed the pleasure the *Atlantic* takes in hearing its praises sung, I wonder if this tribute I heard this summer has ever been reported.

At a tiny resort on the Maine coast, when summer ended, a visitor took the discarded magazines to the lighthouse keeper. As his eyes fell upon the pile, he exclaimed, —

'I'm glad to see the *Atlantic*.'

With some surprise his caller asked if he liked to read it.

'Why, you see,' he replied, 'it just fits my knees when I paint the steps.'

Who loves a dog will love these lines,
though strange or thrice familiar.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder if *Atlantic* readers, who have read and appreciated 'Peter,' know Bishop Doane's beautiful lines? At the risk of being gratuitously redundant I append them: —

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God —
Since He is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that His bounty sends —
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To turn to God I know and own; his eye,
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God his wise corrections sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;
And from me never crumb or sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear,
He is content and quiet if I'm near;
Secure that my protection will prevail;
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

Yours truly,

FRANK W. CREIGHTON.

* * *

Nature, the 'Whimsical Goddess' of Mr. Herbert Ravenel Sass (see August *Atlantic*), has an appreciative devotee in Vancouver, who sends us this curious instance of her crotchets.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was engaged on a warm afternoon hosing some flower-beds in my garden. One was a bed recently seeded, over which, a foot above the ground, I had suspended a wire screen covered with ferns, to protect the seedlings from the searching August sun. While I was spraying this bed, a hummingbird, a constant visitor, buzzed up to the spot and at once appeared to be greatly exercised over the phenomenon of an isolated shower under a bright sun and a cloudless blue sky. He floated over and around it, up and down repeatedly, and finally came within three feet and peered at me most intently for a few seconds. Returning to his investigation of the spray, he gradually approached it until a few of the outer drops of water touched him, when he at once floated back from the stream. Hesitating for a moment or two, as if uncertain whether he enjoyed the sensation, he once more, with an air of purpose, moved into the spraying water. This time he went well into the stream.

Not yet sure that he enjoyed the shower-bath, he again backed out, hesitated a moment or two, and again venturing with more confidence into the spray, he poised a moment right in the centre of it, then, slowly sinking, came to rest on the fern-covered screen on which I was playing the water. With his beak turned upward and the water running down over his back, he rested for perhaps thirty seconds; then, slowly rising, he

soared over to a clump of raspberry bushes, and alighting on a broad leaf, he rolled and shrugged himself over its surface, for all the world like a dog coming out of the water and rolling and drying itself on the grass; then, rustling out his wings and preening his feathers a little, he flew off.

I was so greatly interested in this extraordinary performance that I called my wife and daughter to tell them of it, and while so doing, was amazed to see the little fellow return to repeat the experience. This time there was no 'September Morn' hesitancy. He sailed right into the showering water and once again settled down on the screen. He rested perhaps a minute or more under the spray, his little head lifted upward, his wings half-spread, palpitating gently to let the water run beneath them, his whole attitude indicating a high degree of enjoyment and satisfaction. Presently he rose straight through the drenching spray, his emerald body gleaming and glistening like a polished jewel, and away he flashed, doubtless thinking more highly of himself because of his unusual and heroic toilet proceedings.

I have seen sparrows and robins come to take a bath when I have been hosing the lawn, but always outside the range of the spray, in some hollow where the water had gathered.

I never before saw a hummingbird alight on a flat surface or on anything which it could not grasp with its feet, and never until this occasion saw one take a bath under any condition.

Now, what moved this mite to a course so unusual? His movements at first certainly indicated a great deal of interest in the hosing, but what led him to such an extraordinary performance as he gave us, I confess I am at a loss to suggest. Was he a little more generously endowed with initiative and individuality than all the others in ten thousand, or was it just a freakish bit of playfulness for the enjoyment of this dainty atom of life, one of her creatures, on the part of that versatile lady, the Whimsical Goddess? Who can tell?

Yours truly,

G. F. GIBSON.

* * *

Were we to give up, not only this department, but the whole *Atlantic*, to the repercussion of the Grundy debate, it would be totally inadequate to contain the noise thereof. All we can do is, from the mass of correspondence, to select one or two notes by way of ultimate conclusion and definitive comment.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Like the welcome thunderstorm which cleared the atmosphere a week ago comes this short, sharp article from John F. Carter, Jr., 'One of Them.' After all the beating about the bush and pussy-footing comes a statement, straight and clean, drying up the humidity of this controversy.

Have n't I sat at luncheon-tables and heard mothers of the present generation inveighing against their own young! and have n't I sat at dinner-tables and shared the extravagance and

delighted in that very beauty and simplicity, which was, in truth, but the flower of a hypocritical prudishness which does not fool Mr. Carter! And do I not know that, now, to enjoy fullheartedly my own generation, as I do, I must blind myself, as I do, to our complacent folly! Vain, idle, kindly, conscientious, well-meaning, blind, or clear-seeing and cynical, whatever our part, good or bad, we *did* make and are responsible for this Thing we have handed the younger generation; and fond of it as we may be, fooled by it as we may have been, how we can deny our responsibility for it, passes my comprehension. And yet that bland casting off of all accountability for the present state of affairs is what I hear on almost all sides. We raise our voices against labor, but have respect for traditional idleness; and damn Germans and youth, but deny all responsibility for the war and the times. Yet, somehow, we did let this poor-quality youth *suffer* the war and win it, while we, for the most part, vain and frivolous, amused ourselves with it. Deny it as we may, that is what we did in our spick-and-span uniforms, with our activities and our drives. For most of us enjoyed ourselves as never before, seriously deceiving ourselves as to the present, and taking no thought for the morrow. Many a time have I heard the phrase, 'My dear, I have no time to think, or read anything but the papers,' and yet it does seem as if bandage-rolling might have offered time for thought as well as for gossip.

And as for this talk of the 'decay of religion,' to my mind religion either is or is n't, like truth or diamonds, but does n't decay. No, the fault can't be foisted off onto the decay of religion, even if at their moment of greatest opportunity the priests of religion preached salvation by cannon, while we in the congregation sang that in the Cross *alone* we conquered.

No, even though we did n't mean it, we have been a vain, foolish, self-satisfied lot, sowing where we would not reap, taking our eating and drinking, facing nothing half so grim as dying, but hoping, like Mr. Britling, somehow to muddle through, and that our children would not 'go a-thinking,' but would be a credit to us, in both senses of the word. Well, thank Heaven, they are, in the best sense, at least, with their high adventure and their dazed eyes, their scanty clothes, their free talk, and their unabated courage, facing a world we would have shrunk from into safe and sound investments, marriages, or charities.

Now, I am not 'telling on' my own generation, which I love and enjoy, and in many cases reverence, just for the fun of it; nor because of an inherent censoriousness; I really do not care what flowery path of dalliance my friends choose, so long as they do not, by some strange, anachronistic logic, when they find their destination, place the responsibility for it on babes and infants still unborn when the choice was made. I simply could n't stand it another minute, this shirking of responsibility, for I have nephews and nieces of my own, being (and I hope Mr. Carter may eat his words) sincerely yours,

A MAIDEN AUNT.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

After rereading the 1920 characteristic views of one of a younger generation, I could think of nothing but a scene at the breakfast-table, when an over-indulged only son slouched into the room, exclaiming, 'Everyone in this house is an Old Grouch! Papa is an Old Grouch! Mamma is an Old Grouch! Auntie Kate is an Old Grouch.' Thus rewarding the efforts of over an hour to get him to school on time.

My generation did *not* teach the three R's — religion, respect, and reverence; and unless the 'younger generation' comes to some realization of the need, we shall never revert to the fineness of the ones who are spared seeing our failure.

A[NOTHER] MAIDEN AUNT.

And here is one last disrespectful word.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is absurd for me to waste your time, instead of Mr. Carter's, with this letter, but one must occasionally throw a sop to the growling Grundys, — a concession a month, like the Boy Scout's daily good deed, — since, after all, we wild young people would never have had our generation had they not gone before us. I want merely to thank Mr. Carter for his article — we've laughed and nodded our heads over it, and read it and quoted it to our elders ever since it appeared. Most of us have been too busy, not only to explain ourselves, but even to formulate in our minds the explanations of our misconduct. What with wars in Europe, bombs in Wall Street, and a League of Nations to fight for, we simply have n't had time.

But the feminine of us chortled in our joy, and almost called, 'Come to our arms, our beamish boy,' at the 'mist of muslin, flannels, tennis, bicycles, Tennyson, Browning, and the Blue Danube waltz.' My mother is of the Grundy generation, but not of the tribe; and although sometimes she feels it her duty to remark the growing shortness of skirts, she also remembers the stockings that girls wore — Grundy girls, too — beneath their sweeping dresses back in 1890 or so. It seems that they were demurely black almost to the knee, and then — But perhaps the Grundy boys who stood about on rainy days will remember the flashes of green and of scarlet.

Of course, I am not justifying our conduct because of the lapses of the older generation. Far from it. Personally, I think we've improved. To cite Mrs. Gerould's fable of the old-fashioned maiden in the movies, I'll agree with her that we rarely — if ever — slap the young man who kisses us. We differ from the maiden's generation in that we do not permit him to kiss us unless we want him to — and then, why the silly form of a gentle slap? I'll wager that we're kissed no more often than were our mothers and aunts — and we save the energy they put into slapping for the work they've bequeathed us.

But I'm not planning to add to Mr. Carter's explanation of us — there's no need. I want merely to thank him, under the chaperonage of the *Atlantic* editors, for his splendid article, and to lay my gratitude at the feet of those same editors for putting it before the Grundys.

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DECEMBER, 1920

THE WONDERFUL PILGRIMAGE TO AMARNATH

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

IN all India there is nothing more wonderful than the pilgrimages of millions, which set like tidal waves at certain seasons to certain sacrosanct places—the throngs that flock to holy Benares, to Hardwar, and to that meeting of the waters at Prayag, where the lustral rites purify soul and body, and the pilgrims return shriven and glad. But of all the pilgrimages in India the most touching, the most marvelous, is that to Amarnath, nearly twelve thousand feet up in the Himalayas. The cruel difficulties to be surmounted, the august heights to be climbed (for the way is much higher than the height at which the Cave stands), the wild and terrible beauty of the journey, and the glorious close when the Cave is reached, make this pilgrimage the experience of a lifetime even for a European. What must it not be for a true believer? Yet, in the deepest sense, I should advise none to make it who is not a true believer—who cannot sympathize to the uttermost with the wave of faith and devotion that sends these poor pilgrims climbing on torn and wearied feet to the great Himalayan heights, where they not infrequently lay down their lives before reaching the silver pinnacles that hold their hearts' desire.

I have myself made the pilgrimage, and it was one of the deepest experiences of my life; while, as for the beauty and wonder of the journey, all words break down under the effort to express them.

But first a few words about the God who is the object of devotion. The Cave is sacred to Siva—the Third Person of the Hindu Trinity; that Destroyer who, in his other aspects, is the Creator and Preserver. He is the God especially of the Himalayas—the Blue-Throated God, from the blue mists of the mountains that veil him. The Crescent in his hair is the young moon, resting on the peak that is neighbor to the stars. The Ganges wanders in the matted forests of his hair before the maddening torrents fling their riches to the Indian plains, even as the snow-rivers wander in the mountain pine forests. He is also Nataraja—Lord of the Cosmic Dance; and one of the strangest and deepest-wrought parables in the world is that famous image where, in a wild ecstasy, arms flung out, head flung back in a passion of motion, he dances the Tandava, the whole rapt figure signifying the cosmic activities, Creation, Preservation, and Destruction. 'For,' says a Tamil text, 'our Lord is a Dancer, who,

like the heat latent in firewood, diffuses his power in mind and matter, and makes them dance in their turn.'

The strange affinity of this conception with the discoveries of science relating to the eternal dance of atom and electron gives it the deepest interest. I would choose this aspect of the God as that which should fill the mind of the Amarnath pilgrim. Let him see the Great God Mahadeo (*Magnus Deus*), with the drum in one hand which symbolizes creative sound — the world built, as it were, to rhythm and music. Another hand is upraised bidding the worshiper, 'Fear not!' A third hand points to his foot, the refuge where the soul may cling. The right foot rests lightly on a demon — to his strength, what is it? A nothing, the mere illusion of reality! In his hair, crowned with the crescent moon, sits the Ganges, a nymph entangled in its forest. This is the aspect of Mahadeo which I carried in my own mind as I made the pilgrimage, for thus is embodied a very high mysticism, common to all the faiths.

Siva is also Lord of the Daughter of the Himalayas — Uma, Parvati, Gauri, Girija, to give only a few of the beautiful names of the Mystic Mother of India. As Uma, she is especially Himalayan. In the freezing Himalayan lake she did her age-long penance when she would win the heart of the Great Ascetic — her lovely body floating like a lotus upon its icy deeps. She is the lover of mountains, the Dweller in the Windhya Hills; and so dear are she and her Lord the one to the other, that they are represented often as a single image, of which the one half is man, the other woman; the dual nature is perfect unity in the Divine.

The Cave at Amarnath is sacred because a spring, eternally frozen, has in its rush taken the shape of the holy Lingam, which is the symbol of reproduction and therefore of Life. This is

also the Pillar of the Universe — that Pillar which the Gods sought to measure, the one flying upward, the other downward, for æons, seeking the beginning and the end, and finding none. Yet again, it is the Tree of Life, which has its roots in Eternity, and branches through the mythology of many peoples. And if there are degenerated forms of this worship, surely the same may be said of many others.

II

The pilgrimage can be made only in July and August. Before and after, a barrier of snow and ice closes the way, and makes the Cave a desolation.

The start is made from Pahlgam, a tiny village on the banks of the Lidar River in Kashmir, where it leaps from the great glacier of Kolahoi to join the Jhelum River in the Happy Valley. Pahlgam itself stands at a height of about eight thousand feet.

The day before we started there was a great thunderstorm, the grandest I have ever known. The mountains were so close on each side that they tossed the thunder backwards and forwards to each other, and the shattering and roaring of the echoes was like the battles of the Gods; while the continuous blue glare of the lightning was almost appalling. It was strange to feel only a little web of canvas between ourselves and that elemental strife when the rain followed as if the fountains of the great deep were broken up — cold as snow, stinging like hail, and so steady that it looked like crystal harpstrings as it fell. Yet next day we waked to a silver rain-washed world, sparkling with prisms of rain and dew; fresh snow on the mountains, and delicate webs of soft blue mist caught like smoke in the pines.

So we set forth from Pahlgam, with our cavalcade of rough hill ponies carrying the tents and provisions and all our

substance, and began our march by climbing up the river that flows from those eternal heights into the Pahlgam valley. Much of the way can be ridden if one rides very slowly and carefully; for these wonderful animals are sure-footed as cats; but the track is often terrifying — broken boulders and the like. If the ponies were not marvels, it could not be done; and if one were not a safe rider, one certainly could not stick on. The pony gives a strong hoist of his fore-legs, and you are up one rock and hanging on by his withers; then a strong hoist of the hind-legs and you are nearly over his neck; and this goes on for hours; and when it is beyond the pony, you climb on your feet, and ford the torrents as best you may.

Up and up the steep banks of the river we climbed, among the pines and mighty tumbled boulders. Up by the cliffs, where the path hangs and trembles over the water roaring beneath. On the opposite side the mountains soared above the birches and pines, and the torrents hung down them like mist, falling, falling from crag to crag, and shattering like spray-dust as they fell. Once a great eagle soared above us, balancing on the wind, and then floated away without a single motion of his wings — wonderful to see; and the spread of his wings was greater than the height of the tallest man.

We had long passed the last few huts, and the track wound steadily higher, when, suddenly growing on us, I heard a deep musical roar like the underlying bass of an orchestra — the full-chorded voice of many waters. And as we turned a corner where the trail hung like a line round the cliff, behold, a mighty gorge of pines and uplifted hills, and the river pouring down in a tremendous waterfall, boiling and foaming white as it fell into the raging pit beneath.

What a sight! We stopped and looked, every sense steeped in the wonder of

it. For the air was cool with the coolness that comes like breath off a river; our ears were full of the soft thunder; the smell of pines was like the taste of a young world in one's mouth; yet it was all phantasmal, in a way, as if it could not be real. I watched the lovely phantom, for it hung like a thing unreal between heaven and earth, until it grew dreamlike to me and dyed my brain with sound and color, and it was hard indeed to pass on.

That night we camped in a mountain valley some two thousand feet above Pahlgam. It was like climbing from story to story in a House of Wonder. The river was rushing by our tents when they were pitched, pale green and curling back upon itself, as if it were loath to leave these pure heights, and the mountains stood about us like a prison, almost as if we might go no farther. And when I stood outside my tent just before turning in, a tremulous star was poised on one of the peaks, like the topmost light on a Christmas tree, and the Great Bear lay across the sky glittering frostily in the blue-blackness.

I had a narrow escape that day; for, as I was leading the cavalcade, I met a wild hill-rider in the trail between two great rocks, and his unbroken pony kicked out at me savagely with his fore-leg and caught me above the ankle. Luckily, they do not shoe their horses here; but it was pretty bad for a bit, and I was glad of the night's rest.

III

Next day we started and rounded out of the tiny valley; and lo! on the other side another river, flowing apparently out of a great arch in the mountain-side. Out it poured, rejoicing to be free; and when I looked, it was flowing, not from the mountain but from a snow-bridge. Mighty falls of snow had piled up at the foot of the mountain, as they

slipped from its steep; and then the snow, melting above, had come down as a torrent and eaten its way through the wide arch of this cave. Often one must cross a river on these snow-bridges, and at a certain stage of melting they are most dangerous; for, if the snow should give, there may be frightful depths beneath.

Here first I noticed how beautiful were the flowers of the heights. The men gathered and brought me tremulous white and blue columbines, and wild wallflowers, orange-colored and so deeply scented that I could close my eyes and call up a cottage garden, and the bee-hives standing in sedate rows under the thatched eaves. And there was a glorious thistle, new to me, as tall as a man, and with blue-green silvered spears and a head of spiky rays. Bushes, also, like great laurels, but loaded with rosy berries that the Kashmiris love.

We turned then round a huge fallen rock, green and moist with hanging ferns, and shining with the spray of the river, and before us was a mountain, and an incredible little trail winding up it, and that was our way. I looked and doubted. It is called the Pisu, or Flea Ascent, on the ground that it takes a flea's activity to negotiate it. Of course, it was beyond the ponies, except here and there, on what I called breathers, and so we dismounted. The men advised us to clutch the ponies' tails, and but for that help it would have been difficult to manage. My heart was pumping in my throat, and I could feel the little pulses beating in my eyes, before I had gone far, and every few minutes we had to stop; for even the guides were speechless from the climb, and I could see the ponies' hearts beating hard and fast under the smooth coats.

But still we held on, and now beside us were blooming the flower-gardens of the brief and brilliant Himalayan summer — beds of delicate purple anemo-

nes, gorgeous golden ranunculus holding its gold shields to the sun, orange poppies, masses of forget-me-nots of a deep, glowing blue — a *burning* blue, not like the fair azure of the Western flower, but like the royal blue of the Virgin's robe in a Flemish missal. And above these swayed the bells of the columbines on their slender stems, ranging from purest white, through a faint, misty blue, to a deep, glooming purple. We could hardly go on for the joy of the flowers. It was a marvel to see all these lovely things growing wild and uncared for, flinging their sweetness on the pure air, and clothing the ways with beauty. And at each turn fresh snow-peaks emerged against the infinite blue of the sky — some with frail wisps of white cloud caught in the spires, and some bold and clear as giants ranged for battle.

And so we climbed up and reached another story, and lay down to rest and breathe before we went farther up into wonderland.

The top was a grassy 'marg,' or meadow, cloven down to the heart of the earth by a fierce river. Around it was a vast amphitheatre of wild crags and peaks; and beneath these, but ever upward, lay our trail. But the meadow was like that field in Sicily where Persephone was gathering flowers when she was snatched away by Dis to reign in the Underworld. I remembered Leighton's picture of her, floating up from the dead dark, pale like a withered flower, and stretching her hands to the blossoms of earth once more. I never saw such flowers: they could scarcely be seen elsewhere.

The snow had slipped off the meadow, — was rushing away in the thundering river far below, — and the flowers were crowding each other, rejoicing in the brief gladness of summer before they should be shrouded again under the chilly whiteness. But their color took revenge on it now. They glowed, they

sang and shouted for joy — such was the vibration of their radiance! I have never dreamed of such a thing before.

And then came our next bad climb, up the bed of a ragged mountain torrent and across it, with the water lashing at us like a whip. I do not know how the ponies did it. They were clutched and dragged by the ears and tails, and a man seized me by the arms and hauled me up and round the face of a precipice, where to miss one step on the loose stones would have been to plunge into depths I preferred not to look at. Then another ascent like the Flea, but shorter, and we were a story higher, in another wild marg, all frosted silver with edelweiss, and glorious with the flowers of another zone — flowers that cling to the bare and lichened rock and ask no foothold of earth.

That was a wild way. We climbed and climbed steadfastly, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, and round us were rocks clothed with rose-red saxifrage, shaded into pink, and myriads of snowy stars, each with a star of ruby in its heart. Clouds still of the wonderful forget-me-not climbed with us. Such rock gardens! No earthly hand could plant those glowing masses and set them against the warm russets and golds of the lower crags, lifted up into this mighty sky-world. The tenderness of the soft form and radiant color of these little flowers in the cruel grasp of the rocks, yet softening them into grace with the short summer of their lives, is exquisitely touching. It has the pathos of all fragility and brief beauty.

Later we climbed a great horn of rock, and rounded a slender trail, and before us was another camping-place — the Shisha-Nag Lake among the peaks. We saw its green river first, bursting through a rocky gateway, and then, far below, the lake itself, —

Green as a clouded chrysoprase
And lonely as a dream of God, —

reflecting the snowy pinnacles above it. The splintered peaks stand about it. Until July it is polished ice, and out of one side opens a solemn ante-chapel blocked with snow. The lake itself is swept clear and empty. The moon climbs the peaks and looks down, and the constellations swing above it. A terrible, lonely place, peopled only by the shadows. It was awful to think of the pomps of sunrise, noon, and sunset passing over it, and leaving it to the night and dream which are its only true companions. It should never be day there — always black, immovable night, crouching among the snows and staring down with all her starlight eyes into that polished icy mirror.

We camped above it, and it was cold — cold! A bitter wind blew through the rocks — a wind shrilling in a waste land. Now and then it shifted a little and brought the hoarse roar of some distant torrent or the crash of an avalanche. And then, for the first time, I heard the cry of the marmot — a piercing note which intensifies the desolation. We saw them too, sitting by their burrows; and then they shrieked and dived and were gone.

We made a little stir of life for a while — the men pitching our tents and running here and there to gather stunted juniper bushes for fuel, and get water from an icy stream that rippled by. But I knew we were only interlopers. We would be gone next day, and the cold silence would settle down on our blackened camp-fires.

In the piercing cold that cut like a knife I went out at night, to see the lake, a solemn stillness under the moon. I cannot express the awe of the solitudes. As long as I could bear the cold, I intruded my small humanity; and then one could but huddle into the camp-bed and try to shut out the immensities, and sleep our little human sleep, with the camp-fires flickering

through the curtains, and the freezing stars above.

Next day we had to climb a very great story higher. Up and up the track went steadily, with a sheer fall at one side and a towering wall on the other. We forded a river where my feet swung into it as the pony, held by two men, plunged through. It is giddy, dazzling work to ford these swift rivers. The pony seems to be stationary; only the glitter of the river sweeps by, and the great stones trip the pony. You think you are gone, and then somehow and suddenly you are at the other side.

IV

And here a strange thing happened. When the morning came, we found that a *sadhu* — a wandering pilgrim — had reached the same height on his way to the Cave. He was resting by the way, very wearied, and shuddering with the cold. So I ventured to speak to him and welcome him to our fire and to such food (rice) as he could accept from some of our men; and there, when we stopped for the midday meal, he sat among us like a strange bird dropped from alien skies. Sometimes these men are repulsive enough, but this one—I could have thought it was Kabir himself! Scrupulously clean, though as poor as human being could be. He would have come up from the burning plains with his poor breast bare to the scarring wind, but that some charitable native had given him a little cotton coat. A turban, a loin-cloth looped between the legs, leaving them naked, grass sandals on feet coarse with traveling, and a string of roughly carved wooden beads, were all his possessions, except the little wallet that carried his food — rice and a kind of lentil. I thought of Epicurus, the saint of ancient Rome, and his one tattered cloak.

This was a man of about fifty-five,

tall, thin, with a sensitive face, yet with something soldierly about him; dignified and quiet, with fine hawk-like features and strained bright eyes in hollow caves behind the gaunt cheek-bones. A beautiful face in both line and expression; a true mystic, if ever I saw one!

He told me he had walked all the way from Bengal (look at the map and see what that means!), and that the poor people were very kind and gave him a little rice sometimes, when they had it, and sometimes a tiny coin, asking only his prayers in return. That he needed very little, never touching meat or fish or eggs, which he did not think could be pleasing to the God. For sixteen years he had been thus passing from one sacred place to the other — from the holy Benares to Hardwar, where the Ganges leaves the hills, and farther still, praying — praying to the One. 'There is One God,' he said; and again I thought of Kabir, the supreme mystic, the incarnate Joy, who also wandered through India, —

He has looked upon God, and his eyeballs are clear;

There was One, there is One, and but One, saith Kabir, —

striving, like this man,

To learn and discern of his brother the clod,
And his brother the beast, and his brother the God.

I asked if he had any children, and he threw out his hands palm upward with a strange gesture, and said, 'Empty.'

But does it not fill one with thoughts? That man had a soul at rest and a clear purpose. And Christ and Buddha were *sadhus*; and if it seem waste to spend the sunset of a life in prayer, that may be the grossest of errors. We do not know the rules of the Great Game. How should we judge? So he came with us, striding behind the ponies with his long, steadfast stride, and his company was pleasing to me.

That was a wondrous climb. Had

any God ever such an approach to his sanctuary as this great God of the heights? We climbed through a huge amphitheatre of snows, above us the ribbed and crocketed crags of a mighty mountain. It was wild architecture — fearful buttresses, springing arches, and terrible foundations rooted in the earth's heart; and, above, a high clerestory, where the Dawn might walk and look down through the hollow eyeholes of the windows into the deeps of the precipice below.

I suppose the architect was the soft persistence of water, for I could see deep beach-marks on the giant walls. But there it stood, crowned with snow, and we toiled up it, and landed on the next story, the very water-shed of these high places — a point much higher than the goal of our journey. And that was very marvelous, for we were now in the bare upper world, with only the sky above us, blue and burning on the snow, the very backbone of the range; and, like the Great Divide, the rivers were flowing both ways, according to the inclination of the source.

Before us lay snow which must be crossed, and endless streams and rivers half or wholly buried in snow. That was a difficult time. The ponies were slipping, sliding, stumbling, yet brave, capable, wary as could be. I shall forever respect these mountain ponies. They are sure-footed as goats and brave as lions and nothing else would serve in these high places. In Thibet they have been known to climb to the height of 20,000 feet.

Sometimes the snow was rotten, and we sank in; sometimes it was firm, and then we slipped along; sometimes riding was impossible, and then we picked our way with alpenstocks. But everywhere in the Pass summer had its brief victory, and the rivers were set free to feed the sultry Indian plains.

At last we won through to another

high marg, a pocket of grass and blossom in the crags; and there, at Panjistani, we camped. Of course, we had long been above all trees, but nothing seemed to daunt the flowers. This marg lay basking in the sun, without one fragment of shade except when the sun fell behind the peaks in the evening. But the flowers quivered, glowed, expanded. My feet were set on edelweiss, and the buttercups were pure gold. The stream ran before me pure as at the day-dawn of the world, and from all this innocent beauty I looked up to the untrodden snow, so near, yet where only the eagle's wings could take her.

Next day was an enforced rest, for everyone, man and beast, was weary; so we basked in the sun, reading and writing, and but for the July snow and the awful peaks, it was hard to believe that one was in the upper chambers of the King's Palace. Yet the air was strange, the water was strange, and it was like a wild fairy-tale to look down from my camp-bed and see the gray edelweiss growing thick beside it, and hear the shriek of the marmot.

Next day we should reach the Cave, and the morning looked down upon us sweet and still — a perfect dawn.

First we crossed the marg, shining with buttercups, and climbed a little way up a hill under the snows, and then dropped down to the river-bed under caves of snow, for the path above was blocked. It was strange to wade along through the swift, icy waters, with the snow-caves arching above us, sending their chill through us in the glowing sunlight. The light in these caves is a wonderful lambent green, for the reflected water is malachite green itself; but I was glad when the passage was over, for it looked as if some impending mass must fall and crush us.

We climbed painfully out of the water, and in front was a track winding straight up the mountain. It was clear

that we could not ride up; but we could not delay, so we started as steadily as the ponies. I hardly know how they did it — the men dragged and encouraged them somehow. And still less do I know how we did it. The strain was great. At one point I felt as if my muscles would crack and my heart burst. We did the worst in tiny stages, resting every few minutes, and always before us was the sadhu winning steadily up the height. It was a weary, long climb, new elevations revealing themselves at every turn of the track. Finally, I fell on the top and lay for a bit, to get my wind, speechless but triumphant.

We rode then along the face of the hill — an awful depth below, and beside us flowers even exceeding those we had seen. Purple asters, great pearl-white Christmas roses weighting their stems, orange-red ranunculus. It was a broken rainbow scattered on the grass. And above this heaven of color was the Amarnath mountain at last — the goal.

Then came a descent when I hardly dared to look below me. That too could not be ridden. In parts the track had slipped away, and it was only about six inches wide. In others we had to climb over the gaps where it had slipped. At the foot we reached a mighty mountain ravine — a great cleft hewn in the mountain, filled, like a bowl, to a fourth of its huge depth with snow, and with streams and rivers rushing beneath. We could hear them roaring hollowly, and see them now and then in bare places. And at the end of the ravine, perhaps two miles off, a great cliff blocked the way, and in it a black hole — and this was the Shrine.

The snow was so hard that we could ride much of the way, but with infinite difficulty, climbing and slipping where the water beneath had rotted the snow. In fact, this glen is one vast snow-bridge, so undermined is it by torrents. The narrowness of it and the towering

mountains on each side make it a tremendous approach to the Shrine.

A snow-bridge broke suddenly under my pony and I thought I was gone; but a man caught me by the arm, and the pony made a wild effort and struggled to the rocks. And so we went on.

The Cave is high up the cliff, and I could see the sadhu's figure striding swiftly on, as if nothing could hold him back.

V

We dismounted before the Cave, and began the last climb, to the mouth. I got there first, almost done, and lo! a great arch like that of the choir of a cathedral; and inside, a cave eaten by water into the rock, lighted by the vast arch, and shallow in comparison with its height of 150 feet. At the back, frozen springs issuing from the mountain. One of the springs, the culminating point of adoration, is the Lingam as it is seen in the temples of India — a very singular natural frost sculpture. Degraded in the associations of modern ignorance, the mystic and the educated behold in this small pillar of purest ice the symbol of the Pillar of Cosmic Ascent, rooted in rapture of creation, rising to the rapture of the Immeasurable. It represents That within the circumference of which the universe swings to its eternal rhythm — That which, in the words of Dante, moves the sun and the other stars. It is the stranger here because before it the clear ice has frozen into a flat, shallow altar.

The sadhu knelt before it, tranced in prayer. He had laid some flowers on the altar, and, head thrown back and eyes closed, was far away — in what strange heaven, who shall say? Unconscious of place or person, of himself, of everything but the Deity, he knelt, the perfect symbol of the perfect place. I could see his lips move — Was it the song of Kabir to the Eternal Dancer? —

He is pure and eternal,
 His form is infinite and fathomless.
 He dances in rapture and waves of form arise
 from his dance.
 The body and mind cannot contain themselves
 when touched by his divine joy.
 He holds all within his bliss.

What better praise for such a worshiper
 before him in whose ecstasy the worlds
 dance for delight — here where, in the
 great silence, the Great God broods on
 things divine?

I laid my flowers on the altar of ice
 beside his. Who could fail to be moved
 where such adoration is given after
 such a pilgrimage? And if some call the
 Many-Named 'God,' and some 'Siva,'
 what matter? To all it is the Immanent
 God. And when I thought of the long
 winter and the snow falling, falling, in
 the secret places of the mountains, and
 shrouding this temple in white, the maj-
 esty of the solitudes and of the Divine
 filled me with awe.

Later we climbed down into the
 snowy glen beneath the Cave, and ate
 our meal under a rock, with the marmots
 shrilling about us, and I found at my
 feet — what? A tuft of bright golden
 violets — all the delicate penciling in the
 heart, but shining gold. I remembered
 Ulysses in the Garden of Circe, where
 the *moly* is enshrined in the long thun-
 dering roll of Homer's verse: —

For in another land it beareth a golden flower,
 but not in this.

It is a shock of joy and surprise to find
 so lovely a marvel in the awful heights.

We were too weary to talk. We
 watched the marmots, red-brown like
 chestnuts, on the rocks outside their
 holes, till everything became indistinct
 and we fell asleep from utter fatigue.

The way back was as toilsome, only
 with the ascents and descents reversed;
 and so we returned to Panjitarni.

Next day we rested; for not only was
 it necessary from fatigue, but some of
 our men were mountain-sick because
 of the height. This most trying ailment

affects sleep and appetite, and makes
 the least exertion a painful effort.
 Some felt it less, some more, and it was
 startling to see our strong young men
 panting as their hearts labored almost
 to bursting. The native cure is to chew
 a clove of garlic; whether it is a faith
 cure or no I cannot tell, but it succeeded.

Of the journey down I will say little.
 Our sadhu journeyed with us and was
 as kind and helpful on the way as man
 could be. He stayed at our camp for
 two days when we reached Pahlgam;
 for he was all but worn out, and we beg-
 ged him to rest. It touched me to see
 the weary body and indomitable soul.

At last the time came for parting.
 He stood under a pine, with his small
 bundle under his arm, his stick in his
 hand, and his thin feet shod for the
 road in grass sandals. His face was
 serenely calm and beautiful. I said I
 hoped God would be good to him in all
 his wanderings; and he replied that he
 hoped this too, and he would never for-
 get to speak to Him of us and to ask
 that we might find the Straight Way
 home. For himself, he would wander
 until he died — probably in some vil-
 lage where his name would be unknown
 but where they would be good to him
 for the sake of the God.

So he salaamed and went, and we saw
 him no more. But always I see him,
 lessening along the great roads of India,
 with the same set face — set to a goal
 that he will doubtless attain. Was it
 not the mighty Akbar who said, 'I never
 saw any man lost in a straight road'?

Thus I have tried to give some dim
 picture of the wonders of that wonder-
 ful pilgrimage. But who can express
 the faith, the devotion that sends the
 poorer pilgrims to those heights? We
 had all the help that money can give.
 They do it as that sadhu did it. Silence
 and deep thought are surely the only
 fitting comments on such a sight.

A TROPIC GARDEN

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

TAKE an automobile and into it pile a superman, a great evolutionist, an artist, an ornithologist, a poet, a botanist, a photographer, a musician, an author, adorable youngsters of fifteen, and a tired business man, and within half an hour I shall have drawn from them superlatives of appreciation, each after his own method of emotional expression — whether a flood of exclamations, or silence. This is no light boast, for at one time or another, I have done all this, but in only one place — the Botanical Gardens of Georgetown, British Guiana. As I hold it sacrilege to think of dying without again seeing the Taj Mahal, or the Hills from Darjeeling, so something of ethics seems involved in my soul's necessity of again watching the homing of the herons in these tropic gardens at evening.

In the busy, unlovely streets of the water-front of Georgetown, one is often jostled; in the markets, it is often difficult at times to make one's way; but in the gardens a solitary laborer grubs among the roots, a coolie woman swings by with a bundle of grass on her head, or, in the late afternoon, an occasional motor whirs past. Mankind seems almost an interloper, rather than architect and owner of these wonder-gardens. His presence is due far more often to business, his transit marked by speed, than the slow walking or loitering which real appreciation demands.

A guide-book will doubtless give the exact acreage, tell the mileage of excellent roads, record the date of establish-

ment, and the number of species of palms and orchids. But it will have nothing to say of the marvels of the slow decay of a *Victoria Regia* leaf, or of the spiral descent of a white egret, or of the feelings which Roosevelt and I shared one evening, when four manatees rose beneath us. It was from a little curved Japanese bridge, and the next morning we were to start up-country to my jungle laboratory. There was not a ripple on the water, but here I chose to stand still and wait. After ten minutes of silence, I put a question and Roosevelt said, 'I would willingly stand for two days to catch a good glimpse of a wild manatee.' And St. Francis heard, and, one after another, four great backs slowly heaved up; then an ill-formed head and an impossible mouth, with the unbelievable hare-lip, and before our eyes the sea-cows snorted and gamboled.

Again, four years later, I put my whole soul into a prayer for manatees, and again with success. During a few moments' interval of a tropical down-pour, I stood on the same little bridge with Henry Fairfield Osborn. We had only half an hour left in the tropics; the steamer was on the point of sailing; what, in ten minutes, could be seen of tropical life! I stood helpless, waiting, hoping for anything which might show itself in this magic garden; where to-day the foliage was glistening malachite and the clouds a great flat bowl of oxydized silver.

The air brightened, and a tree lean-

ing far across the water came into view. On its under side was a long silhouetted line of one and twenty little fish-eating bats, tiny spots of fur and skinny web, all so much alike that they might well have been one bat and twenty shadows.

A small crocodile broke water into air which for him held no moisture, looked at the bats, then at us, and slipped back into the world of crocodiles. A cackle arose, so shrill and sudden, that it seemed to have been the cause of the shower of drops from the palm-fronds; and then, on the great leaves of the Regia, which defy simile, we perceived the first feathered folk of this single tropical glimpse — spur-winged jacanas, whose rich rufus and cool lemon-yellow no dampness could deaden. With them were gallinules and small green herons, and across the pink mist of lotos blossoms just beyond, three egrets drew three lines of purest white — and vanished. It was not at all real, this onrush of bird and blossom revealed by the temporary erasing of the driven lines of gray rain.

Like a spendthrift in the midst of a winning game, I still watched eagerly and ungratefully for manatees. Kiskadees splashed rather than flew through the drenched air, an invisible black witch bubbled somewhere to herself, and a wren sang three notes and a trill which died out in a liquid gurgle. Then came another crocodile, and finally the manatees. Not only did they rise and splash and roll and indolently flick themselves with their great flippers, but they stood upright on their tails, like Alice's carpenter's companion, and one fondled its young as a water-mamma should. Then the largest stretched up as far as any manatee can ever leave the water, and caught and munched a drooping sprig of bamboo. Watching the great puffing lips, we again thought of walruses; but only a caterpillar could emulate that sideways mumbling — the

strangest mouth of any mammal. But from behind, the rounded head, the shapely neck, the little baby manatee held carefully in the curve of a flipper, made legends of mermaids seem very reasonable; and if I had been an early *voyageur*, I should assuredly have had stories to tell of mer-kiddies as well. As we watched, the young one played about, slowly and deliberately, without frisk or gambol, but determinedly, intently, as if realizing its duty to an abstract conception of youth and warm-blooded mammalness.

The earth holds few breathing beings stranger than these manatees. Their life is a slow progression through muddy water from one bed of lilies or reeds to another. Every few minutes, day and night, year after year, they come to the surface for a lungful of the air which they must have, but in which they cannot live. In place of hands they have flippers, which paddle them leisurely along, which also serve to hold the infant manatee, and occasionally to scratch themselves when leeches irritate. The courtship of sea-cows, the qualities which appeal most to their dull minds, the way they protect the callow youngsters from voracious crocodiles, how or where they sleep — of all this we are ignorant. We belong to the same class, but the line between water and air is a no man's land which neither of us can pass for more than a few seconds.

When their big black hulks heaved slowly upward, it brought to my mind the huge glistening backs of elephants bathing in Indian streams; and this resemblance is not wholly fantastic. Not far from the oldest Egyptian ruins, excavations have brought to light ruins millions of years more ancient — the fossil bones of great creatures as strange as any that live in the realm of fairyland or fiction. Among them was revealed the ancestry of elephants, which

was also that of manatees. Far back in geological times the tapir-like *Moeritherium*, which wandered through Eocene swamps, had within itself the prophecy of two diverse lines. One would gain great tusks and a long, mobile trunk and live its life in distant tropical jungles; and another branch was to sink still deeper into the swamp-water, where its hind-legs would weaken and vanish as it touched dry land less and less. And here to-day we watched a quartette of these manatees, living contented lives and breeding in the gardens of Georgetown.

The mist again drifted its skeins around leaf and branch, gray things became grayer, drops formed in mid-air and slipped slowly through other slower forming drops, and a moment later rain was falling gently. We went away, and to our mind's eye the manatees behind that gray curtain still munch bamboos, the spur-wings stretch their colorful wings cloudward, and the bubble-eyed crocodiles float intermittently between two watery zones.

II

To say that these are beautiful botanical gardens is like the statement that sunsets are admirable events. It is better to think of them as a setting, focusing about the greatest water-lily in the world, or, as we have seen, the strangest mammal; or as an exhibit of roots — roots as varied and as exquisite as a hall of famous sculpture; or as a wilderness of tapestry foliage, in texture, from cobweb to burlap; or as a heaven-roofed, sun-furnaced greenhouse of blossoms, from the tiniest of dull-green orchids to the fifty-foot spike of talipot bloom. With this foundation of vegetation recall that the Demerara coast is a paradise for herons, egrets, bitterns, gallinules, jacanas, and hawks, and think of these trees and

foliage, islands and marsh, as a nesting and roosting focus for hundreds of such birds. Thus, considering the gardens indirectly, one comes gradually to the realization of their wonderful character.

The *Victoria Regia* has one thing in common with a volcano — no amount of description or of colored plates prepares one for the plant itself. In analysis we recall its dimensions, colors, and form. Standing by a trench filled with its leaves and flowers, we discard the records of memory, and cleansing the senses of pre-impressions, begin anew. The marvel is for each of us, individually, an exception to evolution; it is a special creation, like all the rainbows seen in one's life — a thing to be reverently absorbed by sight, by scent, by touch, absorbed and realized without precedent or limit. Only ultimately do we find it necessary to adulterate this fine perception with definitive words and phrases, and so attempt to register it for ourselves or others.

I have seen many wonderful sights from an automobile, — such as my first Boche barrage and the tree ferns of Martinique, — but none to compare with the joys of vision from prehistoric *tikka gharries*, ancient victorias, and aged hacks. It was from the low curves of these equine rickshaws that I first learned to love Paris and Calcutta and the water-lilies of Georgetown. One of the first rites which I perform upon returning to New York is to go to the Lafayette and, after dinner, brush aside the taxi men and hail a victoria. The last time I did this, my driver was so old that two fellow drivers, younger than he and yet grandfatherly, assisted him, one holding the horse and the other helping him to his seat. Slowly ascending Fifth Avenue close to the curb and on through Central Park is like no other experience. The vehicle is so low and open that all resemblance to bus or taxi is lost. Everything is seen

from a new angle. One learns incidentally that there is a guild of cab-drivers — proud, restrained, jealous. A hundred cars rush by without notice. Suddenly we see the whip brought up in salute to the dingy green top-hat, and across the avenue we perceive another victoria. And we are thrilled at the discovery, as if we had unearthed a new codex of some ancient ritual.

And so, initiated by such precedent, I have found it a worthy thing to spend hours in decrepit cabs loitering along side roads in the Botanical Gardens, watching herons and crocodiles, lilies and manatees, from the rusty leather seats. At first the driver looked at me in astonishment as I photographed or watched or wrote; but later he attended to his horse, whispering strange things into its ears, and finally deserted me. My writing was punctuated by graceful flourishes, resulting from an occasional lurch of the vehicle as the horse stepped from one to another patch of luscious grass.

Like Fujiyama, the *Victoria Regia* changes from hour to hour, color-shifted, wind-swung, and the mechanism of the blossoms never ceasing. In northern greenhouses it is nursed by skilled gardeners, kept in indifferent vitality by artificial heat and ventilation, with gauged light and selected water; here it was a rank growth, in its natural home, and here we knew of its antiquity from birds whose toes had been moulded through scores of centuries to tread its great leaves.

In the cool fragrance of early morning, with the sun low across the water, the leaves appeared like huge, milky-white platters, with now and then little dancing silhouettes running over them. In another slant of light they seemed atolls scattered thickly through a dark, quiet sea, with new-blown flowers filling the whole air with slow-drifting perfume. Best of all, in late afternoon, the

true colors came to the eye — six-foot circles of smooth emerald, with up-turned hem of rich wine-color. Each had a tell-tale cable lying along the surface, a score of leaves radiating from one deep hidden root.

Up through mud and black trench-water came the leaf, like a tiny fist of wrinkles, and day by day spread and uncurled, looking like the unwieldy paw of a kitten or cub. The keels and ribs covering the under-side increased in size and strength, and finally the great leaf was ironed out by the warm sun into a mighty sheet of smooth, emerald chlorophyll. Then, for a time, — no one has ever taken the trouble to find out how long, — it was at its best, swinging back and forth at its moorings with deep upright rim, a notch at one side revealing the almost invisible seam of the great lobes, and serving, also, as drainage outlet for excess of rain.

A young leaf occasionally came to grief by reaching the surface amid several large ones floating close together. Such a leaf expanded, as usual, but, like a beached boat, was gradually forced high and dry, hardening into a distorted shape and sinking only with the decay of the underlying leaves.

The deep crimson of the outside of the rim was merely a reflection tint, and vanished when the sun shone directly through; but the masses of sharp spines were very real, and quite efficient in repelling boarders. The leaf offered safe haven to any creature that could leap or fly to its surface; but its life would be short indeed if the casual whim of every baby crocodile or flipper of a young manatee met with no opposition.

Insects came from water and from air and called the floating leaf home, and, from now on, its surface was one of the most interesting and busy arenas in this tropical landscape.

In late September I spread my observation chair at the very edge of one

of the dark tarns and watched the life on the leaves. Out at the centre a fussy jacana was feeding with her two spindly-legged babies, while, still nearer, three scarlet-helmeted gallinules lumbered about, now and then tipping over a silvery and black infant which seemed puzzled as to which it should call parent. Here was a clear example, not only of the abundance of life in the tropics, but of the keen competition. The jacana invariably lays four eggs, and the gallinule, at this latitude, six or eight, yet only a fraction of the young had survived even to this tender age.

As I looked, a small crocodile rose, splashed, and sank, sending terror among the gallinules, but arousing the spur-wing jacana to a high pitch of anger. It left its young and flew directly to the widening circles and hovered, cackling loudly. These birds have ample ability to cope with the dangers which menace from beneath; but their fear was from above, and every passing heron, egret, or harmless hawk was given a quick scrutiny, with an instinctive crouch and half-spread wings.

But still the whole scene was peaceful; and as the sun grew warmer, young herons and egrets crawled out of their nests on the island a few yards away and preened their scanty plumage. Kiskadees splashed and dipped along the margin of the water. Everywhere this species seems seized with an aquatic fervor, and in localities hundreds of miles apart I have seen them gradually desert their fly-catching for surface feeding, or often plunging, kingfisher-like, bodily beneath, to emerge with a small wriggling fish — another certain reflection of overpopulation and competition.

As I sat I heard a rustle behind me, and there, not eight feet away, narrow snout held high, one tiny-foot lifted, was that furry fiend, Rikki-tikki. He was too quick for me, and dived into a

small clump of undergrowth and bamboos. But I wanted a specimen of mongoose, and the artist offered to beat one end of the bush. Soon I saw the gray form undulating along, and as the rustling came nearer, he shot forth, moving in great bounds. I waited until he had covered half the distance to the next clump and rolled him over. Going back to my chair, I found that neither jacana, nor gallinules, nor herons had been disturbed by my shot.

While the introduction of the mongoose into Guiana was a very reckless, foolish act, yet he seems to be having a rather hard time of it, and with islands and lily-pads as havens, and waterways in every direction, Rikki is reduced chiefly to grasshoppers and such small game. He has spread along the entire coast, through the cane-fields and around the rice-swamps, and it will not be his fault if he does not eventually get a foothold in the jungle itself.

III

No month or day or hour fails to bring vital changes — tragedies and comedies — to the network of life of these tropical gardens; but as we drive along the broad paths of an afternoon, the quiet vistas show only waving palms, weaving vultures, and swooping kiskadees, with bursts of color from bougainvillea — flamboyant, and queen of flowers. At certain times, however, the tide of visible change swelled into a veritable bore of life, gently and gradually, as quiet waters become troubled and then pass into the seething uproar of rapids. In late afternoon, when the long shadows of palms stretched their blue-black bars across the terra-cotta roads, the foliage of the green bamboo islands was dotted here and there with a scattering of young herons, white and blue and parti-colored. Idly watching them through glasses, I saw them sleep-

ily preening their sprouting feathers, making ineffectual attempts at pecking one another, or else hunched in silent heron-dream. They were scarcely more alive than the creeping, hour-hand tendrils about them, mere double-stemmed, fluffy petaled blossoms, no more strange than the nearest vegetable blooms — the cannon-ball mystery, the sand-box puzzle, sinister orchids, and the false color-alarms of the white-bracted silver-leaf. Compared with these, perching herons are right and seemly fruit.

As I watched them I suddenly stiffened in sympathy, as I saw all vegetable sloth drop away and each bird become a detached individual, plucked by an electric emotion from the appearance of a thing of sap and fibre to a vital being of tingling nerves. I followed their united glance, and overhead there vibrated, lightly as a thistle-down, the first incoming adult heron, swinging in from a day's fishing along the coast. It went on and vanished among the fronds of a distant island; but the calm had been broken, and through all the stems there ran a restless sense of anticipation, a *Zeitgeist* of prophetic import. One felt that memory of past things was dimming, and content with present comfort was no longer dominant. It was the future to which both the baby herons and I were looking, and for them realization came quickly. The sun had sunk still lower, and great clouds had begun to spread their robes and choose their tints for the coming pageant.

And now the vanguard of the homing host appeared, — black dots against blue and white and salmon, — thin, gaunt forms with slow-moving wings which cut the air through half the sky. The little herons and I watched them come — first a single white egret, which spiraled down, just as I had many times seen the first returning Spad eddy downward to a cluster of great

hump-backed hangars; then a trio of tricolored herons, and six little blues, and after that I lost count. It seemed as if these tiny islands were magnets drawing all the herons in the world.

Parrakeets whirl roostwards with machine-like synchronism of flight; geese wheel down in more or less regular formation; but these herons concentrated along straight lines, each describing its individual radius from the spot where it caught its last fish or shrimp to its nest or the particular branch on which it will spend the night. With a hemicycle of sufficient size, one might plot all of the hundreds upon hundreds of these radii, and each would represent a distinct line, if only a heron's width apart.

At the height of the evening's flight there were sometimes fifty herons in sight at once, beating steadily onward until almost overhead, when they put on brakes and dropped. Some, as the little egrets, were rather awkward; while the tricolors were the most skillful, sometimes nose-diving, with a sudden flattening out just in time to reach out and grasp a branch. Once or twice, when a fitful breeze blew at sunset, I had a magnificent exhibition of aeronautics. The birds came up-wind slowly, beating their way obliquely but steadily, long legs stretched out far behind the tail and swinging pendulum-like whenever a shift of ballast was needed. They apparently did not realize the unevenness of the wind, for when they backed air, ready to descend, a sudden gust would often undercut them and over they would go, legs, wings, and neck sprawling in mid-air. After one or two somersaults or a short, swift dive, they would right themselves, feathers on end, and frantically grasp at the first leaf or twig within reach. Panting, they looked helplessly around, reorientation coming gradually.

At each arrival, a hoarse chorus went

up from hungry throats, and every youngster within reach scrambled wildly forward, hopeful of a fish course. They received but scant courtesy and usually a vicious peck tumbled them off the branch. I saw a young bird fall to the water, and this mishap was from no attack, but due to his tripping over his own feet, the claws of one foot gripping those of the other in an insane clasp, which overbalanced him. He fell through a thin screen of vines and splashed half onto a small *Regia* leaf. With neck and wings he struggled to pull himself up, and had almost succeeded when heron and leaf sank slowly, and only the bare stem swung up again. A few bubbles led off in a silvery path toward deeper water, showing where a crocodile swam slowly off with his prey.

For a time the birds remained still, and then crept within the tangles, to their mates or nests, or quieted the clamor of the young with warm-storage fish. How each one knew its own offspring was beyond my ken, but on three separate evenings scattered through one week, I observed an individual, marked by a wing-gap of two lost feathers, come, within a quarter-hour of six o'clock, and feed a great awkward youngster which had lost a single feather from each wing. So there was no hit-or-miss method — no luck in the strongest birds taking toll from more than two of the returning parents.

Observing this vesper migration in different places, I began to see orderly segregation on a large scale. All the smaller herons dwelt together on certain islands in more or less social tolerance; and on adjoining trees, separated by only a few yards, scores of hawks concentrated and roosted, content with their snail diet, and wholly ignoring their neighbors. On the other side of the gardens, in aristocratic isolation, was a colony of stately American egrets, dainty and graceful. Their

circumference of radiation was almost or quite a circle, for they preferred the ricefields for their daily hunting. Here the great birds, snowy white, with flowing aigrettes, and long, curving necks, settled with dignity, and here they slept and sat on their rough nests of sticks.

When the height of homing flight of the host of herons had passed, I noticed a new element of restlessness, and here and there among the foliage appeared dull-brown figures. There occurred the comic explanation of white herons who had crept deep among the branches, again emerging in house coat of drab!! These were not the same, however, and the first glance through binoculars showed the thick-set, humped figures and huge, staring eyes of night herons.

As the last rays of the sun left the summit of the royal palms, something like the shadow of a heron flashed out and away, and then the import of these facts was impressed upon me. The egret, the night heron, the vampire — here were three types of organisms, characterizing the actions and reactions in nature. The islands were receiving and giving up. Their heart was becoming filled with the many day-feeding birds, and now the night-shift was leaving, and the very branch on which a night heron might have been dozing all day was now occupied, perhaps, by a sleeping egret. With eyes enlarged to gather together the scanty rays of light, the night herons were slipping away in the path of the vampires — both nocturnal, but unlike in all other ways. And I wondered if, in the very early morning, infant night herons would greet their returning parents; and if their callow young ever fell into the dark waters, what awful deathly alternates would night reveal; or were the slow-living crocodiles sleepless, with cruel eyes which never closed so soundly but that the splash of a young night heron brought instant response?

THE PROBLEM OF MARTHA

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK

I

AN American lady has asked me to discuss a problem which, since she is troubled by it, must exist for you in America as for us in England — the problem of the many women for whom, as she says, 'Life is going by like time spent in a trolley station, waiting for a car that is indefinitely late and whose destination is unknown.' Such women, she adds, do not rebel; 'they are only mildly cynical, for they do not consider it well-bred or intelligent to go bawling about the stale, flat unprofitableness of all the life they get a chance at.'

How are they to be cured of their *malaise* and indifference? or, rather, how are they to cure themselves? for no one else can cure them. This lady is not to be put off with vague talk about finding an aim in life. 'It takes more intelligence and will,' she says, 'to mark out an arbitrary course and follow it, where one has no guiding inclination and taste, than most men of the highest genius evince.'

I would not, myself, put it that way, but I see what she means. Men of genius never mark out an arbitrary course: they are at one in conscience and inclination. With the whole of themselves they wish to do what they do; and they excel in doing it because there is no friction within them. I do not think that will or intelligence is ever employed to mark out an arbitrary course and to follow it: a course that is arbitrary is one imposed, by

whatever means, from outside, and the function of will and intelligence is to discover and pursue the course sought within. All doctors now know that it is vain to tell listless patients to 'take an interest in something.' Their disease itself is that they cannot take an interest in anything, and they are not helped by the advice to go and cure themselves. There is some conflict within them which, unknown to themselves, prevents them from taking an interest; and they must be shown how to end this conflict.

Of course, most of the women of whom this lady speaks are not invalids; but there is a conflict within them which leaves them no overflow of energy; a little thing may turn them into invalids, and often does. They live from hand to mouth, without momentum or reserve of power, occupied with trivial tasks which they perform without knowing why. Life to them is like a meal at a bad, pretentious restaurant, where all dishes taste alike and never of themselves; how are they to get the taste of things in themselves?

It is vain to preach at them, for what right has anyone to preach? and they may return the compliment. They may tell us busy, eager people that we are busy and eager because we have not the wit to see what shadows we pursue. The worst of preaching is that it begets preachers; anyone can do it to others, but the only useful sermons are those we address to our-

selves. Yet we may say to these women — a thing they know too well already — that what they need is a faith; and we may help them to it, not by suggesting some faith ready-made and to them arbitrary, but by reminding them of the rudimentary faith which they, in common with all human beings, possess to start with: the faith which itself makes them discontented with their life as it is. This faith, at first hearing, is not satisfying, for it amounts only to this — that there is latent within them a further faith which they might discover and believe; and that, if they have not discovered it, the reason is in themselves — not, perhaps, in any sin of theirs, but in some inner, unconscious conflict which can be ended if it is known. This rudimentary faith, lacking, I believe, in no one, will give hope, as soon as it is clearly stated, since it will give a preliminary aim in life, namely, to discover the conflict and by discovering end it.

We are learning more and more certainly that it is useless to set your teeth and say you will do or believe this or that, so long as the conflict within you remains unperceived. Your first task, the task set you by your rudimentary faith, is to discover the conflict, and then, one way or another, to end it. There is a mental sanitation needed, so that your will and conscience alike may not be slowly poisoned. If you are a Christian, you will not believe that God sets you impossible tasks; if you are not, you will not believe that 'Nature,' or anything else, sets them for you; the very sense of impossibility or futility is itself a sickness that can be diagnosed and cured. To believe this, is the rudimentary faith that promises a further faith on which you can act and by which you can live — one that will grow within you and be

utterly your own, and yet universal.

Now the commonest of hidden conflicts in women is one between the just desires of the spirit and some duty imposed and performed but resented. So long as it is hidden, it cannot be ended; often, when it is discovered, the victim can end it at once. The desires of her spirit become to her her duty, and she achieves that unity of the self which always she has unconsciously desired. Often this conflict is between the desires of the spirit and particular, imposed duties; as where an unmarried daughter 'sacrifices herself' to exacting parents, and all the while dislikes them for the sacrifice they exact of her. She is set a particular problem, and no one can advise a particular solution without knowing all the circumstances.

But the conflict from which many women suffer is, I believe, more general. It is between the desires of the spirit and a general vague sense of duty or obligation. This sense, indefinite, threatening, and exacting, both irks and constrains them; there are always things they must do, yet they get no satisfaction from doing them because they do not see why they should be done. What they really wish to do with the whole self never presents itself clearly to them. All life is to them provisional, 'like time spent in a trolley-station, waiting for a car that is indefinitely late,' because of this obligation imposed on them from outside; and by whom or what?

It is, I believe, imposed upon them by their own fears, of which they are unaware. If you told them that their lives were ordered by fear, they might deny it angrily; they might prove to you that all their conscious actions are brave enough. But often those who suffer from unconscious fear do conceal the fact from themselves by acts

of conscious bravery. Fear, being entirely negative and so entirely unpleasant, always seeks to disguise itself in some positive transformation. In the conscious mind it becomes anger, or hatred, or even a desperate kind of courage. But these disguises do not remove the original fear; the only way to do that is to be aware of it. The way to happiness is by confession of our deepest cowardice; that is the true conviction of sin, without which we cannot be saved. It is not conscience, but the unconscious, that makes cowards of us all; for the fear we face we can deal with.

But the commonest disguise of hidden fear, in modern educated men and women, is cynicism; the lady who has suggested this problem to me says that the women she has in mind are mildly cynical; they would not consider it well-bred or intelligent to be violent. In this cynicism, with its facile, impotent wit, the thwarted spirit makes a safe and so futile rebellion. No one minds the cynic; she may laugh at the machine, but it works just the same; her omelettes are made without the breaking of any eggs. It is only in words that she has her revenge; and she is allowed it so long as she does not proceed to deeds. Cynicism, in fact, is the art of those who dare not be artists, the courage of those who will not confess their own cowardice. If we knew this, we should none of us be cynics: we should look for the fear of which our cynicism is a symptom; should seek joy in faith and not in the denial of it.

But this mild cynicism, so common and so enervating to the mind that enjoys it — what fear does it disguise? Usually, I think, the very fear that it repudiates: fear of what 'everybody' thinks and does and says. There is something, commonly called the 'herd-instinct,' which makes us do, say, and

even think things because other people do, say, and think them. I do not like this name for it, because it implies that it is an inheritance from our remote animal past, which may not be true. It may rather be a result of our long efforts to civilize ourselves, to become social beings; it may be a kind of superfluous momentum, an irrational habit attached to an effort in itself entirely rational. The phrase 'herd-instinct' is dangerous because it seems to imply that we cannot overcome it. Often those who talk of the herd-instinct tell us that our morality, our values, our whole mental content, are products of it. In which case we may name it and dislike it, but we cannot resist it; for it is ourselves.

Those, however, who are aware of their instinct to do things merely because other people do them, can resist it. They can face the fear of the world if once they confess it in themselves. They can distinguish between what part of convention is rational and what irrational, what part eases and what irks them. Only, they must, first of all, be aware of their own fear of convention, they must confess it to themselves, and observe its workings in their own minds. To rail against convention in others will not help you to resist it in yourself. The world is full of men, and especially of women, who rail and obey, who are unconventional in small things and conventional in great. It is full of cynics, the iconoclasts of toy-idols, who worship the great tyrannous idols without even knowing it.

II

Women, I believe, are at the same time more subject to convention than men and secretly more rebellious against it. It imposes on them incessant duties or obligations which they perform without satisfaction or inward

consent. And, the more they perform them, the more these obligations increase; so that life seems to them to be all duty without any pleasure, and the mind all conscience without the unity of conscience obeyed. They are disciplined like recruits drilled by a stupid sergeant; it is always 'eyes right' and 'present arms'—exercises imposed because they are against the grain. The recruit must be broken in, must lose his self in the army or herd; and all the while the drill-sergeant who gives these tyrannous commands is an abstraction, and the victory to be won far away and in an unknown cause.

There are all these trivial, meaningless duties to society; but how society will profit by them, or what, ultimately, society is after, remains unknown. Only the recruit obeys, lest something dreadful should happen to him if he disobeys. This something dreadful is general disapproval, and it imposes an alien, unvalued conscience on those who fear it. They are forever doing things they do not wish to do, without asking themselves why they should do them: why they should spend so much time in tidying the house, to satisfy, not their own æsthetic standard of neatness, but an exterior one; or why they should wear clothes that cost so much time and money, yet do not express their own sense of beauty. Neatness, smartness, in home and in dress, is the only ideal; and it is an ideal abstract, general, and imposed. The real self in every woman wishes to be neat, not as an end but as a means; wishes to be individual, expressive, in clothes and furniture; and often it dares not, without even knowing that it dares not. It is this secret fear that imposes the tyranny on others; because I am afraid, I am resolved to make others afraid. If I could confess my

own fear, I should wish to free others from it also.

And then there is conversation—rightly, the means of communication between spirit and spirit, but often, in fact, the repeating of what everybody says and nobody means: often, too, a combination of the present against the absent. Fear makes you wish to form a party, to take the offensive, to criticize lest you be criticized. It is the opposite of the Christian truth—Judge not that ye be not judged. For the more we judge each other, the more others judge us, their fear of our judgment taking the offensive. Even intellectual conversation is often like the food in a bad, pretentious hotel, or like fashions in clothes. There is assumed to be, somewhere, a great intellectual process carried on by writers and professors, of which the noise is heard in books and magazines; and this noise is echoed in conversation. But the real intellectual process is individual: it must be your own, or you have no part in it: it must come out of your own experience, if it is to have precision, conviction, beauty, or joy.

America and England call themselves free; but they will never be free in fact until we all, and especially women, have learned to rebel against this imaginary intellectual process, which is not ours or anyone's; until the phrase, 'think for yourself,' ceases to be a formula and becomes a fact. We cannot acquire opinions by buying a magazine, or even a book. There is no need for us to have opinions that are not our own, earned by knowledge and experience. Democracy is merely a tyranny so long as it is the rule of a majority which does not really exist, and against which every individual unconsciously rebels; a majority which is merely a composite photograph, unlike every individual, expressing only

the abstract irrelevant part of every-one, as our pictures of Christ express centuries of misunderstanding. I believe, as I have said, that women submit more even than men to this tyranny, and yet secretly rebel more against it. Certainly it imposes on them petty, meaningless, and joyless duties, more than on men; and they have naturally more sense of duty, a sense which is abused by the duties imposed on them. Civilization presents itself to them as something huge, complicated, and threatening; demanding far more than it gives, yet seeming to be a reality without any alternative. Thus unconscious rebellion increases within them like a cumulative poison, and robs them more and more of hope, energy, gusto. As Blake says, 'He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence'; and where there are many desiring but not acting, unaware even of their desires, there will be a malaria of the mind, cynicism, and that absence of love which is apt to express itself positively as dislike, if not as hatred.

It is a fact, I think, that women look at each other more coldly, critically, even hostilely, than men do; they expect to be judged, and they judge so as to be beforehand. But the standard by which they judge is often not their own, and upon trivial points; they cannot give reasons for it and would resent being asked for them. Nothing is so intimidating, nothing lessens initiative, joy, happiness, faith, so much as the sense that you are being judged on points which you can neither foresee nor understand. It makes you feel like a new boy at a bad school, afraid of some irresistible, irrational tradition, to be revered without reason, which has grown up without you, and yet is your master. The boy cannot know it, and yet is punished for not knowing it; so he will do as little as possible until he

knows it; and, when he does, he uses his knowledge to impose the same tyranny on other new boys and to punish them for their ignorance.

I would not speak thus freely of women's fears, if I did not believe they were greatly the fault of men. Men laugh at them, but are not aware of their own sins, so often the secret cause. For, deep down in all the conventionality of women, even of women the most consciously unconventional, is sexual fear, the fear of being thought disreputable, and, still more, of being treated by men as if they were. The social tyranny of women over women, I believe, has its origin in this fear. They are all in a union, not only to preserve their sexual rights against men, but also to make it clear to men that they are members of the union; and it is an unwritten, almost unconscious, rule of the union, that they shall not lay themselves open to any misunderstanding. A man shall be able to know a member of the union at a glance, by her behavior. It is not temptation that frightens a member of the union, but the thought that she might lose her status, without committing any sexual crime, by a mere breach of the rules; the fear that women might think she was not respectable, and that men might behave to her as if she were not. This imposes a certain behavior, a certain dress, a certain kind of conversation even. They must all be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

I may be told that in America, unlike our profligate Europe, this is not so. I do not know that we are more profligate than you are; but Englishmen tell me that you have better public manners than we have. You still retain the remembrance of a scarcity of women, which produces respect for them, since, where women are scarce, they are all wives or potential wives; and you have no tradition of a superior

class which may behave as it chooses to the women of an inferior class.

All this I can well believe; but still I doubt whether you can have freed yourselves from the ancient fear of sexual misinterpretation. For there are, I take it, sexual irregularities in America as elsewhere; and wherever they exist, wherever there are profligate men, women are members of a union against them, with union rules and taboos and fears, often unnecessary and tyrannous.

At any rate, I would suggest this sexual fear as an explanation of social tyranny; and the greater indignation aroused by my suggestion, the more I shall be inclined to believe it true. American women pride themselves upon being free, and yet there is somewhere in their own minds an obstacle to complete freedom, an obstacle that robs them of faith, aim, joy, conviction. May it not be, lurking deep in their passionately pure minds, the fear of being thought disreputable — an utterly groundless, unconscious fear, and for that very reason the more difficult to detect and expel? I put the question, and an answer in merely patriotic terms will be no answer. I speak, not as an Englishman, but as a human being to other human beings; and all human beings are more deeply alike than different.

It has often been noticed that women who conspicuously defy convention on one point, especially if it be a sexual point, are most conventional on others. George Eliot, for instance, just because she lived with a man not her husband, was ruthless to her own Hetty Sorrel; she could not think freely about the passions; she was afraid lest the world should think she herself had sinned through passion. Priding herself upon her freedom of thought, she was not free; and the fear she would not confess to herself made her as sensitive to criti-

cism as a wound in the flesh is sensitive to the touch. There was a wound in her mind that could not be healed, because she would not confess the fear that kept it raw. And, because she was afraid of the world, she saw the universe as ruthless to sin and forced herself to believe that ruthlessness just. Perfect love casteth out fear; but the converse is true, that fear casts out love, and George Eliot, in her novels, is a judge, rather than a lover, of women.

But Charlotte Brontë writes with freedom; she is not afraid of the world, like a boy who has never been to school, like a young home creature, full of loves and hatreds, but all of them free — her own and unimposed. Yet a woman writing of *Jane Eyre* in the *Quarterly Review* said that, if the author were a woman, she must be one who had forfeited all claim to respect from her own sex. There was the union feeling: the resentment against one who laid herself open to misinterpretation; the desire to break her in, to teach her the rules; and the envy of her unbroken spirit, which could express itself in terms of beauty and passion without asking, 'What will the world think of me?'

III

Now a diagnosis of all mental trouble is half-way to a cure. But it must be a diagnosis which convinces the patient, and one which he himself can carry further. Know that you fear, and what you fear, and your fear will begin to weaken. For, when it is known, you rebel against it with all your will; you act against it, and so prove it less terrible than it seemed. But when fear is unconscious, and so known only by its effects, which, being cut off from their cause, seem a necessary part of your own nature, then these effects are indeed terrible to you. To see the connection between the fear and its effects

is to see also the remedy. A plain task is set to the will, and it is braced to the accomplishment of that task.

At this point faith comes in, that rudimentary faith of which I have spoken and which I can now state more precisely. It is the faith that further faith will come by knowing your own weaknesses. Learn to know and forgive yourself, and you will learn to know and forgive others. Then you will no longer be afraid of them. This great intimidating world of everybody will consist for you merely of other women, afraid like yourself of the great intimidating world that does not exist. They will amuse you instead of frightening you, just as you will amuse yourself. For if once you can see that you, being a human being, are forgivable and lovable, however ridiculous, you will see that that is true of others also. But, because we never will confess that we ourselves are ridiculous, we cannot forgive ourselves, or others.

In the war, contrary to all expectation, a greater courage than ever before was shown on both sides, in spite of the fact that few soldiers had ever seen a shot fired in anger; and the greatest courage was shown by the most civilized armies. The reason, I believe, was that, in the most civilized armies, certain rudiments of psychology had been learned. In the past it was believed that, to conquer fear, you must never confess it to yourself. That is believed still by all savage peoples, with the result that they are brave enough until a sudden panic breaks out among them, after which they are but a terrified mob.

But civilized man has learned to say to himself, and to his fellows, 'I am afraid; I am a coward by nature; we are all cowards by nature; we should all like to run away.' The fact of fear is no longer a guilty secret which each must conceal within himself: it is common

knowledge, an enemy that all have to face. So the soldier, confessing his fear and facing it from the first, is far less liable to sudden panic, especially when confronted with some new devilry, than ever before. Further, since he faces his fear and even talks about it, he suffers less often from sudden nervous collapse. It is the man who 'has never known fear' whom sudden panic, sudden nervous collapse, overtakes. The savage, or the man who does not know himself, is not so good a soldier as the man who does know himself; and so it is, in all the trials of life. Life is not entirely a matter of moral problems; we cannot do everything with the blind will; or, rather, it is part of the moral problem to know yourself, to manage your own will, to confess your weaknesses so that you may overcome them. The Christian doctrine of conviction of sin, rightly understood, is good psychology as well as good morals. Be aware of your sin and it will no longer be terrible or devilish to you; it will be merely human, and you will see how to overcome it, and with it the fear which is your sin.

So I would suggest to women whose life is aimless that, before seeking an aim, they should ask themselves honestly whether they are not afraid of 'everybody,' and whether this fear does not impose upon them a number of duties which are not real duties to them. Let them say to themselves, like the modern soldier, 'I am a coward and I know it.' Let them say this also to each other, so that the consciousness of a common cowardice may grow among them; for the fear of everybody is a common enemy, a common disease, which may best be fought by all in common. People catch it from each other just because it is concealed; and they may also catch the antidote to it, if it is not concealed.

Fear, powerful as it is, has this weak-

ness, that no one really wishes to feel it; we cling to our fears and side with them because, trying to escape from them the wrong way, we turn them into something more positive — hatred, judgment, self-approval. But, once convince anyone that these feelings are but disguised fear, and he will try to rid himself of them so that he may be rid of the fear. Thus women, now that we begin to understand something about our own minds, might make a collective attack on their own fears by means of a collective confession of them. They might begin to criticize the social obligations which seem to be imposed on them in the light of this new self-knowledge. 'Do we do this,' they might ask, 'because we really wish to do it, or because we are afraid of each other?' There is, of course, a common belief that the sense of duty is necessarily based on fear; that, if fear is abolished, the sense of duty will go with it; but this belief is itself a result of fear, a fear of human nature and, indeed, of the whole nature of the universe.

IV

There is another conception of duty, based, not on fear, but on hope, namely, that it is identical with the desire of the whole self, if only that desire can be discovered. When we have a desire that seems to us contrary to our duty, it means that there is a conflict within us; it means either that our sense of duty is not a sense of the whole self, or that our desire is not of the whole self. According to this view, the whole self as a unity does not exist, to begin with, as something either good or bad; it is something to be achieved gradually and by continual effort; and, when achieved, it will be good. As Keats said, this life is not a vale of tears but a vale of soul-making, by which he meant a vale of self-making. When

the self is made, then duty and desire are identical; and we know from our own experience that happiness, power, faith, mean the identity of duty and desire. It may happen to us rarely, but, when it does, then we recognize it as being the very aim of life suddenly and gloriously realized. But, where the conception of duty is separated from the conception of desire, there human beings are always fighting a losing battle: either desire or duty, both a part of them, must be worsted; and, whichever wins, the self is impoverished of a part of itself. This, then, is to be aimed at — the identity of duty and desire; and both duties and desires are to be criticized in the light of that aim.

It is a common error of professional rebels to rail at morality, duty, convention, just as blindly as they are obeyed by the mass of men. We cannot do without duty or convention; indeed, the rebels are themselves conventional; they form a small herd or crowd of their own in their very rebellion. What is needed is a clear discrimination between righteousness and convention. It is not in itself righteous to walk on one side of the path because others do so; but it is convenient; and it would be unrighteous to rebel against this convenience and cause inconvenience to others, merely in order to assert your own freedom from convention. But where conventions are themselves inconvenient, it is important to see that they are not duties, that it may be duty to break down their tyranny by asserting the rights of desire against them. Thus, if a woman has no time to read, to think, to practise some art for which she has a natural talent, because all day she is performing duties imposed on her by what she takes to be public opinion, then it becomes her duty to herself, and so to the world, to assert her own just and natural desires,

and to gratify them, so that she may be a human being, with joy, vitality, and purpose, and not a mere automaton representing the fact that she is one.

If we are unhappy, we make others unhappy; if we are happy, we make others happy, not by any conscious effort to do good, but by the mere contagion of the realized self. The world now is full of people who disseminate unhappiness, discouragement, vague fear, disbelief in the rational order of the universe, by their own lack of purpose and lowered vitality. Often they seem to be energetic, but it is the energy of a machine doing something that nobody wants done; and it is an energy distressing to witness because it is always exhausting itself, threatening a nervous break-down, communicating to others its own aimless unrest. This kind of energy we all resent with a blind, natural inhumanity, just as we should resent the presence of someone with an infectious disease; but our resentment is futile, and merely increases the disease. What we need is a diagnosis which will make us humane. The blind energy exhausting itself comes of a separation of duty and desire, comes of a secret fear lest desire should master duty; and, where this fear is, there cannot be happiness or that harmony of the self which alone produces efficiency.

It is vain to rail at such 'martyrs to duty' as slaves of convention—one might as well rail at influenza patients as slaves of bacilli. What is needed in both cases is a knowledge of the disease, its cause, and cure. The cure will not work in a moment; we are only at the beginning of self-knowledge; but at

last it has begun. For ages man has been gaining power over the external world, but without any increase in self-knowledge, and so in self-control. The task for man now is to know himself, to enter upon a new age of achievement.

And, first of all, he needs to confess that, with regard to self-knowledge, he is still in the Stone Age. All our morals, our conventions, our scientific method even, have been evolved blindly in the past of self-ignorance; but at last we are being driven to self-knowledge by suffering. We see that it is useless to tell sufferers, including ourselves, to be men and overcome their troubles. We are not yet men, or women, because we do not yet know ourselves. But, with the desire for self-knowledge, with the first glimmering conception of what it means, an immense hope has entered the world. We see that the best of the old morality, that which appeals not merely to our sense of duty but to our hearts, is itself based upon the intuitions of genius. Pity is more understanding than judgment, for those who value pity most are those who know themselves best. Those who judge always do so because they have no self-knowledge. But, beyond these beautiful but blind affirmations of the Christian faith, we need now the knowledge that will make them, not less beautiful, but no longer blind.

'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things.' It is not enough to say that with pity. Martha must know herself why she is careful and troubled, so that she may free herself from her troubles and cares.

LOVE'S MINOR FRICTIONS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

MINOR friction is the kind that produces the most showy results with the smallest outlay. You can stir up more electricity in a cat by stroking her fur the wrong way than you can by dropping her into the well. You can ruffle the dearest member of your family more by asking him twice if he is *sure* that he locked the back door than his political opponents could stir him with a libel. We have direct access to the state of mind of the people with whom we share household life and love. Therefore, in most homes, no matter how congenial, a certain amount of minor friction is inevitable.

Four typical causes of minor friction are questions of *tempo*, the brotherly reform measure, supervised telephone conversations, and tenure of parental control. These are standard group-irritants that sometimes vex the sweetest natures.

The matter of *tempo*, broadly interpreted, covers the process of adjustment between people of hasty and deliberate moods. It implies alertness of spiritual response, alacrity in taking hints and filling orders, timely appreciations, considerate delays, and all the other delicate retards and accelerations that are necessary if hearts are to beat as one. But it also includes such homely questions as the time for setting out for places, the time consumed in getting ready to set out, and the swiftness of our progress thither. When a man who is tardy is unequally yoked with a wife who is prompt, their family moves from point to point with an

irregularity of rhythm that lends suspense to the mildest occasions.

A certain architect and his wife Sue are a case in point. Sue is always on time. If she is going to drive at four, she has her children ready at half-past three, and she stations them in the front hall, with muscles flexed, at ten minutes to four, so that the whole group may emerge from the door like food shot from guns, and meet the incoming automobile accurately at the curb. Nobody ever stops his engine for Sue. Her husband is correspondingly late. Just after they were married, the choir at their church gambled quietly on the chances — whether she would get him to church on time, or whether he would make her late. The first Sunday they came ten minutes early, the second Sunday ten minutes late, and every Sunday after that, Sue came early, Prescott came late, and the choir put its money into the contribution-box. In fact, a family of this sort can solve its problem most neatly by running on independent schedules, except when they are to ride in the same automobile or on the same train. Then, there is likely to be a breeze.

But the great test of such a family's grasp of the time-element comes when they have a guest who must catch a given car, due to pass the white post at the corner at a quarter to the hour. The visit is drawing to a close, with five minutes to spare before car-time. Those members of the family who like to wait until the last moment, and take their chances of boarding the

running-board on the run, continue a steady conversation with the guest. But the prompt ones, with furtive eye straying to the clock, begin to sit forward uneasily in their chairs, their faces drawn, pulse feverish, pondering the question whether it is better to let a guest miss a car or seem to show him the door. The situation is all the harder for the prompt contingent, because usually they have behind them a criminal record of occasions when they have urged guests to the curb in plenty of time and the car turned out to be late. The runners and jumpers of the family had said it would be late, and it was late. These memories restrain speech until the latest possible moment. Then the guest is whisked out to the white post with the words, 'If you *could* stay, we'd be delighted; but if you really *have* to make your train—' Every punctual person who lives near a car-line knows the look of patronage with which the leisured classes of his family listen to this old speech of his. They find something nervous and petty in his prancing and pawing, quite inferior to their large oblivion. As Tagore would say, 'They are not too poor to be late.'

The matter of *tempo* involves also the sense of the fortunate moment, and the timing of deeds to accord with moods. In almost any group there is one member who is set at a slightly different velocity from the others, with a momentum not easily checked. When the rest of the household settles down to pleasant conversation, this member thinks of something pressing that must be done at once.

The mother of three college boys is being slowly trained out of this habit. Her sons say that she ought to have been a fire-chief, so brisk is she when in her typical hook-and-ladder mood. Whenever her family sits talking in the evening, she has flitting memories of

things that she must run and do. One night, when she had suddenly deserted the hearthside to see if the maid had remembered to put out the milk-tickets, one of the boys was dispatched with a warrant for her arrest. He traced her to the door of the side-porch, and peered out at her in the darkness. 'What's little pussy-foot doing now?' he inquired affectionately. 'Can she see better in the dark? Come along back.' But her blood was up. She thought of several other duties still waiting, and went at once to the kitchen and filled the dipper. With this she returned to the room where sat the waiting conversationalists, and systematically watered the fern. It was like wearing orange to a Sinn Fein gathering. At the chorus of reproach she only laughed, the throaty laugh of the villain on the stage. Six determined hands seized her at once. The boys explained that, when they wanted to talk to her, it was no time to water ferns. As habitual breaker-up of public meetings, she was going to be reformed.

But the reform measure, a group-irritant second to none, is generally uphill business in the home. Welfare work among equals is sometimes imperative, but seldom popular. Any programme of social improvement implies agitation and a powerful leverage of public opinion not wholly tranquilizing to the person to be reformed. There is one family that has worked for years upon the case of one of its members who reads aloud out of season. When this brother William finds a noble bit of literature, he is fired to share it with his relatives, regardless of time and circumstance. He comes eagerly from his study, book in hand, when his public is trying on a dress. Or he begins to read without warning, when all the other people in the room are reading something else. Argu-

ments and penalties never had the slightest effect until one of the company hit upon a device that proves a defensive measure in emergencies.

Brother William started suddenly to read aloud from a campaign speech. His youngest sister was absorbed in that passage in *Edwin Drood* called 'A Night with Durdles,' where Jasper and Durdles are climbing the cathedral spire. In self-defense she also began to read in a clear tone as follows: 'Anon, they turn into narrower and steeper staircases, and the night air begins to blow upon them, and the chirp of some startled jackdaw or frightened rook precedes the heavy beating of wings in a confined space, and the beating down of dust and straws upon their heads.'

The idea spread like wildfire. All the others opened their books and magazines and joined her in reading aloud selections from the page where they had been interrupted. It was a deafening medley of incongruous material—a very telling demonstration of the distance from which their minds had jumped when recalled to the campaign speech. Brother William was able to distinguish in the uproar such fragments as these: 'Just at that moment I discovered four Spad machines far below the enemy planes'; '“Thankyou thank-you cried Mr. Salteena—”'; 'Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, a most dear wood-rat'; and '“It is natural,” Gavin said slowly, “that you, sir, should wonder why I am here with this woman at such an hour.”'

This method did not work a permanent cure, because nothing ever cures the real reader-aloud. His impulse is generosity—a mainspring of character, not a passing whim. But at a crisis, his audience can read aloud in concert.

The reform measure is more hopeful when directed, not at a rooted trait, but at a surface phase or custom. Even here success is not without its

battles. The combined talents of a Congressman's daughters were once bent upon teaching their youngest brother Sam to rise when ladies entered the room. The boy Samuel, then at the brigand age, looked at this custom as the mannerism of a decadent civilization. He rose, indeed, for guests, but not as to the manner born. One day he came home and reported that the lady next door had introduced him to an aunt of hers who had just arrived on a visit. 'And,' said he, with speculative eye upon his sisters, '*I did n't get up to be introduced.*'

The effect was all that heart could wish. Tongues flew. Sam listened with mournful dignity, offering no excuse. He waited until the sisterly vocabulary was exhausted.

'Why don't you ask me where I was when she introduced me?' he asked at length. 'I was crawling along on the ridgepole of her garage catching her cat for her, and I could n't get up.'

His sisters, however, were not to be diverted from their attempt to foster in him the manly graces. They even went so far as to make an effort to include their brother in afternoon tea-parties with their friends. But a tea-lion, he said, was one thing that he was not. On such occasions he would be found sitting on the kitchen table, dourly eating up the olives, and refusing to come in. The girls were too young then to know that you cannot hurry a certain phase. But now, when they meet that brother at receptions, they smile at their former despair. Reformers often find their hardest tasks taken out of their hands by time.

Few brothers and sisters, however, are willing to trust to time to work its wonders. There is a sense of fraternal responsibility that goads us to try to do what we can for each other in a small way. The friction that ensues constitutes an experience of human values

that the hermit in his cell can never know. Whenever people of decided views feel personally responsible for each other's acts, a type of social unrest begins to brew that sometimes leads to progress and sometimes leads to riots.

For this reason, in any home that aspires to peace at any price, the telephone should be installed in a sound-proof box-office with no glass in the door. There is nothing that so incenses a friendly nature as a family grouped in the middle-distance offering advice when a telephone conversation is going on. The person at the receiver looks so idle; there seems to be no reason why he should not listen with his unoccupied ear; and when he is so evidently in need of correct data, it seems only kind to help him out. It is the most natural thing in the world to listen. The family listens, in the first place, to find out which one of them is wanted, and they continue to listen to find out what is said. When the wrong thing is said, all loyal relatives feel responsible.

The person telephoning is unfairly handicapped by necessary politeness, because he can be heard through the transmitter and his advisers cannot. Only extreme exasperation can unleash his tongue, as happened once when a professor's son, Stanley, in his father's absence, undertook to answer a telephone-call while his sister Violet, in the next room, corrected his mistakes. Stanley, pricking both ears, was doing very well, until the lady at the other end of the line asked a question at the exact moment when Violet offered a new thought. 'What did you say?' inquired Stanley. Both Violet and the lady repeated. 'What is it?' said Stanley, waving one foot at Violet. Violet, not seeing the foot, repeated, and so did the lady, this time more distinctly. 'I beg your pardon,' said Stanley anxiously, 'but what did you

say?' Like an incredible nightmare the thing happened again. 'Shut up!' roared Stanley; 'what did you say?'

His sister, recognizing instantly that part of the message directed to her, wrote her suggestion on the telephone pad, and stole prudently away to a safe place. Minor friction, she had learned, can sometimes lead to action on a large scale. Only after some such extreme experience as this, do we allow a kinsman to conduct his own telephone conversations, taking his own responsibilities, running his own dark risks.

But the sense of mutual responsibility is, after all, the prime educational factor in family life. Every good parent has a feeling of accountability for the acts of his children. He may believe in self-determination for the small states around him, but, nevertheless, he holds a mandate. The delightful interweaving of parental suggestion with the original tendencies of the various children is the delicate thing that makes each family individual. It is also the delicate thing that makes parenthood a nervous occupation. When suggestion is going to interweave delightfully as planned, and when it is not going to interweave at all, is something not foretold in the prophets.

The question of parental influence becomes more complex as the family grows older and more informally organized. Sometimes a son or daughter wants to carry out a pet project without any advice or warning or help from anybody. There is nothing rash or guilty about his plan. He simply happens to be in the mood to act, not in committee, but of himself. To achieve this, surrounded by a united and conversational family, becomes a game of skill. To dodge advice, he seems to avoid the most innocent questions. At such times as these, the wisest parents wonder what they have done to forfeit confidence. They see this

favorite son of theirs executing the most harmless plans with all the secrecy of the young poisoning princes of the Renaissance. When this happens, the over-sensitive parent grieves, the dictatorial parent rails, but the philosophical parent delicately picks up whatever interesting morsels he can on the side, and cocks a weather eye.

'Robert seems to have a good many engagements,' wrote the mother of a popular son in a letter to an absent daughter, 'but whether the nature of the engagements is social, athletic, or philanthropic, we can only infer from the equipment with which he sets out. I inferred the first this morning when he asked me to have his dress-suit sent to be pressed; but I could not be certain until Mrs. Stone said casually that Robert was to be a guest at Mrs. Robbins's dinner next week. Don't you love to see such tender intimacy between mother and son?'

Secrecy of this kind is not the exclusive monopoly of sons. Excellent young women have chopped ice and frozen sherbet behind closed doors because they did not want to be told again to be sure not to get the ice all over the back piazza. Certain warnings go with certain projects as inevitably as rubbers with the rain. The practised mother has so often found the warnings necessary, that the mere sight of the act produces the formula by rote. Model sons and daughters should accept these hints with gratitude, thus avoiding all friction, however minor. But rather than be advised to do that which they were planning to do already, the most loyal of daughters will resort to clandestine measures, and go stealthily with the ice-pick as with a poniard beneath a cloak. This annoys an affectionate and capable mother very much. And she has a right to be annoyed, has she not? After all, it is her ice-pick.

There is something of spirited affection about the memory of all these early broils. They were heated enough at the time, for the most violent emotions can fly out at a trifling cause. Remarks made in these turbulent moments are often taken as a revelation of your true and inward self. The sentiments that you express in your moment of wrath sound like something that you have been repressing for years and are now turning loose upon an enlightened world. There is an air of desperate sincerity about your remarks that makes your hearers feel that here, at last, they have the truth.

With friends, after such an outburst, you could never be the same again. But with your relatives, such moments can be lived down—as once occurred when a busy father had sent his youngest son back to town to perform a forgotten errand. The daughter of the family had not heard of the event until she took her place at table.

'Where's Tom?' said she.

'I sent him back to get a letter he forgot,' said her father.

'In all this heat?' she protested. 'Well, if I had been in his place, I'd have gone away and stayed away.'

'Well, you could,' said her father serenely.

'Well, I will,' said little Sunshine, and walked out of the door and up the street in a rage.

After you have left your parental home as suddenly as this, there comes a moment when you have the sensation of being what is termed all dressed up with no place to go. You feel that your decision, though sudden, is irrevocable, because going back would mean death to your pride. You try to fight off the practical thought that you can hardly go far without hat or scrip. Therefore, when Tom met his eloping sister at the corner, it was with some

little diplomacy that he learned her history and took her back to the table under his wing. The conversation barely paused as they took their places. Their father went on affably serving the salad to the just and the unjust alike. If the returning Fury had been treated with the contumely that she deserved, the memory would be disagreeable in the minds of all. As it is, the boys, now grown to manhood, speak of it as the time when Susan ran away to sea.

The only thing that can make minor friction hurtful is the disproportionate importance that it can assume when it is treated as a major issue, or taken as an indication of mutual dislike. It is often an indication of the opposite, though at the moment the contestants

would find this hard to believe. Kept in its place, however, we find in it later a great deal of humorous charm, because it belonged to a period when we dealt with our brethren with a primitive directness not possible in later years. An intricate ambition, this matter of harmony in the home. Ideally, every family would like to have a history of uninterrupted adorations and exquisite accord. But growth implies change, change implies adjustment, and adjustment among varied personalities implies friction. Kept at the minimum, kept in its place, such friction does not estrange. Instead, it becomes a means to an intimate acquaintance with one another's traits and moods—an intimacy of understanding not far remote from love.

THE PERILS OF THE LITERATE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

To look a gift horse in the mouth is justly considered the height of ungraciousness. Among the greatest gifts to humanity has been that of reading and writing; and though it may have its drawbacks, its value is not to be disputed. The invention of the alphabet was a great achievement, and we now find it difficult to imagine how we could get on without it. The later invention of printing from movable types added vastly to the conveniences of human intercourse. What had been intellectual luxuries were brought within the reach of all.

Literacy, in the sense of ability to read, is no longer an unusual condition. Society is still sharply divided into the two great classes, the literate and the illiterate; but the latter are being slowly driven to the wall. In most civilized countries the powers of the laws are invoked against them, and their numbers are continually reduced, in spite of the fact that the birth-rate is in their favor.

All this is very gratifying. In our day and country, where education in the alphabet is free and compulsory, it is a disgrace to be illiterate. The adult

who refuses to learn his letters has doubtless refused to learn a great many other things that would be good for him. He is generally of a stubbornly unteachable disposition, and he is more or less a menace to the community.

But though in our day the illiterates have fallen into a low estate, and are distinctly behind the times, it was not always thus. There was a time when the illiterate intellectuals did their own thinking without the aid of labor-saving machinery, and they often did it surprisingly well. Among some groups this has continued to recent times.

In a newspaper of the fifties of the last century I came across an account of a meeting of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, devoted to the cause of missions. The moderator made a long address, which was printed in full. It was rather dull and complacent. At the end he introduced a Sioux chieftain as representing a people sadly in need of missionary attention. The Indian's reply contrasted sharply with the address to which he had politely listened. He said, 'My people are not like your people. You have books. You listen to what men said who lived long ago and far away. You see what they saw; you do what they did; you hear what they heard; you think what they thought. My people cannot do this. We cannot read. We can only see with our own eyes, and hear with our own ears, and think with our own minds.'

I suspect that the Indian chief was not unaware that he was the mental superior of the person he was addressing, and that he attributed this superiority to his illiteracy. His irony was that of a gentleman of the old school humoring the foibles of the newly rich.

In this I think he was mistaken. It does not follow that a person loses the power of direct observation because he has learned to read, any more than that the possession of an automobile de-

prives one of the use of his own legs. It is quite possible to follow the words of a book with as keen an eye for reality as that of the Indian on the war-path.

Nevertheless, the remarks of the illiterate critic are worth considering. As fingers were before forks, so culture was before books. Reading, while an admirable exercise, is no substitute for direct observation of nature or for the ancient art of meditation. It has dangers of its own.

All the arts had their origin, and reached a high degree of development, among people who were unable to read or write. These gifted illiterates, while they had their limitations, had one great advantage over us — they always knew what they were about. When they were doing one thing they were not under the impression that they were doing something else. Each art was distinct, and the work of art was not confused with somebody's description of it.

We literates have been taught to read poetry, and taught also that it is highly commendable to enjoy it. In order to know what kind of poetry ought to be especially enjoyed, we read other books, written by critics. In order to understand what the poetry that ought to be admired means, we read other books by professional grammarians. By the time we have finished this preparatory reading, we are somewhat confused. We are in doubt as to what poetry actually is, and how it differs from prose. In this predicament we fall back on the printer. If every line begins with a capital letter, we assume that it is poetry.

In the old illiterate days there were no such difficulties. There were no books of poems to be criticized. People got their poetry direct from the poet and saw him in the act of making it. There was no possibility of mistake.

Poetry was the form of speech used

by a poet. When a person who was not a poet tried to say the same thing he said it differently: that was prose.

The poet was a care-free person who went about uttering what was in his heart. You never knew what he was going to say till he said it, but you were quite sure he would say it poetically, that is, according to his own nature. That was the license that you gave him. It was not because he was wiser than other men that you listened to him, but because he gave you a peculiar pleasure. There was a lilt in his voice and a fire in his eye that strangely moved you. You never got tired listening to him as you did to the droning elders of your tribe. It was like playing truant from the humdrum world.

We literates have upon our shelves ponderous historical works written by learned men for our edification. These volumes await some hours of leisure which are long delayed. But when one speaks of History as an art, we are often confused. We think of a book, and not of an artist at work upon living materials.

In the days of unabashed illiteracy every community had its historian. He was the story-teller of the tribe. The sources on which he drew were not dusty parchments, but the memories of men who could tell him of the stirring events in which they had taken part, and of the traditions handed down to them by their fathers.

One who practised this art had to have a good memory, but he must not allow it to be overloaded. To try to salvage too much from the past was to invite disaster: all would be swallowed up in the black waters of oblivion.

He must have a good judgment in selecting the incidents to be preserved. His history must be composed of memorable things; they were the only things that could be remembered. There must always be a vital connec-

tion between the incidents, so that the Past may live again in the Present. A tale that is printed may be cluttered up with all sorts of learned irrelevancies, but a tale that is told must hold the listeners' attention. The illiterate historian had no way of reaching posterity except by telling his story in such a vivid and dramatic way that some of his listeners would tell it again to their children. That is what made him such a consummate artist. A story might be told in a dozen different ways and each time be forgotten. At last, in a happy moment, is achieved immortality. In these primitive tales we have an art which the skilled literary man cannot improve.

II

The invention of printing has produced a change like that which has taken place in modern manufacture. There has been a vast increase in quantity, but with danger to the quality of the product. There has been also a tendency to standardization, with a danger to the individuality of the producer. Once the craftsman worked in his little shop open to the view of all interested persons. They could watch him at work and see each personal touch. Now there is less room for improvisation.

The literate person gets his ideas from two sources. There is the field of personal experience, which is essentially the same as that of his illiterate ancestors. His senses are continually informing him of what happens in his immediate vicinity. He exchanges thoughts with his neighbors; he reasons with himself in regard to the expediency of certain actions; he learns many homely and wholesome truths by experience. But he is also acted upon by a literary environment. He cannot remember the time when he did not know how to read; and it is very hard for him

to distinguish between the ideas which came to him directly and those which came indirectly. Often it is the book which has made the most powerful influence on his mind.

A New Testament writer compares the forgetful hearer of the word to a man who, seeing his natural face in a glass, goes his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is. He might have gone further, and said that the person who looks ever so carefully at his reflection in a mirror gets only a misleading impression of what manner of person he is. He never really sees his own face as his neighbor sees it.

It is the boast of the literary artist that he holds the mirror up to Nature. But the mirror is nothing more or less than his own mind, and the reflection must depend upon the qualities of that mind. The mirror may be cracked, it may have all sorts of convexities and concavities, its original brightness may have been lost. All kinds of distortions and flatteries are possible. Some minds are capable only of caricature, and every object reflected becomes amusing. Others invest the most trifling circumstance with mystery and dignity.

The most perfect artist in words cannot express a higher or larger truth than he is capable of feeling. Only so much of reality as he can comprehend can he offer to the reader.

This being so, it might be supposed that we would read warily, and be skeptical in regard to those who sought to influence us. We have eyes to see as well as they, and our vision of reality is to be preferred to their report.

This is what we do in conversation, and it is what gives conversation its charm. Among intellectual equals there is no dogmatizing, and yet the fullest expression of individual opinion. The pleasure and profit come from the fact that each mind has approached the fact from a different angle, and one

view may be used to correct another.

But we are superstitious creatures, and we are easily imposed upon by print. Curiously enough, we are apt to attribute a greater validity to what we have read than to what we have seen or heard. We are more likely to believe what we have read in the daily newspaper than what our neighbor tells us. This is because we know our neighbor, and we do not know the young man who wrote the paragraph for the paper. The fact that thousands of our fellow citizens are reading the same words makes an impression on the imagination. If it is not true that 'everybody says so,' yet it is probable that everybody will say so when they have read the article. We have a comfortably gregarious feeling in being subjected to the same influence which moves so many of our fellow beings. It is pleasant to think that our minds synchronize with theirs. There is safety in numbers.

It used to be said of the pulpit that it was the 'coward's castle.' The man who invented that phrase did not mean to bring a railing accusation against the clergy. He did not say that the occupant of a pulpit was more apt to be a coward than other men. What he had in mind was the opportunity for defense. If a man happened to be a coward, and at the same time wished to say unpleasant things about his neighbors, a pulpit seemed to be a safe place to say them from. People are accustomed to listen to the pulpiter without answering back.

But if a person is a real coward, a pulpit is not such a safe vantage-ground after all; for it stands in a very exposed position. Even if the congregation does not talk back, it has an excellent opportunity to look at the pulpiter and size him up. This, to a timid person, is very disconcerting, as he stands behind a barricade which does not protect the most vulnerable part of his person—his

tell-tale countenance. What avail his mighty words if his chin is weak and his eyes are shifty? With a hundred pairs of eyes directed upon him it requires a good deal of bravery to enable him to 'carry on.'

The true coward's castle is the printed page. Here, secure from observation, free from prying eyes, the writer may make his attacks without fear of reprisal. Nobody sees him in the act of composition; nobody knows what he looks like. Even if they know his name, his readers do not make any searching inquiry into his personal characteristics. When a strange voice is heard over the telephone, we inquire as politely as possible: 'Who is speaking, please?' But when we take up a newspaper or magazine, we do not take the trouble to find out who is addressing us. Even with a book, unless the author is a very noted writer, we are incurious as to the personality behind the words. We think of the author as the eighteenth-century Deists thought of the Great First Cause. He is a logical necessity. He sets things going, and then returns into the Unknown, where it would be a kind of sacrilege to attempt to follow him. His attributes are sufficiently, though vaguely, revealed through his works.

The person with literary skill has the same kind of advantage which the government has over private capitalists in being able to print money and force it into circulation.

Dean Swift took a sardonic delight in an exhibit of this power. The almanac-maker Partridge had made an honest living by publishing an annual in which the events of the coming year were predicted with sufficient vagueness to fit the circumstances as they might arise. Swift, under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, set forth a rival almanac which should be more definite in its prognostications. Instead of prophesying in

general terms, he put down the exact day of the month in which the death of Partridge the almanac-maker would take place. The day came, and Swift saw to it that on the morrow the announcement of the sad event appeared in all the London newspapers. Attention was called to the fact that the death occurred in exact accordance with the Bickerstaffian chronology. Of course, Partridge was annoyed and attempted to set himself right. But Bickerstaff was the better writer and had caught the public eye. His cause was presented with such fullness of detail that there was no resisting it. Against the mass of documentary evidence the unsupported word of one man who was evidently prejudiced in his own behalf could not avail. Poor Partridge might gain credence among the few people to whom he could exhibit himself in the flesh, but the reading public preferred the printed obituary.

I had occasion recently to observe the helplessness of those who attempt to contend against a first-rate literary tradition. For several years the nineteenth of April has, in the vicinity of Boston, been celebrated in dramatic fashion by reproducing the historic ride of Paul Revere. It happens that the historic route does not go through Cambridge, so this year our citizens arranged a rival, or rather supplementary, celebration. It seems that Paul Revere was not the only patriot who rode forth on that fateful night in 1775 to warn the farmers of Middlesex County, Massachusetts. One William Dawes galloped on the same errand and, as good luck would have it, took the road that led past the college at Harvard Square. So this year a citizen impersonating William Dawes rode through Cambridge, and the mayor and local dignitaries gathered to see him do it.

But alas, the public imagination was

not stirred. William Dawes was not a name to conjure with. Every school child resented the substitution. It would be vain to say, 'Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of William Dawes.' They would not listen to what seemed a contradiction of what they had read.

Our most familiar experience teaches us how our contacts with nature are interpreted by what we have read. The amateur gardener never tires of calling attention to the fact that the vegetables he raises taste different from those he buys in the market. He attributes this to the circumstance that they come to the table in a fresher condition. But do they?

I suspect that the indescribable something which he enjoys is derived largely from literary associations. While the ground was yet frozen, he had gloated over the pages of a seed-catalogue, and his mouth had watered over the delectable fruits which were there described. In imagination he saw his future garden 'without spot or blemish or any such thing.' There he saw radishes and super-radishes, not tough and stringy, but with the dew of their youth yet upon them. There were, on each side of the garden walk, twelve manners of peas, some dwarf and some of gigantic growth, but each excelling the other in earliness and deliciousness. There were dwarf-giants combining the excellencies of dwarfishness and gianthood in a manner wonderful to relate. Each dwarf bore pods so full and heavy that a giant might be proud to lift them. The cauliflowers never refused to head; the lettuce never exhibited signs of premature senility; the cucumbers were all beautiful within. All the tomatoes were smooth and of a ruddy countenance, solid of flesh and wonderfully prolific. Even the modest spinach merited the adjective superb, which was freely bestowed upon it. The pole-beans were

veritable skyscrapers of the vegetable world.

When the literate gardener had read all this, he straightway bought the little packets of seed which contained these marvelous potentialities. This done, he considered his work half accomplished, for had he not read that the secret of success is in buying the right kind of seed from thoroughly reliable dealers? The rest is a mere detail.

When in midsummer he invites you to partake of vegetables that not only are the fruit of toil but come as the fulfillment of early dreams, you should be in a sympathetic mood. He has a satisfaction unknown to one who has not read the seed-catalogue. His palate has been trained by long anticipation to taste that of which it has had a literary foretaste. Accidents may have happened not set down in the books, but the essentials are there. All that the garden aspired to be, and is not, comforts him. He welcomes to his table the wizened survivors of the campaign against insect enemies and an unusual season. They have been traveling through an unfriendly world, but they have arrived. How many comrades they have left behind them on the field, he does not inquire. It is not a time for retrospection. Any appearance of meagreness is overlooked. He sees upon the table the symbols of the marvelous prodigality of nature. The consideration which gives mystical significance to this feast of first fruits is that he is now actually eating the vegetables he has read about.

III

In regard to what lies outside the field of our personal experience the power of literary suggestion has no natural check. We generalize more easily from what we have read than

from what we have tested by our own senses. We have fixed ideas as to what happened in distant times and places, and we spend little time in inquiring as to the source of our opinions. In general, we accept the authority of the books we have read without inquiring in regard to the personal bias of the writer.

Suppose we were to put the ideas of the docile reader in the form of a catechism.

Question. At what time was society in the Roman Empire most corrupt?

Answer. In the age of Juvenal.

Question. When was the life of the lower classes in London most picturesque and amusing?

Answer. In the time of Charles Dickens.

Question. At what precise period were the manners of Americans at the lowest ebb?

Answer. At the time when Dickens wrote his *American Notes*.

Question. When did they begin to improve?

Answer. About the time when James Bryce published the *American Commonwealth*.

Question. When did the English Puritans lose their original sincerity and become canting hypocrites?

Answer. When Samuel Butler wrote *Hudibras*.

Question. Who was the most brilliant sovereign of England?

Answer. Queen Elizabeth.

Question. How do you prove this?

Answer. From the writings of the brilliant Elizabethans.

Question. When was Spain a happy country, and all classes of people easily moved to laughter?

Answer. In the age of Cervantes.

Question. When did England most deserve to be called 'Merry England'?

Answer. In the age of Chaucer.

Question. When did the Scotch

peasant lose his dourness and become genial?

Answer. In the days of Robert Burns.

Question. When was French family life most sordid and mean?

Answer. In the days of Zola.

Question. What historical period is indicated by the term 'Ages of Faith'?

Answer. The period during which the only literature which has survived was written by monks.

Question. Who was the most influential preacher of the early church — Paul or Apollos?

Answer. Paul.

Question. What makes you think so?

Answer. Because Paul wrote letters which have been preserved, while Apollos probably preached without notes.

The moment we stop to analyze our impressions of the events of the past, or the personages of human history, we realize how dependent we are on the literary medium through which our ideas are obtained. The merest literary accident — the preservation or the loss of a scrap of paper — may make or mar the greatest reputation.

An illusion to which the reader is subject arises from the selective nature of all literary art. The writer, even when he thinks he is most realistic, is compelled to choose both his subject and his way of treating it. This means that he must ruthlessly reject all phases of reality which are irrelevant to his purpose. He is a creator making a new world, and all that cannot be remoulded by his intelligence is to him but a part of the primal chaos. That which to him is unintelligible is treated as if it were non-existent. On the other hand, that which interests him is exhibited as if it were the only reality.

When the reader is literal-minded and of a too docile disposition, he ac-

cepts the writer's representation of the world at its face-value. It is a very crowded little world, and full of terrifying objects; and the reader has moods of depression unknown to his illiterate brethren, who, however hard their lot, are accustomed to take one trouble at a time.

In the old-fashioned geography book there was a full page devoted to a pictorial view of the animal life of the Western Hemisphere. It was a terrifying collection of wild beasts and birds. Wild cats, jaguars, lynxes, and alligators, grizzly bears, polar bears, rattlesnakes, eagles, and condors abounded. They were all visible at the same time, and each creature was exhibited in its most threatening attitude. The Western Hemisphere was evidently a perilous place for a small boy. Even if armed with a shot-gun, he had a small chance for his life; for if one wild beast did not eat him up, another would. As for the Eastern Hemisphere, that was no safer, for it was crowded with lions, elephants, tigers, leopards, and orang-outangs.

The anxieties of the small boy might have been allayed by the consideration that the Western Hemisphere was larger in reality than might be imagined from the wood-cut. There were great spaces between the wild beasts. One did not encounter them all at once. In that part of the hemisphere that is infested by polar bears there is immunity from alligators. A person may travel over wide stretches of country where the only specimen of wild life he will see is likely to be an inquisitive chipmunk. The dangers are so diluted by the distances as to be almost negligible to anyone who does not insist on traveling all the time.

The literate person needs to be continually reminded that the things he is reading about do not all happen to the same people or in the same place.

The risks are well distributed. Nor need he think that the things he reads about are the most important, either in themselves or in their effects.

It is in his ability to concentrate the report of a large number of facts of the same kind into a small space, and then fix the reader's attention upon them, that the writer has his strategic advantage. He can, with a really inferior force, produce the impression of overwhelming power. It is a repetition of the military tactics of Gideon. The resourceful Israelite, by the use of trumpets and pitchers, was able with three hundred men to put to flight the Midianites and Amalekites whose army 'lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude; and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea side for multitude.'

There was perhaps not a single able-bodied Amalekite who would have been scared if Gideon had appeared before him in broad daylight and broken a pitcher and blown ever so loudly with his trumpet. But when all the Amalekites heard a loud sound at the same time, they frightened each other terribly. And when they heard the shout 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' they 'fled to Beth-shittah in Zererath and to the border of Abelmeholah, unto Tabbath.' Gideon and his three hundred, 'faint but pursuing,' had really nothing to do after he had started the stampede.

Among illiterates the mob-spirit is something fierce, cruel, irrational, but it is apt to be short-lived. Something happens that arouses the passions of anger and fear, and a victim is found. The mob tears him to pieces and then disperses.

But among literates the mob-spirit may be preserved for generations, sometimes smouldering but always liable to be fanned into a flame. A hatred preserved in print and multiplied through

literary art assumes the dignity of a first principle and the force of an instinct.

Anti-Semitism is of this nature. When one attempts to analyze it, he becomes conscious that he is not dealing with the modern Jew, but with an almost endless array of literary allusions. There are taunts that have become classic.

The Irish Question is similarly complicated. So much has been written about it during the last five hundred years that it seems unscholarly not to keep it up. Any amicable settlement would be at the mercy of the next literary revival.

There are aversions that may last for thousands of years, and then be suddenly intensified. In Palestine to-day there must be thousands of persons who are descended from the ancient inhabitants who dwelt in the land before Joshua descended upon it with his militant Israelites. Many of these are peaceful persons against whose conduct there is no reasonable complaint. But if they should reassume the name of Canaanites in their plea for the self-determination of nations, they would find the literate world against them. A Canaanitish restoration would be stoutly resisted by all persons who have not forgotten their Sunday-school lessons. The old text 'cursed be Canaan' would raise a vague feeling of revenge which might easily be mistaken for religion.

The feuds and panics which have been largely confined to the reading classes seem to have very little to do with what is actually taking place at any given time. They represent the state of mind into which a company of imaginative young people can throw themselves when they sit around a dying fire and tell ghost-stories. Some dreadful thing has happened in the past. Long after the danger is over,

the story can be told so as to produce a tremor.

The Spanish Inquisition, the religious persecutions in the Netherlands, the martyr-fires of Smithfield, the descent of the Armada, were real facts of the sixteenth century. But this period came to an end. Men's minds turned to new issues, and priestcraft lost its power.

But for two centuries in England innumerable pamphlets were printed by alarmists who were fighting the old battles of the sixteenth century over again. The literate mob was continually inflamed by stories of Jesuit plots. Everyone who was not in good and regular standing in the Church of England was subject to suspicion. Richard Baxter, author of the *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, had to deny the charge of a secret leaning toward the Scarlet Woman. William Penn, on returning from Philadelphia, found himself described as a Jesuit in disguise, who had been educated in the college of St. Omer in France and who had celebrated mass in the palace of St. James. To be sure William Penn did not look like a Jesuit or talk like a Jesuit, but that only proved the completeness of his disguise. In the next century John Wesley had the same charge hurled against him. What more subtle way of advancing the Catholic conquest of Britain could be devised than to entice the working-people of England into Methodist meeting-houses. King James I, uniting two prejudices in one, coined the term Papist-Puritan. In its comprehensiveness it reminds one of the way in which many people in our day are able to think of anarchists and socialists as members of the same party.

The Reign of Terror in France had a similar effect upon the imagination of the reading public in England and America. For a whole generation the press told of the ferocious Jacobins who

were about to set up the guillotine in London and Philadelphia. Who were the Anglo-Saxon Jacobins? Joseph Priestly, man of science and scholarly minister, was one. Horne Tooke, the eccentric scholar who advocated parliamentary reform, was another. He was put on trial for his life and barely escaped the gallows. In America the most feared of all Jacobins was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

At a later period the literate mob had a classical revival. When General Grant was proposed for a second term as President of the United States, the cry of 'Cæsarism' was raised. There was something in it that brought back lessons learned in early youth. Everybody knew about Cæsar. The analogy between past and present was obvious to the humblest understanding: indeed, the humbler the understanding, the more satisfactory it was. Cæsar was a great general; so was Grant. Cæsar, after the Civil War, went into politics; so did Grant. Both men attained the highest honors within the gift of the people. Then Cæsar destroyed the Republic. Could anyone doubt that Grant would do the same?

After an interval such historic doubts are tolerated. We are able to see that

William Penn was not a Jesuit, and Thomas Jefferson was not a Jacobin, and Ulysses Simpson Grant was not a reincarnation of Julius Cæsar. But when at the breakfast-table we read of a strike in a Massachusetts textile factory, of a convention of Western farmers who are organizing against their enemies the middlemen, and of the remarks of a teacher in the public schools whose opinions are more radical than ours, it is quite natural to connect them all together, and think of them as manifestations of Russian Bolshevism. Things which appear under the same head-lines must have some sinister connection, though we may not know what it is.

In calling attention to some of the perils of the literate, I do not mean to discourage the reading habit. Indeed, the persons who are most superstitious in regard to printed matter are those who have most recently crossed the boundary line from illiteracy. On the other hand, some of the most level-headed people I have known have been constant and even omnivorous readers. But I have noticed that they have always used their own minds when they were reading.

BETWEEN THE LINES

BY F. JACQUELIN SWORDS

SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND
Monday, August 16, 1920.

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE, —

Just this time last evening we were deep in Napoleon, and dinner, and you had not quite recovered, even after my having so tactfully drawn in Napoleon to distract you, from your indignation over the Prohibition Amendment. And yet you were drinking champagne —

In other words it is now 8.30 to-night; and I am the person who at 8.30 last night — Well, it is all described above.

You remember me? Of course you do. I would n't even ask the question, but that I once dined next to a man (at the town house of our last night's hostess, by the way) whom I had met, also, for the first time, and who spent most of the evening telling me that he never remembered a person whom he had met only once! I suppose he forgot me. But I have never been able to forget him, as is shown by the above absurd question.

For you do remember me, of course. That's established. And you remember Napoleon. And some quite interesting things I told you about him — to distract you from Prohibition — that you had n't known before. And you remember, don't you, recommending a book about him (which you said you had n't read, so why you recommended it was n't clear) by Lord Somebody, about those last days at St. Helena? Well, now we come to my point. I can't remember Lord Somebody's name. Would it bother you too much if I ask you to send me a line with just the name? You need n't remember me afterwards if

you don't want to, but I would like the name. I want to read the book. I liked what you said about it, which must, I suppose, be what someone else said to you.

So there's the reason for my letter — for it's going to be one! At least, it's one of the reasons. The others are that it's 8.30, and last night at this hour I was struggling with your temper — the hour suggests you. And then I'm alone. I've been swimming and motoring all day, and I am tired and have had a tray here in my room. The windows by my desk are open, and I can hear the ocean booming, you know, as it boomed last night at Marian's; and the light on it is that same long, quivering, golden way. It makes the best of you rise up in your heart, and the truest, and you want to be so frank — so frank — as frank as Maeterlinck says we may be; and you want to say to a perfect stranger who complains of the drought as he drinks deliciously cooled champagne, that you are glad you met him; that one meets so many people, and they are all so confusing; that these times are so confusing, with upheavals in everything — religion, politics, art, life; that one feels the ground slipping beneath one's feet — especially a person like me, someone who is nothing in particular — a woman not too young to understand life and not too old to enjoy it, with ideals which are torn at and trampled on every day — puzzled — wondering; and that to meet someone who can look with calmness on a war in which he has played a part (which he carefully

ignores), and who can look on these heaving times with hope; who has n't lost his bearings in the magnitude of the cataclysms that have overtaken us; someone who still looks for the best in us women — just the same good, old-fashioned best that was before these days, when so much has crept in that is coarse and vulgar and cheap: to meet someone like that — and someone who has just your peculiar shade of yellow hair — makes you very glad!

I'm joking, but I'm telling you the sober truth. You remember, perhaps, all that we talked about — a good deal for our first meeting. Well, the best of me was moved, and I shall remember it always.

Will you send me, please, Mr. Bonaparte's biographer's name?

And so no more — as Du Maurier so often said in *Trilby*; and how freighted the words were with the lightness and the tragedy of endings! And so no more.

From your — what am I? — well, your very grateful

MARGARET HAMILTON.

Margaret Hamilton read the letter through, sought in the faithful *Social Register* for George Talmadge's address, and finding it where stood his name, with an asterisk beside it, she addressed the envelope.

Then for a long time she looked out at the sea, with the golden light across it, remembering and dreaming.

She was very tired when she turned back to her desk. Somehow a lightness had gone out of her with the writing of the letter. She reread it — all that she had written in ardor and sincerity; but now it brought to her a swelling tide of mortification and chagrin.

'If I had sent it,' she whispered aghast, 'to almost an utter stranger! What in the world would he have thought of me!' And she tore the sheets carefully across and across.

Into the envelope went another note:

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE, —

I wonder if you would mind letting me know the author of the book on Napoleon that you recommended so highly last night at Marian Livingston's dinner. I've forgotten the name you mentioned but would like to read the book.

Trusting that I am not bothering you, I am

Cordially yours,

MARGARET HAMILTON.

In his apartment in town, a day or so later, George Talmadge received this note. He did n't answer it until the end of a busy week, though the fact that it was there to be answered occurred to him constantly.

At last he wrote: —

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON, —

I am not going to tell you the author's name that you ask for, though I'm grateful to the fellow for having had a forgettable name, and to you for having forgotten. For I was singularly glad to hear from you. Indeed I can hardly make you understand how glad. It does n't seem a matter for much rejoicing to meet a strange and charming woman at dinner. One meets so many — the stranger the more charming!

But perhaps you understand — no, I'm sure you understand — how we all have moods now and then of mental Bolshevism, when the world seems turned topsy-turvy, and all our old plans and hopes discredited. And perhaps you can imagine how, if one were in such a mood, the meeting of a stranger might set things right again. Of course, only one kind of a stranger; someone clever and cultivated and sweet, about whom hung the aroma of all that was true and rare and steady in life. May I write you so? Of course I

may. Something about you gives me permission, and with your permission I am, of course, taking no liberty.

Besides, I am a little desperate, if that is n't too tragic a word to use over one's own unimportant affairs.

I'm to be sent away again; at least the government wants me to go — to South America this time. I don't want to go. I've just come home. And yet I don't want to shirk, and they tell me that's where I'm needed most — not that I'm needed much anywhere, but you know how these disagreeable duties are baited.

I feel that, if I could see you again and tell you all about it, I could have the decision to stay, or the strength to go. Don't laugh at me, though you did laugh at me many times the other night. Just realize — I'll spare you the details — that I've been through a good deal, and I'm upset and lonely, and that I want to talk things over selfishly and self-centredly with someone, and that I want that someone to be you, and I don't know why, or care why, but won't you let me come to wherever you are, just for one evening? Laugh at me if you like, but let me come.

I am reminded of my small-boyhood days, and of someone admonishing me, 'You should say, if you please.' If you please!

I shall await your answer anxiously.

And I don't care what you say, I think Prohibition is an awful mistake.

Your friend, really, though I see you laughing again, — I see your eyes, and I hear you, —

GEORGE TALMADGE.

P.S. I am sending you Lord Rosebery's book. That's why I'm not bothering you with the name.

George Talmadge threw himself back in his chair, and passed his hands over his warm forehead.

'It's beastly hot to-night,' he mut-

tered; and he stumbled up, and out for a few blocks down the avenue, and back again, restless and half-dreaming, and then to bed.

The next morning he reread his letter.

'Of all the pieces of d—— rot and impertinence!' he exclaimed, and tore the letter, savagely, to ribbons.

Then he wrote: —

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON, —

Lord Rosebery is the author of the book on Bonaparte of which we spoke. I am taking the liberty of sending the book to you, to express, partially, my thanks for a very pleasant evening.

Hoping that we shall meet again, I am

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE TALMADGE.

The letter and book reached Margaret Hamilton at Southampton. On the evening of their arrival she escaped from her family and some guests who were bent on including her in a game of Auction, and made her way to her room. Alone there, she went to her window and looked out at the sea. There was no moon. The sea was a dark, mysterious surging.

She strained her eyes into the darkness; her breath came heavily; her breast was heaving.

Then she went quickly to her desk, pulled on the electric light and wrote: —

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE, —

I wrote you a week ago. Not the stupid little line you received, but an honest letter. I hardly remember what I said, only that I felt it all; that I stretched out my hand to you across the fact that we were strangers, and that I felt new strength and buoyancy from the moment's clasp. And then, of course, I tore the letter up. We women are cowards. We are afraid to read our own statements that we know to

be rather fine, and desperately sincere. You who have been a soldier cannot perhaps understand this, but it is true. I was afraid. I rushed back into the banal protection of the inane, and asked only for a name, and you sent me the book. I have come to my room this evening to read the book, and to send you my thanks. You were very kind, and I do thank you.

But I wish you were down on the beach out there. I would go down and join you — you see I'm not a bit afraid any more, and I would tell you so many things; all I said in my letter, if I could remember it all, and the things I've been saying to you through the week, for I've had a number of talks with you up here alone. There, you see how brave I am! Why should n't I be? You interested me — you tempted me to a bigger point of view than those I see around me. I would like to talk over so many things with you if you were down there now on the beach.

Of course, everything might be different, such queer things happen. I might n't find you a bit interesting a second time. And you might find me dreadfully boring; though you did n't that night at dinner. I don't care what you say, I know you did n't. If you think I 'make too bold' in saying this, just avoid me when we meet again, and I'll understand and be properly rebuked.

Seriously, with my renewed thanks for Lord Rosebery's book, please accept my greater thanks — for what — for having been what you were that night — for having given me the courage not to be ashamed of an instinct that turns to all that is best — I'm floundering, and you won't understand

— Well, for having prompted me to write so absurdly a second time!

MARGARET HAMILTON.

The next morning it was with a certain shriveling of the soul that she realized that this letter, too, must not be sent. 'It was the night. It was — I don't care what it was!' she cried, and sat down, forlornly, at her desk.

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE [she wrote],—

Thank you so much for the very kind way in which you helped out my poor memory. You were too good. I shall hope to see you again sometime, somewhere, and to be able to thank you in person. I know I shall enjoy the book.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

MARGARET HAMILTON.

One evening, two weeks later, George Talmadge was lounging in his room in that particular, hopeless despondency in which a man is apt to be plunged when he has decided to do what he reluctantly believes to be his duty. He had decided to go to South America.

Something drew him to his desk. He took a card from his pocket, and wrote slowly, 'I am sailing for South America in three days, to be gone for a few years. If you should happen to be passing through town, won't you call me up so that I might meet you somewhere, and hear what you think of Lord Rosebery?'

Both sides of the card were covered with the diminutive writing. He read it over to see if she could decipher it.

Then, with a quick gesture, he threw the card into his empty fireplace, struck a match, held it to the message, and in a moment it was gone.

CHILDREN'S GARLAND

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

DICK AND WILL

OUR brother says that Will was born
The very day that Dickie came;
When one is four the other is,
And all their birthdays are the same.

Their coats and waists are just alike;
They have their hats together, too.
They sleep together in one bed,
And Will can put on Dickie's shoe.

But they are not the same at all;
Two different boys they have to be,
For Dick can play in Mother's room
When Will is climbing in a tree.

Or maybe Will is on the porch
To cry because he stubbed his toe,
And Dick is laughing by the gate
And watching ants go in a row.

THE TWINS

The two-ones is the name for it,
And that is what it ought to be,
But when you say it very fast
It makes your mouth say *twins*, you see.

When I was just a little thing,
About the year before the last,
I called it two-ones all the time,
But now I always say it fast.

CHILDREN'S GARLAND

MISS KATE-MARIE

And it was Sunday everywhere,
And Father pinned a rose on me,
And said he guessed he'd better take
Me down to see Miss Kate-Marie.

And when I went, it all turned out
To be a Sunday school, and there
Miss Kate-Marie was very good
And let me stand beside her chair.

Her hat was made of yellow lace,
Her dress was very soft and thin;
And when she talked her little tongue
Was always wriggling out and in.

I liked to smell my pretty rose,
I liked to feel her silky dress.
She held a very little book
And asked the things for us to guess.

She asked about Who-made-y-God,
And never seemed to fuss or frown;
I liked to watch her little tongue
And see it wriggle up and down.

ON THE HILL

And Mother said that we could go
Up on the hill where the strawberries grow.

And while I was there I looked all down,
Over the trees and over the town.

I saw the field where the big boys play,
And the roads that come from every way,

The courthouse place where the wagons stop,
And the bridge and the scales and the blacksmith shop.

The church steeple looked very tall and thin,
And I found the house that we live in.

I saw it under the poplar tree,
And I bent my head and tried to see

Our house when the dark is over it,
And how it looks when the lamps are lit.

I saw the swing from up on the hill,
The ropes were hanging very still.

And over and over I tried to see
Some of us walking under the tree.

And the children playing everywhere,
And how it looks when I am there.

But Dickie said, 'Come on, let's race';
And Will had found the strawberry place.

LITTLE RAIN

When I was making myself a game
Up in the garden, a little rain came.

It fell down quick in a sort of rush,
And I crawled back under the snowball bush.

I could hear the big drops hit the ground
And see little puddles of dust fly round.

A chicken came till the rain was gone;
He had just a very few feathers on.

He shivered a little under his skin,
And then he shut his eyeballs in.

Even after the rain had begun to hush
It kept on raining up in the bush.

CHILDREN'S GARLAND

One big flat drop came sliding down,
And a ladybug that was red and brown
Was up on a little stem, waiting there,
And I got some rain in my hair.

MR. WELLS

On Sunday morning, then he comes
To church, and everybody smells
The blacking and the toilet-soap
And camphor-balls from Mr. Wells.

He wears his whiskers in a bunch,
And wears his glasses on his head;
I must n't call him Old Man Wells—
No matter — that's what Father said.

And when the little blacking smells
And camphor-balls and soap begin,
I do not have to look to know
That Mr. Wells is coming in.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

If Bethlehem were here to-day,
Or this were very long ago,
There would n't be a winter-time
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
And down along the pasture walk;
And off beside the cattle-barns
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
And pull away the wooden pin;
I'd push the door a little bit
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay.

If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here to-day,
And Mother held my hand and smiled —
I mean, the lady would — and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,
And he would look like our John,
And he would be all crumpled too,
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.
His little clothes would all be white.
I'd slip my finger in his hand
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, 'Take care,'
The mother, Mary, would, 'Take care';
And I would kiss his little hand
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin.
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise men going in.

THE PRISON HOUSE¹

BY ALICE G. MASARYK

February 6, 1916.

DAY before yesterday I went to see Mrs. M——. She is weak and desolate. It is overcoming her at last. She wept before Revota. I remained with her only a very short time. She was so weak that sleep was overcoming her.

February 8.

DEAR MOTHER, —

These days I have been in the Rati-borice Valley with *Babicka*.² I was tired and remained in bed. Every movement required an effort; and I took *Babicka* into my hands and lived there with her. I was moved by her loving righteousness, her righteous kindness, which flowed from a deep heart. A closed, concentric world — simple and beautiful. In the present-day rush, in the atmosphere of steam, electricity, intellectualism, and Ibsenism, this book acts like a healing potion. Here we have to think about the woman question. I know one *Babicka* like that, among women who have had schooling: her room is bright, she rises early, has an ear for everybody, but not a single superfluous word. She grew out of the soil as an herb out of the wayside; from among poor people, orderly and just, for whom work is a matter of course and rest is a holiday. She is simple and good — without plans. The others are not so well balanced — but then, in all classes, rare people are not numerous. Here we

have a girl — a bank clerk. Her type is also that of *Babicka*. She is the first to rise in the morning. The lamp still burns; outside, the dawn is breaking; this little girl jumps up, washes, folds her blanket with a sprightly air, shakes her pillow — and then calls out: 'Now rise, ladies, rise; the soup will be here in a moment.' Not for a moment does she waste time; she finds work for herself and others; yet she is only a simple girl. Here we have evidence that everything will become settled again, and this fine natural type will become predominant with us. Also, I know a nurse of such firm character: she is strong, but merry at the same time.

Dear mother! If only I could be in Bystricka now! That would be immeasurable!

Morning, eight o'clock. The pots with the steaming coffee — the cream in a pitcher — we take breakfast in the open court. Opposite, on the other table, are the earthenware bowls of the farm-laborers who have gone into the fields after breakfast. And then — off to work. I remember how gladly I went into the garden for vegetables, around the circular flower-bed, past the currant bushes and white lilies; and back of that hedge of the currants and lilies is the vegetable garden. The walk with a border, on the right-hand side of the currant bushes, is overgrown with grass and plantain; it is covered with dew and green, and the vegetables also stand in dew. So: carrots, parsley, celery — the onions are entirely washed out by the rain. And one's heart is so light.

¹ Earlier letters by Miss Masaryk were printed in the November issue.

² *Babicka* (Grandmother), by Němcova, is the great Czech epic.

Then I prepare everything in the vaulted kitchen, — one pot next to the other, — and near eleven we begin in earnest. Above the stove, flies are so numerous that it looks black — just as though this had to be. The boys go into the pantry for bacon; they joke together, investigate the preparations for dinner, and are off again. Is this all true? It was all so long ago. And then those rainstorms in the garden; the hen who laid her eggs away from the nest, and had to be followed into the hayloft to see where she would stop. It is on the other end, so that I must crawl under the roof — and there indeed I find a nest and in it ten white eggs. That is the ground on which I am at home; and then the whirl of the new world. Fundamentally I am to this day a conservative creature. This year I would have ended my seeking on a field dear to me — those babies in Holesovice.¹ But what seekings and struggles they were — I do not know whether I shall ever be happy again. Mother dear, this night I was with you; my heart bleeds; how near to one another we could have been!

February 22.

DEAREST MAMA, —

This afternoon we went for a walk in the cold, sunny weather. Just now, some older, merry soldiers went by, drilling. The women in the courtyard change with time. I am now the oldest inhabitant, almost. It is this way with the food arrangements. The prisoners who have no money of their own get very poor rations. At six o'clock, early soup; at ten, bread; at eleven, soup again, and beans or peas; and at six in the evening, soup again. A few buy something in addition, and some buy food from the card — that is, coffee, meat, fruit. In the evening, butter, cheese, eggs, sausages, and so forth. I

spend about four or five crowns a day for food, often less. Now that my term seems to be a long one, I must somewhat reduce my expenditures.

Dear mother, I think about you so often, and of the beautiful life which, now that we are left alone, we could have had together. I am wishing much peace and strength for you. You have it in you. I should like to write more; but the life is so monotonous here that the inner life does n't broaden out much either. I am too nervous to study, and so I busy myself as best I can, a little reading, a little sewing, etc., etc. I love you so dearly.

Evening. The light is on. The room large and bare. A doctor is going to Germany by way of Prague! My God, what a feeling it must be! Everything has an end.

March 7.

MAMA, —

Last Tuesday I had no paper so I have not written for a long time. I thought that my letters were too monotonous, and that it was too bad to rob the time of the censor. But now I know they are a comfort to you, I shall try to write more often, if I can.

Your last letter touched me. The gardens with the families in them which you can see from your windows — yes, indeed, mother, it is just the time: 1915 and 1916 — such stormy years! And yet one must take both sad and happy things. And the eternal justice will bring something stronger and mightier out of the blood. I can see how much human sympathy is called forth by human suffering; and people will have taken a step forward in the great change of events. War brings so many people out of themselves. I remember how the seriousness of the many faces surprised me when I returned from my vacation in 1914. Without showing a trace of emotion, the soldiers strode by, strong and manly.

¹ Holesovice is a poor, industrial section of Prague.

And those who saw this seriousness felt too that it was beautiful to have a noble end to live for, and that it was easier to battle than to measure worth with poverty and misfortune in the peaceful daily fight of life. For it often seems to me, in social hygiene, for instance, that the rare, lone worker must stand at his post like a soldier sentinel, unseen and faithful, and finally from the masses of these soldiers will come a victorious army.

Happy, happy are those who stand at their post! I have sought out a modest post for myself, in the care of the nurslings — a little house and quiet work. Others are happier; I should only like to cry aloud into the world how happy is he who can work, and people would wonder who was making such disagreeable remarks. It is easy to understand. Yes, indeed, it is true.

I dream that I am at home and can see the loveliest country, green, with flowing water. Lately we walked together through a park; we came to a beautiful terrace, but I did not want to go any farther; there were steps. You see, when I go to my bunk I really am going home. During the day I am nervous, but at night I only tell stories; but not so often either. I say adieu to the cell and am in the open air. I can see the white statues of the vestals on the Forum and the blue heaven above, the crimson roses which grew up by the marble; and then again I am far away on Lake Geneva; the moon shines; our little sail-boat leaves the shore and reaches the middle of the lake; the wind dies down, there is not a breath; the sails gather no air, and we stand still in the quiet night. We sit quietly. So we stay for half an hour; then a breath, and we sail toward the shore. And again I see a poor, poor little house near the stockyard — on a dirty bed lies a child with tuberculosis of the back: I see the eyes, which burn into

my soul, such a deep, old expression. The child was an old man, and I saw those eyes when I was amid the luxury of my friends and was unhappy in it.

Well, adieu. I am always,

ALICE.

March 14.

MOTHER, to-morrow is the 15th of March,¹ a day which one will not forget. Life is the most worth-while thing one has: noble, striving human life. I should like to concentrate my life in simple service, granting death nothing. I could say much about that, but it is hard. Do not think that I do not grant Herbert his peace. He was good and beautiful and died in great sorrow. How could one talk about it? How could I ever speak about it? The deepest things are without words, as self-understanding as an element. Problems are nothing! Only the real world matters.

Mother, I wish you good-night and kiss your hand.

March 21.

DEAR, DEAR MOTHER! —

I want to tell you what I have just experienced. I have had a nervous breakdown. Every night I have waked and not known where I am; and then I could not remember why I am here. I had a suffocating beating of the heart, and it has lasted over two months. Now I hope I can live, but I was very near complete breakdown. My mind was divided into two parts: the one was a dull emptiness, and in the other I felt a buzzing and could not follow conversation. I felt that I did not belong here; and the thought that I could not have you followed me and robbed me of the possibility of living. Therefore, forgive me if my letters have lacked necessary reserve and clearness of thought. There were whole days during which I did not

¹ First anniversary of her brother Herbert's death.

live. Now I hope this sickness is past. Mother, I know it should not be, but I am not a calm person, if one takes everything into consideration. I have special strength, but only in one sphere of life.

To-day it is raining, but we have had wonderfully beautiful days. I wanted to tell you all this, for I have become very hopeful.

March 24, 1916.

MAMA! I have written a couple of sad letters. Please forgive me. You are sick, and so brave. However, one must take what life brings and as well as one can. We are having very beautiful bright days, and it is very good. You can hardly imagine how many different stories of people and traditions come together in one cell. Yesterday, the pretty little Jewess was released. She became as white as the wall, and could not understand that she was a free person. Her tradition and religion were a good example of the good Judaism: an intellectual, keen justice. She prayed every day.

There is also an East Friesland woman, who grew up in a beautiful open country, married an Austrian count, and lived for a long time in Southwest Africa. She is evangelical—a sister. She suffers so much under confinement that she is very nervous. Tradition is very important.

A good example of our best peasant background of the prosperous type is our little lark.

I would love to go to church on Good Friday. This day has always affected me powerfully since my childhood. I see the dark clouds torn asunder as Christ breathes out on the Cross his great, beautiful soul, which understands the whole of human suffering. How many artists have been inspired by this moment: by the beautiful tender figure of John and the mother's broken heart!

Yes, indeed, antiquity is firm and resilient as steel. Modern times, the victorious, fully understanding Christendom, respond to the human heart, to a free heart, through fear of God and love of mankind. Is that mawkish? I will not have it! But when I see Him living and suffering here, I am entirely freed from modern desire for pseudo-liberalism, which never agreed with me. But I see here that the professional women of the German Empire also incline to a certain critical world-philosophy, which is a symptom of the time of tradition. It is quite as simple as every great truth—that which is not seen by the dazzled mob, and which blooms in simple loving hearts. My life as it may be given to me will be given to active prayer. The truth for which I strove through my work has become quite clear to me through suffering. There is now very much suffering in the world, and I have heard it many times, like a beautiful swan-song. The feeling of the spring lives in nature and deep love in humanity. I am thinking of a little church in the mountains: of candles in each hand, which one had to use to light the song-book; the little boys who made mischief, and one little boy who had gathered around him many, and sits surrounded by candle-light, his little nose sticking above his festive little necktie brightly lighted.

Mother, I love you and understand you completely, and remain

YOUR ALICE.

March 31.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Thank you for Englis.¹ I have already begun to read it. I am now quite industrious and very well. If I were only a little bit free, I would be truly

¹ Professor Englis was appointed Minister of Finance, May 25, 1920. He is the foremost political economist of Czecho-Slovakia. The reference is to *Financial and Peace Problems of the Czecho-Slovak State*.

April 8.

satisfied. We are having wonderfully beautiful days. The auditor has told me that you wish to come. Do it only if it is not too hard, for the journey is very fatiguing.

When I received the *Life of the Poor*, I had a great desire to leave my cell and go to work. It was the one thing that interested me. Just think, I will soon have been in Vienna for half a year; and even though it is very monotonous here, time goes really very fast. Yesterday, the church counselor visited me again. It is very good of him. He is a good man.

It is a great joy to go out into the free corridor. Yesterday, I looked at the Ring Strasse for a few minutes. The people were going up and down happily, and did not know how to appreciate their free motion.

Do you see Anicka now and then? She is extraordinarily like Herbert, even in her expression. I am worried about her. I was always so happy when I could play with her. An old man once said quite emphatically that he cannot have any feelings, for he has never had children: he has not seen how they grow slowly, and change from day to day. It is an ordinary observation, it is true, but it is very fitting. Jane Addams and such people, who have a maternal feeling for children, have therein their strength: when a little fist, tiny as it is, is truly a whole world for a heart. The admiration and the joy which the outer world awakens: one becomes accustomed to the world when one is grown; the world seems to be no revelation so long as one is not busied in self-creative work, and the world does not look the same through their eyes if one is not bound by love to little folks.

I hope that I shall now be calm and well, taking everything as it comes, having always hope. I do not feel like writing to-day. Farewell. A kiss from

ALICE.

DEAR MAMA, —

I am so sorry that you are so weak. I promise to do better and write more. I thought I would find my imprisonment quite plain and useful, but it is not as I thought. I suffer so in it! But what can one do? I hope it will have an end. If the end were only in sight! But here I am writing again things which I should avoid. I read this little essay, which pleased me. I am sending it to you.

Mother, can you send me a new picture — the one you think is good? I often imagine how we could have lived together, when I see the clouds and the blue sky; then one would be quite free. To-day there were beautiful groups of clouds, and the wind came in from the city and freedom. I imagine how it is in front of the fire: everything as simple as possible. I always admired simplicity. It was the same way with all the forbears on grandmother's side. I always felt very much at home there. Do you know how I felt when I was with Uncle Frank? The whole spirit of the Pilgrim fathers was there also. Never, never will I forget the picture. I can see the house which stood in the garden. The birches had their first green tinge and the flower-beds were the first promise of spring, which seemed to bring their tender leaves up out of the snow — crocus, snowdrops, hepatica. And the old man said, 'Many years ago I had a niece Charlotte, who was very dear to me. Is it possible that this is her daughter?' And I can see the April evening as we stood on the shore of the lake. Ah, mama, what a pure good world it is! Simple, true, beautiful, and, one may say, Christlike. People seem to fear that word less now.

So very often I think of Jane Addams. She is a great person. How happy I am that I have been allowed to know such people. How thankful I am. I can see

before my eyes the hall in Hull House. The fire crackled in the fireplace. A group of people around the table — two working-girls, a contractor, a doctor, a 'quadroon.' They were talking about a strike. Jane Addams, calm, selfless and still, quite crystallized in her desire, without a trace of softness or insecurity, and at the same time so womanly and good, with a sweet face, calm, prophetic eyes, the hands of a talented person, a white frill the only relief to her simple dress. Ah, yes, a human being is a miracle of God!

I can tell little news of myself. The light of the soul flickers and, if God wills, it will burn in quiet pursuit of the good in which I have believed all my life. Put it out? Why? Ah, there is a God in the world! Shall I write, or is it too stupid? I have no way to judge. I only want something to do.

April 11.

DEAR MAMA, —

Just think, I have read Nemcova and reveled in Grandmother's valley, which I saw last summer in the true smile of the sun. The life there is described as static, and in it there is a great peace. Circumstances fit like the parts of a picture-puzzle in children's play. And so the good pious eye of the old woman can see this whole life, which she, with modesty and clearness, herself has wonderfully fitted for filling her place in the world. Her religion is remarkable, her wisdom sweet. And so a person can live, and also die, involuntarily. I thought of my grandmother, who grew up in the traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers. Great differences, and yet again alike in many ways. It was always a joy to run through *St. Nicholas* and to find the tender passages which had pleased the unknown grandmother. Her illiterate negro friends all had the atmosphere of love that belonged to her.

Well, now I am coming for a little

talk, and it would be the best thing if I could sit down on the edge of the bed and take your hand. I won't laugh so much, but it won't be necessary. Shall I tell you a story — a story about this place? To picture my room companions, I would like to introduce one of the girls. She is competent in her manner. She has a musical temperament, which the other people do not like. She gets up right on time, folds up her covers, and with energetic steps begins the day. Although she has a very heavy punishment, she is always satisfied. Only, in the evening, she often stands by the window, pale of face, and watches a gleaming star, which is so far, so pure, and so friendly. In the evening she kneels by her little bed deep in prayer. A people that has such girls has something good in it — something healthy. She is pretty, too: rosy, with intelligent gray eyes. She is now learning French with a very pleasant teacher of painting, who, when she takes off her glasses, is a true peasant type, phlegmatic and honest. The little Pole tries to grasp the meaning of declensions, and has succeeded a little.

The woman from East Friesland often describes the North Sea and the people, for whom I feel a great sympathy. She is nervous. She has wonderful hair, — two huge plaits, — and it is certainly lovely to look at.

There, now, I should describe myself, should n't I? There is not much to describe — health, industry, interest. But what can one do? How fine it is I have such good people here. The wardens are very decent. The food does well enough. Satisfying, enough, is n't it? But I hope it will come to an end, for I cannot stay here very long. How happy I would be in my work! How free from every trifle that is usually so hard to do away with. Teaching, and then to consecrate myself to social work. Ah, what a life! But I will be an old

woman. I am. The entire suffering of humanity overwhelms me. Wickedness is lack of divine light, the divine light which is the eternal source. I should be thankful.

[Miss Masaryk and Kotikova worked together as teacher and pupil. Every day, at a regular hour, Miss Masaryk gave Kotikova lessons in Greek and Roman history, and in Czech grammar and composition. She told her of the places that she had visited in her travels. Always after their friendly talks their spirits rose.]

April 15.

MAMA, —

I go to sleep at eight and wake up at two, and I hear the bakers as they go to work. The night is still; the light burns in the room; all are asleep; outside it is very quiet. I can see a star near the chimney in the distance; I can hear a train whistle in the quiet night, and then stillness again. I shall probably be awake a couple of hours. Memories come fast; conversations do not, but the faithful faces and the dear places come to me out of the dark night. They are more beautiful to me through memory, as a stone is more sharply delineated in bright, clear water, still more splendid in color. There is no cell here, but a winter morning, so beautiful that it seems like Sunday on a week-day.

Have you still cocoa? I bought a supply in advance, and if you do not need it, you might send a little to the children. Prices are going up terribly.

Yesterday Dr. Samal was here. That was mighty nice of him to take so much trouble. I was very glad to have the greetings of his sister and the Drtina family. I forgot to send greetings to them. Please do it for me. They are such good people.

I am very happy that you are taking care of yourself. Dear mama, there is so little of interest to write about. Please

forgive my letters. I wrote the fifth of March instead of the fifth of April, and it is truly April — almost Easter. I would love to send you some flowers, but it cannot be done. Many kisses from your old true

ALICE.

May 3.¹

DEAR MOTHER, —

Greetings! for I know you are thinking of me.

I think about the years gone by, of the parties in the beautiful garden of Waldstein Street, of the dining-room with its outlook into Thungasse, always with satisfaction. To-day I have the beautiful gift of sunshine and a soft wind, which fully anticipates May. I am keeping holiday only to spend the hours of the forenoon thinking — nothing more. I have also a beautiful book.

Oh, if one could only see what next year will bring!

Soldiers are marching by; the bugles blow merrily.

Once more, heartiest greetings.

May 5.

MAMA, —

I am working! do you know what that means for me? Years ago I was standing before sunrise by the sea, with all its rising waves in front of me, and gleams of bright rosy color far on the horizon — all making a feeling of unforgettable freedom. Can you believe that yesterday I experienced the same feeling, in the third story of the state prison? The sea of social facts in all their regularity opened before my inspired eyes, in complete order and therefore in great beauty. The feeling that I never express except in the words, 'the courage for bold endeavor' (*der Mut zum kühnen Fleiss*), was clear to me. Dear God, grant me the possibility of taking this path! I have great long years in preparation. Social path-

¹ Her thirty-seventh birthday.

ology is like an element, as water to the fish, the free air to a bird, to human beings the kingdom of helpful love on earth. It is a world in itself. Every science has its specific material.

If I only had a piano, I could bear anything; for one imprisoned has feelings which the free person does not know; and if one wishes to make these feelings harmless, one should allow them to be harmoniously expressed. But after all, it is just as well that they can't be expressed on the piano, for otherwise the state prison would become a beautiful orchestra in the centre of Vienna. But we shall some time hear *Fidelio* together, shan't we?

Mama, what are the goldfish doing that I had at the police court? They are wonderful in movement. I used to look at them hours at a time, with the black spots on their little heads, golden, transparent among the green water ornaments. I felt how unending the world is in a tiny drop of water, as well as in cosmos. What is Anicka doing with you? Are the new plants growing yet?

It does n't matter if you have no school. When I am free I shall work for you; we shall live so simply and independently. How gladly I would start to-day and work for you. God grant it will be soon, my child!

I have n't seen my lame dove in a long time. My pupils are getting along finely; the countess is on her own feet to-day — otherwise no news. Farewell, take care of yourself, and don't forget me. Others wear themselves out in order to enjoy the fruits of their labor. My lot is to wear myself out for work. And I intended and wanted to do good. 'But somewhat much of this,' said Hamlet.

Your Alice kisses you — I am really very near you, poor little mother.

P.S. Have you sent the Czech novels that Dr. Samal promised?

May 8.

Heartiest greetings, dear mama; I have been in such a fury of work to-day, that I have n't had time to write to you.

I dreamed last night that I was stroking your white hair. I hope that my work makes me strong and free, for you know how I love it. I send many kisses to you and beg that you stay well and happy in trouble.

I am as always,

Your ALICE.

May 16.

Dreams, mama, are the most real and the most beautiful things about this prison life. To-day I was in wonderfully beautiful woods — deep and dark they were — and in the valley flowed a clear brook. The earth was not yet inhabited; it was in olden times. On a small plain stood a chapel, the Palatine, Roman but modern. It was so remarkable to see the mediæval as well as the most modern, the newest architecture. High above were several chapels and castles — it was so beautiful that it was refreshing.

For two weeks I have had no mail. I am anxious to know if you are well. I am the same as ever, except that the world seems a little different, and I too feel like a different speck of humanity here in state prison. To-day Mrs. Kassowitz-Schall was here; she is good and faithful.

It gives me a wonderful feeling to see people fresh from the street, in summer blouses and straw hats. My seal-skin is out of time.

Often, however, I am very sad. I think over my life and my hopes, and often I feel actually near you. I should like to be near you, helping you as a good friend close at hand. But one should not be sentimental — that's certain.

I kiss your dear hand.

May 19.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Your letters are so sad. I was very, very disturbed; but I hope that now I shall have better news from you. Take care of yourself.

To-day Dr. Samal was here, the Consistory (Herr Oberkirchenrath), and also Belli, with his wife. It was so good of Dr. Frank to allow me to have so many visitors. If you did n't have your freedom, you would know what it means to see free people. Freedom clings to them. Just as when someone fresh from frost and snow comes into a warm, gloomy room, the fresh air breathes from them — so are free people. They are like nature's flowers from the fields and woods — the most secluded receive refreshment. But enough of the cure; let's hope all will be well. If it ends well I shall some time be thankful for this hard test. Yes, it is hard. If it only could be over soon!

If I could only take care of you. I should like most of all to find a place in the country, either as a nurse or in an orphan asylum, or something of the sort; then you could be with me. Or else in a lyceum — there is much to do there, too; but now I have the feeling that I should like to be somewhere near to nature, under God's sun, where I could be near to Him.

May 21.

MAMA, —

If ever you happen to talk to anyone who works in the maternity home, I wish you would ask them how many children have been born there, and if they give the Skysolamin-Morphium twilight sleep. I'd love to see the little things (infants) — what kind of a picture awaits them, the little warriors! The best thing about the work is that it is not at all public, but when arranged properly, it is entirely private. I think that many women will find happiness in this field of work; some have, already.

In Germany there are cities where a third of all births take place in such hospitals. When I think of the homes, let alone the beds, in which our children first see the light of day! And it seems to me a good thing, if even educated women carry the home in their hearts. It is a fire that warms wonderfully.

It may be that the motto of the first Emancipation is equality with men! but in that sense, that is the question; good and bad — through differentiated acts — soul and body — will blossom now as always.

Mama, it is hard to chat; my heart longs for you but I can't express it; it sounds like flattery always to say the same thing. It longs for you and for my work. My life was so simple and happy! When I look back on it, it is hard to realize what can happen to one. Oh, well!

I am so glad that my good child is here —

Always happy, always gay,
Always cheerful and so forth;
Always natural and clever too.
Well I think it's enough.¹

Sometimes, however, she is very pale when she looks at the stars. My dear Fatherland! the villages, with the pond in the middle of the square, the geese around it; the cows come home in the evening, the evening bell rings. She has grown up in this environment. It is much better to belong to one nation, to have one tradition. I feel like that here too, but what can one do? If I could choose again, you would be my mother just the same. You are calm, good. I am like the storm-tossed waves. Upon these waves the sun is reflecting so beautifully, as if its brow was resting upon my breast, or some such feeling.

¹ Immer lustig — immer heiter,
Immer munter und so weiter;
Stets natürlich aber klug.
Nun ich dachte — 's war genug.

Movement alone has always been worth a great deal to me. An albatross at sea has for breadth of wing about three metres — with wings folded, he can hardly walk. I am like that. Mother of

mine, love your poor sea-bird! I always wished to go around the hard places. I felt a sharp constriction in the manifold layers of appearance.

Kisses from your ALICE.

[The story can be completed by the following extracts from newspapers.]

(Chicago Herald, April 19, 1916)

AUSTRIA HOLDS CHICAGO WOMAN

University of Chicago Settlement Hears Member is to be Executed

C. R. CRANE SEEKS AID

A telegram from C. R. Crane who is in New York received at the Settlement House Saturday stated: 'Miss Masaryk is in serious trouble. Send photograph and sketch of her career made by American friends of no foreign connection.'

(Chicago Herald, April 25, 1916)

40,000 IN APPEAL FOR U.S. TO SAVE WOMAN IN PRISON

We, the American friends of Alice Masaryk of Prague, whose mother is an American woman, have learned with deep concern of her imprisonment in Austria on a charge of high treason. Knowing as we do her nobility of character, her fine sense of honor, her humanitarian interest, her distinguished scholarship, we urgently request the State Department to use all possible influence with the Austrian government to insure against any summary action being taken in her case.

(New York Times, April 30, 1916)

SEEKS AID FOR CAPTIVE GIRL

Representative Sabath Visits State Department

Mr. Sabath learned from the State Department that, as Miss Masaryk is a foreigner, the State Department cannot directly interfere with the matter. Although her mother is an American woman, the daughter partakes of the citizenship of Professor Masaryk, her father. Sec. Lansing, however, indicated to-day that the State Department would probably make an informal inquiry through Ambassador Penfield at Vienna for the purposes of ascertaining the facts. It is believed that the inquiry by this informal method would demonstrate the interest of the U. S. in the case.

(London Times, June 9, 1916)

THE CASE OF MISS MASARYK

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES, —

SIR: I see that Professor Münsterberg of Harvard has tried to whitewash the Austrian govern-

ment by asserting that my daughter is kept in prison pending a preliminary trial. As a matter of fact, my daughter was imprisoned on November 5, and has now been several months in prison without a preliminary trial. This clearly shows that the government at Vienna has no legal title to proceed against her. My daughter is kept in prison in order to persuade the Austrian public that she was in close political touch with me. But that is not true. I have always taken the greatest care not to involve my family in my work, and the government has absolutely no legal title to imprison women as hostages. The question is not whether and why I left Austria, but whether the government had a right to imprison my daughter; and if she has been imprisoned, why the investigation is delayed to such an extent. The answer is very simple. My daughter has been imprisoned as other Bohemian men and women have been imprisoned — to terrorize our people. Quite recently our greatest living poet, Machar, has been thrown into jail on the pretext that he had published an anti-Austrian poem in America. But this poem is merely a reprint, issued without his knowledge, from a collection of his poems published in Bohemia many years before the war, with the permission of the Austrian censor.

PROFESSOR THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK.
LONDON, June 8.

(New York Times, August 20, 1916)

MISS MASARYK FREED AT LAST BY AUSTRIA

Miss Alice Masaryk, who has been a prisoner in Vienna on a charge of high treason many months, in which it was reported several times that she had met the fate of Edith Cavell, the English nurse, who was executed by the Germans, was liberated on July 3rd according to an announcement made late last night by Alexander Van Nuber, the Austrian consul general here (N. Y.). On July 31st it was reported from Washington that she was in danger of being executed and Ambassador Penfield notified the State Department that she was being detained in Vienna on a charge of having tried to aid her father in his escape from Austria.

AT A TOY-SHOP WINDOW

BY CHARLES S. BROOKS

On this Christmas night, as I stand before the toy-shop in the whirling storm, the wind brings me the laughter of far-off children. Time draws back its sober curtain. The snow of thirty winters is piled in my darkened memory, but I hear shrill voices across the night.

IN this Christmas season, when snow-flakes fill the air and twilight is the pleasant thief of day, I sometimes pause at the window of a toy-shop to see what manner of toys is offered to the children. It is only five o'clock, and yet the sky is dark. The night has come to town to do its shopping before the stores are shut. The wind has Christmas errands.

And there is also a throng of other shoppers. Fathers of families drip with packages and puff after street-cars. Fat ladies — Now then, all together! — are hoisted up. Old ladies are caught in revolving doors. And the relatives of Santa Claus — surely no nearer than nephews (anæmic fellows in faded red coats and cotton beards) — pound their kettles for an offering toward a Christmas dinner for the poor.

But, also, little children flatten their noses on the window of the toy-shop. They point their thumbs through their woolly mittens in a sharp rivalry of choice. Their unspent nickels itch for large investment. Extravagant dimes bounce around their pockets. But their ears are cold, and they jiggle on one leg against a frosty toe.

Here in the toy-shop window is a tin motor-car. Here is a railroad train,

with tracks and curves and switches, a pasteboard mountain, and a tunnel. Here is a steamboat. With a turning of a key it starts for Honolulu behind the sofa. The stormy Straits of Madagascar lie along the narrow hall. Here in the window, also, are beams and girders for a tower. Not since the days of Babel has such a vast supply been gathered. And there are battleships and swift destroyers and guns and armored tanks. The nursery becomes a dangerous ocean, with submarines beneath the stairs; or it is the plain of Flanders, and the Great War echoes across the hearth. Château-Thierry is a pattern in the rug, and the andirons are the towers of threatened Paris.

Once upon a time, — in the days when noses and tables were almost on a level, and manhood had wavered from kilts to 'pants' that button at the sides, — once there was a great chest that was lodged in a closet behind a sitting-room. It was from this closet that the shadows came at night, although at noon there was plainly a row of hooks with comfortable winter garments. And there were drawers and shelves to the ceiling where linen was kept, and a cupboard for cough-syrup and oily lotions for chapped hands. A fragrant paste, also, was spread on the tip of the little finger, which, when wiggled inside the nostril and inhaled, was good for wet feet and snuffles. Twice a year these bottles were smelled all round and half of them discarded. It was the rag-man who bought them, a penny to the bottle. He coveted chiefly,

however, lead and iron, and he thrilled to old piping as another man thrills to Brahms. He was a sly fellow and, unless Annie looked sharp, he put his knee against the scale.

But at the rear of the closet, beyond the lamp-light, there was a chest where playing-blocks were kept. There were a dozen broken sets of various shapes and sizes — the deposit and remnant of many years. These blocks had once been covered with letters and pictures. They had conspired to teach us. C had stood for cat. D announced a dog. Learning had put on, as it were, a sugar coat for pleasant swallowing. The arid heights teased us to mount by an easy slope. But we scraped away the letters and the pictures. Should a holiday, we thought, be ruined by insidious instruction? Must a teacher's wagging finger always come among us? It was sufficient that five blocks end to end made a railway car, with finger-blocks for platforms; that three blocks were an engine, with a block on top to be a smokestack. We had no toy mountain and pasteboard tunnel, as in the soft fashion of the present, but we jacked the rug with blocks up hill and down, and pushed our clanking trains through the hollow underneath. It was an added touch to build a castle on the summit. A spool on a finger-block was the Duke himself on horseback, hunting across his sloping acres.

There was, also, in the chest, a remnant of iron coal-cars, with real wheels. Their use was too apparent. A best invention was to turn playthings from an obvious design. So we placed one of the coal-cars under the half of a folding checkerboard, and by adding masts and turrets and spools for guns we built a battleship. This could be sailed all round the room, on smooth seas where the floor was bare, but it pitched and tossed upon a carpet. If it came to port battered by the storm,

should it be condemned like a ship that is broken on a sunny river? Its plates and rivets had been tested in a tempest. It had skirted the stairway and passed the windy Horn.

Or perhaps we built a fort upon the beach before the fire. It was a pretty warfare between ship and fort, with marbles for shot and shot in turn. A lucky marble toppled the checkerboard off its balance and wrecked the ship. The sailors, after scrambling in the water, put to shore on flat blocks from the boat-deck and were held as prisoners until supper in the dungeons of the fort. It was in the sitting-room that we played these games, under the family's feet. They moved above our sport like a race of tolerant giants; but when callers came, we were brushed to the rear of the house.

Spools were men. Thread was their short and subsidiary use. Their larger life was given to our armies. We had several hundred of them threaded on long strings on the closet-hooks. But if a great campaign was planned, — if the plains of Abraham were to be stormed, or Cornwallis captured, — our recruiting sergeants rummaged in the drawers of the sewing-machine for any spool that had escaped the draft. Or we peeked into mother's work-box, and if a spool was almost empty, we suddenly became anxious about our buttons. Sometimes, when a great spool was needed for a general, mother wound the thread upon a piece of cardboard. General Grant had carried black silk. Napoleon had been used on trouser-patches. And my grandmother and a half-dozen aunts and elder cousins did their bit and plied their needles for the war. In this regard grandfather was a slacker, but he directed the battle from the sofa with his crutch.

Toothpicks were guns. Every soldier had a gun. If he was hit by a marble in the battle and the toothpick remained

in place, he was only wounded; but he was dead if the toothpick fell out. Of each two men wounded, by Hague convention, one recovered for the next engagement.

Of course, we had other toys. Lead soldiers in cocked hats came down the chimney and were marshaled in the Christmas dawn. A steam-engine with a coil of springs and keys furnished several rainy holidays. A red wheelbarrow supplied a short fury of enjoyment. There were sleds and skates, and a printing-press on which we printed the milkman's tickets. There was, also, a castle with a princess at a window. Was there no prince to climb her trelis and bear her off beneath the moon? It had happened so in Astolat. The princes of the gorgeous East had wooed, also, in such a fashion. Or perhaps this was the very castle that the wicked Kazrac lifted across the Chinese mountains in the night. It was rather a clever idea, as things seem now in this time of general shortage, to steal a lady, house and all, not forgetting the cook and laundress. But one day a little girl with dark hair smiled at me from next door and gave me a Christmas cake, and in my dreams thereafter she became the princess in my castle.

We had stone blocks with arches, and round columns that were too delicate for the hazard of siege and battle. Once, when a playmate had scarlet fever, we lent them to him for his convalescence. Afterwards, against contagion, we left them for a month under a bush in the side yard. Every afternoon we wet them with a garden hose. Did not Noah's flood purify the world? It would be a stout microbe, we thought, that could survive the deluge. At last we lifted out the blocks at arm's length. We smelled them for any lurking fever. They were damp to the nose and smelled like the cement under the back porch. But the contagion had

vanished like Noah's wicked neighbors.

But store toys always broke. Wheels came off. Springs were snapped. Even the princess faded at her castle window.

Sometimes a toy, when it was broken, arrived at a larger usefulness. Although I would not willingly forget my velocipede in its first gay youth, my memory of sharpest pleasure reverts to its later days when one of its rear wheels was gone. It had been jammed, in an accident, against the piano. Three spokes were broken and the hub was cracked. At first, it had seemed that its day was done. We laid it on its side and tied the hub with rags. It looked like a jaw with toothache. Then we thought of the old baby-carriage in the storeroom. Perhaps a transfusion of wheels was possible. We conveyed upstairs a hammer and a saw. It was a wobbling and impossible experiment. But at the top of the house there was a kind of race-track around the four posts of the attic. With three wheels complete, we had been forced to ride with caution at the turns, or be pitched against the sloping rafters. We now discovered that a missing wheel gave the necessary tilt for speed. I do not recall that the pedals worked. We legged it on both sides. Ten times around was a race; and the audience sat on the ladder to the roof and held a watch with a second-hand for records.

Abandoned furniture, also, had uses beyond a first intention. A folding-bed of ours closed to about the shape of a piano. When the springs and mattress were removed, it was a house, with a window at the end where a wooden flap let down. A pile of old furniture in the attic, covered with a cloth, became at twilight a range of mountains with caverns underneath.

Nor must furniture of necessity be discarded. We dived from the foot-board of our bed into a surf of pillows. A sewing-table with legs folded flat was a swift sled upon the stairs. Must I do

more than hint that two bed-slats make a pair of stilts, and that one may tilt like King Arthur with the wash-poles? Or who shall fix a narrow use for the laundry tubs, or put a limit on a coal-hole? And step-ladders! There are persons who consider a step-ladder as a menial. This is an injustice to a giddy creature that needs but a holiday to show its metal. On Thursday afternoons, when the cook is out, you would never know it for the same thin creature that goes on work-days with a paul and cleans the windows. It is a tower, a shining lighthouse, a crowded grandstand, a circus, a ladder to the moon.

But perhaps, my dear young sir, you are so lucky as to possess a smaller and inferior brother who frets with ridicule. He is a toy to be desired above a red velocipede. I offer you a hint. Print upon a paper in bold, plain letters — sucking the lead for extra blackness — that he is afraid of the dark, that he likes the girls, that he is a butter-fingers and teacher's pet and otherwise contemptible. Paste the paper inside the glass of the bookcase, so that the insult shows. Then lock the door and hide the key. Let him gaze at this placard of his weakness during a rainy afternoon. But I caution you to secure the keys of all similar glass doors — of the china closet, of the other bookcase, of the knick-knack cabinet. Let him stew in his iniquity without opportunity of retaliation.

But perhaps, in general, your brother is inclined to imitate you and be a tardy pattern of your genius. He apes your fashion in suspenders, your method in shinny. You wag your head from side to side on your bicycle in the manner of Zimmerman, the champion. Your brother wags his, too. You spit in your catcher's mitt like Kelly, the ten-thousand-dollar baseball beauty. Your brother spits in his mitt, too. These things are unbearable. If you call him

'sloppy' when his face is dirty, he merely passes you back the insult unchanged. If you call him 'sloppy two-times,' still he has no invention. You are justified now in calling him 'nigger' and cuffing him to his place.

Tagging is his worst offense — tagging along behind when you are engaged on serious business. 'Now then, sonny,' you say, 'run home. Get nurse to blow your nose.' Or you bribe him with a penny to mind his business.

I must say a few words about paper-hangers, although they cannot be considered as toys or playthings by any rule of logic. There is something rather jolly about having a room papered. The removal of the pictures shows how the old paper looked before it faded. The furniture is pushed into an agreeable confusion in the hall. A rocker seems starting for the kitchen. The great couch goes out the window. The carpet marks the places where the piano-legs came down.

And the paper-hanger is rather a jolly person. He sings and whistles in the empty room. He keeps to a tune until you know it. He slaps his brushes as if he liked his work. It is a sticky, splashing, sloshing slap. Not even a plasterer deals in more interesting material. And he settles down on you with ladders and planks as if a circus had moved in. After hours, when he is gone, you clamber on his planking and cross Niagara, as it were, with a cane for balance. To this day I think of paper-hangers as a kindly race of men, who sing in echoing rooms and eat pie and pickles for their lunch. Except for their Adam's apples, — surely not the wicked apple of the Garden, — I would wish to be a paper-hanger.

Plumbers were a darker breed, who chewed tobacco fetched up from their hip-pockets. They were enemies of the cook by instinct, and they spat in dark corners. We once found a cake of their

tobacco when they were gone. We carried it to the safety of the furnace-room and bit into it in turn. It was of a sweetish flavor of licorice that was not unpleasant. But the sin was too enormous for our comfort.

But in November, when days were turning cold and hands were chapped, our parents' thoughts ran to the kindling-pile, to stock it for the winter. Now the kindling-pile was the best quarry for our toys, because it was bought from a washboard factory around the corner. Not every child has the good fortune to live near a washboard factory. Necessary as washboards are, a factory of modest output can supply a county, with even a little dribble for export into neighbor counties. Many unlucky children, therefore, live a good ten miles off, and can never know the fascinating discard of its lathes — the little squares and cubes, the volutes and rhythmic flourishes, which are cast off in manufacture and are sold as kindling. They think a washboard is a dull and common thing. To them it smacks of Monday. It smells of yellow soap and suds. It wears, so to speak, a checkered blouse and carries clothes-pins in its mouth. It has perspiration on its nose. They do not know, in their pitiable ignorance, the towers and bridges that can be made from the scourings of a washboard factory.

Our washboard factory was a great wooden structure that had been built for a roller-skating rink. Father and mother, as youngsters in the time of

their courtship, had cut fancy eights upon the floor. And still, in these later days, if you listened outside beneath a window, you heard a whirling roar, as if perhaps the skaters had returned and again swept the corners madly. But it was really the sound of machinery that you heard, fashioning toys and blocks for us. At noonday, comely red-faced girls ate their lunches on the window-sills, ready for conversation and new acquaintance, taking the passing world into an occasional flash of confidence about their stockings.

And now for several days a rumor has been running around the house that a wagon of kindling is expected. Each afternoon on our return from school we run to the cellar. Even on baking-day the whiff of cookies holds us only for a minute. And at last the day comes. The fresh wood is piled to the ceiling. It is a great mound and chaos, without form, but certainly not void. For there are long pieces for bridges, flat pieces for theatre scenery, tall pieces for towers, and grooves for marbles. It is a vast quarry for our pleasant uses. You will please leave us in the twilight, sustained by doughnuts, burrowing in the pile, throwing out sticks to replenish our chest of blocks.

And therefore on this Christmas night, as I stand before the toy-shop in the whirling storm, the wind brings me the laughter of these far-off children. The snow of thirty winters is piled in my darkened memory, but I hear shrill voices across the night.

THE WILD WEST

BY EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH

It was mid-afternoon. The thermometer at the ranch-house had shown a temperature of 108 in the shade on my last round of the ditches. All the 'sets' were flowing freely in the north end of the 'eighty,' and at noon George had relieved me of the south end. At last I could make the best of a thin line of shade along Vogler's orchard, where the alfalfa that had been missed in the first cutting was flowering in deep purple, and myriads of sulphur-colored butterflies, like great motes of sunlight, were dancing over the blue-green hay. I slashed the long-handled shovel into the moist earth along the head ditch, and drew from my shirt the soggy and dog's-eared copy of the July *Atlantic Monthly* that I had been carrying there since noon.

Leaning against Vogler's hog-tight fence, I broke my fast on William James's letters, and then turned hungrily to 'The Spirit of the West,' by Mr. William T. Foster, an article which I might have ordered *à la carte*. For it was this very Spirit of the West that I had been pondering and attempting to define ever since, on a hazy morning in early May, I had entered the Toppenish Valley in central Washington. Here it would be interpreted for me by a man who, like myself, had fretted himself for a number of years in a far Eastern community and had sought the larger, freer air of the great Northwest.

Yes, here were the stride and clamor and the extravagant good humor of the Pacific Slope, distilled into such telling advertisement of all that is fine in the

region that I seemed to be reading the work of a first-rate literary man turned publicity agent. The goods were displayed for the Eastern buyer in a way that would prove irresistible to many a young man of Atlantic seaboard traditions who had returned from service in France with a flux of impatient energy that the older communities could not contain. It occurred to me that the Chambers of Commerce of the Far West might well reprint in circular form, with suitable fine-screen electrotypes, this latest version of the post-war commandment, 'Go West, young man!'

The quondam publicity man and hack editor in me applauded this article as literature and as 'blurb.' But I was the buyer, I remembered, not the seller or 'booster.' I was exploring the Northwest with the desire to found a farm-home, to make a living out-of-doors because indoors had become intolerable after the war experience; and I had not approached the land through the portals of the real-estate agent or the local board of trade. I had stolen in the back way, so to speak, through the dingy door of the Pastime Pool Hall as a 'working stiff' or harvest hand — my way of letting the buyer beware, and of seeing at first hand the subject of Carleton Parker's 'The Casual Laborer.'

For ten weeks I had been down in the foundations of Western society, Carleton Parker my Virgil in that Inferno; and the Spirit of the West that Mr. Foster celebrated so engagingly seemed as distant and unreal as the shining cupola of Rainier jutting over the Ahatanam

Hills which bounded the north end of this steaming field of alfalfa. I knew that the mountain existed, for I had worshiped on the altar of Paradise Valley. I knew what a delightful reality Mr. Foster's Spirit of the West can be, for I had moved at the social altitude of the middle and upper-middle classes, too. But from the Toppenish Bench, as a 'working stiff,' Mount Rainier and the Rainier Club were equally incredible.

Yes, it seemed to me that this Spirit of the West that Mr. Foster celebrated was merely the sparkling, rarified atmosphere that may be breathed at the upper levels of Western society. Who can withhold admiration from the initiative of Seattle business men who have moved mountains and made real estate of them on the floor of Puget Sound? And who can move with the tide that floods Market Street, San Francisco, on a May morning, without abandoning himself to the flush of vigor and power that sweeps up from the Oakland Ferry like a strong, clean wind off the sea? But this is the Spirit of the West that flows in free channels for the young business men and the gentlemen of the boards of trade. What of the noisome and dangerous concentration of this freely flowing energy, the baulked, convulsive power of the lower levels where dwell the long logger and the short logger, the miner and mucker, the railroad boomer, the fruit glummer, the roustabout, the longshoreman, and the great armies of the migratory agricultural laborer? Surely, these are the vast majority. What is their spirit?

During the first cutting of alfalfa, as a shocker and spike-pitcher, I had had my first contact with the casual laborer of the Far West. Swinging down the windrows of freshly cut hay behind a giant 'pacer,' who was paid double the wages of the 'stiffs'; wretched with fatigue that became grievous pain before the end of the day, I heard for the

first time the heavy undertone of a will to revolution that growls in the underpinning of Western society. If I had not offered my services from the same 'slave-market' in Wapato, while the filthy lodging-house and 'hash-house' consumed the wages I had well earned at hand-mixing concrete; if I had not slept in the same haystacks or verminous bunkhouses, and seen the same look of contempt for the 'working stiff' in the eyes of the *haute et petite bourgeoisie*; if I had been a detached observer and listener, in short, I might well have been horrified by the thunder and lightning of blasphemy and hatred that sounded and played over the shockers as they stumbled along the windrows of the bonanza hay-ranch.

It was the same in the second cutting and in the barley and wheat harvest. One found one's self working with men whose single hope of rehabilitation and human dignity lay in the revolutionary programme of the I.W.W. Out of the heavy fatigue, the fetid torpor of the bunkhouse, at the end of the day's labor, the only influence that could stir the sullen hulks who lounged in the bunks was the zeal of the agitator tirelessly and astutely instructing the 'working stiff' in the strategy of class warfare.

As one listened to this dark-eyed giant of the old American stock, one heard for the first time an authentic American version of the gospel according to Karl Marx. The harangue was never doctrinaire. It was couched in the poetic speech of the Far West, with all its quaint obscenities. It had nothing of the 'intellectual' appeal that rivets the cold, fanatical eyes of the young Jewish Radical on the Cooper Union speaker. It was full of the brutal energy that can give such impetus to ideas when they are projected by men who live a hard life out-of-doors, and it had its dramatic relief of horse-

laughter and mimicry. It was authentic American radicalism, naïve, realistic, racy, 'red-blooded, 100 per cent American radicalism,' that one heard preached in the harvest bunkhouse.

The picture of his society that the agitator would sketch was one of a series of parasites successively sucking the blood out of one another. He pictures the financier, or 'Wall Street,' sucking the blood of the local banker, who in turn is shown fastened on the back of the commission man or hay-buyer, who bleeds the rancher of all he can hold. Finally, the rancher is sketched, with mimicry of some personal characteristic, with his proboscis in the flesh of the 'working stiff.' And at this point the agitator thunders the query, —

'Now, who the hell do we bleed?'

There is a chorus of, 'Nobody, by God!' from confirmed Radicals, and a scattering of applause among the more conservative of the group.

'Yes, it's the truth,' says a grizzled old man, one of the teamsters. 'They're riding us hard and dragging their feet. And they're riding for a fall, what I mean, Buddie.'

In the field the agitator will shout to the worker who is 'throwing himself away,' —

'Better lay off that stuff, Fellow Worker. You won't get no more money for burning it up that a-way.'

And the chances are that the rebuked 'stiff' will apologize, saying that 'a man can't help it once in a while. He forgets and gets interested in the work.'

The fact is that the will of the agricultural worker to produce — the bed-rock of Western prosperity — is as badly impaired as the industrial worker's, and, perhaps, he is being more assiduously educated in cynicism with regard to his work. His lawless, migratory life and the unconcealed contempt

for him of all his social superiors wherever he moves, east and west, between the Mississippi and the Pacific, or north and south, from Phoenix to Medicine Hat, his sense of being permanently outcast and his usually violent temper make him excellent material for a revolutionary nucleus — material that astute, cynical radical leaders are not overlooking in this year of social disequilibrium. Furthermore, his class is not a small one numerically. In 1910 there were 10,400,000 workers in 'that particular unskilled work from which the migratory is recruited,' according to Carleton Parker's authoritative study in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1917. The disillusion and demoralization wrought by the war has probably swelled this number; for it is a notable fact that a large percentage of the men who are floating in the West this season saw service in the American Expeditionary Force. These men are usually the 'reddest' of all and the most inclined to violence.

It occurred to me, as I continued on my patrol of the ditches and ruminated on Mr. Foster's 'The Spirit of the West,' that this spirit is, in its essence, a crude will to power that is becoming more and more distinctly split, dual, irreconcilable; for the much-advertised tendency of the I.W.W. to violence is well matched by the lawlessness of certain influential members of the upper classes. It is well known in one small town of central Washington that the motto of the Board of Trade is, 'To hell with the Constitution. This is — County.'

Apparently there are two sides to the story of Centralia — a shocking episode that shows how ready Westerners at the two poles of their society are to contest economic control by resorting to violence. On both sides of this ugly affray most of the participants were Americans of the old pioneer stock: men whose

fathers or grandfathers were of that frontier society that came reluctantly to the court of justice to settle a dispute; men who much preferred to draw the classic six-shooter and see who was the better man. On both sides were young men who had learned to shed blood in the world-war.

It has not been disproved that the I.W.W. Hall which was the scene of bloodshed had twice before been raided by the respectable faction, and that no defense had been made by the pariahs; that this third raid, on Armistice Day, 1919, was expected by the I.W.W., and that they had asked for police protection. None was given — with what result the world knows.

One wonders if a clinical study of this incident by the late Carleton Parker, in the manner of his report on the Wheatlands Hop Riot, would not show that

the disease that he diagnosed so skillfully has been aggravated by the post-war psychosis almost to the point of crisis.

One day this summer I was seated at a ranch-table, with twenty-two other casual laborers who were audibly enjoying fresh pork and spuds. The rancher returned from Yakima as we ate, and announced the nomination of Senator Harding at Chicago. There was a voluble silence for a moment, broken by Blackie Waldron, who looked up from his tin plate with a wry face and drawled in thundering bass: —

‘Well, I ask you — can you beat it?’

His was the only verbal comment on this important political event; but it was followed by a roar of laughter around the table that was more expressive than words. It was not pleasant laughter.

ON DUTY: II

BY HARRIET A. SMITH

Friday, February 20, and the 12th day of the Siege. — We used to debate whether this was a siege of Urfa by the French, or a siege of the French by Urfa. It has resolved itself into a siege of the French by Urfa, for the French are practically surrounded, and we are within the lines — being, as I said, the ‘first line’ to the north.

Monday, February 23. — Quiet all day. The family is gradually emerging from the cellar, as sleeping-quarters; but none have yet decided to join me upstairs. They prefer to be near the stairway.

Tuesday, February 24. — It was a wild night. War has really come home to us, and I’ve watched a French soldier die on our own hearthstone. If I had any desire to see actual warfare, it has been satisfied fully, and I am willing to pass it up. At midnight, the Turks made a concerted attack on our house and the din was terrific, but they were finally driven off, although at one time Antony heard them say, ‘Allah, we have the house.’ Feeling that with the bullets flying in through doors and windows I was safest where I was, I lay still in bed for a while, listening to one

splash on the wall at my head, and the fragments of stone fall to the floor. Another came bang at my north door. I did not know until daylight that it had come through my very futile defenses; it must be somewhere in the room, but I have not found it. My bed lies in the angle of the wall, head to the north, and across the north room behind mine is a door opening on space, through which the bullet came. About two feet from the head of my bed is a door also leading into this north room, which has a window exactly opposite the door, for the entrance of the Turkish bullets; thus, with my front door and window, I have four places of entrance for the bullets, and practically no part of the room is safe. Fortunately, the marksmen in front of the house are a mile away across the valley, so their aim is not so sure. I felt rather safe in bed, with a ten-inch stone wall between me and the bullets from the north; but what was my surprise this morning to find that the impact had shattered the stone on my side of the wall.

Shortly after 1 A.M., Antony came to my door and called me, saying there was a wounded soldier downstairs. I went down to the living-room, where our men had him stretched out in front of the fireplace, and were cutting off his blood-soaked clothing. At a glance I knew that he was beyond help, with a great, gaping bullet-wound in his chest. He died within a half-hour. A boy from some Algerian home; who knows who may be mourning for him! Such is war! And of such are the minds of men.

All day I have been busy bringing my medical and surgical supplies from my office downstairs to my room, for the incoming bullets were beginning to shatter my bottles, and then, too, I wanted them handy in case of need. Also, I prepared a bed in my room as a temporary resting-place for the wounded until they could be taken to the

hospital at Headquarters. I further barricaded my north door with pillows; but, judging from the ease with which a bullet tore through a bag of wool close to me in my storeroom this afternoon, and shattered the opposite window leading into the hall, I doubt if pillows are much good. One can but trust in a guarding Providence and go about one's business. I, being the only one who got much sleep last night, am sitting here writing in the living-room at 9 P.M., while all the others are lying about on chairs and couches, sleeping. If the attack comes, it will probably not be before midnight or toward dawn. Except for one dim, shaded light which burns before me, all is darkness; while at doors and windows are soldiers listening intently for the slightest sound. Indeed, I have to whisper my password, 'Américaine,' to every listening sentry when I make my devious way from living-room to bedroom and return — for I intend to sit up to-night. The commandant has sent us an extra force of ten or fifteen men, and Lieutenant Soyot comforts us with the thought that with our present force we are impregnable.

Wednesday, February 25. — The attack came earlier than expected last night. Our boys had their rifles, and had picked out their places for firing, should the Moslems make a concerted rush for our doors. Their plan was to send us women to the cellar while they defended the stronghold. However, I felt that they would have had some difficulty in sending me, for I have an aversion to being trapped in a cellar, and should probably have gone up to my room, where I would have felt safer with the French soldiers outside my door. The cellar, with its present cave-like opening suggests the possibility of being smothered to death by having burning material thrown in from above.

However, all was quiet after 10 P.M. The family went to sleep on the

various couches, while I sat and read Morgenthau by the much dimmed and shaded light. At 2 A.M., feeling that it was unnecessary and foolish to remain any longer, I left them there and went upstairs to bed — and slept well, too. This morning, I found a bullet-hole in my front window-frame, but I can't decide whether it came from outside from the hills across the valley, or was made by the bullet which came through my rear door the other night and passed out the front way. That may account for my not finding the bullet.

This morning, just before noon, when the family was gathered in the living-room and all seemed quiet and peaceful, a bullet came crashing through the front window, through a box of condensed milk, and gave Miss Waller a terrific blow on the shoulder-blade, bruising the skin and flesh. The milk splattered over the table, and a piece of the can was carried as far as the mantel. It was fortunate that the force of the blow had been broken by the box of milk; but it shows how unsafe we are, even with our barricade. Upstairs, a box of lima beans was shedding its contents, and a can of tomatoes its life-blood, and a bullet had made a big dent in the wall at the head of my bed.

Thursday night, February 26, 1920. — I am beginning to feel sorry for the family. Here am I, peacefully undressing and going to bed every night, while they get what sleep they can, fully dressed, and in rather uncomfortable positions, downstairs, ready for that long-expected dash to the cellar.

To-night the sergeant came in to say that our remaining water-supply had been cut off, and that what was coming through looked suspicious. He feared poisoning; so we have sent a bottle to Dr. Vischer to be analyzed. Mr. Clements was enumerating the special provisions that Providence seemed to have made for us in this war, and the

last is that our roofs are again, much to our discomfort, leaking from the snow which has gathered on them, so that we have been able to collect many gallons of rain-water for washing the dishes and such work. There is a more cheerful air in the house to-night, an improvement over last night, and a thousand per cent improvement over two nights ago, when the family morale was so low that it seemed as if the sword of Damocles were hanging over its head. I think they all expected to be massacred. There were only whispers and a dim ghostly light and a 'hand-out' dinner; but one gets used even to the sword of Damocles, and after a while it does not look so threatening.

Friday, February 27. — Captain Perreault wrote us a letter last night, saying they had found a well which is apparently fed by a spring, and that if we will send over the receptacles with the night-patrol, we can get all we need; so we shall not die of thirst, though the distance is considerable, and there is always the chance of a rifle bullet. Just at present, Mr. Weeden is conducting a court-martial on Miss Waller, which makes connected thinking quite difficult. We so far progressed last night that Miss Waller consented to come upstairs to sleep with me, and then Mrs. Mansfield was induced to occupy the other bed, which I had prepared for the wounded; which she did, fully dressed. She rested so well that she has decided to undress to-night.

My room is no safer than the others, — in fact, not so safe as some of them, — but the fact that I have occupied it through the stress of the siege makes it appear so. Naturally, I did not sleep as well as usual, and I had a very vivid dream. I dreamed that Miss Waller was snoring, and that at the apex of the snore she half-awakened and went into a fit of hysterics, laughing and crying. I tried to hush her for fear she would

disturb the listening sentry in the room behind; but only succeeded in lowering her voice. Then Mrs. Mansfield wakened and came over to the bed with endearing words, answered in kind, and I saw where I got off; so getting up out of my warm bed, I let Mrs. Mansfield take my place while I prepared to get into her bed. Just then two or three children seemed to make a part of the assembly, clustering round the head of their bed; also our yellow cat. I remember saying, 'I do wish that cat would keep out of here'; for you know I am not fond of cats, and like neither cats nor dogs in the room. Mrs. M. assured me that the cat would follow her out in the morning; so, as I suddenly noticed that window and door seemed to be wide open and unprotected, I hastened to put out the candle. Then, looking at door and window more especially, I thought they seemed very strange and I said to Miss Waller, 'Is this the same room that we went to sleep in?' She got up and looked out and said, 'No, it is not the same room.' Before us was a broad, wide-open door, with a few steps leading down to a green lawn, giving a prospect on the rear lawns and gardens of a typical well-to-do American community. A side street to the left was lined with detached houses, each with its garden of flowers, vegetables, and climbing vines. In one of them was the typical American family man taking his Sunday-afternoon complacent look at the result of his own handiwork and Nature's lavish reward. We went down the steps to our side lawn and walked around the corner of the house to the front. Here, a little eight-year-old girl, playing on the street, caught sight of us, and with a yell of fright, made for her own yard across the street, screaming, 'Mamma, mamma, look at little Cooky Sister' — 'Sister' being English for nurse, and meaning in this case Miss

Waller. Her evident terror made us understand that we were not supposed to be on mortal soil — much less, visible to the human eye; but we smiled at her reassuringly, and she stopped inside the fence in her flight, mamma evidently paying no attention, and gazed at us with round, wondering eyes. I thought to myself, 'I feel very substantial; but can it be possible that we were snuffed out in that Mesopotamia affair, and that we are really disembodied spirits?' — the reincarnation theory being upset by the evident fact that we were not supposed to be visible in earthly form. And I thought, 'Is it possible that this New England town is built upon the plain of Mesopotamia, and that this house stands upon the site of that stone castle of ours?' Else how could we disembodied spirits be occupying it? Miss Waller went on and in the front door, and I followed after, lingering to throw a last kiss at the youngster, who still followed us with hypnotized gaze.

Then I wakened, after seemingly dragging my soul back from an illimitable distance, and could not believe that I should still find myself in bed with Miss Waller, so vivid had been the dream that I had surrendered it to Mrs. Mansfield and gone into her bed. I had my two trusting guests on my mind, however, and hearing what I thought unusual noises downstairs, which sounded like falling boxes and scuffling of feet, I wondered if by chance the Kurds had surprised our sentries and had come in the front way; so, hurriedly slipping on my blanket-wrapper, I went out into the hall. All was quiet, however, and the landscape looked very peaceful under the stars; so I just put out my candle and went back to bed to wait for the morning light. The occasional banging of a door accounted for the noise of the falling boxes, and the imagined scuffling was probably the flapping of the Red Cross Flag on the roof,

which sounds sometimes like the distant report of the machine-guns.

Yesterday, I had the cheerful feeling that we had reached the turning-point of the campaign, and to-day's quietness confirms the impression, though we may have one or two flurries yet. The soldiers come to me with their minor ailments, sore throats, tonsillitis, Aleppo or Urfa 'buttons,' frost-bite, and the like. Most of them have no stockings, which makes me wish I had a few Red Cross ones. I gave one man to-day my pair of bed-socks.

Saturday, February 28. — Captain Perrault appeared to be a bad prophet this morning, for the Turks still had a few tricks up their sleeves, as we learned on being awakened by a bombardment, just after sunrise, of Captain Marcerau's headquarters, five hundred yards to our right. It was finally repulsed with some loss to the Turks, but we do not know Captain Marcerau's losses. Mr. Woodward, and later Mr. Weeden, came rushing to our room upstairs to hurry us below. The others went, but I refused to be stampeded, thinking that only a bombardment of our house could send me down. I little knew how soon it was coming. Captain Marcerau's headquarters building was quite a wreck, with gaping holes in walls and parapet, but they still held the fort. During the midst of the firing, about 10.30, came the whir of an aeroplane above the city, letting loose a paroxysm of rejoicing in the house, and doubtless a greater one in town. All the children rushed up out of the cellar with smiling faces to embrace me, and the family was happy as well. Their joy was rather short-lived, however, for just after luncheon, perhaps about 2.30, the bombardment began again, sending everyone scurrying to shelter. I saw from my door some more of Captain Marcerau's headquarters collapse; but being busy just then, compounding

some carbolized zinc-oxide ointment for the frost-bites, I kept on till I heard the sudden, heavy crash of a bomb against our house, and then another, and in the bathroom across the hall was a great gaping hole through the 28-inch stone wall. The second one shattered the stone near the floor in Mr. Clements's room, but did not come through. Of course, under these circumstances, there was nothing for me to do but gather some personal effects and medicaments together and follow the family into the cellar, where the soldiers are preparing loop-holes through the narrow windows, to repel the expected bombardment and attack to-night.

I forgot to say that the aeroplane, after circling about and apparently dropping some kind of a signal for headquarters, disappeared again. I suppose the reinforcements must be two or three days away, and the Turks will make the best use of their time meanwhile.

At present, 4 P.M., I am in my own room again; for the confusion and the dirt, the boys digging up the earth to make sand-bags, and the crowd did not appeal to me, and the cannon seems quiet just at present. Later, doubtless toward morning, it will begin again.

9.30 P.M.—A letter from Dr. Vischer tells us to try the water on the dog, which we have already done. We are getting it now from a very dirty hole in the back yard: snow-water, at which our palates and reason would have rebelled a month ago.

Sunday morning, February 29. — The sergeant came in at 3.35 A. M., to bring us the message of good cheer which the aeroplane had dropped off: 'Good courage. We are coming to your aid. The evil days are nearing their end. You will soon be reinforced and revictualled.' (It also dropped a signal code for the next planes which are to come.) 'February 29. [Note this date.] Signed, GEN. DUFFIEUX.'

The sun has been up an hour or two now, and nothing has happened, so I am going to bathe and go to bed — *au revoir*.

Later. — I did not go to bed, and you might doubt my cleanliness could you see the muddy water in which we bathe; but it is very refreshing to us. The Turks moved their cannon to the city this morning, and seem to be bombarding the 'cantonment.' There has been much noise and firing, but we are quiet here except for an occasional sniper. Mr. Clements found the nose-piece of the bomb that came into our bathroom.

I think it is fully five weeks, perhaps six, since we have been able to send out any mail, for to-day begins the fourth week of the siege. This afternoon two soldiers went boldly over to the mill in broad daylight, to get some drinking water. My, but it tasted good!

9.30 P.M. — Quiet, so far, to-night. The French are accepting our offer of milk, chocolate, *confitures*, and a few other good articles. I went out of the front door and round to the back of the house to-day without drawing fire. Stones of the house are badly shattered by the shells that struck. My little silk American flag still flies, but is only a shadow.

Thursday, March 4 (25th day). — It has rained all day, a fine drizzle which turns our lawn and fields into a deep sticky mud, as I learned to-night when I accompanied the squad that goes for the food to French Headquarters, to call on the Sisters, taking them some more supplies of cotton and bandage material. I could hardly lift my feet out of the mud. I could not have chosen a worse night underfoot for the journey, but the rain and the darkness overhead were a protection against the fire of the Turks, since they could not see us as they could on the bright moonlight nights we are having just now. I found the Sisters in their

little underground room, 6 × 6, the other two Sisters having gone to the barracks a little farther on, to do the dressings. The shelling of the Turks did so much damage that all are living underground as far as possible. I think, perhaps, our whole circle of defense inside the French lines is not more than three fourths of a mile in diameter, so you can see how easily they could demolish every one of our scattered and detached houses, had they even ammunition enough for one small cannon, which we hope they have not. Its voice has not been heard for two days.

Friday, March 5 (26th day). — I did not have to go to France and get into the war. I fell into it right here. It is now 3 P.M., and the bombardment has been kept up all day from, presumably, the Khan near the Telebiad road, not 200 yards away. The tall Headquarters building is riddled with great gaping holes, and we thought a little while ago that the big barracks had been taken, for we saw the men pouring out of the rear door which faces us; but a soldier tells me the French still hold it. The French position looks very precarious; for nothing can stand this bombardment at such close quarters, and, of course, all there have taken to the cellars and safe shelters, for they have no cannon with which to answer. Evidently the machine-guns repelled an attack just a short time ago, for there was rapid and continuous fire.

We see many men out on the plain not far away, less than two miles — horsemen also. It appears to me that they are digging a trench to get at us from that side. How long the French can hold out is becoming a serious problem, for there is yet no word from the reinforcements. The Turks seem to have more than one cannon. At least two are firing, Mr. Woodward says, and perhaps three or four. The shells come every minute or so, sometimes more

often. Many have gone screaming past our house, but so far none have struck, *grace à Dieu*. The shells are still screaming, but the French flag yet flies. We know what they are praying for — ‘*An avion!*’ even only one, to drop a few bombs in appropriate places.

This is not like the war in France, where there was always room to retreat — here there is none. We are cooped up in a small circle, or oval, from half to three quarters of a mile, north to south, and even less from east to west. I think a quarter-mile would cover that diameter, and we are exposed on all sides to fire, so that any bullet or ball can travel from end to end; and when bombardment begins, it is just a case of holding out. There is no way to retreat, for there are hostile tribes all round, and I think it would be impossible even to get out of town without being annihilated. I rather think the French underrated their foe, and I am wondering if there are not German brains behind this affair.

Saturday, March 6 (27th day). — The very breath of spring is in the air this morning, and after I have dismissed all my patients, I am going to remove my whole barricade and open wide the door for the air and sunlight to enter. I have opened it a little every day, but this time it is to be a full bath. Last night, as usual, I slept upstairs, and the others down, because the terrible bombardment of yesterday brought fear to everyone. Somehow, when I get inside the walls of my own room, it seems as safe to me as if it were specially protected; and with one sentinel at the window in the hall outside my door, watching to the south, and another in the room at my back with his eye noting every movement to the north, I go to sleep in peace, and whatever fears I may have imbibed downstairs vanish.

3 P.M. — As the Turks celebrated the coming of the avion last Saturday by a

fierce bombardment on Captain Marcereau and on us, they did it again to-day by another terrific bombardment on General Headquarters. About 11.30 A.M., just as I was finishing a dressing, the whir of the aeroplane could be heard; so, regardless of the Turkish bullets, we rushed for the ladder leading to the roof — at least, I did, and the others followed; and soon eight or ten of us were lying flat on our backs behind the shelter of the parapet, gazing up into the sky, where, far away, we saw it coming over the hills from the west. It circled two or three times right over our heads, till it got its message of distress (food and ammunition wanted) by *panneaux* from Commander Hanger, then turned again westward and was soon lost in the distance. It brought rejoicing to all foreign hearts; but, as I said, it seemed to cause the Turks to let loose their deadly shells and shrapnel again, mostly directed at F.G.H.; but those that missed there came screaming by us and burst in the field beyond.

My door had been wide open about an hour when the first shell was fired; and much as I disliked to shut out the sunlight, I thought discretion the better part of valor, and again built up my halfway barricade of boxes. The upper half of the door, which is glass, and the upper half of the window, I cover only at night with a blanket, to keep the light from being seen.

8.30 P.M. — Just at moonrise, about 7.15 P.M., the cannon began to boom, and the attack was on, to capture the ruined post to the east (*quatre-cent-douze*), at our left, facing the town; and the firing was fast and furious for a half-hour or so, with our house joining in. We were at dinner, but quit in a hurry — the others to go downstairs while I went up. We resumed dinner after it was over and finished our desert. The moon looks big and protecting again to-night, and gives us the ad-

vantage of her light to prevent surprise.

Sunday (28th day of the Siege, which began February 9, Monday). — A perfect summer day; and so, regardless of gun-fire, I removed my barricade and my door has stood open all day. It is delightful to let in the sun and the brightness of the daylight. I think it has much to do with one's morale. Being so closely confined, we are a very touchy crowd here, and argument is the order of the day. I just sat back in my chair a while ago and laughed at the idea that we would dare to grouch at a menu of Mrs. Richard Mansfield's providing from our rather scant variety, though abundant quantity, of tinned stores. She has got so that she expects it now, and is rather pleased and elated when we find something to praise. Dear Mrs. Mansfield — she is learning to be very patient with us, and to make excuses for our mental irritability. We soon recover.

Our clothing has been pretty sombre — just heavy gray dress and sweater, which we have clung to religiously; but to-day, as it was Sunday and warm, I gave the family a surprise by appearing at dinner in white. It helped to take the gloom away. I do not mean that we are always gloomy — not by any means: we are usually pretty jolly, and often you can hear Mr. Weeden and Mr. Clements going through their repertoire of funny songs, as they did to-night. Indeed, we are getting quite used to the scream of the shells; and as for the rifle-bullets, we don't seem to mind them any more. The Turks have been too busy firing at French G.H.Q. to pay much attention to us.

Monday, March 8 (29th day). — The wind whistling through the broken windows sounds very much like rain, but the moon rides high in a cloudless sky over the dark and silent earth. We had a very lovely quiet day, and everyone felt so cheerful that he and she

went to the trouble of changing their siege-clothing to get into something more in keeping with the weather. I got my soldier, who carries all my supplies and messages to the Hospital for me, to put my door barricade on the balcony outside my door, instead of inside; so now I can keep my door open day and night, and my room is cheery.

From our stores, especially of milk, we have been able to supply the needs of the French officers. Mr. Clements attends to that, but I attend especially to the needs of the Sisters and of the wounded, sending them, besides medical and surgical supplies, milk and sugar, of which they have none, and occasionally some cans of fruit and vegetables; so I get a nice little letter in French every night. To-day, March 8, is the day that I should be in Beirut, taking passage for America. Man proposes — God disposes.

Tuesday, March 9 (30th day). — Mrs. Mansfield lost five piastres to me, for she bet that the column would reach here to-day. So hopeful are she and Miss Waller, that both have gathered courage to come upstairs to my room again to-night to sleep. They have been gone for about a week, and life finally got not quite worth living downstairs. Mrs. Mansfield's expression for it this morning was short and emphatic, might even have been called profane. Trying to sleep night after night, fully dressed, on a sofa, gets to be rather wearisome to the flesh.

Wednesday, March 10 (31st day). — To-night I made another trip to the cantonment with the food squad. In their little underground room, I found the three Sisters, who seemed happy and cheerful.

Tuesday, March 11 (32d day). — There was a portentous quiet to-day — broken at intervals by rifle- and machine-gun fire, which seems to bode ill for to-morrow, the feast day of the

Moslems, which they usually signalize by some kind of unexpected attack, Friday being also the favorite day for the beginning of massacres, probably in imitation of our maxim, 'The better the day, the better the deed,' and killing Christians being a work of virtue. At any rate, the girls are going to leave me to my fate upstairs, while they seek their favorite resting-places again on the couches in the living-room — fully dressed. I really do not think I am so foolhardy as I seem, for I do give the French soldiers credit for being able to hold off an attack on our own house long enough to let me get dressed. However, a bombardment is another matter — but I took Miss Waller's bet that they would bombard before 6.30 A.M. to-morrow.

Friday, March 13 (33d day). — Antony's prophecy and the family's expectation of a bad day and night were happily not fulfilled. Antony said yesterday to Mrs. Mansfield, 'I fear we will have a bad day to-morrow, for I heard the Muezzin's call to prayer from the city, and after the Moslems pray, they fight and kill.' Mrs. M. was so encouraged by her quiet night in my room that she decided that she and Miss Waller would occupy her room to-night; so Antony has been busy to-day, replacing the boxes of milk in her window by sand-bags, so that to-night it is a fortress indeed, but correspondingly gloomy. Two windows have loop-holes for the riflemen, should attack come from the south or west. Just now, 10 P.M., she came in and said she wished she were back here. There is something a bit cheerful about my room. To-day we could see two sentinels on the highest pinnacle of rock-mountain to the southwest — Turks, doubtless, watching to give notice of the first appearance of the advancing column. Signals again to-night, from Telebiad way, but we no longer think they are French

signals — Turkish, they must be. There is a wild rumor in the kitchen, of signals seen from the direction of Seroudj, and the hoped-for appearance of the column before midnight. Vain hope, say I — I have a bet on with Mrs. M. that it does not come to-morrow. I think the avion will come, however.

The 33d day of the siege, and we've watched the plain turn from brown to white, and then to brown again. Even the near-by snow-covered mountains have shed their white mantle and appear once more either as ledge on ledge of gray rock or as rounded heaps of grain. Patches of lovely green are seen on the plain, the first outcroppings of the spring wheat. In fact, beyond rifle-range, the whole plain teems with life, where the country people are going about their ordinary business, ploughing and planting; for this is a highly cultivated country, this Asia of the Turks, regardless of their ancient instruments and their primitive methods. Wherever one may turn, in the lowlands or far out on the desert, are cultivated patches of land, one after the other, covering the whole plain, and the red-brown of the earth is very pleasing to one's eyes; while every available space on hill and mountain-top, up to the barren rocks, is covered with vineyards — well cared for in times of peace. They are the garden and the granary of the world, these great plains of Asia Minor; and under a just and fair government they could produce untold wealth.

Saturday, March 13 (34th day). — Being besieged is getting to be a normal condition with us, the family having almost given up speculating on the arrival of reinforcements. Miss Waller is now putting it at May 3, and Mr. Clements at July 4.

Sunday, March 14 (35th day). — I was awakened this morning from a dream of flight and massacre — mas-

sacre of little children — by the plop of the bullets outside my door and the vicious swish or the musical whirl of those which passed us by. Above the gray rock-tops, the storm-clouds hang low, sending down streamers that almost trail their barren summits. On the plain, the patches of lovely soft green increase and spread, bidding fair, as Frère Raphael has told us, to carpet soon the whole expanse. Then perhaps we shall see the *tapis* of blue flowers he has promised us.

Monday, March 15 (36th day). — The bullets sang very close to us several times to-day. At the cantonment, they have for some time been eating their cavalry horses, and the captain promised to send some to the family; but I'm a bit uncertain about my desire to eat any of it. Luckily, we just found a box of deviled tongue—Underwood's—among the boxes used for barricades; for we had finished our supply of meat, except one small can of corned beef, which I am withholding for the 'great day.' Three days ago the captain thought they had supplies enough to last them fifteen days. We can hold out longer than that, but our diet would be rather restricted.

Tuesday, March 16 (37th day). — Our *captivité*, as Sister Alice calls it, rather palls on the family. Mr. Clements amuses himself by writing sonnets, and he has finished what he calls his 'Epic of Urfa,' which reminds me of that blank verse on the last page of the *American*. Mrs. Mansfield has also epitomized the family in rhyme. Numbers of horsemen have been seen on the plains, going north toward Severik and Diarbekr; but whether they are wending their way homeward, or whether they are finding their way around us through the hills to meet our fabled 'column,' we do not know. The French sent us over some horse-meat, and asked for some feed for their remaining horses.

Wednesday, March 17 (38th day). — Captain Perrault is always optimistic about the lowering of the Turkish morale, but we usually find that the Turk has still something up his sleeve. Nous verrons. At any rate, if we are going to be shut up for another week or two, I am going to have a little more sun and breathing-space, for Anthony is going to build my barricade on the outer edge of my six-foot balcony.

Thursday, March 18 (39th day). — A day of comparative quiet and a peaceful evening. The construction of my sun-parlor on the veranda goes on, but was not finished to-night for lack of sand-bags. Our water-supply is again cut off, so that we get only half our usual quantity. The boys go to the mill outside our gate, about 150 yards away. Most of the wheat is ground by water-power. When Lieutenant Soyet came over to-night, he brought some letters from Misses Holmes — one dated February 22. We have been cut off from them for over three weeks, so a letter from there was as unusual an event as would have been one from America some time ago. As for America — nothing has come through for two months.

Friday, March 19 (40th day). — The attack last night was of corresponding intensity with the fervor of the prayers in the mosques earlier in the evening. The din was terrific, and as I was by this time in my own room, I debated what I should do, finally deciding that I might as well undress then as later, and get into bed rather than sit up in the cold; which I proceeded to do, depending on our trusty soldiers to defend the house. Since the windows have been sand-bagged, the danger of one of them being shot is greatly lessened. As the soldiers were firing from Mrs. Mansfield's room, the family remained downstairs. At sunrise, I was peacefully sleeping, despite the hubbub of soldiers' voices outside my doors, when suddenly

came a heavy double explosion which seemed to portend another bombardment: I even thought I heard the scream of the shells going by; but Allah was merciful, as it was only the whir of the rifle-grenades from our windows and the sound of their explosion.

The babel of voices suddenly ceased, as their owners separated and went to their posts, and silence reigned except for the cawing of the crows in the vineyard beyond. Unlike our American crows, those here are slaty-gray-bodied with black heads, wing-tips, and tails. They are a larger species, too.

As the bombing lasted only about a half-hour, I went to sleep again, having first got up to take a look from my balcony at the sun just risen above the eastern plains.

The water-supply at the mill is entirely cut off, and we can see it flowing in a broad but shallow river over the plain. For our personal supply to-day, we were given only drinking-water, and glad enough we are to get that. The boys went to the 'post' to the west of us to-night for a few pailfuls, and will go again at midnight over to Headquarters with the soldiers, in the hope of getting more.

Saturday, March 20 (41st day). — We have come to the conclusion that that 'relief column' is coming from France; so, if I reach America by the first of June, I shall do well. However, that will be in time to let the other members of the office force go on their vacations. So far we have been able to keep an oil-lamp in the living-room, but now that our supply of kerosene is gone, we shall have to use the oil-torches we have used in the rest of the house, made by floating a piece of cord in some of the thick automobile oil we fortunately have on hand.

To-night, for the fourth time, I made the trip across the vineyards — about a quarter of a mile — with the food-squad

to Headquarters. We march in silence and in single file, I following the leader, and the other two soldiers bringing up the rear. Mr. Clements accompanied me. The others, quite wisely, do not care to take the risk yet. Somehow, to me, there does not seem to be any risk: one just marches along as one would any dark night.

I saw the Sisters, who have deserted their 'cave' for the present, and are in a little room above-ground, which formerly served for a hospital. Here they have partitioned off one end for a chapel, where the altar-light was burning. For a lamp on their table, they had one of the shells, into which they had fitted one of my solid-alcohol tins, using a cartridge-shell for burner and string for wick. They were burning gasoline and getting a very good light. From this compound, through a low gateway broken in the wall, where I nearly dislocated my neck by bumping my head against the top, we crossed an open space protected by a low wall to the next compound, where Commander Hanger has his headquarters, and thence by labyrinthine ways and dark passages, through stables and open spaces, we reached Dr. Vischer's hospital and visited the wounded.

Sunday, March 21 (42d day). — It being Sunday, and there being no possibility of going to church, — the sixth Sunday, — I was sleeping calmly, though the sun had long been up, when Mrs. Mansfield knocked at my door, saying she could not wait longer to bring me my letters from the city and good news. The good news was that peace-terms had been signed at Paris or Constantinople, and that the 'column' was once more at Telebiad, — at least, so some friendly Kurds had informed the Armenians, — and that it was expected here in town to-day or to-morrow. It has not come to-day. The children at the Orphanage have eaten the mill-

horses and the donkeys, Yester writes me; so that my scabies problem will be indeed grave after the siege is over — 110 cases now on hand.

Monday, March 22 (43d day). — I am sitting out on my little balcony to catch the last gleams of daylight for my writing. Straight in front of me, to the west, the beautiful new crescent moon hangs in the sky, with the faint outline of the old moon in its arms. At my left are the sand-bags, which give security from the bullets that occasionally whiz by. The family even felt reassured enough to take tea out here with me this afternoon, but I think Mrs. Mansfield is really the only one who shares its pleasures of sun and air with me.

Tuesday, March 23. (44th day). — Rain all day, much to our advantage, for we have gathered many cans of rain-water, much cleaner and purer than the water we have been using. Sharp-shooting as usual. Dr. Vischer sent us about a gallon of kerosene with which to replenish our lamps, which gave out entirely two nights ago. Since then, we have used tall jelly-jars nearly filled with water, upon which we have superimposed some of my precious cottonseed oil; then, for a floater, I've used the cork and metal seal of the 'alkalol' bottles, with a hole punched in the centre, through which I have put a piece of cord for a wick. It gives a very good light; the heavy automobile oil refused to burn.

The family is teaching me to play poker. We play with buttons at present.

Wednesday, March 24 (45th day). — The sergeant has been experimenting with home-made flares to-day, fired from a rifle; but they were a failure. The moment the Campbell's soup can left the gun, its flare was extinguished, and it fell flat and dark. This afternoon I've been copying odes on the Siege

of Urfa — by Mrs. Mansfield and Mr. Clements. Perhaps you will have the privilege of reading them. I have n't been moved to poetry myself, but this is a very poetic family. Everyone, except Mr. Woodward, does it — and he's British and prosaic, not meaning by that dull, but matter-of-fact.

10 P.M. — I've been trying to read, but there's been a discussion going on all evening about 'art,' and the artist's life, and the pull of art on a man — the divine fire that leads him on and compels him to choose poverty and cold and hunger, rather than give up his art. Mr. Clements has the artistic soul and Mr. Weeden was arguing against him.

Friday, March 26 (47th day). — Mrs. Mansfield whispered me last night that she must get over to the cantonment at least once before the 'column' arrived, else she would miss the thrill of the dangerous passage; so to-night I arranged with *mon soldat*, and Mr. Woodward joined the file. I am getting to feel quite at home in the cantonments by this time, but everything was new and strange and thrilling to Mrs. Mansfield, who felt that she was having quite a wonderful adventure.

Missing the family about luncheon, I went in search and found the whole group lying flat on their backs on the roof, having a sun-bath. Soon after I came down a bullet whizzed by, and then there was a hurried exit over my head. It looked to me to-night as if the French were on very short rations, and like the rest of us, they seem to be getting a bit thin — not that we do not have enough to eat, for we do. Mrs. Mansfield does wonders with the cuisine.

Saturday, March 27. The 48th day of the Siege, which begins to seem as if it would last forever; so we might as well let the world go by. Boston will look for me in vain during April.

(To be concluded)

THE PREPONDERANCE OF THE EVIDENCE

BY JAMES PARK

I

'MARY HENDERSON *vs.* Valley Mills Street Railway Co. Hamilton for plaintiff, Brown for defendant.' The judge looked up from his docket and, gazing over his spectacles, swept the assembly of attorneys seated inside the railing. 'What says the plaintiff?' he added.

'The plaintiff is ready, Your Honor,' said a tall young man, rising to his feet.

'Is the defendant ready?' asked the judge.

Counsel for defendant slowly rose to address the court. Ease and confidence of manner and the tailor-made cut of his clothes marked Brown as one of the fortunate old lawyers whose corporation clients paid fat fees and paid them with promptness and regularity. His whole appearance and attitude of composure were in marked contrast to young Hamilton's, whose fee was contingent upon success.

'Will your Honor indulge me a moment while I consult with plaintiff's counsel?' asked Brown. And without awaiting the judge's reply, he turned to Hamilton and whispered an offer of five hundred dollars in settlement of the case.

Hamilton turned to his client, with a look that suggested a willingness to settle.

'Better take that than nothing,' Brown persisted; and half addressing his words to the lady, he added with assurance, 'The evidence against you is overwhelming. You cannot possibly

secure a verdict. But the company will donate that sum.'

'Mr. Brown,' — the lady's words came with a determination that cut off hope of compromise, — 'I am not seeking a donation. I want this case to be tried.'

'All right; you'll get a trial,' returned Brown. Then, addressing the judge, 'The defendant is ready.'

'Give the parties a list of the jury,' said the judge; and after a few general questions to the panel as to their employment by the street railway, Hamilton sat down, and Brown, holding the list in one hand and his glasses, attached to a slender gold chain, in the other, advanced to examine the jury.

'Mr. Kennon, have you any prejudices against railway corporations in general, or against this defendant in particular?' With great solemnity this question was addressed to each juror, until the interminable repetition firmly established the conviction in the minds of all the jurors that such a prejudice was the suppressed attitude of every normal man in the community.

No confession of prejudice appearing, Brown began to examine the whole panel with another question: 'Can you and will you disregard any and all sympathy in this case and base your verdict entirely upon the preponderance of the evidence?'

This question and the plaintiff's crutches leaning against her chair immediately aroused legitimate waves of

sympathy in the hearts of all the jurors. Young Hamilton nervously suggested that time might be saved by asking the question of the entire panel collectively; but Brown replied that the 'whole case rested upon the pre-p-on-der-ance-of-the-t-es-ti-mo-ny,' and he wanted every juror to take his oath with this rule of law in mind. The court sustained Mr. Brown, and every individual juror had the question propounded to him, and every last one of them swore to disregard sympathy and consider the cruel evidence alone.

'What do you think of the jury?' said Brown to Harris, the claim-agent, when they had the list before them out in the hall.

'I would scratch them all if I could,' impatiently replied the claim-agent. 'They are all from the country, and I don't know one of them.'

'Well, I don't care where they come from. No jury on earth can ever get away from our testimony.' Thereupon Brown scratched six jurors at random and returned the list to the clerk. Not a scratch appeared on Hamilton's list.

The clerk called the first twelve men and swore them to 'render a verdict according to the evidence heard from the witness-stand and the law as given you in the charge by the court.'

Hamilton read his pleadings to the jury: Plaintiff, Mary Henderson, while getting on a street car of defendant, was thrown from the step to the street and broke the bones of her leg in several places and also the ankle of her foot — 'all through the negligence of defendant and its servants in causing or allowing the car to move or jerk while she was getting on; so that she suffered great pain and lost the use of her leg, and her capacity to earn money as advertisement-solicitor, to her damage in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars.'

Brown read a general and sweeping denial of 'each and all the allegations in

plaintiff's petition contained,' and sat down.

Hamilton suggested to the court that he would like to have the witnesses excluded from the courtroom.

'Plaintiff has invoked the rule,' the judge said, looking at Brown. 'Call your witnesses.'

The claim-agent ushered in an array of men whom Mr. Brown, with considerable pride and many glances at the jury, grouped in the shape of a crescent about the clerk's desk. 'We have twenty-four, Your Honor,' he said.

'Very well,' replied the judge. 'And where are your witnesses, Mr. Hamilton?' he asked, with a slight accent of impatience.

Hamilton turned to his client and assisted her to her crutches. She penetrated the crescent and stood before the clerk, her hand raised to take the oath. She was tall and thin. Her black dress and hat accentuated the pallor of her face, where sorrow and pain seemed about to vanquish the beauty that comes to every woman. But she was not old; and her cold blue eyes and thin lips spoke a large degree of purpose and decision.

'Have you no other witnesses, Mr. Hamilton?'

'The plaintiff is the only witness, Your Honor.'

Hamilton sank back in his chair, conscious of a sensation of helpless sympathy that seemed to vibrate in the atmosphere of the courtroom.

The judge leaned forward for a moment and began to whirl a pencil on his desk. The lawyers all knew the significance of that slight gesture. The judge was not moved by any emotions of sympathy. He was impatient.

Brown nudged another lawyer and whispered in his ear: 'See the judge? He's got his eye on the preponderance of the evidence.'

'Mr. Brown,' — the judge stopped

the whirling of his pencil, — 'let me understand the issues clearly. The plaintiff says she was injured through the negligent moving of the car as she was getting on. You have numerous witnesses here. Do they deny the moving of the car, or the injury?'

'Our testimony' — Brown swept his hand toward his array of witnesses — 'will be confined to the moving of the car. We deny that it moved.'

'A very simple issue,' said the judge, leaning back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

The witnesses all raised their hands and swore before God to speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' and were ushered out of the courtroom.

'Miss Henderson will take the stand,' suggested Hamilton, as he helped his client to her crutches and conducted her to the witness-stand, the jury leaning forward with morbid curiosity to watch her as, with difficulty, she ascended the steps and manipulated the crutches on the small platform.

Hamilton's examination went straight to the point in the suit.

'I was standing at the transfer station when my car came in.' She spoke clearly and directly to the jury. 'It was about noon. A great many other persons were also waiting for the car. I had a package in each hand — purchases that I had just made down-town. The car stopped and I got on the step; just as I was in the act of taking the next step, the car suddenly moved, and as I was standing on one foot, with my hands full of bundles, the jerk threw me from the step to the ground.'

She described the agony that she had suffered ever since; and by an X-ray photograph taken a few days after the accident, Hamilton showed the jury that the bones of her leg had been broken in several distinct places and that one of the fractures ran into her ankle.

'I cannot put this foot to the ground. I could not bear the pain. For seven years I have been an advertisement-solicitor. I have earned good money: some months over five hundred dollars. I do not believe I shall ever earn another dollar.' Her voice began to choke, her eyes began to fill, and she turned her head to use her handkerchief. Having recovered control of her feelings, she turned again, and after running her eyes over the jury a moment, said, 'Pardon me, gentlemen, but I have n't that control over myself that I used to have. I would n't care so much for myself. But what will become of —'

'We object! Wait a minute! Don't say another word.' Brown was on his feet, waving his hands and shouting to drown her voice. He knew that her old mother, sitting at the end of the courtroom, was wholly dependent on her. 'Your Honor, we object to that sort of testimony.'

'What is the objection? I did not hear the witness,' replied the judge. 'The stenographer had better read the answer.'

Brown was embarrassed. Further discussion might reveal the very fact that he was attempting to conceal.

'Never mind,' said he, 'we had better proceed.'

But the objection had done its work. The jury were discreetly whispering questions among themselves: 'What did she say? What is going to become of who?'

Hamilton rose. 'Your Honor, we tender the plaintiff for cross-examination.'

Brown leaned back to the claim-agent and consulted in a whisper. They agreed.

'Your Honor, we have no questions,' said Brown.

Hamilton stepped forward and assisted his client back to her chair. Cross-examination had been waived. Her testimony had been ignored as wholly

unworthy of belief. He had hoped that cross-examination would strengthen her story. He had asked her very few questions, and he had no other evidence. He felt the utter want of convincing proof of his case. She swore that the car had moved. And there were twenty-four men out in the hall who would contradict her. He attempted to place one of the crutches under her arm, and dropped it from the witness-stand to the floor. He recovered the crutch and held his client as she descended from the stand. As he looked up at the jury, he felt an assurance of sympathy; but he felt also that they were demanding more proof. And he had no other proof. She sank into her chair. He stepped forward and sat down. He knew that he must announce the fact that he rested his case. But he could not muster courage.

‘Mr. Hamilton,’ — the sharp accents of the judge struck upon his ears, — ‘proceed with the case.’

Brown rose from the opposite side of the table. ‘I presume, Your Honor, that plaintiff rests. No other witnesses were sworn. He has failed to make out his case. At this time, therefore, we wish to move the court to instruct the jury to find for the defendant.’

The motion was presented with an air of perfect indifference as to the ruling that might be made by the court.

‘Mr. Brown, I may have my opinion, but I will not comment on the evidence at this time. The plaintiff’s testimony makes out a *prima facie* case. It is a case for the jury. Proceed with your witnesses and the jury will decide the issue.’

The claim-agent went into the hall and returned with the conductor who was in charge of the car when Miss Henderson had an accident. He told a straightforward story. The car had just returned from a trip out to the Fort. The passengers had all alighted

from the car. ‘We were at the terminal, getting ready to turn back for another trip. I took the trolley-cord and pulled the trolley off the wire. When I had gone about half-way round to the end where the new passengers were getting on, I heard a scream and saw a woman fall from the step to the street. That is all I know.’

The judge was sitting very erect, with his arm resting on the bench. The jury were leaning forward in their seats. Every eye was intent on the witness. Then Brown, bending forward with his elbows on his knees, asked the conductor in a distinct but quiet voice, ‘Was the car moving or standing still?’

‘It was standing still,’ came the answer, in a tone of apology for contradicting a lady, but of positive affirmation of a fact. ‘It could n’t move. It had no power. The trolley was off. I was holding it with my own hands.’

Brown swayed back in his chair. ‘Take the witness,’ he said, with infinite assurance.

Hamilton tried to collect his wits. This witness was an employee. His testimony would be colored by his zeal and interest for his employer. But how could he escape the fact that the trolley was off the wire?

‘You are still in the employ of the company?’ he asked.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘And you did not see the car move?’

‘No, sir.’

The testimony was so positive that it stopped Hamilton’s mental inquiry as to circumstances tending to corroborate his client’s statements.

‘That’s all,’ he said.

The claim-agent brought in another witness, the postmaster of Valley Mills. He saw the accident.

‘I was on my way home. I was preparing to get on the car. Fifteen or twenty other people were all crowding to get on. Probably a hundred people

were waiting at the terminal to take various cars. The lady got on ahead of me and fell from the steps with a scream. Mr. Carter, the City Auditor, raised her from the pavement; but she could not stand up. She seemed to be in great pain.'

'Was the car moving or standing still?' came Brown's impressive question.

'It was dead still,' deliberately asserted the postmaster.

Hamilton felt his courage oozing away. He remembered the rule taught at the law school, not to ask a question unless it had a definite purpose.

One after another the claim-agent produced witnesses from the hall. The City Auditor and three of his assistants all stood at the door of the car, and one of them raised the young woman from the ground when she fell. Merchants, mechanics, laborers, and a teacher of the public schools — all had been bystanders waiting to enter the car, and every one of them testified that the car did not move. Brown's questions to the witnesses became brief and uniform: 'Were you present at the time of the accident? Was the car moving or standing still?' Their answers were uniform. It was evident that they had no interest in the outcome of the suit. There seemed to be but one conclusion: the car was standing still, and in Hamilton's mind, the argument that followed this conclusion was that his client had testified falsely. She had a vital interest in the case. And he also was interested. He had a half-interest in the suit. His fee depended upon success.

Witness after witness testified. Hamilton had ceased to undertake any cross-examination. At first, his client had urged him to test the witnesses: Were they certain the car did not move? She whispered her remonstrances to him in a voice that at times reached the ears of the jurors in the first row of the

box. 'Ask him if he means that the car did n't move or that he did n't see it move.' And they answered that they did not see it move.

Hamilton was beginning to accuse himself of complicity in manufacturing the testimony that his client had rendered. He saw the venerable judge restlessly whirling his pencil between his long, lean fingers, and raising his eyes occasionally with a look that seemed to speak of fraud and perjury in more certain terms than any indictment by a grand jury could ever have done. Hamilton felt that the responsibility for this irreconcilable conflict between the evidence of his client and that of the defendant's host of witnesses would be placed entirely upon him. He wanted the esteem, confidence, and respect of court, lawyers, jury, and men. This trial would identify him with the worst type of shysters and disreputable practitioners of the law.

II

The clock began to strike twelve. The judge interrupted the examination of a witness and took a recess for two hours. The crowd began to move out, and Hamilton, though impelled to move away with them, was restrained, not by a sense of duty to his client, but by a sense of humanity. He gathered up her crutches.

'Let's go,' he said.

'No; sit down a minute,' she answered without rising, and tapped the seat of his chair with the end of her finger. 'Sit down. I want to talk to you.'

Hamilton was startled by the peremptory decision of his client's voice. He sat down and gathered up his papers as the crowd filed out of the courtroom.

'Mr. Hamilton,' she began with perfect deliberation, 'it is quite apparent to me that you have lost faith and inter-

est in my case. It is true, I have paid you no fee. But when you undertook this suit, you offered your services and asked for a half-interest in the verdict of the jury. You have ceased to render services, and I demand the return of my contract.'

With these words Miss Henderson reached over for a crutch and rose from her chair.

Hamilton was overcome for the moment with a grateful sense of relief. Withdrawal from the suit had been contemplated by him as the witnesses rendered their unvarying testimony. It would involve an embarrassing situation, and possibly the judge would require unbroken fidelity to his client. But her own suggestion brought the desired consummation.

'After hearing twenty-four witnesses who absolutely contradict you, Miss Henderson,' Hamilton answered, as he rose and handed her the other crutch, 'you cannot blame me for being discouraged.'

'Discouraged?' The lady braced herself firmly on the handles of her crutches and slowly raised her chin with an expression of disdain. 'Discouraged? Oh!' And with that long-drawn-out vowel the storm broke. 'Courage never kept house in a man like you. Twenty-four witnesses! I don't care if there were a *hundred* and twenty-four witnesses! Did n't I say the car moved? Did n't I see and feel the car move? Did n't I fall? Did n't it splinter my bones?' She slammed her open hand on the X-ray picture of her broken leg lying by them on the table. 'I thought you had nerve and sand. Give me the contract.'

'The contract?' Hamilton stammered. He sat down by the table and began to search the file that he held under his arm. 'Courage' — 'nerve' — 'sand.' Was he without courage? Was he overwhelmed by the mere numerical supe-

riority of Brown's witnesses? Why deny faith to the affirmative account that she had rendered of the accident? After all, these witnesses — numerous as they might be — were giving only negative testimony. 'Courage!' He heard the word in a rising flood of emotions. He was not without courage, he assured himself. Had he not fought his way, single-handed and unassisted, through one of the best colleges of the land? Had he not undergone privations to train, educate, and prepare himself for his profession? For the moment he lost the sense of oppression that he had felt under the eyes of the judge, the jurors, and the crushing preponderance of the evidence from twenty-four witnesses. The fighting spirit of his client had taken possession of him. 'Did n't I see the car move?'

'Miss Henderson.' He closed his file, and rose and confronted his client. 'I am going to make the best of the matter as it stands, unless you insist that I withdraw.'

'I don't know what can be done now.' She was relenting. She knew that her influence had invaded him. He was aroused, and the woman within her felt a warm sense of gratification. 'They have two more witnesses. If you have any pep in you, show it. And if you can't get anything out of them, don't show the white feather. Remember, I have told the truth. I don't know what made that car move; it moved — it moved. And the — angels — in — heaven — know — it — moved.' She tapped the end of her crutch on the floor with every word of the sentence. 'And you know it too, don't you?' she suddenly added, regarding him with a look in which triumph and a certain appeal seemed to mingle.

'What we need now,' Hamilton answered, 'is to make the jury know it.'

'Don't worry about the jury. As long as you know it, and know it with

all your might, the jury will know it.'

'Well, then, I'll make the jury know it,' said Hamilton, as he waved his arms at the empty jury-box. 'Oh, but there is the unbelieving heart,' he added, as he shook his fist at the judge's chair, and seized his hat. 'Be back promptly at two o'clock.'

With this he hurried away through the hall and down the stairway, leaping two and three steps at a time. He ordered coffee and apple pie at a Chinese restaurant, and from the restaurant he walked over to the scene of the accident.

It was only a block from the courthouse. Three of the jurors engaged in the trial of the case were standing at the curb. A large crowd was waiting for cars, or embarking and disembarking on those that arrived and departed. Hamilton sat down on one of the benches and watched the jurors. They were idly observing the cars, the crowd, and the situation.

A car came in from a trip. The conductor alighted, seized the trolley-cord, and was working his way through the crowd alighting from the front end, when someone shouted, 'Look out!' Hamilton jumped up. He could not believe his eyes. The car was moving! Slowly, to be sure; but it moved. The people passing over the track surged back. Passengers in the act of alighting stopped in the door. Then the brake-shaft and cogs whirled, and the car stopped. It had moved several feet.

'Did you see that?' said one of the jurors to the rest of them.

'Yes; and did you see where the conductor had his trolley-pole?' exclaimed another.

'Well, well; would n't that jar you!' said another, with one hand in his pocket and stroking the whiskers of his chin with the other.

Hamilton moved away from the jurors. He was elated; but he feared lest they might wish to engage him in

conversation about the matter — in violation of the court's instructions to the jury when the noon recess was taken.

'What made the car move?' he asked one of the street-car employees standing at the transfer station.

'I guess the brake-chain slipped,' he answered. 'And it's a little bit down-hill there, too,' he added, as he walked over to a car that was just arriving.

'Brake-chain slipped — down-hill,' Hamilton muttered to himself. He was working at his problem. Here was a car that moved without a trolley-pole.

III

When the court reconvened, Brown called to the witness-stand a motorman. He related the circumstances of the accident very much as the conductor and the other witnesses had done. 'She was about the first passenger to get on. I was right there on the platform when she fell. I saw the conductor with the trolley-cord outside.'

'Well,' came Brown's question, less dramatic than at first, but with perfect assurance, 'did the car move or was it standing still?'

'It was standing still,' was the answer; and with a wave of his hand, Brown tendered the witness to Hamilton, and relaxed in his chair.

Hamilton and his client were holding a whispered conference when one of the jurors rose and spoke: —

'Your Honor; could I ask that motorman one question?'

The judge turned sharply. 'It is bad practice to let jurors examine witnesses; they break the rules of evidence; but you may ask one question — just one.'

'Is there any way that the car could move at that place when the pole is off the wire?'

The motorman for a moment looked hard at the juror, who had remained

standing. In fact, he was the object of general observation in the courtroom. Even his fellow jurors were turning in their seats to regard him — all but two, and these two had their eyes on the witness.

Suddenly the witness spoke up. 'I don't see how it could move. I had set the brake. It was standing still. Unless something bumped into it, I don't see any earthly way for it to move.'

The juror remained on his feet, looking intently at the witness. Evidently he was not satisfied. The court recognized the argumentative, combative look in his eye and promptly intervened.

'Your question has been answered, Mr. Juror.' And one of the other two jurors pulled at his coat and, as he sat down, whispered to him, 'That's enough. He is a liar.'

Hamilton saw and felt the attitude of those three men. They were fighting with him. His voice and bearing had a ring of challenge as he leaned forward in his chair.

'You say a car could n't move at that place. Suppose you released the brake when the trolley was off?'

'But I did n't release the brake,' the witness quickly hedged.

'Answer my question.' Hamilton sat up straight.

The jury was all attention, and the questioning juror most of all. The inquiry was personal with him.

'Answer my question.' Hamilton repeated. 'If you release the brake at that place, trolley or no trolley, what will the car do?'

The witness was hesitating.

'Well?' urged Hamilton.

'I have never released the brake.' The reply came slowly. 'I don't know what the car would do.'

He looked over at the claim-agent for approval.

'Now, Mr. Hill; that car had wheels?' Hamilton began to syllogize.

'It certainly had.'

'And a wheel will roll down-hill?'

'If you turn it loose, it will.'

'And the track runs down-hill where the car stood?'

'Well,' — Hill shrugged his shoulders, — 'I guess there is a slight grade at that point.'

'Slight grade? Grade enough to make a car roll, is n't there?'

'Yes, without a brake; but I did n't release the brake.'

'Well, you just wait a minute. Forget about that brake.'

The zero hour had passed for Hamilton; he was going over the top. Three jurors and the determination of his client were right at his heels. He was no longer alone.

'That car had a hand-brake?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And the brake had a brake-chain?'

'Yes, sir.'

Hamilton's knowledge of brake-chains was *nil*. But his collective courage was sweeping him on.

'Have you ever seen a brake-chain?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well; tell the jury what it is and how it works.'

'It is a chain on the end of the brake-shaft under the platform of the car. When you turn the brake-wheel on the end of the car, this chain slaps the brakes to the wheels. That's all.'

'Oh, no, that's not all,' Hamilton retorted quickly, as he observed the witness's desire to end the description of the brake-chain. 'Does that brake-chain ever slip?'

'Oh, I don't know.' The witness was looking down and bouncing his pencil on the railing of the witness-stand. Nervously he added, 'But I am sure it did n't slip that time.'

'Well, let's see about that. You know all about brakes and I want you to explain to the jury what makes the chain slip.'

'Why, when you put on the brake, the chain runs around the rod under the car, and sometimes it will run and double on itself till it slips back on the rod.'

'Yes; and when it slips, the brake comes off the wheel!'

'I guess so.'

'And if the ground is n't level, the car will start up, won't it?'

The witness made no reply. He looked rather limp.

'No matter where the trolley is?'

Still the witness made no answer.

'That's all,' Hamilton ripped out as he wheeled in his chair with a triumphant air and glanced over the jury. They were all alert and beaming with interest. And the man who had interrogated the witness was blazing with pride and gratified vanity. But Miss Henderson's face was more radiant than any.

'Mr. Hill,' — Brown took up his witness, — 'did the brake-chain on this car slip?'

'I did not notice it.'

'Well, did it slip, or did it not slip?'

Brown broke upon the witness with some irritation. 'You were in a position to notice, were n't you?'

'No, sir; the car did n't move.'

'Call the next witness,' Brown snapped out; and Harris mumbled something about 'tying a can to that fellow.'

The next witness was an inspector, attached to the claim-agent's office.

'I was at the transfer station when the lady got hurt. When I first saw her, someone was holding her. The accident was all over. I hailed a taxi and sent her home in charge of an employee.' The witness stopped.

'Did you see her any more?' Brown asked.

'Yes, sir; about thirty minutes later, Mr. Harris, the claim-agent, and I went to the address she had given the taxi driver, and found her in bed.'

'Well, what was done?'

'Mr. Harris asked her a few ques-

tions; and one of them was, how the accident had happened. She told us that she did n't know how it happened.'

'Did n't know how it happened?'

Brown repeated, in a tone of feigned surprise. 'Well, what did she say about the car moving?'

'She said nothing about that.'

'Said nothing about the car moving, or jerking, or starting up while she was getting on?'

'No, sir; she just said she did n't know how the accident happened.'

'That is all.'

Miss Henderson was whispering to Hamilton. 'Leave that to the jury,' he replied. But she tugged at his sleeve as he turned to take up the witness and whispered into his ear.

'Yes — yes,' he said audibly. —

'Now, Mr. Wells, you say you got to Miss Henderson's room about thirty minutes after the accident?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why did n't you go with her at once?'

'Well, it is my duty to investigate every accident and get a list of witnesses.'

'Oh, you are the man who compiled this list of witnesses.'

'Yes, sir; I am responsible for them.'

'Now, will you tell me how you made up this list.'

'Yes, sir,' the witness replied with an officious air. 'I ordered all cars to be held right there, so that no witnesses would leave before I could get their names. Then I took down the names and addresses of all those who saw the accident.'

'Did you take the names of any others besides the witnesses who have testified here to-day?'

After a slight hesitation, the witness answered, 'No, sir.'

'Well, did you talk to any others?'

The witness halted considerably. 'Yes, sir; I did.'

'How many?'

'About a dozen.'

'What did they say about the accident?'

'Wait a minute there!' shouted Brown, as he jumped up, staying the proceedings with open palm extended high above his head. 'That is hearsay, your Honor, pure hearsay, and we object to it.'

Two rows of jurors were leaning intently forward.

'The objection is sustained,' promptly replied the court. 'Don't answer the question.'

'You say you did n't take down the names of these other witnesses?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you remember any of the names?'

'No, sir; I don't.'

'Well, did any of them say that the car moved?' Hamilton popped out.

Brown was up in a second, his face crimson with rage. 'This is worse hearsay than the other. He wants to use before the jury here in court what men not on oath said out in the street.'

'Mr. Hamilton,' the court broke in severely, 'this is hearsay testimony. I have just forbidden the same kind of question. If you repeat it, I shall fine you for contempt.'

'Very well, Your Honor,' Hamilton replied. 'Nothing can be more convincing than the spontaneous declaration of a bystander. It is *res gestæ*.'

'It is too remote for *res gestæ*,' the judge declared.

'I shall not insist upon the answer,' Hamilton added; for he saw that the jury had already supplied it.

'Stand aside,' Brown called to the witness. 'The defendant rests.'

'Have you any other testimony, Mr. Hamilton?' asked the court.

'None, Your Honor.'

'Very well. — Gentlemen of the Jury,' the judge began, 'in order that you may not be confused as to the real

issues, and to concentrate the argument, I will instruct you now and counsel can follow with their arguments. This is a very simple case. The only question for you to decide is, whether or not the car moved and caused the plaintiff to fall. If it did, you will allow her such a sum as will reasonably compensate her for pain suffered and lost earning capacity. If it did not move, your verdict will simply be for the defendant. The burden is on the plaintiff to prove her case by a fair preponderance of the evidence. And this is difficult to define. It does not necessarily depend upon the number of witnesses. But, in general, it means that when you consider all the testimony before you, you will be fairly convinced that her allegations are true. You are the exclusive judges of the credibility of the witnesses and the weight to be given to their testimony.' Then, turning to Hamilton, he said, 'Proceed with the argument.'

Hamilton promptly addressed the jury, reviewing briefly the testimony given by his client as to the manner of the accident, and claiming a substantial verdict, proportioned to her utter helplessness and the financial loss she had sustained thereby.

'I should like to hear Mr. Brown's estimate of the significance and weight of his testimony. I shall answer him in my closing argument.'

He had consumed about five minutes.

Brown stepped forward, laughing. He stood erect a moment. His face became serious as he slowly dug his hands into his pockets.

'Gentlemen of the Jury, she is not entitled to a nickel. This may sound harsh. I pity her. We all pity her. But this is a court of justice. You swore to disregard all pity. I know that your oath will control you.' Then he took up the testimony of his witnesses. 'Not one of them saw the car move!' he

exclaimed, in a voice that threatened to split the ceiling. 'Not one of them had the least interest in the case. And against all this uncontradicted array of witnesses comes the plaintiff, and says the car moved. You swore — each and every one of you swore — to render your verdict according to the preponderance of the evidence. Can you imagine her testimony and our testimony in the opposite sides of a pair of scales? She says the car moved. Twenty-four witnesses swear it stood still. Put that on the scales, and then put on the testimony that within half an hour after the accident she did not know how it happened.' With his arms held horizontally, hands cupped, he pictured the scales. Then, with a rapid motion, one hand sank to the floor while the other rose high above his head. 'The preponderance of the evidence,' he thundered out, 'means the greater weight of the evidence.' And turning to Hamilton, he shouted, 'Do you want this jury to work like a bunch of bandits, the foreman a sort of Rob Roy? Here are the words of the judge.' He read from the court's charge to the jury: "The plaintiff must prove her case by a fair preponderance of the evidence." Nothing else will do. Nothing less will do: nothing but a preponderance of the evidence. The plaintiff asks twenty-five thousand dollars at your hands. She declares the car moved. If her declaration can outweigh the solemn testimony of twenty-four disinterested men who flatly contradict her, then it is useless to hear testimony. It would save time to have each party to the suit make his own statement of the case to the jury, and then send the jury out to guess at a verdict, or have it dictated by their sympathies or prejudices. Your verdict must be for the defendant.'

Hamilton rose to reply. The judge interrupted. 'I want to close the case to-day. It is after six now. You did not

use your time in opening the argument. You will now be restricted in your reply. I shall limit your closing argument to fifteen minutes.'

'But, Your Honor, defendant's counsel consumed an hour, and I —'

'You failed to review the facts in your opening argument. You cannot do so in closing. You are now limited to answering defendant's counsel. I give you fifteen minutes for your rebuttal, Mr. Hamilton. Proceed with the argument.'

Hamilton suppressed the storm of indignation that swept through him and wheeled abruptly to the jury.

'Fifteen minutes. Very well. It will not take me fifteen minutes to follow you in an investigation of the reason why the claim-agent did not make a list of the names and addresses of the dozen witnesses who saw this accident. I am not going to charge him with perjury. I believe he dismissed without further question every man who saw the car move. He wiped his name and recollection from his memory. He addressed himself exclusively and assiduously to the men who did not see the car move. And he has brought before you twenty-four of them. What is the value of their testimony? At best, it can only be described as negative. They did not see the car move. They failed to see it move. That is all they know. The car was there among the moving cars. No man would be particularly impressed by the ordinary and common incident of a car moving among other arriving and departing cars — all moving cars. Under such circumstances, the failure to observe the movement means nothing. But what did the other twelve men, the men whose names the claim-agent did not care about — what did *they* say to him about the movement of the car? This girl with her shattered limb was hurried away from the scene of the accident; all cars were stopped, and the

crowd was sifted and combed for those witnesses whose impressions were favorable to the defendant. What chance did the girl have to get the names of those who saw the car move? When the diligent agent of this defendant had thoroughly and most unchivalrously exhausted his advantage, the crowd and the cars were released — and with them went the twelve who saw that car move. Was that man too kind to this poor girl, to ignore and suppress the names of those men who could have established and supported her contention? Think! within thirty minutes he and his chief were at her bedside. And to what merciful purpose?' He seized the X-ray picture, and placing his finger on the gaping fractures shown in it, shouted to the jury, 'To what purpose? To extract from her an expression uttered by a faculty that was completely exhausted and overcome by the unsatisfied appeals for help and relief that came crowding with every pulse-beat from these sad centres of distress.'

Hamilton paused a moment.

'And was it impossible for the car to move?' he continued. 'It had moved before. That chain had slipped before. Why should it not slip again? And when it slipped, the car was bound to move. And it moved! It moved! Twelve men, somewhere in the shuffle of the great crowd, cry out to you that it moved. And these broken bones, mute but unanswerable witnesses, confirm that cry!'

Hamilton's whole being was aflame with his cause.

'Gentlemen,' he resumed after an effort to subdue his emotions, 'my words have been few. My time is short. You will retire to consider your verdict. And I hope that my client's cause has found among you a better advocate than she saw fit to choose at the bar. The jury is the only body of men in this country who are endowed with the prerogatives of kings. You may take from

one and give to another. And when you give, gentlemen, give without stint; give like kings!'

Hamilton sat down. The clerk of the court began to collect the papers in the case.

Miss Henderson leaned forward and whispered to Hamilton.

'You have won the day. You're splendid!'

Hamilton blushed and watched the clerk as he delivered the papers to the jury.

'It is getting late,' the judge said, as he looked up at the clock. 'When you agree upon your verdict, gentlemen, you may seal it up and deliver it to the clerk. Return here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and it will be read in open court. You may now retire and select your own foreman.'

The jury rose from the box. 'This way, gentlemen,' said the bailiff, as he opened a side door.

The claim-agent marked them all closely as they filed by. So did Hamilton; so did Brown, and so did everyone. The courtroom was silent. It was a strange case. Doubt hung in the air.

In a little while, night came on and the bailiff brought a candle.

'You had better bring candles to burn till daylight,' shouted a juror as the bailiff closed the door.

'Yes, and beds and grub for six months,' added two other voices in a single breath.

The bailiff laughed and slammed the door.

'That 's a hung jury all right,' he remarked to the lingering assembly in the courtroom.

'May be so,' answered Brown; and with a look at Hamilton, he added, 'but I rather expect them to agree on a small verdict — probably less than I offered you before we went to trial.' As he gathered up his papers and put on his hat, he added, 'It is worth five hundred

dollars to try the case over again. If you want the money, you can have it yet.' These words came over his shoulder. He stood for a moment. 'Let's go,' he added; and against the fading skyline, down the hall, Hamilton watched him and heard him move over the tiled floors with his army of clerks, claim-agents, and clattering witnesses, the representative of capital organized to make money. How powerful and secure they seemed to him as they disappeared and left him and his shattered client sitting there with the prospect of a 'hung jury.' 'Five hundred dollars? Yes? No? All right; let's go.'

Voices rang out loud and angry from the jury-room.

'We must go to supper,' suggested the old mother of the plaintiff.

'No; not yet; let us wait a while longer,' replied Miss Henderson. 'I want to see the jury if they come out.' And she chatted of her travels in the work that had yielded her a livelihood; about the manner of men that make up the anatomy and morals of a nation.

'The jury must have gone to sleep,' said the old mother.

'Or they are hung,' suggested Miss Henderson.

A loud knock on the door under the transom shot Hamilton's heart into his throat. The door was opened, and someone asked for the bailiff.

Hamilton went to the clerk's office. The bailiff and the clerk came, and turned on the lights in the courtroom. The jury filed in.

'Here is the verdict,' said one of them; and handed the clerk a long sealed envelope.

'This will be read in open court tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock,' replied the clerk.

'Don't discuss it,' he called after the jury as they went silently and sphinx-like out of the door.

Not a man turned an eye, not a gesture revealed the character of their decision.

'When you leave, turn out the lights,' the clerk called out. And down went Hamilton into the depths of despair. How could there be a verdict for the plaintiff? The preponderance of the evidence was overwhelming.

After a sleepless night, Hamilton returned to the courtroom. The clock was striking nine; the judge was on the bench; the jury in the box; plaintiff and counsel on one side of the table; claim-agent and counsel on the other. The clerk held the decision between his fingers.

'Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?'

The foreman rose. 'Yes, Your Honor. We have agreed.'

'The clerk will read the verdict.'

The clerk opened the envelope, rose, and read, —

"We find for the plaintiff and assess her damages at \$25,000."

Perfect stillness reigned. The clerk was still considering the paper.

'Is that your verdict, gentlemen?' asked the judge, with contempt.

And the foreman answered, 'That is our verdict, judge.'

Hamilton heard something whispered about congratulations.

Brown was muttering savage oaths, and without thought of books or papers, walked away. Out in the hall the claim-agent held him by the lapel of his coat and warned him: 'Don't you ever talk to me again about *the preponderance of the evidence!*'

THE GIFT

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

CASPAR, Melchior, Balthazar,
These are they who followed the star.

Frankincense and myrrh and gold,
These were the gifts they brought of old.

These were the precious, wonderful things
They brought, as befitting three wise kings.

The nameless Shepherds were quite too poor
To lay such gifts on the stable floor;

But one, I'm told, left his cap, and another
His shepherd's coat and his crook; and his brother,

Who had carried a lamb across the wild,
Left that as a gift for the Holy Child.

Oh, Mary might better have liked a gem,
For the best of women are fond of them;

And Joseph, no doubt, the gold approved, —
'T is a thing men's hearts have always loved; —

These things I suspect; but sure I am
That the little Lord Christ preferred the lamb.

THAT HAWK AGAIN

BY WILLIAM G. LONDON

IN recent articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it seems that the problems of the soaring hawk have been unduly involved by improbable, if ingenious, explanations.

The soaring hawk, to all intents and purposes, is the same as a gliding aeroplane (an aeroplane with the motor idle). A gliding aeroplane descends at an angle, say, for illustration, of one in seven — not an unusual figure. In other words, if the machine were at an altitude of a mile, it could glide, on a perfectly still day, seven miles, measured horizontally, before landing. Now the hawk, unburdened with a heavy engine, fuel, and passengers, and hence having a much greater wing-surface in proportion to its weight, can glide at a much lesser angle than one in seven; but, for the sake of argument, let us assume that the hawk glides at an angle of one in ten. Then a wind which is blowing upward at an angle of one in ten would allow the bird to glide without losing height, and a wind blowing upward at a greater angle would allow the bird to rise while gliding.

The upward, as well as the downward, currents in winds are caused by the hills, the wind following the contour of the ground for several hundred feet up. Whether the bird is flying straight up or in a circle does not alter the principle. He can, of course, spiral about a vertical axis even though the wind may be blowing, by shortening his turn, or decreasing his speed, while flying down wind, — that is, in the same direction as the wind, — or by lengthening his turn,

or increasing his speed, while flying up wind. This covers the case of soaring in a wind.

When there is no wind, there are frequently upward currents, caused by the sun heating the air near the ground, which becomes less dense and therefore rises; or the upward motion can be caused in a zone where opposite winds meet. This upward movement does not have to be very brisk, and therefore would be unnoticeable to anyone on the ground. To illustrate by simple figures, assume that the hawk glides at an angle of one in ten, at ten miles an hour. Then, if he were at a height of one mile, and were to glide in a straight line on a windless day, he would strike ground ten miles away in one hour's time, and he would have also descended a mile in altitude. But if, in that time, the air had been ascending at the rate of one mile (the hawk's starting height) in one hour (the duration of the flight), the bird would not have lost any height. Increase the upward speed of the air, and the hawk would have gained height. Under actual conditions, the hawk spirals round, often in a rising column of air. No doubt many observers have noticed how he will sometimes get out of the column, and lose height in a downward swoop, only to find the column and again continue his upward course.

Sea-gulls following a boat illustrate gliding without losing height. The boat, in passing through the air, makes a good many eddies, among them, upward currents. When the birds encounter these, they can glide horizon-

tally. Away from the ship, they do not glide without descending, because they lack the upward current made by the vessel. The same condition exists when a following wind blows at the same speed as the ship, indicated by the smoke rising straight upward. There are no eddies; hence, the birds must use their wings. Of course, at sea there are upward currents such as exist on land, caused by heat, or by opposite winds meeting; but the sea-gull, unlike the hawk, does not use them in soaring.

That upward currents are of importance is very evident to aviators. When flying on a hot day, over a body of water where heat-radiation is intense, the machine will rise five hundred feet or more in a minute or two, without any change of controls on the part of the

pilot. Again, when about to land, upward currents will occasionally hold the machine off the ground perceptibly. On the other hand, downward currents are just as often encountered, allowing the machine to drop; but these currents are naturally diverted into a horizontal direction near the ground, and consequently are not a source of danger. In the early days of aviation, before the aeroplane had yet flown, one of the Wright brothers, in a glider, remained almost stationary in the air for nearly a minute, supported by an upward current. It is, therefore, not surprising that birds with large wing-surfaces in proportion to weight, with a natural instinct for, and a great sensitiveness to, the air-currents, can make use of them to fly upward without muscular effort.

HAVING FUN WITH YOUR OWN MIND

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'WOOL-GATHERING!' murmured one young woman to another, nodding her head toward a third person, sitting with absorbed air in a suburban station.

'Wool-gathering? Oh, yes, literally; but such wool! Jason's fleece, at the least. She is sure to have three bags full, and if you are going her way, you may be the lucky little boy in the lane.'

The first speaker was nothing if not experimental, and soon found herself sitting beside the wool-gatherer. 'My friend, Mary Brown,' she began, as the train sped along the shore of Lake Erie, 'says she knows you, and that you can transmute rag-ends of life into golden fleeces and throw them over the

shoulders of even a chance acquaintance.'

'Mary Brown's own identification card,' was her quick response; 'her introductions never depend on the presence of the persons introduced or on any actual presentment of either. Wait till I get her opinion of you! But why not,' she went on, 'after one teasing glance, 'sail forth as Argonauts for golden fleeces rather than collect from dusty shops some *peau de chagrin* that only shrinks with every normal wish and human longing?'

'Jason *vs.* Raphael de Valentin,' I put in; 'Raphael would have seized his distorting lorgnette before he would

have dared look at Medea, and so would have missed the promise of help in her wonderful face.'

'Or he would have been so preoccupied tracing the outline of that demon skin on the tablecloth, that he could not lift his eyes to the golden prize. But this is my stop, alas! I shall thank Mary Brown for an introduction to a person who has fun with her own mind.'

'Well, I mean to,' I murmured emphatically, though I had never before formulated the resolve in those words; and in order that the idea might gain independence, I clutched the phrase and have fingered and thumbed it ever since, elbowing off other claimants till this palmary principle should, by attraction of fertile thoughts and feelings, by that mysterious power called association of ideas, build up a substantial body against which my own weakness might lean.

First, I ask myself, what predecessors tracked this path into which I have so lightly entered? 'I relish myself in the midst of my dolor,' Montaigne sings out from his place far to the fore; whereupon the playful Socrates drops back to interrogate him on the nature of relishes and dolor; and Amiel, pointing to the pair, declares, 'The mind must have its play, the Muse is winged: the Greeks knew that, and Socrates.' So did the ancient Hindu sages, the cream of whose philosophy is that no one using his mind's resources need be bereft of happiness. So did Emerson, who found that 'in thought is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy; a star in the dark hours and crooked passages that will not suffer us to lose our way.' So does contemporary America, affirming through the poet Moody that 'the adventures of the mind are beyond all compare more enthralling than the adventures of the senses.'

I respect these asseverations of the past, but a writer's statements are not

necessarily autobiographical. How do I know that they are not merely theoretic, extra-illustrating fun with the mind? I crave something more concrete, a little nearer human nature's daily food. What about little children?

Henry James at the age of ten, in the Louvre, 'got the foretaste, as if the hour had struck by the clock, of all the fun I was going to have with this mystery, one's own property, one's mind; and the kind of life, always of the queer, so-called inward sort, tremendously sporting in its way.' Again: 'A great initiation, my first glimpse of that free play of the mind over a subject, a progress in which the first step was taken by wondering where the absurd ended, and the fun, the real fun, which was the gravity, the tragedy, the drollery, the beauty, the thing itself, might be legitimately held to begin.' Or, in less splendid phrase, 'One fine morning, in the middle of the precession of the equinoxes, the satiable elephant's child asked a fine new question that he had never asked before'; asked it first of his mind, as did Henry James, and only later spread it on the public records.

Burne-Jones's nurse used to be puzzled by his silences, and asked him what he was thinking of, to which he early invented the reply, 'Camels.' Later, he had a teacher who read him a sentence and then set to work with every word — 'how it grew and came to mean this or that, and with the flattest sentence take him to ocean waters and the marshes of Babylon and the hills of Caucasus and the wilds of Tartary and the constellations and the abysses of space!' No less little Bobby, with wet lashes, argued, 'You say God won't let you into heaven if you tell that to mamma? But I am in such trouble, grandmamma! Could n't you take a chance on it, just this once?'

Taking chances with God is not al-

together a juvenile performance. The first ruling Hohenzollern acquired his Electorate by taking a mortgage on the province, the nucleus of modern Prussia, from King Sigismund of Hungary, and then foreclosing. The present Kaiser ignores such a palpable fact as that his ancestor purchased the throne with hard cash, and calls it Divine Right. That for the German idea of fun with your mind!

The French idea was delicately embodied by Flaubert, who, being missed one afternoon in the house where he was guest, was found to have undressed and gone to bed to think. From her bed, in the middle of the night, Julia Ward Howe, aged ninety-two, overheard to giggle and asked to share her fun, admitted that she was trying to translate Fiddle-dee-dee into Greek. For Cavour, political economy was not 'the dismal science,' but the science of love of country; and reading Rousseau, he converted its sentimentalism into force. As for the Coleridges, Hartley's strength was in his own mind, his resource the stillness of thought, the gentleness of musing. His greater father, when asked how he could live in the country, named among his six companions 'my own shaping and disquisitive mind.'

Parables teach the same lessons as history, and the fictitious character's fun with his own mind is only that of his creator twice filtered, or thrice, as when Don Quixote, unable to stir after after one of his tilts, bethinks himself what passage in his volumes might afford him comfort, and presently recalls the Moor in the chivalry book; so that, when the husbandman asked Don Quixote what ailed him, he answered word for word as the prisoner Moor replied to his captor. Sancho Panza, reproaching himself for his chicken-heartedness, affirmed that what to him was a sad disaster would be a rare advantage to

his master, who would look on the pit into which he was fallen as a lovely garden and the dungeon as a glorious palace.

Rolland's Tolstoy played the piano, waiting at each change of key for what was to follow, his imagination vaguely supplementing the deficiencies of actual sound. He heard a choir, an orchestra, and his keenest pleasure arose from the enforced activity of his imagination, which brought before him, without logical connection, the most vital scenes of the past and the future. Conrad's Marlow was 'of the sort that's always chasing some notion or other round and round his head just for the fun of the thing'; and the mind-life fun of Peter Ibbetson and his Duchess is more to the reader than was their waking existence. The Spoon River florist in his hot-house could hear a Presence think as he walked: 'Homer? oh, yes! Pericles? good. Cæsar Borgia? what shall be done with it? Dante? too much manure. Napoleon? more soil. Shakespeare needs spraying. Clouds, eh?'

These examples from others are, however, like but the pebbles dropped by Hop-o'-my-Thumb, by which we may each retrace our 'way homeward to habitual self.' Turn, my little Mind: right-about face. Do you not see the fun has begun? Pluck up this path-finding pebble, toss it into the air with a song, swooping meanwhile to gather the next treasure. Play jackstones with the grave worthies gone before. Let Socrates click against Flaubert, Sancho Panza shuffle Cavour. Right hand full, left hand full. Pop one shining pebble into mouth for Demosthenes's sake. Save this broken stone as a clue to the missing moiety on which perchance your new name is written. Rest by this stream and count your stones — 'learn gem tactics, practising sands.'

One by one I dip them in the brook, to intensify their brilliancy. Catching

my own reflection, I see shining eyes which were lately dull, a flush in cheeks which were but now pale. O my little informing Mind, do you respond thus quickly to such small holiday? How I have slighted you! left you hungry, parched, chafing to fly, to swim, to serve, to discover! Quick. Search me an earth-ray to look straight down into the teeming earth beneath me. Find me treasure trove: not merely my lost, juvenile jack-stones, but emmet villages and mansions to which Mycenæ and the House of the Vettii are trivial; springs of water longer hidden than those of Africa's interior; lodes of coal, of silver and gold; Aladdin's cave of diamonds; the forgotten dreams of sixteen; the hopes of to-morrow!

The common cry is to invent something practical — a can-opener, a mop-wringer, a cabbage-cutter — and make a fortune thereby. Why not something fantastic and make a festival thereby? (Dunsany's Boy had a lump of gold which he had found in the stream; the Girl, a poem which she found in her head.) Furthermore, the fantasy of to-day is the fact of to-morrow. Instance *Forty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, and Darius Green's flying-machine. An important letter from California crosses mine from the east, and my mind goes on a panic. Why not, rather, on a picnic? Fancy a device by which future letters, enclosing attuned wireless receivers, may signal each other in passing, confer, settle measures, and carry the proper word on to its destination. Why not, also, associate with the automatic correspondent a typewriter for the tongue, to do for lagging speech what the typewriter does for halting fingers: not only take the mind's dictation, but bestir the mind's invention?

There are many fillips to this game. Montaigne advised everyone to dive into his own bosom; but Samuel Butler chided his hero for believing that 'ideas

come into clever people's heads by spontaneous germination; ideas must be begotten by parents not very unlike themselves in the thoughts of others or the course of conversation.'

When personal experience or observation fails to supply the data, use other persons' inventions. The most arresting paragraph to me in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is the discovery that the left hand learns to write by sympathy with the right, and that the maimed soldier could by aid of a mirror read his reversed cacography. I tried it with instant success and a mind newly stimulated. Rousseau recommended a variety of diversions for the wakeful, and his pedagogic predecessor, Rabelais, decreed how Gargantua should spend his time in rainy weather. Suggestive as both are, I prefer to divert to my own whim the poetic scheme of the clever.

If I could catch all the stars in a net,
And make them tell me their Christian names, —
and forthwith Jupiter becomes Luke,
Aldebaran becomes Paul, Venus is
Teresa, and Cassiopeia in her Chair,
Mary della Sedia, —

. . . or snare the dream of a violet, —

dream that it might have the fragrance
of a parvenu Buddleia, or that it need
no longer hang head in grass, but climb
white walls with Bougainvillea and over-
look the sea! There is a special appeal
in poetry with this quality. Davies has
it: —

My mind can be a sailor when
This body's still confined to land;
And turn these mortals into trees
That walk on Fleet Street or the Strand;

Bunyan practised it: —

In more than twenty things which I set down —
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply
Like sparks that from the coals do fly;

Milton gave it divine expression: —

Hither, as to their fountains, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

Philology, like poetry, furnishes a handy, portable key to the great storehouse of fancy. The pun is the lowest form of it; the mnemonics of foreign words more remunerative fooling: as '*pêcher* is to fish, and '*pêcher* is to sin, but '*^*' is more like a fish-hook than is '*^*'. Any word, as Tristram Shandy learned, may be converted into a thesis; every thesis has offspring in propositions; each proposition has its own conclusions, every one of which leads the mind on again into fresh tracks of inquiry.

'But what,' a girl once asked me, 'shall I have fun with my mind about?' 'About it,' I retorted, and forthwith amused myself with a list of provocative topics.

The happiest moment of the day: why was it happy? how could I have made it happier? was it attained by conscious effort or by lucky accident? can I bring about its repetition? does not this very dwelling on its details foster its return? Again: that *left-over expression of face* on a girl I met to-day: what did it signify? whom had she just left? what had he said? what had he not said?

Do I prefer stated joys to those inferred? Do I crave excitements hitherto taboo? Imagine my friends doing the exact reverse of their present practices, as Rabelais pictured Epictetus, appeared after the French fashion, sitting under a pleasant arbor, with scores of handsome gentlewomen making good cheer! Again: *how stimulating was that campaign luncheon* and the talks! Why do people grow friendly over a good meal? Why was it easier for me to talk to the person on my right hand than to the one on my left? How might I have drawn out the left-hander, and how might she have hooked me? How shall I treat such a situation next time? Do I prefer a companion acquiescent or disputative? In such ways my thoughts wander to and fro, fro and to, but I try

to get them somewhere, be it only into the land of nod.

Such changes may be rung on night-thoughts; but what is any moment of leisure, ennui, or enforced waiting but the chance to bewing leaden time? No load of circumstance can weigh down the mind gifted with levitation; 'no calm so dead that your lungs cannot ruffle it with a breeze. That bad quarter of an hour — rather, that hour of bad sermon — I have enlivened by turning the words into running French, or by committing to memory some cocksure assertion to use in proving the opposite point of view; or by concocting a conversation with some interesting character mentioned; or writing an imaginary letter to the prophet whose word forms the text. Thus I, like Bagehot, enjoy myself playing with my mind, following its wayward promptings, prompting its flagging waywardness, as sure that adventure will result as it did for Don Quixote and Emerson and Blake.

The use that may be made of poor lectures extends to bad luck, misadventure, uncongenial environment, untimely people. William C. Prime wore a rare intaglio ring, so that, when he went a-fishing and found the fish unresponsive, he might relieve the monotony by studying the beautiful cutting. Keats peppered his tongue, the better to enjoy cool claret. Our tongues seldom need artificial stimulant, but piquancy comes from diversity of condiment. Sairey Gamp provided an acquiescent soul who should wind up each conversation with a compliment to the excellence of Sairey's nature. Other Harrisers may be had for the taking, and self-gratulation for the saying. The Irishman looking for the moon in the pail of water found something else — the face of his desire, the shape of his dream. The heavens reveal one moon; my pails boast ten; looped on my stoop

they lie! When life proved hard, young Victor Hugo had the better dream: —

And where is he shall figure
The debt, when all is said,
Of one who makes you dream again
When all the dreams were dead?

Madame de Sévigné, in sorrow and perplexity, invented a game of finding the under-side of things, and wooed her friends to play it with her. Patrick Geddes, threatened with blindness, extracted from the thriving genius of his mind the greatest illumination of his life, concocted a thinking-machine, and conceived his Edinburgh Tower. A thinking-machine: that is utilizing some convenient, commonplace tool as a mechanical aid to thought. My tool has been this determination, suggested by a stray wool-gatherer, to get definite fun out of the device I call my mind. Wheedling, prodding, egging it on; I suddenly awake to the fact that all this adumbration of a jollity of mind not

palpably present has in some measure taught me how to think, than which no other feat of mind is so fundamental, so fascinating, and so fecund.

Is all this a little vague? Therein lies part of the fun; but an impalpable mist may be precipitated into tangible moisture, and a shadow may be fixed on a sensitive plate. We must first get the vision, embody it through examples from other lives, engraft it upon our own wills, foster it, train it, eat of its fruit; aided ever by that spirit of life which wars against the tedium, waste, and indifference of this everyday life and transmutes it into helpful ministry, beauty, and joy. With the consciousness that our entertainment is within us, minor external cares disappear. Life loses its monotony and one begins to live.

'My mind to me a kingdom is!' I should hate to have a kingdom and get no fun out of it!

DOWN THE DANUBE

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

As a girl I dreamed of one day floating down the Danube to some continuous waltz magic woven by its blue waters and the shore birds and breezes. I would glide between lush meadows, where boy shepherds blew their reed-flutes and girl shepherdesses wound their spindles as they tended their goats and pigs; down past the green fields of the Banat, through the Iron Gates of Roumania, to the very Southeastern Sea.

And after the great reaping of dreams and terrors, in this post-war summer of 1920, one pearl-gray morning in Budapest, my dream seemed about to come true. I was standing in one of the handsome granite alcoves of the mounting parapet of Buda Hill, my eye sweeping the four long bridges that span the great river, and past them to Pest, the mist-dimmed city of towers and domes on the farther stream-side, when my

tall, blue-eyed, weather-browned friend D——, American Relief representative in Hungary, appeared beside me in the carven archway framing my picture.

‘Old Francis Joseph knew how to do some things,’ he said, with a hand-wave toward the mounting stairways and galleries of the hill-face and the massive stone palace crowning it. ‘I wonder if he is looking down from his immortal parapet on this gift to free Hungary,’ he laughed; ‘and on the other stone-heaps he spent his life piling up for free Croatia and free Czecho-Slovakia, and free Herzegovina, and all the rest. I fancy he’s gripping his balustrade pretty hard to keep from falling off in an eternal rage over the strange, staying powers of granite! — Sorry, I have no good news,’ — he turned swiftly, — ‘but, from all I can gather, the Polish frontier will continue hermetically sealed for ten days, and the Jugo-Slav railway strike seems established as a normal condition. You are blocked north and south: no Warsaw, no Belgrade, unless’ — he paused a moment — ‘you care to chance the river. It looks inviting enough, down there in the sunlight, does n’t it? — calm, broad-sweeping, mysterious, silently writing history, as it has written it for ages. See, just beyond where the mist is lifting from the chestnut trees of the Pest boulevards, how heavily weighted with flower-spikes they are; this is Budapest’s month of months. All of which should persuade you not to take this’ — he drew a yellow ticket from his vest pocket; ‘regular passenger boats are not running; but there happens to be a fairly decent little one setting off for Belgrade at ten to-night, expecting to reach there by seven to-morrow evening. I just succeeded in reserving this last obtainable place, though in the hope that you would not want it.’

But I did want it, and at ten D——

went with me down to the quay, where, in the dim light, we could just distinguish the old-fashioned side-wheeler, piled high at both ends with nondescript freight. We crossed on a narrow plank to the deck, where, covering all its space, lay weary men and women and children. Dark-skinned Slavs for the most part, many with red or yellow kerchiefs about head or shoulders, they lay or leaned or crouched in the shadow, dumbly patient, just thankful, as they huddled there, to be moving on at last.

I threaded my way among them, D—— helping me, to a tiny cabin at the bow of the boat. He peered apprehensively into the rude room.

‘Still bent on seeing it through?’ And then, quickly deciding that I was, he added cheerily, ‘Well, you’ve only a night and a day of it, and the day ought to be comfortable enough. You have but one change — at Baia, at nine in the morning. Best luck!’

Steam was up; a sailor hurried him off. We strained at the worn ropes, and then glided softly into the night stream. I was alone with the densely herded human freight.

I walked down my narrow corridor and looked over the sea of dark faces drooping on shoulders or pillowed on odd bundles of poor precious possessions. Serb, Greek, Bulgar, Croatian, Roumanian, so lately thrust by sinister forces one against the other, were lying peacefully enough now in the close fraternity of a mortal fatigue, inert as driftwood tossed on the beach after the storm. And more poignantly eloquent than the apostrophe of a Dante or a Keats was the gratitude for the recurring respite of oblivion written in the relaxed shoulder, the drop of the thin arm over the bundle, the heavy eyelid. They were sleeping; I, too, would sleep. I took off my hat and stretched out on my narrow bunk.

II

D—— had said cheerily, 'No change except at Baia at nine'; but about five o'clock I heard a boatman calling, and peered out, to see the human mass shaking itself into activity. We were to be left here on the river-bank, to be picked up later by some other boat; this one was recalled to Budapest.

I was not surprised. One gets accustomed, in Europe, in these days, and especially in the East, to being suddenly dropped at any hour at any point on the map. At best, traveling means patching a way out of bits of active parts. I had long since discarded all luggage but a little handbag and a pair of saddle-bags that I could throw over my shoulder. These I picked up, and then squeezed in and along with the motley Slavic company to the rough river wharf, where I looked about for some person who could speak a Western language, — perhaps German or French, — of whom I might ask information, if I needed it.

I found him, or rather them, a little apart from the crowd, deep in talk. As I dropped my bag nearby, Herr A——, a Viennese of middle-age, thin, and wearing a neat but worn checked suit, was saying to a heavier-set, dark-eyed Serb engineer, —

'No, nor should I have chosen this interminable river; but after waiting two weeks on the railway strike, I was ready to board a barrel. Just when I had pulled my steel plant into shape again and could say to you Serbians, "I'll take orders," you shut the door! But I'll carry this contract to Belgrade,' he laughed, tapping an inner pocket, 'if I have to swim there. And if your government signs, it will mean bridge-and-rail parts for Jugo-Slavia, and life for us both!'

'Voici! Votre espoir!' — The Serb pointed to a dingy little craft pulling in

toward our patient group on the wharf. And turning to bow and pick up my bag, 'Allow us, madame. I hope you have known the river before. The war has laid its blighting hand here as elsewhere. However,' he added cheerily, 'some day will see another sparkling fleet plying its waters, though' — and his voice saddened — 'outside capital will have to set it afloat, England's capital probably; her companies are working hardest to win the prize, for prize it undoubtedly is.'

By six we were in mid-stream again, without solace of coffee, but cheered to see the banks gliding away in our rear.

'I can understand your reopening your mill doors,' the Serb continued; 'but I cannot understand where you are getting the iron and coke to take in through them.'

'Iron? My dear fellow, ploughs to shells, and then shells back to ploughs; that is one transmutation that persists through the ages. Yesterday it happened to be ploughshares to shells; to-day I reverse the process.'

The bundle-bearing voyagers were settling themselves for another sleep, though the dissolving river mists were just beginning to unveil charming glimpses of velvety green fields dotted with low-hooded, thatched farm cottages.

'But coke?' the Serb persisted.

'Simple enough. Your government tempts Czecho-Slovakia with golden wheat; Czecho-Slovakia delivers coke to my mill; I deliver steel parts to Belgrade.'

'You observe that we are back again at the beginning, madame,' — he smiled half-cynically, half-whimsically, — 'at the simple, primal business of bartering and coöperation.'

They elaborated possibilities of coöperation all the way to Baia, the Hungarian-Jugo-Slav border port. There I had expected to see a town; but I

found nothing but a primitive wharf platform and a rude shed or two; the village lay some distance away, at the base of low hills. We tried not to look what we felt, as, crowding off, we realized that breakfast would remain again but an expectation.

Before we were well ashore a flock of frontier officials swooped down upon us, with their 'high treason for all of you' gesture. There is something comic in the almost hysterical officiousness of these guards of the new nations, if one has saved from the wreckage enough of one's sense of humor to see it. I watched the near hurly-burly, and the dumb, patient line of victims, stretching from the dingy little boat into the sheds. Well, probably these young nations would calm down, once they were fairly certain of being able ever to grow up.

And then my turn came. 'My bag? Yes, look through it.' I knew that I carried neither the forbidden paper money of neighboring countries, nor tobacco.

'To the next shed, madame; your passport will be returned only after a personal search.'

'But I am exempt from search. I have all sorts of official papers; that is a special, a diplomatic passport.'

'Macht nichts!' my fiercely moustached inspector shouted, with a grandiloquent gesture, waving me again toward the shed.

Gold seals of America! I bit my lip, realizing the possible high cost of laughter. But I stood firm, determined not to submit to this indignity (I had gone through with it once at the electric fence barring Belgium from Holland), from which my papers clearly protected me; determined also not to lose the few life-saving American bank-notes I carried. I knew that a week earlier an American had been stripped of his.

But unhappily resistance and argument seemed to be gaining me nothing, nor could the efforts of my kind friends,

caught in their own net, extricate me from mine. In the stifling little shed, gradually the interest of all other patient victims focused upon me. A sad-eyed, black-haired woman, wearing a yellow kerchief crossed gracefully over her breast, nodded her support.

I turned to them all; could not someone get a message to the village burgomaster? How helpless one was! If I could but connect with Vienna or Belgrade, matters would be settled at once.

'It is enraging, madame, but I am afraid your case is hopeless. They intend to hold your passport.' The Viennese stood beside me.

Then suddenly I remembered a slip of paper in my bag, which I had forgotten on this river-trip because I was so far from headquarters. Its few type-written lines stated that I was associated with the American Relief Administration; it had been signed, hastily, by Herbert Hoover.

'I wonder if that would help?' I said, as I slipped it into Herr A——'s hand.

He hurried off to the adjoining shed, and in what seemed no time, there where we seemed to have lost all count of time, he returned, accompanied by an official whom I had not before seen, who bowed ceremoniously, — the tired crowd pressed forward, — as he offered me my passport. 'Will madame honor me by accepting it?' And would I honor them — brushing back the crowd as he pulled forward the one desk-chair — by being seated? Unfortunately no breakfast was to be had. But he hoped venders would arrive shortly from the village with baskets of bread for sale. And unfortunately he must announce that a message had just been received, saying that the rail strike had spread to the river. He could not say if we would be carried farther. But if a boat should come for us, he would inform the captain at once that I was

a passenger, that everything possible might be done for my comfort.

I forgot my reply; I recall only grasping my precious passport, and dropping into the chair, and being glad for my friends that their anxiety was at an end.

The word passed from lip to lip, — 'Hoover,' — and then we were silent before the fact and its significance. When would arbiters of the fate of peoples understand? Naturally, during the war years I had had experience and knew of others' experience in the potency of what that name represented. But somehow, in the midst of this forlorn little bundle-bearing company, stranded on a remote bank of the Danube, its triumph over all high seals and ribbons seemed almost uncanny.

III

The morning was nearly gone. We went down to the river's edge to look again for a boat. This time there were five of us, for we had been joined by a keen-eyed Hungarian on a mission to Sofia, and an elderly officer, once a colonel high in the Austrian army, and now without a profession, though he still wore, carefully protected by a shabby overcoat, a long buff-colored army dress-coat with silver buttons, his pride three decades ago.

The colonel had presented himself with a deep bow. 'I have the honor, madame; Ukrainian born, I became a naturalized Austrian citizen, bringing up my family in the beautiful Hungarian Banat region. This morning,' — he drew a picture of a wife and three children from his buff coat-pocket, — 'thanks to the benign decree of an all-wise Peace Conference, I present to you my family of Jugo-Slavs! I desert this good friend from Vienna,' he laughed, slapping Herr R — on the back, 'to join this good brother from Belgrade!'

He took off his worn colonel's dress hat, and carefully rubbed the dust from it with his sleeve.

'No boat in sight, madame.'

Nothing stirred on the broad river as it basked in the bright noontide light.

'And, what is infinitely sadder, no breakfast in sight!'

'True,' said the Serb; 'but since we must either swim or wait, why not make a merry waiting of it? Madame, at least, has a chair; we can improvise some others and a table out here in the open — the air in the shed chokes one.' And they set about it.

While they worked I prepared a surprise. I still had, tucked away at the bottom of my bag, an emergency supply: a dozen lumps of sugar, a tiny tin of Sterno, and a few ounces of George Washington coffee. And when they triumphantly* announced the table achieved, I set my store in the middle of it. With a shout one ran to dip a little pan of water from the river; we lighted the Sterno with as great care as if it had been an altar-lamp, and settled ourselves in a circle around it, each with his traveler's cup set in anticipation before him. And warming to the prospective drink, we made a further exchange of visiting cards, and passed around again the pictures of those dear to us.

While we chatted, an unfortunate breeze had sprung up, and I watched the diminishing Sterno and the little pan with growing concern. The colonel, who had never taken his eye from the vagrant flame; was the first to share my anxiety. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, all but upsetting us as he did so. 'Madame, I have it. I have been in America once; we have forgotten something!' And he ran down to the bank, where he found four large flat stones. These he cleverly arranged in the middle of the table. — 'A camp-fire, madame!' Setting the Sterno

inside his rocky wind-screen, 'Now, cups ready!' he cried. Then followed the bubbling and the spooning of the precious powder, and the passing of the sugar. I shall not forget how the colonel's fingers closed over his particular lump. We drank to a happier day for all the countries represented, past and present, and to the clarified future of the whole bewildered world!

Herr A—— set his cup carefully before him.

'You were amused, madame, over the colonel's checkered career in citizenship. I wonder what you will think of that of my family. There were six of us, brothers and sisters, all particularly close, and all happily married, devoted Austrians. To-day one brother finds himself in Czecho-Slovakia, another is a Jugo-Slav. One of my sisters, living in Temesval as a Hungarian, had to go to Vienna for an operation. After six months she returned to find Temesval Serbian. Later, she went to Vienna again for six months, returning this time to Temesval in Roumania! Of six, I am the only Austrian left; our inseparable family belongs to-day to six rival nations!'

'But will not such family ties influence the rivalries of nations?' I asked.

'Possibly—a very little—for a generation,' he smiled sadly.

'That reminds me,' said the Serb, 'of my Belgrade friend, who hates the Italian more than most Jugo-Slavs hate him. In fact, he came to the capital from his home somewhere near Fiume, because he thought he could help to check him better there. And then he woke up one morning in Belgrade, to find his home acres declared Italian!'

'That is why'—the colonel rose and bowed elaborately—'I present myself, Jugo-Slav for to-day!'

'You are right,' the Hungarian broke in, while I prepared a second exciting cup all round. 'You will soon

be again a Hungarian, for Hungary is bound to recover the Banat. You saw the crape still hanging from our flags and above our church-doors at Budapest. It will hang there until we regain enough of our productive land to feed ourselves.' He leaned toward me to whisper, 'And to you I can confide, madame, we see our opportunity coming. Only let Communism be set up in Belgrade and Bucharest, and we will walk over these borders of error and take back at least a part of what belongs to us.'

Poor, tired, excited man: he saw it all happening just that way. And I did not doubt that we had some of the fomenters of his Communism in the crowded customs shed, bound along with us for beyond Baia. As he talked of mobilization, I remembered that there were not enough bandages or disinfectants in the Hungarian hospitals to care for a handful of wounded.

Our Belgrade engineer had been listening intently. 'You will be interested to know,' he said quietly, 'that on my recent errand to Budapest, where I went to contract for skilled workmen for Serbia, and, incidentally, where I was surprised by the numbers begging to be allowed to sign up, I took especial pains to leave your own Communists with you. Of the last one hundred and fifty laborers applying I accepted fifty.'

He looked out across the river, drained his cup, and continued, 'Yes, you must have a certain area of production, a certain potential wealth, if you are to exist at all as a nation. But you want more than you need; Serbia wants more than she needs; all nations want more than is good for them. Restricted territory, greater cohesion, a happier history, is my slogan. But I belong to an unpopular minority. In this post-war chaos few see far. What have we won with our Greater Serbia? Our

Jugo-Slav state? Croatia and Slovenia envy Belgrade her political leadership; we've got the Moslem problem with Herzegovina and Bosnia; we've got the peril of Italian ambition. Greater Serbia may be a big idea, but to my mind she would have been happier small.'

'Talk that way to Poland,' the colonel laughed. 'Look at her now. We should be mourning to-day over what will most surely happen to-morrow unless she draws that victorious army in. Pilsudski is a great general, but either he or his Warsaw party has lost balance. Has anything ever been able to stand against the mass power of Russia? The Poles will pay the inevitable price of chauvinism.'

'But Poland claims that she is n't trying imperialistically to widen her territory — only to protect it by helping White Russia and Ukrainia to independence. Is n't it imperative that she secure herself through some such buffer states against the peril of the East?' I asked.

'She needs more to be turning her energy onto her own vast plains crying for development; the other thing is too dangerously near an attempt to extend them.'

'Yes, Poland will pay,' Herr A — said; 'but there is too much basic power and genius in the Polish race to be crushed by one, or several, failures. Some day those great plains' millions will strike a steadier pace; Poland will 'ziz-zag on to a brilliant future.'

'Yes, but that is all aside from these river plains' — the Hungarian pointed toward them; 'they are my people's natural feeding ground, we starve without them.'

His eye followed the stream.

'Sight a boat,' said the colonel, 'and you'll soon be feeding in Belgrade — or Sofia, if you prefer. Gentlemen, on this you will all agree: had the all-

wise Council but arranged for a few more plebiscites, our individual and collective troubles would have died before birth. Madame, you should be able to judge impartially — you have been looking on the practical workings of that inspired plebiscite theory — write a true volume and evoke sardonic laughter. Of course, we must admit that any council, however supreme, would necessarily have muddled some geography; and that minor matters, such, for instance, as whether people could meet together at all in certain mountainous regions innocent of all means of transportation, to express their common will, might be easily lost sight of. The leaving of Poland surrounded chiefly by a ring of festering plebiscite sores might also be explained, and so on, and so on. But why follow down the amusing list? However our opinions vary, we all recognize one fact, and that is that what was needed was for some group of men of average intelligence and average sense of justice to mark off the new frontiers and announce that they were the best possible under the impossible circumstances, and then order everybody to work! That's what the people really wanted; that's what they want to-day — to have things settled, so they can get to work. However, madame,' — with another of his delicious mocking gestures, he slipped a packet from an inside pocket, — 'one can continue to be happy despite even plebiscites. Who knows that there may not after all be even something to be said for a varied repertoire in national hymns? Once I was a colonel in the Austrian army; now I trade in these.' He spread about a dozen rare postage-stamps on the table. 'And at least these will do more for my wife and my children than the pension we tried to run six months ago.'

He swept them back into his pocket.

IV

Under the slanting rays of the four-o'clock sun we watched the last flickering of the Sterno and the last scraping of coffee-dust from the can; but as yet we saw no fleck of an approaching boat on the river. And finally the men rejoined the weary, patient crowd in the shed. About five o'clock one of them came hurrying back, to announce that a boat was reported on its way to us—we would be carried as far as Belgrade, the last company to move forward; for the river-rail tie-up was complete.

It was an ancient, odd-looking little side-wheeler that ran in alongside the wharf shortly afterwards, and a tired-looking, light-haired, blue-eyed young captain who stepped ashore.

He presented himself: 'Madame, I apologize for the boat, but it is the best I can offer. I had to set off on an hour's notice, so I took what there was. We have, unfortunately, neither lights nor compass, nor food nor water, though I hope to pick up something to eat on the way. Nor is there a cabin of any sort for you. I would be honored to offer you mine, but I have been three nights without sleep and I cannot. I will get you to Belgrade—that is all I can promise.'

He bowed and went back to his wheel.

We found one big general room, with tables and stools, into which the motley throng herded, beginning, as quickly as they could fall into seats, saving games of cards, or letting their heads fall upon their arms as they sank again into swift sleep. As dusk fell, a sailor stuck three candles into the mouths of bottles and set them on tables, and their faint glimmering through the thick air fell strangely on the silent, packed company, apparently entirely oblivious whether this were boat or train or wharf-shed; bent on just one thing, on for-

getting where they were. The air soon became unbreathable, and our small group pushed out through the narrow door and up to an open deck-space back of the captain's wheel. Here we found a few benches between the two frail lifeboats, one swung on the port and one on the starboard side. Clouds were rapidly blotting out the early evening stars; occasional light flurries of rain wet our faces, but we determined to spend the night in the open.

'Unless there is a storm, and that seems improbable, we'll come through decently enough,' Herr A—— said; 'with the real darkness our captain will anchor in some sheltered spot; for since the war, boats have not traveled this sinuous river at night; and after dark, this one, with neither compass nor light, will not budge until dawn.'

We were just then passing a series of the odd ark-shaped floating flour-mills, familiar to Danube travelers, and an occasional dusty miller appeared on an extending platform, to watch us chug by. Off in quiet fields herds of sheep and pigs massed darkly in the gathering dusk. We began tramping up and down our few square yards of space as if they were the long deck-stretch of an ocean liner.

'Serbia is the land of pigs and prunes. You know that, madame? Progress depended on her being able to market the pigs across her borders. But Austria, through her pet system of differential customs, managed to bless and prosper the pigs of Hungary, calling across to Serbia, "Eat your own." Now, while the wise men have been discoursing on this or that remote and profound origin of the war, madame, the plain and near fact is that the cause was pigs!'

'The colonel may be further from wrong than we think,' the Serb laughed.

A sickle moon slipped out from under a cloud-rack, and then as quickly slipped under another.

'I wonder where we are to anchor?'

Herr A—— broke the silence.

'It doesn't look much as if the captain were wondering,' the colonel answered.

And certainly we were pushing on through the drizzle and the dark.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock — we were thoroughly chilled and increasingly anxious. The men, after a brief conference, chose the Hungarian to question the captain as to why he was proceeding against all custom and caution.

And just then the captain appeared.

'I am distressed for you, madame; I have only this hospitality to extend,' — he offered me a precious candle, — 'and to say that I have improvised a sort of cot below, where you can at least stretch out, if you will.' And he hurried aft, leaving our question unasked.

If I went below, the men might crowd with the others in the big room where they could at least dry out. I decided to find my way to the cot.

'This is just about the spot, madame,' Herr A—— said, as I was turning to climb down, 'where the two large passenger boats collided a few years ago — here in mid-stream, in the night. One of them went to the bottom in five minutes — most of the passengers caught like rats in their cabins —'

'A pretty tale,' I laughed, 'to cheer a stranger on her way down to a dark pit in a tub like this!'

'Who knows — our happy company may meet again before morning' — the colonel had the last word always. 'However, you are wise to go down, madame; in the end, legs and back, young or old, imperiously demand something flat. May you repose!'

Down I climbed and, by the candle's light, stumbled onto my cot in a low, squarish, cell-like place at the bottom of a narrow stairway. As I took off my hat, determined to snatch what sleep I could, I recalled my girlhood Blue Danube dream and laughed. Then I slept.

I must have been lying inert about half an hour when, suddenly, a terrific crunching and crashing threw me to my feet. I remembered the narrow stairway and leaped toward it, but already outstretched arms barred my way.

'You cannot pass, madame,' a voice said through the blackness. — I could hear the crying above me, a confused shouting and rushing about. — 'There is no danger, but each must remain where he is.'

'A hole! We are sinking!' someone screamed.

'I will obey every order of the captain once I am up where I can breathe,' I answered, as I beat my way under the outstretched arm; 'but I refuse to stifle here.'

I felt sure that my companions were trying to find me in our chosen place on the top deck. And somehow, through the surging, helpless human mass, I fought my way foot by foot to the place, asking, when I could hold someone, 'Do you speak German? Can you tell me what has happened?'

But they could not speak it, or did not know. We seemed to be listing, but were otherwise motionless. As I beat my way upward, I could hear above all the tumult the captain shouting, and answering shouts through the blackness.

At last I gained the upper level, and then four tiny lights showed a long, dark boat that had crashed against us in a sidewise collision. Our upper starboard railing and its amusing little lifeboat lay splintered on the deck. Obviously the big boat was safe, and so close that I could have stepped across to her. I tried to, but a sailor pulled me back.

My comrades had not yet found me, and I could not distinguish faces in the night. The captains were shouting

more and more angrily, and despite the rain and confusion, I could see that the big, black, safe boat was slowly extricating herself and pulling away from us.

'After four crossings of the sub-marined ocean, how stupid to be caught in a river-trap!' I said to myself. 'If only my friends would find me and I could know what to expect!'

And just then the Hungarian caught my arm. 'At last, madame; I hope you have not been too anxious. I have not been able to find out the exact damage, but there is not a big hole or we should already be at the bottom. Our captain's steaming ahead in this impenetrable blackness was criminal enough; but that other captain is either drunk or a fool. He was pulling six boats and had swung the whole cable procession across the river, in such a way that anything else moving either up or down must inevitably crash into it. Part of his cable is wound around our prow and in our propeller; if the impact had n't somehow swung him around against our side, we should have no chance. You can still see his lights off there at the left where he is trying to recover his train. Our sailors have a lantern now and are trying to find out just what our condition is. I'll follow them if you will wait here, and report to you in a few minutes.'

As he moved away in the darkness, I heard a cheery voice close beside me: 'Ah, madame, have we indeed succeeded in disengaging ourselves from our too-friendly neighbors of an hour ago? I have been searching for you everywhere in this crying crowd, but vainly. I do not affect the midnight bath but—'

The Hungarian was back: 'Nothing definite yet —'

His sentence broke, as he turned us swiftly toward the port side.

We saw with horror that the evil boat had turned: instead of proceed-

ing upstream she was heading straight toward us and must inevitably strike us amidships. Others saw, and again the night was filled with shouts and running and screams; and above all again our captain's voice battled with the distance. Would the oncoming captain hear? The ship would strike us at right angles.

'Madame, I am a fair swimmer,' the Hungarian said; 'M. V—— is a better one. If you will place your arms so,' — they quietly gave me the position, — 'we should be able to help you. Our main chance is in keeping cool.'

What unutterable folly, what madness on the part of both ships! On she came, — we shuddered in our impotence, — the captain shouted hoarsely now, desperately.

'You're in a strange country, madame, but we'll see you through —'

Only a few yards away and still heading directly amidships — and then, or I should not be telling about it, our frantic captain's voice did carry across, the other did hear and slow down. We steeled ourselves for the impact — a dull thud, and we were partly thrust sideways, partly lifted from the water, then settled down again, the imprecations of the accusing captains filling the air.

By this time our nerves were frayed. The men determined to take matters into their own hands, for we seemed indeed at the mercy of madmen. Hastily the Hungarian was again chosen to go to our captain to demand a clear statement of our condition, and a promise that under no circumstances were we to move another yard until dawn.

'No hole,' he reported; 'the upper walls are crushed, the engines damaged, the sailors have already unwound a heavy cable from the prow and are working on the propeller. But the captain insists that he must move as

soon as he can repair his engines; for his plight is desperate here in the darkness, in midstream, at the mercy of the current. If the sailors succeed (and Serbian sailors are geniuses when it comes to patching up damage), he will move forward to some anchoring-point, and wait for the dawn.'

'Are we not, indeed, to enjoy a midnight, but, perhaps, a morning bath?' a familiar laugh cut across the report.

And then we waited. We could hear the calls of the sailors below struggling with the cable, and catch an occasional flash of their lantern through the drizzle. The evil boat was now well off again and apparently safely lost to us in the blackness ahead. What hours it seemed in the chill and dark before we felt the straining of the engines, and heard the slow crunching and grinding of the crippled propeller! We were moving! But to anchor or to new perils? We stood still enough now, listening, peering. Long hours, it seemed; but it was really not later than three o'clock when the engines stopped again and we could hear the boatman making ready to drop anchor.

In the drizzle we waited for the dawn, while the sailors worked steadily on engines and propeller. I was surprised to see, with the first faint light, instead of the low river-banks of the afternoon before, high bleak cliffs on our right. I shivered as I thought back to the darkness.

By five we were again in motion in midstream.

'Had we but saved the coffee-can, madame!' (The colonel was taking a morning constitutional.)

We had traveled quietly enough about an hour down the broad river, shimmering under the early sunshine, when again sudden cries and shouts to the captain to stop cut the stillness, as the crowd surged toward the stern of the battered boat. 'Man overboard!'

Yet the captain did not hear, and we were leaving the unfortunate there struggling in the midstream current. A prisoner, escaped from his guard, he was, who had taken his one chance for freedom, and now found his hope to gain the barren shore vain.

At last the captain understood, and managed to turn the boat sharply about and hurry upstream. We watched the dark head rise and sink again and again below the water. Then we stopped to lower our one remaining frail lifeboat; tired sailors manned it, and searched for over half an hour, to return with only a cap.

The captain looked a ghost as he stood aloof from us all, waiting for them. As we furtively watched him, not one of us had the heart to hold against him our night's experience. Like so many others in those sad, war-tortured lands, he was underfed and overworked, too wrecked in body to be wise.

A little later in the morning, the colonel stopped in his promenade beside me. 'You may have been too disturbed to realize it, madame, but you have been favored, on this voyage, with a vivid illustration of the method of progress our eager new Ships of State seem to have adopted. Their captains of helpless millions are no less mortal or ignorant or selfish than these two on whose mercy we have hung. Their state ships have set out as swiftly and as unprepared for the journey as this one that has all but given way under us. Their captains have n't had time to learn that they can't have the river to themselves. And their millions are for the most part as unconscious of what is carrying them and whither as our weary patient herd below. You were right when you said you had not the heart to charge the captain with our pleasant evening. He clearly has n't been able to pull himself together

after the demoralizing years. He may get hold of his business only after a few crashes in the dark. And, personally, I can't blame the traveler for being bewildered and unrealizing. During five years the whole universe has seemed to topple about him; the miracle is that captain or people attempt the river at all. I shall smile till the end, madame; but the universe has fallen about me, too. One must have been through it with them to measure what even dumbly reëmbarking means.'

He continued his marching.

I recalled what a San Franciscan responsible for the feeding of the people of parts of Macedonia and Southern Serbia had recently said to me. For about six months he had been handling the only relief food-supplies in that region. 'In the beginning I talked like most newcomers,' he said: 'I was impatient with the poor service I got in my offices, with the endless delays, the ineffective work. "I could put an average American on that job and get it finished in three hours; here I'm lucky if it is done in three days," I often complained. And now I can't tell you how it gets on my nerves to hear an echo of my own criticism. Now I know what they are getting to eat and what they are not getting. I can't yet make out how any one of them has come through the five years of hunger

and snow and dread. Just one thing is perfectly clear to me, and that is that I could n't pull off one solid hour's work a day on their stomachs. I've come almost to considering any page of book-keeping they hand me as a sort of old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting testimony of spiritual victory.'

The bleak cliffs had given place again to flowery fields, the whole river vista was growing increasingly lovely, enlivened now occasionally by picturesque shore villages. When we steamed up alongside one of them, I saw the colonel hurry ashore, to return with an exquisite cluster of wild-grown lilies of the valley which he had bought of a little girl. As he offered them to me, smiling and bowing low, I caught the swift look that passed between the other men of our group — they were making silent count of his possible remaining pennies. Then I was aware of a certain mistiness in their eyes as in my own.

Toward sunset we caught our first glimpse of Belgrade — Beo-grad, the White City, wide-flung along the low bases of hills, and brightly gleaming down upon us.

'There is more of the river if you like, madame,' the Serb laughed; 'spectacular beauty beyond, and the famous Iron Gates. But the White City invites and welcomes you.'

LIGHT ON THE JAPANESE QUESTION

BY HENRY WALSWORTH KINNEY

I

A FEW months ago two emeritus professors of great universities in the United States visited Japan, at the same time and under much the same circumstances, both being members of 'missions' which had gone to study conditions and to assist in furthering friendly relations between the United States and the Land of the Chrysanthemum. On their return, one, an Easterner, stated that within twenty years Japan will become one of the world's great democracies; and democracy, at least as far as the Orient is concerned, is entirely a Western idea. The other, a Westerner, said emphatically, 'The two civilizations can never mingle. The Japanese cannot and will not understand our civilization.'

In questions of race, prejudice and a tendency to form conclusions from incomplete data are probably more conspicuous than in almost any other inquiry. This is true even in cases where length of the period of contact between the white and some other race and the presence of a large number of members of the latter make possible accurate deductions from established facts, as, for instance, in the case of the North American negro. In considering the case of Asiatics, where contact is comparatively uncommon and where the history of such contact is of but short duration, the conclusions reached as to the desirability or non-desirability of the races from the other side of the Pacific have often been determined

practically entirely by fear of the economic effect of the presence in large numbers of these people in the United States, rather than by — and often to the entire exclusion of — consideration of their inherent merits or defects, and, more particularly, of their capacity for absorption of American civilizations and ideals, and the consequent disappearance of the low living standards which form the principal basis of apprehension on economic grounds.

This is particularly well illustrated in the extreme West — probably the only part of the Union where dislike of the Oriental has become virulent. Originally directed against the Chinese, this feeling was transferred to the Japanese when these succeeded the former as what is considered a dangerous economic factor. Various steps were taken to exclude the Japanese, a workable solution being apparently found in the 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' and we thus saw, during several decades, the rather anomalous condition wherein the United States on the one hand admitted with great freedom members of various European nations, many of whom were known to possess diverse undesirable traits, while, on the other hand, every possible step was taken to exclude the law-abiding Japanese. The Japanese is industrious, frugal, ambitious, and desirous of developing land where he may establish himself and raise a family, all these being characteristics which are ordinarily considered

important desiderata for citizenship; but they have, in his case, been the very points which have militated against him. While every means is employed to induce European immigrants to become American citizens as rapidly as possible, the gain of such citizenship by American-born Japanese is regarded with repugnance and distrust.

This feeling against allowing the Japanese to enjoy the privileges which have been so cordially extended to other nationals, has been given expression in two allegations, one based on purely economic grounds and the other on the belief that he is not, because of racial and national characteristics, capable of absorbing American ideals and standards. Of these the first is the easier to deal with, as data are closer at hand, and the subject is far more tangible than the second point, where circumstances have not often been such as to permit a comprehensive and impartial judgment.

An ideal opportunity for investigation is, however, offered by the Territory of Hawaii, where the various races live side by side in proportions and numbers sufficient to provide excellent conditions for 'melting-pot' experimentation, and because an honest attempt has been made there to solve the race-question by blending into one solid American community a heterogeneous mass of people of various races and nationalities. These include Polyynesians, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, and Europeans, — particularly Portuguese and Spaniards, — the leaven being a comparatively small, but decidedly influential, group of Americans. The fact that in Hawaii the color-line is drawn far less rigidly than in any other community, giving the individual an opportunity to advance almost entirely on his personal merits and capacity, unhampered by race-prejudice, lends to the results of

the efforts made in Hawaii a peculiar value. Briefly, if a group of any race or nationality cannot in Hawaii demonstrate its capacity for American citizenship, its case may well be considered hopeless, as there it meets with every opportunity for expressing its potentialities. If, on the other hand, it makes in Hawaii a satisfactory showing, this may be taken as proof that it can develop this capacity elsewhere if fair and proper opportunity be afforded.

The mainland of the United States at present fails to offer favorable conditions for the solution of the question of Japanese capacity for American citizenship, as the Western States, where almost the whole of the Japanese population is found, are, for economic and political reasons, openly hostile to the Japanese, who are forced to herd together, to unite for common protection and promotion of common interests. It is impossible to decide in such circumstances whether they are capable of being assimilated and of intermingling with the rest of the people forming the American nation. The fact that they are at present gregarious in communities of their own, that they have not intermarried with persons of other blood, and have not formed a more integral part of the community life, may indicate that they are incapable of absorption: but, again, it may not — for they have never had a chance to do so.

Hawaii, however, is a country sufficiently small to render a survey comparatively easy, and yet possessing a mixture of racial and national ingredients sufficiently large to produce results on a collective basis. In other words, in Hawaii may be seen a laboratory experiment in racial blending and in the development of rising generations of most variegated parentage toward American ideals and citizenship. This seems to offer the only opportunity to secure reliable data.

The Hawaiian racial experiment began under peculiarly felicitous conditions, which undoubtedly have influenced its entire subsequent history. The Hawaiians, a Polynesian people, not abundantly civilized, although strongly developed along certain lines, had reached the point where they had tired of the arbitrary and often senseless restrictions of their *tabu* system, and were therefore in a most receptive state when the American missionaries established themselves among them about a century ago. Among these missionaries were several rather remarkable men, products of the best New England civilization of the day, who, partly, no doubt, because the natives were in absolute control, but mainly because of the superior qualities of the Hawaiians, undertook to lead them in the direction of Anglo-Saxon civilization on a basis of racial equality. The natives were extremely receptive, and their honesty, kindness, generosity, and entire lack of viciousness—though they have certain weaknesses—led to a common community life between the two races, in which the color-line was virtually non-existent. The peculiar circumstance that the missionaries and their descendants, still imbued with the spirit of their fathers, became the secular powers of the land, contributed to the continuance of the relations established in the early days, and this condition has remained practically unchanged; though in late years a large influx of new-comers, especially military forces, unacquainted with the traditions and established point of view in the Islands, has tended to some extent to influence the old, ideal relations.

As the Islands developed industrially, especially with the growth of the sugar plantations, it became necessary to import labor from abroad. The first laborers imported were South Sea Islanders; but as these people have

almost entirely disappeared, having been sent home when their contracts expired, they need not be considered here.

Later, the planters went further afield for contract labor, and great numbers of Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, Koreans, Porto Ricans, Spaniards, and Filipinos were imported, in about the order named. The four last mentioned were resorted to only after annexation of Hawaii by the United States caused the application of the Exclusion Act, which prevented further importation of Chinese, while the 'Gentlemen's Agreement' which followed put an end to the importation of Japanese laborers.

The Hawaiian Islands have, as a result, a population estimated in the Governor's report for 1919 as follows:—

HAWAIIAN	22,600
PART HAWAIIAN	16,660
PORTUGUESE	25,000
SPANIARDS	2,400
PORTO RICANS	5,400
OTHER CAUCASIANS	31,000
CHINESE	22,800
JAPANESE	110,000
FILIPINOS	22,000
ALL OTHERS	5 800
Total	263,660

The 'Other Caucasians' are mainly Americans, a large number of whom are connected with military and naval establishments.

Under existing laws, some of the immigrants included in the above tabulation have a right to American citizenship when they possess the usual qualifications therefor; the children of all of them, when born in Hawaii, are legally Americans by birth, quite as much as if they were born in Boston and could trace their descent direct to the Pilgrim Fathers.

The alternative confronting Hawaii, particularly since the Hawaiian-born progeny of Oriental races became sufficiently numerous to point very clearly

to the day when it was bound to become a political factor of decided force, was, therefore, either to draw the race-line and suffer each race to develop separately, or to attempt to blend the various ingredients into one harmonious American citizenry. The latter course was chosen, if, indeed, it can be said that any choice was exercised at all; for the development of the problem was so gradual that at no particular time did those in control find themselves confronted with the necessity of providing an immediate solution. It was inevitable that this course should be followed; first, because it was the natural course, after the color-line had been ignored in many years of intercourse with the Hawaiians; second, because it followed the path of least resistance, as the presence of the Asiatics not only did not create any serious economic question, except in isolated cases, but, on the contrary, solved the labor question, which was soluble only through their presence; for, in spite of much theorizing to the contrary, bitter experience has amply demonstrated to the Hawaiian planters that the white man absolutely will not work on the plantations; and third, because, if the races were allowed to develop, each along its own lines, apart from the other constituent parts of the community, an utterly impossible political situation would result within a few years, when the Hawaiian-born Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, and others would naturally form political groups of their own, contending with the Hawaiian white population for control.

Leaving out of the question all ethical, moral, and altruistic considerations, Hawaii had no alternative, and the Islands embarked vigorously and wholeheartedly on their great inter-racial, international mixing experiment. While some other countries have populations as variegated as has Hawaii, no one of

them has by force of circumstance been led to try deliberately to melt them together as Hawaii is trying to do: and consequently the world will do well to consider the results of this great human experiment, as it may obtain from them data applicable to the large racial problems which now confront it, and which will become more and more urgent as the populous countries of Asia develop and with increasing insistence demand the right of equality and the right to spread over the earth.

II

The most potent factor militating against the success of the Hawaiian experiment was, and is still to a great extent, the tendency to group members of each race and nationality by themselves. Thus the big plantations have Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Portuguese, Spanish and Filipino camps, each of which is, in fact, a small Japan, China, Spain, and so forth. Here the language of the home country is heard, almost to the exclusion of English. Newspapers are published in these various languages, and private schools, attended by the children before and after the sessions of the public schools, especially in the case of the Japanese, also tend to retard the process of Americanization.

It is generally admitted that the most important step toward Americanization of the child of alien parentage is to get him to speak and think in English; and as a consequence, the greater share of the burden falls on the public schools. In these schools the absence of racial or national lines is remarkable. Children of various races mingle, with the most perfect unconsciousness of racial differences. The common language — English — and common loyalty to the American flag, which is strongly emphasized throughout the curriculum, weld them into an organic

school community, the influence whereof will be felt, and is already being seen, when they graduate into adult life.

Thus, the situation as it now stands represents the efforts of the public schools to form growing generations into a common American whole, in spite of the difficulties offered by camp community life, diversity of religions, and language schools, the last factor being important chiefly in the case of the Japanese.

In view of the prominence which the Japanese question has recently assumed, it may be well to give particular attention to the phase of the Hawaiian experiment which involves that people, bringing the other races and nationalities into the discussion mainly for purposes of comparison. Briefly, to how great a degree has the Japanese in Hawaii shown himself to be assimilable, mentally, morally, and politically?

Hawaii's experience has shown that the Japanese, educated in the public schools, eagerly grasps American ideals and standards. The language handicap is rapidly being removed. Where formerly the great task of the public schools was to compel the Japanese to speak English, teachers in Japanese language-schools have often complained to me that they had difficulty in making their pupils refrain from speaking English while on their premises. It must be remembered that the Japanese child is compelled by law to attend the public schools, and that he attends the Japanese language-schools in addition. However, he goes to the latter mainly because he is compelled to do so by his parents, who are, in their turn, often persuaded by priests of their own temples and shrines.

Japanese children at play, outside the school, employ English as often as not. They have a tendency to feel that knowledge of English and absorption of Western civilization place them on a

plane higher than that occupied by their parents, and to pity the 'poor old Japanese' who lacks these advantages. These children regard their American civilization as superior to that of Japan, as is but natural in view of the advantages which they see that it gives them. Intense desire for knowledge, which is an outstanding trait, assists them greatly; a child of six pursues his studies with the intensity of an American youth working his way through college; and the constant struggle of the public schools is, not to compel the Japanese to attend, but to keep out youngsters below school-age who resort to all manner of subterfuge in order to gain entrance. This characteristic largely overcomes the handicap of language which confronts the Japanese pupils, especially during their early years of school; and when they reach the upper grades, they often excel to such a degree that principals occasionally find themselves faced by the perplexing situation of having the valedictorians all Japanese — perplexing because it is obviously desirable to have such honors distributed more or less evenly among the different races.

That the task of the public schools would be easier if the language-schools did not exist is indubitable, although the contention that learning two languages is too great a burden on the children is, of course, absurd, childhood being the ideal state for absorption of foreign tongues. Furthermore, the language-schools in Hawaii have demonstrated the fallacy of the accusation that they are hotbeds of 'Japanism' and 'Mikadoism'; and a federal survey of Hawaiian schools made in the spring of 1920 reported to this effect, though recommending, for other reasons, that they be done away with. They will, however, disappear within a few years, as it is certain that the children following the present school generation will never

be sent to them by their parents, who have become convinced of the superior usefulness of American education. This is admitted by the Buddhist priests, who conduct the majority of the language-schools, — which are maintained largely for the purpose of teaching the Japanese language, history, geography, and so forth, — but who have shown a remarkable willingness to adopt suggestions which may lead their pupils toward American citizenship. Thus, when, some years ago, I suggested to the Japanese consul-general in Hawaii that their textbooks be revised so as to include American rather than Japanese subject-matter, this course was immediately followed; and while the Japanese characters, of course, were retained, the Stars and Stripes supplanted the illustration of the Sunrise Flag, George Washington replaced some Japanese national hero, and while many Japanese fables and stories remain, they are well mixed with good American matter. The fact that, when the change was opposed by some old-fashioned parents and other reactionaries, the consul-general held a series of meetings at which he explained the benefits to be derived and the importance of absorption by the children of American ideals, illustrates the attitude of the Japanese government, of which more will be said later.

It should not be forgotten that these schools perform an important function by assisting in the production of a class of young American citizens, capable of speaking both English and Japanese, who may be of invaluable service in the great work of bringing the United States and Japan closer together, commercially, politically, and otherwise. The crying need of Americans capable of speaking Japanese is keenly felt in commercial and diplomatic circles, and will be felt even more as intercourse between the two nations expands.

The question of the moral capacity of the Japanese for American citizenship involves to some extent the point whether morals different from ours are of necessity bad; but, as a matter of fact, the belief that the morals of Japan differ greatly from those of the United States is largely unfounded. Japanese frequently say, 'Our girls — at least, in some classes — may be rather free before marriage, but after marriage they are very strict. American girls are very strict before marriage, but after that —!' Such sweeping statements are, of course, without value in themselves; but they are cited as a suggestion that, if the Japanese have such an idea of our morals, it is likely that the ideas of Americans in regard to Japan are equally unreliable. The Japanese youth is singularly clean from pornographic and similar tendencies — undoubtedly more so than our own, as with them sexual matters are not enveloped in mystery, but are regarded like any other phase of natural life. The point is partly proved by the entire absence, on walls and similar places in Japan, of the crude indecencies by which our youths so often express a prurient state of mind. The average white child is in less danger of moral contamination in association with Japanese than is the Japanese child in association with whites; and the chief difference in adult life is that the Japanese does more or less openly that which with us is done under cover. During the five years I was in charge of the public schools of Hawaii, I had a rather exceptional opportunity to observe the morals of a large body of teachers, including whites, Hawaiians, Japanese, and Chinese, with the result that I was forced to the conclusion that, when persons of similar classes live under similar conditions, those of alien races do not suffer in comparison, in point of morals, with the whites.

How deep does Americanization of Hawaiian-born American citizens of Japanese parentage go? This question was largely answered by the response made by them during the war, when they eagerly sought to enlist, and when the number of those who waived exemption was, I believe, greater than that of citizens of American parentage. Would they fight against Japan? I will quote the answer of one of the most brilliant of Japan's younger diplomats, who has lived for many years in the United States and is exceedingly familiar with conditions there.

'American citizens of Japanese parentage would, in the extreme case of war, fight for the United States against Japan, and I, for one, would respect them if they did and would despise them if, being American citizens, they should be traitors to their country by serving Japan as spies or otherwise; and this would be the general feeling in Japan. This point of view of ours is probably particularly strongly founded because we are not very far removed from the times of feudalism, and because of the custom of adoption which is so great a feature of Japanese life. Thus, not many years ago, when Japan was divided into clans, a man from one clan, if adopted into another, would unhesitatingly fight for his lord by adoption, even against his clansmen by birth, if necessary, and history records many such cases. This spirit and point of view are probably not well understood in America, but they have undoubtedly a tremendous influence on the way in which Japanese regard their allegiance to their new country.'

When to this is added the fact that young Americans of Japanese ancestry continually contrast their own superiority, attained by absorption of American education, ideals, and standards, with the condition of their parents, who possess no such advantages, and the

further fact that their interests and entire future lie in America, there can be little doubt that, while there may be exceptions, the American citizens of Japanese birth are and will be loyal.

III

One great argument against Japanese immigration is that the Japanese do not intermarry with other races. This is well founded so far as it concerns the past, as marriages between whites and Japanese have been so few as to be negligible. Whether the same condition will obtain in the future is an unanswerable question. That intermarriage has not been common is easily explainable, as everything has militated against it. The Japanese have been herded into communities by themselves. The white girl who married a Japanese would in many cases be ostracized by her former associates; and, on the other hand, the Japanese immigrant has seldom been in a financial position that would allow him to marry a white girl, as such a marriage would involve considerable expense because of her higher, or at least different, standards of living. As the great majority of Japanese in America are laborers, these remarks apply only to that class.

However, the condition described applies equally to white immigrants under similar circumstances, as to whose qualifications for American citizenship not the slightest question is raised. A good example is afforded by the Portuguese, who have been brought to Hawaii in large numbers. Placed, like the Japanese, in camps by themselves, they formed 'little Portugals' in various places. Some of them, who have lived in the Islands for more than thirty years, have been found — in the courts, for instance — to be unable to speak or understand English; and until very recent years, intermarriage with other

nationalities has been exceedingly rare.

Whether intermarriage between Japanese and whites, speaking generally, would be desirable at present is highly questionable. To those who on general principles oppose all racial intermarriage, may be pointed out the exceptionally fine results of the blending of Hawaiians and Chinese. The offspring of such unions are, almost without exception, superior in every way to the pure product of either race, as they inherit the best qualities of each. The mixture of Hawaiians and whites is ordinarily said to be less successful, and the general results lend color to this contention. This is due, however, not to any inherent physical or psychological condition, but to circumstances of environment. Where the Caucasian-Hawaiian union is composed of elements of the better class, the results are quite as good as those of unmixed marriages, proving that, by and large, environment is much more important than heredity in racial intermarriages.

The Hawaiians, being first on the ground, mingled freely with all races with which they came in contact. The other races, except the white, being hampered by the conditions inevitable with immigrants, mingled to a far less degree. Chinese men, however, married freely with Hawaiians, thus showing themselves to be more easily absorbable racially than the Japanese, who have not intermarried; but, for that matter, neither have the Portuguese. The fact that the Chinese were brought to Hawaii before the arrival of the Japanese and Portuguese offers a partial, but not a complete, explanation.

Neither Chinese nor Japanese have intermarried with whites as yet, except in a few cases. This may be explained by camp conditions, which prevent contact with Caucasians on the part of the immigrant; also by differences of language, and, principally, of course,

by the social gap separating the immigrant laborer from the ruling-class white. Whether intermarriage will follow when the barrier of language is swept away, as is now being done, and when the Oriental works himself up to a position of financial and social equality with the whites, and consequently mingles more freely with them, remains to be seen. If this occurs, it will begin, as is nearly always the case, with marriages of Oriental girls with white men, partly because the feeling against the white man who marries outside of his race is less strong than that against the white girl who does so. The tendency on the part of Hawaiian-born Oriental girls to seek Caucasian husbands is already visible, expressions of such desire on their part being not uncommon, owing largely to the circumstance that their American education leads them to prefer the position of equality given the wife of a Caucasian to the far more restricted status conferred by marriage with an Oriental. This tendency is not unknown even in the Orient, and advertisements have appeared in newspapers in Japan and China wherein daughters of the land expressed a desire to marry white men.

It is thus plain that, while the past offers no evidence that the Oriental, particularly the Japanese, is assimilable through intermarriage, it offers no evidence that he is not, and the question can be answered only by the future. While the time for such marriages is not ripe, for financial and other reasons, it is rapidly becoming so. A prominent member of the Foreign Office staff in Tokyo said to me, —

‘Contact of Japanese with the Western world is still so new that conditions are not generally favorable to racial intermarriages; for though we are all of the same human stock, we must have separated soon after Adam’s day. Such marriages may begin well enough

when love and passion rule; but when the different points of view of the parties, and sentiments having their roots in long-dead generations and likely to produce unfavorable results, begin to gain prominence, I do not think that the time is ripe for such marriages.'

These remarks apply, however, to marriages between whites and Japanese who have been educated in Japan, and they therefore lose much of their force when applied to Japanese brought up according to American ideas. It is interesting to note that the official quoted agrees with several other Japanese of world-wide experience, that in cases of marriage between Caucasian women and Japanese men, those with women of Continental Europe, as French and Germans, have been, and are more likely to be successful than those with Anglo-Saxons, as the latter demand a freedom of personal expression and an independence not required in nearly so great a degree by their continental sisters, who in this respect conform more to Japanese standards.

The various objections mentioned have, however, frequently been made in order to strengthen the principal reason for opposition, namely, the fear of economic competition. This does not seem to be particularly well founded so far as present conditions are concerned, under which the Japanese, in more or less inferior occupations, generally perform tasks that the American-born will not touch. The possibilities of the future, however, offer better material for argument, as it is certain that young Japanese with American education will not be content with the humble occupations of their parents, but will try ambitiously to fill the higher positions in life for which their higher qualifications fit them. But there is small likelihood that such competition will become more dangerous than that offered by any other class of immigrant stock, even

despite the well-known lower-standard-of-living argument. The old-fashioned Japanese laborer did, and does without doubt, maintain life on a wage on which a white man would starve; but as his earning power grows, his spending propensity increases. Furthermore, products of the Orient, which formerly, because of their cheapness, enabled him to live at much less cost than the white, have increased in price to such an extent that this advantage has largely disappeared. Twenty years ago, Japanese laborers in Hawaii often saved one half of their monthly wage of \$13.50. To-day men earning many times as much save little or nothing. Even in Japan the low living standard is disappearing as a result of the country's war-prosperity. Before we get through with the interminable discussion as to how to combat the Oriental low-living-standard menace, the cause of the argument will have disappeared.

IV

No discussion of the Japanese immigration question would be complete without reference to the attitude of the Japanese themselves toward it, — and particularly that of the government, — especially since their insistence on the right to free immigration has — quite naturally, it must be admitted — given rise to the mistaken belief that Japan, with an ever-increasing population crowding her small area, is eager to send her surplus millions to our shores. As a matter of fact, Japan does not desire large emigration of her people to distant countries, but, with the pride that is her predominant national characteristic, she resents having her citizens discriminated against, and no amount of argument that such discrimination is economic, not racial, will satisfy her.

'Why try to deceive us with such a

flimsy subterfuge?' says the Japanese. 'The Mexican has a low standard of living. He works in California for wages lower than those paid Japanese. He is therefore more of an economic menace than we are; yet he is not excluded. Be fair, and admit that race-prejudice is your reason. Then we have a solid basis for argument.'

The Japanese desire American-born Japanese to become American citizens, for they wish to demonstrate to the world their capacity for Western civilization. But, while they resent exclusion, or anything savoring thereof, as tending to lower Japan's standing in the family of nations, the Japanese government, even though the laborers prefer the greater opportunities offered by the United States and similar countries, will do all in its power, for very good reasons, to turn the tide of emigration westward, and not eastward. The reasons are simple and convincing. They are set forth tersely by the Foreign Office official already quoted.

'Japan is too densely populated,' he says. 'Ordinary statistics showing population per square mile are misleading, as Japan's area is largely mountainous and a large part of it has, therefore, no economic value. We must look to the proportion of population in the arable area alone. Japan may, however, be able to look after her population, even in spite of its growth, by changing from an agricultural to an industrial country. Thus the solution of the problem of relieving the density of the population may be postponed, at least for some time; but what we must have, and what we will fight for, if necessary, is access to the world's great raw-material supplies for consumption by our factories.'

'Japan is interested in keeping her man-power concentrated. Only thus can she remain strong; and the government for that reason favors, not emi-

gration to the United States, Canada, or Australia, but having Japanese settle in Korea and Manchuria. It is true that this is not so popular with our emigrating classes, and that, by relying on individual emigration, we shall not make much headway. But by the promotion of settlement in groups, we shall make more progress, and gradually, as the number of Japanese in Korea and Manchuria increases, the problem will become simpler.'

A few weeks ago I had an opportunity to ask Premier Hara, who for more than two years has guided the Japanese ship of state with a firm hand, what he thought of the Japanese capacity for American citizenship.

'When I was abroad ten years ago, I visited Canada and the United States and saw many Japanese communities there,' said Mr. Hara. 'I observed that the Japanese were rather proud of assimilating Western ideas and institutions, instead of retaining their own habits of thought and customs.'

'To the superficial observer it may seem that they wish to cling to their own habits and ideas, as there are many schools where the Japanese language is taught, and newspapers are published in that language. This has led some superficial observers to remark that Japanese abroad wish to retain their own nationality; but they are, in fact, very proud of being Americanized.'

'Japanese generally regard Americanization of Japanese born in America as the rational thing,' said one of Japan's foremost publicists in answer to the same question. 'Of course, some chauvinists still oppose it and are inclined to look upon those Japanese who hold American citizenship as faithless to Japan; but this feeling has been disappearing rapidly in recent years.'

As matters now stand, the United States gives offense where friendship is sought, and the purely local situation

in a relatively small section of the country is being allowed to affect the friendly relations of the United States and Japan, which are so necessary for peaceful and prosperous development of our increasing and promising com-

merce in the Far East. For this reason the Japanese question has grown from a purely Western matter to be one which concerns the entire nation, and one which should be carefully considered by every American citizen.

THE EXCESS-PROFITS TAX

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

DURING the past three years of rising prices, merchants and manufacturers have made large profits, whether they did business efficiently or inefficiently. The state of the market, rather than ability, has been of first importance in securing a high percentage of earnings. The corporation excess-profits tax has met with favor because it forces a corporation which has profited by abnormal conditions arising out of the war to divide a share of its gains with the government.

Although conditions which have given rise to widespread 'profiteering' are changing, certain other objectionable practices make possible extraordinary profits, or, presumably, business men would not adopt them. Those who support the continuance of the excess-profits tax find in it, not only a very convenient method of collecting taxes, but a permanent means of discouraging the maintenance of sweatshops, cut-throat competition, and practices of like nature, by making them less lucrative.

The excess-profits tax is, however, fashioned rather for carving unsound fruit than for pruning a source of decay. And even if, by making them less pro-

fitable, the tax bids fair to discourage objectionable business methods, it will, for the same reason, discourage able management.

I

But if those who support the tax have credited it with an illusory virtue, those who condemn it have charged it with an evil for which it is only limitedly responsible, namely, the high cost of living.

A federal tax which produces a revenue measured in billions of dollars will reflect itself in increased prices. It is doubtful whether any other type of business tax would have added so little to the cost of living as has the excess-profits tax. A simple analysis of the factors which underlie the fixing of prices will show that most corporations are able only to a limited extent to shift a tax on profits.

If the production of an article is controlled by a monopolist (the owner of a patent, for example), the price will be regulated, not primarily by the cost to the *producer*, but by the maximum amount which the average prospective *purchaser* is prepared to pay. The maximum which the purchaser is prepared

to pay is only slightly affected by the amount of profits tax or any other cost which the producer has been forced to bear.

If the production (including distribution) of a commodity is subject to competition, and only some competitors are taxed, they cannot add the tax to the price of the commodity which they offer for sale, because their competitors would undersell them. Perception that those subject to the profits tax will seek to shift the tax by continued high prices unquestionably tends to encourage all business men to maintain inflated prices; but, as is being presently demonstrated, prices in competitive lines of business seek irresistibly the level established by a normal margin of profit for the untaxed dealer.

The percentage of profits tax varies greatly with the rate of profit on the investment, and corporations whose profits are less than 8 per cent pay no profits tax. Furthermore, persons doing business as partners or individuals are not subject to the excess-profits tax and may be subject to only a low rate of individual income tax. It is obvious that a taxed corporation, forced to compete with corporations and individuals, that have paid little or no profits tax or its equivalent, will find it impossible to shift the tax to any great extent.

The revenue substitute commonly offered for the excess-profits tax is some form of sales tax. If the excess-profits tax actually were largely passed on to the general public, it would, in effect, be a tax on sales. To substitute an untaxed sales tax for a tax proved to be productive would be unwise.

But the excess-profits tax is not generally shifted to the buying public; and its inequalities, only irregularly effaced by diffusion, affect chiefly the common stockholders, out of whose profits the tax is paid.

II

The law levying the corporation excess-profits tax is inequitable in four outstanding particulars.

First: 'Profits' taxed under the law are often only *apparent* profits. Close corporations, in which substantially all the stock is held by employees, had, prior to 1917, made no attempt to pay salaries commensurate with the value of services rendered by officers and other employees who were also stockholders. Increased return on the stock roughly offset deficiencies in salary. After the enactment of the first law levying a tax upon corporation profits, salaries of stockholding employees were increased in order to reduce the taxable profits of the corporation, and the increase has in some cases been far beyond the actual value of the services.

It is obviously impossible for the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to judge the good faith in each of the multitude of these cases, and general limitations have been laid upon allowable increase in salary. The limitations have, in many instances, forced corporations to pay taxes on profits which are fictitious, because they arise from the government's refusal to allow, as an expense, salaries that constitute just compensation for the services of stockholding employees.

Second: In some lines of business, earnings in isolated years exceed 20 per cent, although the *average* of profit is less than 8 per cent. Corporations whose profits fluctuate are subject to tax in the peculiarly prosperous year; while the corporation whose average of profits is equally great, but whose income is stable, will never be subject to the profits tax.

Third: Investors are entitled to a high return from a successful enterprise which involves a considerable risk of loss; but the excess-profits tax is levied

without regard to the nature of the business in which the corporation is engaged. The rate of profit fixed as a fair return is applied equally to the profits of a mining company and those of a national bank! A plan was proposed to establish a sliding scale of 'excess profit,' based on the element of risk involved in various lines of business; but this was rejected as impracticable.

Fourth: The excess-profits tax is based, not solely on the amount of profit, but on the *ratio* of profit to invested capital. We have already noted that this tax is unjust, in that it sometimes taxes a corporation on an amount of profit which is really fictitious. But even when the correct amount of profit is determined, if the full amount of *capital* is not allowed for, the *ratio* will be false and the tax excessive.

A corporation can usually more accurately determine the *cost* than the present *value* of its capital assets, since the cost will have been entered in the corporation's books of account, while the value of most assets is subject to a wide range of opinion. Because of this fact the present law bases the excess-profits tax, not on the value, but on the cost of a corporation's assets.

Let me illustrate the inequality which this may entail. In 1900, corporation A bought an office-building in a growing city for \$100,000. The property now is worth not less than \$300,000, as evidenced by offers of purchase at that price. The corporation's net income from rentals is \$30,000. It is subject to an excess-profits tax based, not on the rate of 30 to 300, but on the ratio of 30 to 100.

In 1920, corporation B purchases an adjoining building for \$300,000, the net income from which is \$40,000 a year. B is subject to an excess-profits tax based on the ratio of 40 to 300. Although neither its income nor the

proportion of income to actual capital is as great as B's, corporation A will have to pay more than twice the amount of profits tax payable by corporation B.

Increase of value is not limited to tangible assets. By honorable dealing and persistent advertising a corporation may have built up a highly valuable asset of good-will for which it receives no credit in computing the tax. Patent rights, too, become worth, in some cases, much more than cost.

The hardship which this provision of the present law entails was called to the attention of Congress, and consideration was given to a proposal to make value rather than cost the basis of the tax. The administrative difficulties of the plan required its abandonment. In auditing returns based on an estimate of the current worth of the corporation's assets, the Bureau of International Revenue would have been forced each year to appraise, not only a large proportion of the tangible property in the United States, but the good-will and patent rights of almost all domestic corporations.

The law provides limited measures of relief applicable to certain cases of outstanding hardship; but, in spite of the efforts of the Treasury Department to apply these measures liberally, the operation of the excess-profits tax is resulting in gross inequalities.

III

Even if the chief defects of the excess-profits tax were not (as they are) inherent; and if a law could be drawn which would remove the inequality of the present law, nevertheless, the tax should be repealed because of its lack of harmony with the individual income tax.

The federal tax on individual income is not levied solely at a flat rate, like a

state or city tax on property. There are two flat rates (4 per cent and 8 per cent) of 'normal tax'; but, in addition, there is a scale of so-called 'surtaxes,' beginning at the rate of 1 per cent on income which exceeds \$5000. Successive tiers of income are taxable each at a higher rate of surtax. By the time income reaches \$50,000 it becomes subject to a surtax of 24 per cent; and an income of over a million dollars is made up of fifty-four layers or tiers; the top one, composed of all income over a million, being subject to a surtax of 65 per cent. To the surtax must be added, in each case, the flat 8 per cent (or, in the lower tiers, 4 per cent) rate of 'normal tax.'

Turning to the tax on corporations, we find that the excess-profits tax is a kind of surtax, levied, not according to an unrelated *amount of income*, but according to the percentage of *profit* on the *investment*; that the tax is 20 per cent of profits exceeding 8 per cent, and 40 per cent of profits exceeding 20 per cent, on the investment; and, finally, that the profits tax is supplemented by a corporation income tax levied at a flat rate of 10 per cent, without regard to the percentage of profit. This income tax (unlike the individual normal income tax) is levied only on the amount which remains *after* the *profits* tax has been deducted from the income; so that the highest tier of corporation tax is subject to a maximum tax of 46 per cent — 40 per cent profits tax and 10 per cent income tax on the 60 per cent of income left after deducting the profits tax.

Since, however, that portion of the profits which does not exceed 8 per cent on the investment is subject merely to the income tax, and since profits amounting to an additional 12 per cent on the investment are subject to a profits tax of only 20 per cent, the tax on the corporation's income as a whole will necessarily be less than the tax of

46 per cent on its topmost layer of profits. In fact, the combined income and excess-profits taxes rarely exceed 33 per cent of a corporation's entire net income. The normal range of corporation taxes is therefore from 10 per cent to approximately 33 per cent.

Bearing in mind that a corporation is essentially only a sort of hoop for holding together an association of real persons, — the stockholders, — let us now examine the effects of the excess-profits tax on these persons.

If a corporation which has paid a 33 per cent tax out of income distributes the remainder of the income in dividends, a part of this may go to a stockholder whose other income has reached \$100,000 and who is subject to a surtax on additional income at the rate of 52 per cent. The tax on the stockholder would, in this event, be 33 per cent, advanced by the corporation, plus 52 per cent of the 67 per cent left after the payment of the corporation tax; or 34.84 per cent, making a total of 67.84 per cent.

If the corporation had paid a tax of only 10 per cent, the stockholder's combined tax would be 10 per cent plus 52 per cent of the 90 per cent left after payment of the corporation tax, or about 56.8 per cent.

Had this same person received an equal amount of profit from a business which he conducted individually, he would have been subject to the normal tax of 8 per cent (from which dividends from a corporation are exempt), and to the surtax of 52 per cent, making a total of 60 per cent. If the corporation tax is heavy, the combined corporation and individual taxes of stockholders of large taxable income will be somewhat higher than would be the tax on profits from an individual business. But if the rate of the corporation's tax is low, a stockholder of large taxable income will pay less tax by having profits

drain through a corporation than by having them come to him directly.

For a stockholder to save tax by paying an additional corporation tax appears to present a paradox. It is, however, explained thus: the corporation tax is greater than the normal individual income tax (from which dividends are exempt), and so would inevitably result in an increased aggregate tax, were it not for the fact that the corporation tax is deducted from the stockholder's income *before the individual surtaxes are assessed*, while the amount of normal individual income tax is not deductible from income in computing the surtax. This saving in individual surtaxes sometimes more than offsets the amount by which the corporation tax exceeds the normal individual tax.

Turning to a stockholder whose income is \$5000 or less, we find a very different situation. The fact that the corporation tax is deducted before the individual surtax is assessed is of no significance to him because his income is not subject to surtax. He saves, it is true, the normal individual income tax of 4 per cent, but at the expense of 10, 20, or even 33 per cent tax paid by the corporation. It is only as the amount of a person's income increases, and he becomes subject to the higher 8 per cent normal tax and to increasing rates of surtax, that the exemption from the normal individual tax and the saving in surtax approaches or exceeds the corporation taxes.

The excess-profits tax does not bear harshly on wealthy stockholders since, in paying this tax, they escape other and possibly even heavier taxes. The tax seriously affects only stockholders of comparatively small income.

While the present method of corporate taxation is unfair in forcing stockholders of small income to bear a burden of tax grossly in excess of the tax

paid by persons whose income is even greater but arises from other sources, it is equally iniquitous in affording shrewd stockholders of large income an avenue of escape from individual income tax.

We have thus far assumed, you will recall, that the corporation distributes the profits left after payment of taxes. As a matter of fact, many, if not most, corporations distribute only a fraction of their profits. The rest are reinvested in liquidating indebtedness or expanding the business. *Stockholders are not taxed on income thus reinvested.*

A person engaged in trade or farming, individually or in partnership, is taxed on profits which are retained for developing the business or the farm, as well as upon profits actually withdrawn. A professional or salaried man may immediately invest a portion of his income in stocks; but the income so invested is not exempt from tax.

This escape of accumulated corporation profits from the individual surtaxes which are payable on all other forms of income, except interest from tax-free bonds, affords no relief to the stockholder of comparatively small income. Subject as he is to little or no individual surtax, and with dividends exempt from the normal tax, he is unconcerned (from the standpoint of taxes) whether the profits of the corporation are distributed or not.

It is the stockholder of large means, comparatively lightly affected by the corporation income and profits taxes even on profits which are distributed, who finds this accumulation of corporation profits an effective agency for escaping federal taxation.

A person whose taxable income has reached a million dollars will be taxable at the rate of 73 per cent on additional income, consisting of undivided profits of an unincorporated business.

A person of like income holding stock

in a corporation will be taxed on undivided profits of the corporation only to the extent of the corporation tax, which may be as low as 10 per cent. Thus a stockholder may avoid 63 per cent of the 73 per cent tax which the law contemplates that he shall pay. The accumulated profits will, it is true, probably be reflected in the value of the corporation stock; and hence will increase the taxable gain, or decrease the deductible loss, upon a sale of the stock. But if the stock has materially increased in value, a thrifty investor, whose income is large, will hold on to it.

Whatever your attitude toward progressive taxation may be, I am sure you will agree with me that such inequality in the application of a progressive tax is intolerable.

IV

It is often easier to find powder with which to blow up an existing system than to provide material for a new one. Fortunately, those who would wipe out the excess-profits tax have a constructive plan of replacement. The proposed law is roughly as follows. Retain the fiction that a corporation is a separate person. Levy a flat rate of tax on the profits of a corporation. Add a proviso that profits which are distributed to stockholders within six months of the close of a corporation's business year shall be exempt from the corporation tax. And make the tax so high that a corporation will be forced to seek the exemption by distributing all of its profits. The stockholders will then be subject to the income tax on these distributed profits as on any other income. The corporation tax will be simply a goad to drive corporation profits under the shears of the personal income tax.

Corporations will be permitted to distribute profits, either in cash divi-

dends or, with the approval of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in promissory notes bearing a rate of interest sufficiently high in respect to the corporation's credit, to make the notes worth approximately par.

It is true that stockholders may thus be taxed on 'profits' not received in cash; but so is a person conducting an unincorporated business, who has been unwilling or unable to withdraw the profits from his business.

Stockholders of closely held corporations will, in most cases, return to the corporation a considerable part of the dividends as paid-in surplus. Corporations whose stock is more widely distributed will employ a method for tempting the scattered profits back into the corporation fold, under which, if the common stock is worth more than par, additional common stock will be issued and stockholders given the right to buy the stock at a figure less than its actual value. If a stockholder does not himself wish to reinvest, he may sell his 'rights' to others. 'Rights' are at present bought and sold on the stock market. If the corporation's common stock is worth not more than par, so that its sale at par or higher would offer no irresistible attraction to investors, preferred stock, having a sufficiently high rate of dividend to ensure a value above par, may be offered to common stockholders.

The revision of the tax on corporation profits must, however, go hand in hand with an amendment to the individual income tax. The present rates of individual income surtax are so high that they defeat their purpose and are unjust.

The individual surtaxes fall most heavily upon those whose income is derived chiefly from personal services and those who happen to receive an unexpectedly large amount of income in a single year.

The highest rates of surtax, added to the normal income tax, will reduce the yield of stock paying 10 per cent to less than 3 per cent. Under the present law, an alert investor whose income is consistently high either holds stock in a corporation that distributes only a small percentage of its profits, or has invested in non-taxable government bonds. If the possibility of avoiding the prohibitive surtaxes by holding appropriate corporation stocks is removed, wealthy stockholders will inevitably transfer their capital from stock to tax-free bonds. The rates of surtax should be reduced to a point at which a stockholder of large income may anticipate a net return, after payment of taxes, exceeding the return from non-taxable securities. The maximum rate of surtax should not exceed 20 per cent.

V

A taxing policy which is not fair is not sound; but the excess-profits tax is an unsound method of permanent taxation, aside from the inequality which it creates. The excess-profits tax is exceedingly complicated. The preparation of a return which will satisfy the government's requirements and protect the corporation's interests requires the services of expert accountants and an attorney. Former Commissioner of Internal Revenue Daniel J. Roper has established the immediate cost of the preparation of the returns last year at not less than \$100,000,000. The value of the time and thought devoted by corporation officers to tax matters, that should instead be applied to problems affecting production and sales, is very great. The government machinery for administering the income tax is choked by the mass of audits and contests incident to the excess-profits tax.

Furthermore, the excess-profits tax ignores the mass of income below a

fixed percentage on the investment, and depends for its harvest upon cutting deeply into profits when they emerge from the established safety zone. A decrease in earnings will, of course, unfavorably affect any tax based upon income, but a general curtailment of corporation income would reduce revenue from the excess-profits tax to a tithe of the present yield.

Business men and citizens generally are entitled to demand that Congress take thought for the future. Next year, unless all signs fail, there will be a very material reduction in corporation incomes.

Failure to act, in the forthcoming session of Congress, not only will result in the continuance of an unjust and needlessly burdensome tax, but may disrupt our national finances.

In closing, I want to emphasize these four points:—

The corporation excess-profits tax cannot fairly be condemned as a method of taxation which has a peculiar tendency to aggravate the high cost of living.

The present system of corporate taxation should, nevertheless, be revised, because it unduly burdens stockholders of small income, and because it permits stockholders of large income to escape the surtaxes, which are payable by persons whose income is no larger but is derived from personal services, from profits of an unincorporated business, or from rents and taxable interest.

Congress should adopt a system of taxation which will cause stockholders to be taxed individually upon corporation profits.

Abnormal profits generally are subsiding, and excess-profits taxes will be diminished; replacement of the present corporation taxes by a tax on the stockholders probably will entail no material loss of revenue, and will ensure a source of revenue more constant than that provided by the excess-profits tax.

THE SITUATION IN ARABIA

BY P. W. HARRISON

I

'CONCERNING the situation in Arabia,' says the Arab, 'the Knower is God'; and he is a rash man who attempts to untangle its many threads. Still more foolish is the one who hazards a prediction as to what future developments will be. But of the importance of the inquiry there can be no doubt; for Arabia, however small in population, is large in influence. The million and a quarter square miles that are reckoned as her territory may possibly give a meagre support to four million people; but after journeying for days on end without meeting a soul, the traveler is inclined to doubt whether even that number could be mustered. Arabia, however, is the centre of Mohammedanism, and Mohammedanism is a brotherhood enrolling over two hundred and fifty million people—the most troublesome part, by far, of the 'white man's burden.'

The centre of this great brotherhood is the territory of the Hejaz on the coast of the Red Sea, and the two cities, Mecca and Medina, which that territory contains. Every year pilgrims come by scores of thousands to these cities. Tens of thousands come from India, where the British Raj rules over sixty millions of the followers of Mohammed. Thousands come from Java, where the Dutch flag floats over many millions more. Crowds come from all over North Africa, where Great Britain, France, and Italy are finding their most difficult colonial problems. Pil-

grims come from Singapore, and from the Philippines, from Central Asia and Turkestan, and even from Russia.

This pilgrimage is no mere formality in the lives of these Mohammedans. A few years ago the pilgrimage from Kuwait, a small city of fifty thousand on the Persian Gulf, was composed of over a thousand men and women. The day of their departure, as that of their return, was practically a legal holiday. The man who has made the pilgrimage is a Thirty-third Degree Mason for the rest of his life. He is one of the *élite*. However poor and disreputable, he is a Hajee, and his name is spoken with respect.

Nothing in the whole world is so revered by the Mohammedan as those two cities. He knows no patriotism; nearly everywhere he is ruled by aliens; but all that patriotism means to us, and much more, he finds in his religion. His great world-brotherhood is bound together in a solidarity that nothing seems to shake. I remember well an Arab in Bahrein telling me with great interest of the work of his brother, who is a religious teacher among the Mohammedans of the Philippines. Some years ago some mosque grounds in India were trespassed upon by government order in constructing a road. The Mohammedans in that city were furious, as were the Mohammedans in Bahrein, several thousand miles away.

A British officer told me of the shock he received during the Mesopotamian

campaign, on seeing the Mohammedan soldiers under his command humbly kiss the hand of one of their prisoners, a Seyyid, or descendant of Mohammed, who had been fighting in the Turkish army. He opined that the military situation was jeopardized by such an attitude, and he was not mistaken.

It is a capital mistake to imagine that these two sacred cities can be tampered with from outside in any way whatever, without stirring up a flaming protest from the whole Mohammedan world. Mohammedanism is perhaps the proudest religion in the world, and all the affection and religious pride of its devotees centre in those two cities. Losing Constantinople will be a great humiliation, but it will not compare with seeing Mecca and Medina pass under foreign suzerainty. In attempting to understand the political situation in America or Great Britain, the major factor must be recognized as pride of race and nationality; and exactly the same statement is to be made of any effort to understand the present situation in Arabia, and throughout the Mohammedan world as a whole.

The situation before the war was complicated enough. The Turks ruled over the Hejaz, including Mecca and Medina. Their rule, although outrageously inefficient and bad, was tolerated because Turkey was a Mohammedan power. Pilgrims were looted and robbed and murdered, and the cities themselves were notorious pest-holes of disease and wickedness. The Turks ruled over Yemen in South Arabia also, and maintained a show of authority in Hassa and Kateef, two rich provinces on the east coast. The Turkish garrison was driven out of these latter provinces two years before the war; but by the simple expedient of investing the Arab sheik, who took their place, with a Turkish order, and appointing him governor of that district. Constantinople main-

tained the shadow of its political claims.

The British owned the Persian Gulf. They policed it, and maintained political agents in its ports. They surveyed it and charted it, and had treaties with the various Arab tribes whose territories touched its waters. British influence was extended so judiciously and so effectively that Germany, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, was unable to get a foothold; and even Turkey, trying continually to extend her area of influence southward from Busrah, had little or no success. Great Britain did not want Arabia in those days—at least, not officially. She was interested in maintaining the *status quo* in Persia, and in protecting India. The various political agents stationed in the different ports were more energetic and aggressive than their superiors, and, working out from their various stations, succeeded in forming friendships and unofficial alliances with the inland Arabs, which were of very great value when the war broke out.

Inland, among the Arabs themselves, the tribes have been divided for the past seventy-five years between the rival camps of Bin Rasheed in the north, and Bin Saoud in the south. As the war broke out, the Saoud family was in the ascendant. They were led by such a chief as appears only once in centuries. Perhaps never since the days of the early caliphs has Arabia had a ruler of his calibre. He gained the throne after the true Oriental fashion, by murdering its former occupant, and began a reign of great power. The Arabs love to tell of his long, terrible marches, where men by the dozen would drop from their camels, asleep from sheer fatigue and exhaustion. His standard tactics were to imprison everyone in the capital city who hailed from the district at which he intended to strike; then, starting immediately, he would march with his whole army at a pace

no messenger could hope to equal, and strike his enemies when off their guard, routing them utterly, and, it may be mentioned, looting them clean. Under his rule, life and property in inland Arabia have become as safe as they are in America or Europe; and in the provinces so long misruled by the Turks, property has risen to three times its former value.

It was this man who, with three hundred soldiers, drove a Turkish garrison of two regiments out of Hassa, assuming the government himself. The smaller garrison of Kateef fared likewise, and as a result, Bin Saoud's prestige in Arabia was enormously increased. The Turks sent an officer to investigate the situation; but apparently his report was unfavorable, for they decided to invest Bin Saoud with a Turkish Order, and appoint him Governor of Hassa and inland Arabia. For some months before the war the Turkish flag was hoisted every Friday over all the forts of that district.

II

In those days six years ago, a movement was beginning in inland Arabia, to which no one gave much attention — namely, that of the 'Ichwan,' a small fanatical brotherhood of Mohammedan Puritans, who had for their object the training of the Bedouins, or desert Arabs, in the more careful observance of religious rites. Those who qualified as teachers wore a white head-dress as a badge of their office. The movement spread beyond all the expectations of its founders. One of its cardinal doctrines is that raiding or looting or otherwise injuring a 'brother' is a crime of the gravest sort; and as a result the movement worked as a steadily strengthening bond, uniting the discordant tribes of inland Arabia into a coherent and fanatical whole.

The war brought many changes.

The Germans sent missions to Persia and to Afghanistan. Their commercial representatives intrigued with slight success throughout the whole Persian Gulf; but in inland Arabia they attempted nothing, for Bin Saoud, in whose hand the whole of that country lay like a small coin, decided to throw in his lot with the British. This decision took no small amount of courage, for he stood almost alone in all that country in his conviction that the Allies would eventually be victorious. When Turkey entered the lists, pressure on him was increased, but he was steadfast in his loyalty to the British. To fit him for more effective military coöperation he was granted a subsidy of seventy-five thousand rupees a month — approximately twenty-five thousand dollars.

In the early part of the war anti-British feeling ran very high in Arabia, especially in those parts which were in any degree under Persian influence. The bazaars were full of weird and grotesque tales, always of German victories. Paris was taken by the Germans times without number. I remember that one rumor had Paris given to Persia to secure her active participation as an ally of Germany. 'That,' said one shrewd old Arab, better informed than most of his compatriots, 'would be a camel riding on a rooster.'

Through all this time, while the first Mesopotamian campaign was blundered through to its ignominious close, inland Arabia, however restive and however anxious to get into the fight against the English 'Infidels,' remained officially loyal and absolutely quiet. Bin Saoud continued to consolidate his power. He remained unshaken in his confidence of eventual British success. He was wise enough not to waste his strength in foolish fighting, and succeeded in so building up friendship between his own country of Nejd, and the Shemmar

country of Bin Rasheed, that the old feud practically disappeared. The Ichwan spread further and further and became more and more powerful.

Eventually the tide turned, and his confidence was abundantly justified. On the ruins of the old Mesopotamian failure, there was pushed to success a new campaign, which marked the permanent disappearance of the Turk from Arab politics. Mesopotamia passed under the domination of the British. On the western side of Arabia, the British financed and assisted a revolt of the Shereef of Mecca, who was the local representative of the Sultan of Turkey. British help made the revolt a success, and the Hejaz campaign became an integral part of the Allied campaign for Syria and Palestine. The two sacred cities thus passed out of the control of Turkey, as did the Province of Yemen in the South.

III

The war ended with a totally new situation. Turkish and German influence are gone. For the Arab the outside world is composed of Great Britain, and, in a small degree, of France. The sheikhs of Bahrein and Kuweit and Oman have names, and names only. They are negligible when we consider the present situation. As things stand to-day, there are two men of importance in Arabia. One is the Shereef of Mecca, whose successful revolt from Turkish rule was really a British military manœuvre, camouflaged. The Shereef is not himself a leader of force. He has never been able to command the loyalty of his own subjects, to say nothing of the turbulent Bedouins outside. His present success and position are the result of British gold, and of very little else, if Arab opinion can be trusted. Just how much money has been spent on the Shereef, it is not possible for any ordinary man to say; but making all

possible allowances for exaggeration, the amount must have been enormous.

The other man in Arabia is Bin Saoud. When a world is divided between two men, each anxious for all of it, a delicate situation is created. Bin Saoud rules pretty well all Arabia properly so called, except the small strip governed by the Shereef, and the southern coast. The fanatical inland Bedouins follow him with a devotion that is past all description. A born ruler of men, he has succeeded in uniting Central Arabia as it has not been united for centuries. The wild Bedouins of the desert and the more mercenary and luxurious Arabs of the towns are alike in their loyalty. Under his rule, life and property have become safe, and such prosperity is enjoyed as Arabia never dreamed of before.

But the real power in Arabia is held by neither of these. The Bedouin brotherhood of religious fanatics that began so unostentatiously ten years ago has grown like a green bay tree. Thousands and tens of thousands are enrolled under its banner now. However imperfectly they may be instructed in the tenets of their faith, nothing is lacking in their fanatical enthusiasm. Bin Saoud is their political and religious head, and it is they who make him strong. These men, in their furious desire for martyrdom in the cause of God, bring to mind the lurid days when men of this same race, inspired by the same sort of wild fanaticism, threatened to carry the flag of Mohammedanism over the whole of Europe. Their eagerness for martyrdom seems to increase with their increasing numbers.

Until recently the Shereef looked upon these unkempt desert warriors with great contempt; but he has learned a lesson. The inhabitants of one of his border cities 'got religion.' They decided to join the Ichwan, and to transfer their allegiance to Bin Saoud.

There was considerable correspondence over the matter, but eventually the Shereef moved out against them, at the head of an army of some ten thousand men, several thousand of whom were trained Turkish soldiers, and with machine-guns, and field artillery that it took a thousand camels to draw. Bin Saoud deputed the Ichwan of one nearby city to rally to the help of their new comrades, while more extensive forces were gathered. The more extensive forces were never needed. Before Bin Saoud himself arrived on the ground, his advance guard of red-eyed fanatics had utterly routed the Shereef, and carried his machine-guns and artillery back as a present to Bin Saoud. 'Oh, yes,' said Bin Saoud's brother Abdullah to me gleefully, 'the next time you come to Riadh we will show you the whole thirty-five machine-guns. We did not leave a single one behind. And we got nearly all their cannon too.'

As I write this a new tribe, the 'Ajman,' is being received into this fold of bloodthirsty fanatics. The conditions imposed are an interesting commentary on the force of the extraordinary religious enthusiasm that inspires these men. The Ajman have distinguished themselves in times past by their incorrigible enmity toward Bin Saoud and all that is connected with him. The tribe is to be divided into small fractions and transplanted, a fragment to one inland city, and a fragment to another, to be instructed in religious things and to settle permanently there. Some sixty-five of these new cities for religious instruction and nurture have been founded, and some of them number far over ten thousand inhabitants.

Perhaps nothing in the whole life of the Arab has such a hold on his heart-strings as his tribal connections and tribal territory. All that is to be given up. He is to give up his roving life and settle down in one of these cities and

spend his energy in being a religious zealot. The military power that this arrangement puts into the hands of the central ruler is obvious. It might not be particularly formidable, arrayed against a European army, with armored cars and aeroplanes and modern artillery; but against anything in Arabia it would be utterly invincible.

IV

The equilibrium in Arabia at the present moment, is extremely unstable. The British have set up the Shereef of Mecca in his present position. What they hoped to accomplish by his revolt from Turkish rule is fairly obvious. Theoretically the Caliph, who is the successor of Mohammed, is the temporal as well as the spiritual ruler of all Mohammedans, and actually he does exert an enormous influence over them, whatever flag they may be under. No one can be Caliph who does not rule over the Hejaz, thus acting as Warden of the Holy Cities; and for centuries the Sultan of Turkey has been universally recognized by Mohammedans as their Caliph. Now if the Shereef of Mecca could be assisted in a successful revolt, and be made independent, his claims to the Caliphate would be far stronger than those of the Sultan of Turkey, inasmuch as the Holy Cities would be in his hands. Therefore, he would be universally acclaimed as Caliph in the Sultan's place. Just what military advantage would have accrued, even if the scheme had proved a success, it is not easy to see. It is possible that the task of picking the bones of the Turkish Empire might have been somewhat more pleasant, inasmuch as the strenuous protests of the Mohammedans in India would have been less in evidence.

Of course, it did not succeed. Nothing but the stupidity of a military com-

mander could have imagined that it would. The Shereef is execrated in India, to a degree almost past belief. In some places it has become a disgrace instead of an honor to go on the pilgrimage to Mecca. He is held in semi-humorous contempt all over Arabia. His hopes of being acclaimed as Caliph are laughed at or cursed, according to the temper of the individual commenting on them. Not a single voice of approval is heard in all this chorus of condemnation.

The reason that the plan failed is perfectly simple. It failed because it was a British scheme. The Shereef's revolt was a British military manoeuvre and his present position is maintained by British money, and everybody knows it. The British are universally hated by Mohammedans—in India, in Arabia, in Persia, in Egypt, and in Central Asia. They ought not to be, for the Mohammedan communities in every one of these countries have benefited enormously by what Great Britain has done for them. It is not because of any discreditable actions or unwise policy that they are hated. Great Britain's work in Egypt and India is perhaps the finest example of constructive statesmanship that the world has ever seen. She is hated because people who are the proudest in the world cannot endure being ruled over by those of an alien stock and an alien faith. Being ruled over politically is bad enough, but a subtle attempt to rule over them religiously in this sort of camouflaged way is worse; indeed, it is intolerable. The enterprise has gained for Great Britain increased hatred on the part of Mohammedans everywhere.

In the meantime the Shereef sits on a very insecure throne. He rules in the Hejaz, and has been given Damascus and Aleppo and some of Syria as well. His money enables him to purchase the services of a certain number of Bed-

ouins and thus to keep the Hejaz clear of actual brigandage. How long it will do even that much is very doubtful. His subjects in Syria are said to be really loyal; but, on the other hand, he has succeeded in making the whole Ichwan movement his bitter enemy. He has absolutely forbidden its members to make the Pilgrimage to Mecca, and apparently has taken great satisfaction in writing insulting letters to Bin Saoud, their leader. In spite of his anathemas, the movement has grown, until now a mere fraction could wipe out his whole government almost overnight. The world has in it few more bitter and pitiless hatreds than that of the Ichwan for the Shereef. Even to a complete stranger, they are perfectly frank in declaring their intention of killing him just as soon as they can lay hands on him. It was only the flat prohibition of Bin Saoud that prevented this very thing happening six months ago, after the Shereef's defeat at their hands.

Bin Saoud receives some three hundred thousand dollars a year from the British as a subsidy, and it is commonly reported that this subsidy was stopped for a month or two when he left to chastise the Shereef. His hold on the Ichwan depends largely on having a large amount of money to spend on presents and hospitality, and it is interesting to see the really enormous proportions to which this hospitality has grown. No Bedouin ever goes away from that guest-house unfed or unrewarded. The presents given must average close to five dollars in value for the ordinary visitor; and of course, to chiefs and those in high position much more expensive presents are made. The amount of expenditure that this necessitates can be imagined from the fact that Bin Saoud is frequently entertaining from a thousand to fifteen hundred guests.

As long as this can be kept up, Bin

Saoud can probably keep his grip on the situation; but it is a much more tenuous grip than is supposed. Once the subsidy from India is stopped, because of economy in Simla or for some other reason, he must find other ways of maintaining his leadership. The Shereef's head, and the purification of the Holy Cities may be expected to serve as the first one. In these days of speculation and confusion as to the Caliphate, Bin Saoud would probably

have no objection to the lightning striking in his direction, although he is far too wise a man to advertise any such ambition now. When the psychological moment comes, if it ever does, the first necessity will be spectacular independence of Great Britain, or, better still, hostility to her. Control of the Holy Cities will be a *sine qua non*, of course. Peace in Arabia hangs on a slender thread, and as to the future, 'The Knower is God.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHRISTMAS AT THE MINISTER'S

THE households of conscientious Presbyterians forty to fifty years ago, let us say, had a certain rigidity, due mainly to the starch of Puritanism — most regrettable, we are apt to think now, without thinking at the same time about its advantage; not its social or religious advantage so much as its peculiarly dramatic advantage as a background against which the undying fires of human emotion and love occasionally flamed up and warmed the children — ourselves — in a manner which can never be appreciated by children continuously heated by profusion of all sorts.

If you have n't had the asperities of successive years of abominable schools in which no concessions were made to the spirit of childhood, and of domestic arrangements which put your impishness violently in a bottle and corked it tight, then you don't know, even today, what the word freedom means, because you have n't anything much to contrast it with.

But at Christmas Puritanism burned up in emotion; and you can, if you are old enough, indorse this statement — that Puritans can be the most lovable of all people when they want to be, their reticence remaining as an exquisite flavor as contrasted with the saccharine gush of the other sort.

A certain glow characterized Thanksgiving. It afforded a splendid opportunity — which was not used — for some golden sort of pageantry and some emphasis on the fact that the basic things come out of the earth and not out of banks, stores, offices, and schools. But we endured the rather cheerless service, which should properly have had a pagan touch by Bakst and Stravinsky somewhere in it, as seeing that which was invisible, namely, the turkey, cranberries, and mince pie. We kept turkey where it belongs, on an eminence, and never had it on any occasion except Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The approach to Christmas was the usual *crescendo*, something like a rocket that bursts into multicolored lights at the climax and then falls into darkness.

The darkness in our case was the cold and sullen stream of school which surrounded us. Christmas was a luxuriant island, in which magical things were done in the glow of candles and odor of fir trees. There were songs — 'carols,' so-called — in which we took a mild interest only, because they were rather less than mildly interesting. The really good ones, the old ones, had not been discovered by Presbyterians, and so they sang, very curiously, bad new ones. There were scriptural readings, which engaged your attention in so far as they concerned the scenes around Bethlehem; for no piece of writing and no human conception can match that in its appeal to all ages between eight and eighty.

But presents were at the centre of all Christmas feeling. One can imagine a wonderful Christmas without presents, but Americans have not the art or the poetry.

Presents, therefore, above all things — presents glittering in new paint and varnish; presents in boxes packed in excelsior, which revealed themselves inch by inch; presents bulging in stockings; candy in the figures of animals, candy in cornucopias, picture-books, story-books, games, the raw stuff of play, the very matrix of indoor joy.

There was more profusion about Christmas than about any indoor experience. We had people in the church who sent things, and we had relatives who sent things, and we fared sumptuously that day, so we thought. But it would not seem so now. We never had a Christmas tree in the house, and got what we could from the Sunday-school tree. A Sunday-school Christmas tree is at its best when, at the height of its splendor, it majestically falls on the assemblage of upturned faces — as it did once, to our ecstasy. You get a Christmas tree then plus some generous action such as a boy

might dream of but never have the luck to see.

The minister's house, in common with every house fortunate enough to have children and friends and a sufficient income to allow even a slight freedom of expenditure, was charged with a sparkling electric fluid between Thanksgiving and Christmas. The business of making things or buying things for others was on, and secrecy was the word. We made things within our range, and I am afraid curdled the anticipations of too many friends with pen-wipers. We bought things of the ten-cent variety; that was about as far as personal expenditure could go. The minister and his wife both bought and made things, but never bought anything that they could make.

And here one of the curious underground rivers in this strange man came to the surface. For some weeks before Christmas he waited until we were all in bed, and then worked late into the night in a small room, making his Christmas presents. We frequently stole out into the chilly hall, and took turns peeking through the keyhole to see that strange sight, but with very unsatisfactory results.

At last, as Christmas approached, there was the smell of paint and varnish; and on Christmas Day, among all the presents, these creations of the minister's were the really distinguished ones — gifts that had some presence and some atmosphere; in other words, art.

They were presents for boys, and consisted of locomotives and tenders, cars of various sorts, and ships. The proportions were right, the details were right, the colors were right. They were fascinating. They made bought toys look cheap and tawdry. And they were all manned by little figures cut out of wood, painted, modeled as you would model clay, in the postures suited to the employment. The engineer sat in the

cab, the brakemen stood on the platforms, the captain stood on the poop looking through his glass — a fat, determined man, one and a half inches high; the sailors were aloft in the rigging, the passengers leaning on or over the rail. They had hats, hands, feet, noses; they had distinctive costume and personality.

How it was done, is a mystery. It was all a piece of magic. It had no relation to reality — to the life of a Presbyterian minister, a theologian and a disciplinarian. It seemed to indicate, even to us, in our puppy-dog stage; that something must be confining, must be restricting in a very serious manner, a character that otherwise would have been the freest, the most happy, and most companionable in the world. But it was inclosed in a crust and we were continually bewildered. It was Puritanism striding with its staff, its cloak, and its book. It was a misfortune which in some instances was tragic. And yet, if I could be a boy again, I should choose to be a boy in that house.

We had time in those days to spare. Time went slowly; the days and nights were long, even when full of intense happiness. That is a phenomenon of youth. It cannot be explained. We will, if we can, sink into old age, 'calm as a setting constellation.' But do not try to persuade us that we have lost nothing. We remember too well the zest with which we did things and saw things and heard things and tasted things. We remember what it was to sleep and to wake and to lie dreaming.

We remember a young Earth, Sun, Moon, and Stars, and other young people, vivid, enchanting, daring, glorious in that dazzling light, our companions in a morning world.

And if this diamond was set in the heavy ring of school and of home discipline, so much the better, for it flashed and flashes the more.

A MEMORY OF WOMEN

It was nine-fifteen on the evening of July 31 that we bade a joyous farewell to the Port Melbourne and first set foot on British soil — which, in this particular case, was the timber and concrete of the pier. On the whole I was sorry to leave the boat. True, the food had been abominable, but the voyage had been a treat: seventeen days of glorious rest, sleeping and dreaming in the sunshine, had made a difference.

Still, for the good of the crowd, it was high time we were off. There was beginning to be too much grumbling among the men, the inevitable result of nearly three weeks of too much proximity. Of course, the order to put on our packs had been given hours before we were to leave the boat; and during the time we waited, the old army rumors began to circulate — rumors of ten-mile hikes, of rest-camps, and other delusions. To the 'enlisted personnel,' the army is nothing but standing in line and rumors.

Luckily, we little suspected what was in store for us. And so we lay around the hold of the old British battleship, with packs and rolls, like a crowd of weary rag-pickers, already hot, and rapidly tiring. Those packs tired us even when they rested on the table behind us. Perhaps it was just the idea of having to carry them — so far as we knew, for ever and ever — that tired us as much as anything else. There was no air-circulation in the hold — nothing but the odor of greasy pans, musty wood, and sweaty bodies. The minutes dragged their weary selves along in heavy silence. No one talked, as everything had already been said over and over again during the seventeen days we were penned together, and I guess we were all more or less busy with our personal thoughts.

Our organization was nearly the last

to leave the ship; it was almost dark when we did leave, and quite dark when we were marched off the docks, to fall out in a deserted rubbish-heap of some sort. Again old Dame Rumor glided about among us: ten miles to a rest-camp. Well, perhaps it was ten miles, but I am certain that it was no 'rest-camp' to which we went. Those British rest-camps—!'Fall in' was given about ten o'clock; we gave our precious packs one final hitch, and fell in line just behind Base Hospital Number 35. I do not know where we went that night, but some day I am going back to that rubbish-heap, and close my eyes and walk it all over again, without a pack!

How am I to describe that walk? It remains in my mind as a hazy impression—a sort of afterglow; the kind that follows certain types of dreams. Nothing stands out distinctly: it was like walking in one's sleep. I remember starting off through the dark,—there were no street lights, of course, because of the danger of air-raids,—stumbling over streets paved with the roughest, bumpiest, hugest cobble-stones I have ever encountered. Probably they were just normal stones; but it was very dark, our packs were heavy, and we had just a touch of 'sea-legs.'

I remember passing rows of dull brick buildings that looked like disreputable resorts, or tenement houses, with occasional wine-shops lighted by a carefully shaded candle. I could feel, rather than see, ragged women leaning out of one or another of the endless rows of windows—indistinct shapes in the darkness. I remember dark alley-ways, with black figures leaning up against the walls, or sitting on the curbing with feet in the gutter. Occasionally a street-car passed us—great double-decked affairs, with crazy spiral steps leading up the back to the second floor. But above all else I remember the women; and as long as memory holds,

the women of Liverpool, as I saw them that night, will remain indelibly etched on my brain.

Almost before I realized it, I found that we were marching between a double column of black figures—black against a blacker background. At first these figures were mere incidents, but soon—as soon as walking became a mechanical performance and my eyes became accustomed to the darkness—I began to examine into the composition of that crowd. And then I realized with a shock that they were all women! Women, women, women, endless double rows of women, lining the street down which we stumbled. And they were all women of low class—shawl-clad, disordered hair, and sallow, worn faces. They stood there and watched us pass. Women in black, mostly, though not conspicuously in mourning; women holding nursing infants in their arms; women with little children clinging to their skirts—sleepy little brats, for it was well past their bed-time; women with careworn faces, when one could get close enough to see details, with a shawl thrown over their shoulders to ward off the chill of the damp air; young women—girls—enjoying the sight, throwing kisses to us; children, many of them uncertain as to what it all meant, standing with open mouths, gaping at us as we passed.

Once in a while there was an ancient, gray-haired man, bent, crippled, standing in the crowd. But all, *all*, ALL were smiling! That is what impressed me: women smiling—nothing, nothing but smiling women. Where, in God's name, were the men? Where were the sons, brothers, husbands of these hundreds of women who watched us pass, smiling? Where were the men of England? And then, in a sort of cold wave, the first true realization of what was going on swept over me. Where were the men of Liverpool? At the front: in France,

in Belgium, in Italy, in Greece, in the Holy Land, in Africa, on the seas, beneath the seas, sailing the air, in the trenches, in dug-outs, dead — many of them dead.

Smiling women! And they greeted us, not with a 'Welcome' — no, not by any means, us who had but just landed. Smiling women with men at the front gave no 'welcome' to the Yanks just arrived. It was 'Good-by-e,' always 'good-by-e'; 'good luck, good-by-e, Yanks [they called us 'Yonks']; good luck, Sammy.' There was a sort of terrible fatalism in that eternal 'good-by-e,' especially coming from smiling women — smiling women in the dark.

But far more impressive to me was the pathetic thigmotaxis of these women. As we went past, they reached out their hands and touched us, usually silently, on the arm. Smiling women, with men at the front, touching American soldiers as they marched out into the darkness, going, as they saw it, to the relief of their weary men at the front! Do you get the picture of it? True, as a picture it is not much; but the pathetic significance of it all! I wonder what new strength they drew into their weary bodies from that brief touch of passing Sammies? In their eyes we were a sort of 'touchstone,' a sort of good-luck charm, an assurance of the victory and the peace they prayed for, a relief for their weary, weary men at the front.

I am extremely grateful that it was dark out there in the streets, for my eyes were very wet. And I think that it was then that I realized that my early suspicions were correct: that it was a women's war after all; that it is the women who pay the biggest part of the war-debt in the way of suffering, waiting, hoping, enduring. Theirs is the mental pain, theirs the uncertainty day after day after day. And theirs is not the path of glory; their suffering is

unsung, unpaid, and often, very often, I am afraid, unrewarded. A women's war, fought silently by those women in the streets of Liverpool — by those women smiling in the dark. Their 'good-by-e' will ring in my ears to my dying day. — Smiling women — in the dark! 'Good-by-e, Sammy' — and a touch on the arm — all in the dark!

A RECIPE FOR UNPERISHING JOY

This is a good recipe, and not more difficult to follow than most of those in cook-books.

First, you must take a low, wide-mouthed Tibetan bowl of brass, with half-burnished dragons crowding its dark flare. You may have to go *via* Bombay, Rawal-Pindi, Cashmere, and Ladock to get one, journeying till you meet hairy travelers leading strings of *yaks* laden with turquoise and wool. Likely they will appear suddenly on a narrow road around the side of a Himalayan mountain, which rises above your road stark a thousand feet and falls away sheer beneath it, pine-clad, down to a glacial river roaring itself sea-green and foamy against the unconquerable boulders in its gorge.

Next, you must have the memory of a visit to England in September, of London in fog always, and each fog hiding, and then mistily revealing, everywhere, 'Michaelmas daisies,' purple and rose and amethyst-colored, and somewhere red roofs shining wet; everywhere Michaelmas daisies, in flower-booths on each corner, all Londoners carrying bunches of them indefinitely, dining-rooms full of them, Trafalgar Square and Oxford gardens haunted by them; and through these dreams of color, the eyes of the kindest friends in the world smiling toward you.

Then, you must get an Illinois prairie garden in which to sing the high praises of manure, a Ford, and a spade. And

year by year diligently must you search out, in your September sunshine, the fog-haunting wild asters of London. You are apt to find them along bad roads, where live those shiftless farmers who will not cut down their roadside 'weeds.' Then you carry them home to your garden and, Adam-like, create their names. (The prosaic, who buy them all named, from catalogues, will not be able to follow this recipe.) We ourselves, one day, on a little hill-top, in thin, flowing gold sunlight, found one so rarely faint pink that we dubbed it 'Pinkie-Pearlie,' the nickname of a college chum who has the most exquisitely tinted skin. The royal purple one, which we dug up the very hour our favorite cousin was rescued from a burning Greek ship in mid-ocean — this one, because it was regal and gracious, we call for the dearest dean, Miss Dudley. 'Dream' we name the shadowy lavender one, wishing its elusiveness might rarefy the whole border.

Now comes the critical moment. Of each of these three kinds you take a perfect spray, gathering them where you can smell the grapes ripening. As you gather them, you cause a flutter of yellow and white butterfly wings, like the flutter of water on the pool where the goldfish play. Of six other sorts also you take a well-spread branch, including the jolly rose one, like the common rose-colored chrysanthemum, the amethyst one with butter-colored eyes, and the shaggy mauve one, whose petals, turning over, are nearly white. Then, in the Tibetan bowl you put one spray of Dream and one long sparse stalk of lightest blue larkspur, with gray under-sides. Below this you put faint pinks, then darker and darker ones till you come to the common rose one. Near this, at one side, you put a huge dull old-rose zinnia, brown-centred, which gathers the light and holds it, gleaming. On the other side, you put a big flat-

headed cluster of *Sedum spectabile*, a pink-fringed, almond-colored spot. Below this, you arrange, without crowding their delicate spaciousness, the more deeply purple ones. Among the Miss Dudleys you put a spray of Dream, to droop over the brushing sides of dragons. Next you find the exact spot for a zinnia of sulphur color edged with purple, unsightly in the garden, but here shining like a jewel in its colorful setting. Last of all, among the rosy pink flowerlets, you add a stalk of pale blue larkspur buds.

Now, you carry this to the door of the room where your sister chances to be ill for a day. You say, 'Shut your eyes, and don't open them till I say when.' When she sees it, she cries, 'Oh, oh! The immortal bouquet!'

And you sit down by her, rising continually to turn the bowl a bit. You talk of all the friends who would love it. You go over the season's events, its bouquets, since the first jonquil and tiny purple iris made a splashing place in a great clear bowl, for a little yellow bird. You give this one the prize.

When you leave it, to get the potatoes ready for dinner, it calls you back. The whole afternoon you play with it — in full sunlight, or with curtains drawn. It goes before your eyes when you go out to gather the eggs. You put it on the supper-table, and the salad is delicious. The boys, seeing it, exclaim, 'Some little bush, auntie!' You dream of it by night. And when at last, before its freshness grows even a little bit dim, you throw it into the fire, you do it gayly. You know that, among the bouquets which have haunted you from childhood, this one endures most loved. 'Never mind, you dear,' you say; 'as long as my memory lasts, you last.' And you shut down the stove-lid in peace.

I urge you to try this, avoiding substitutes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

L. Adams Beck, whose tales of the East have been a distinguished feature of the present volume of the *Atlantic*, writes:—

I cannot express what I have learned from the Orient. *Ex Oriente lux* is, I believe, a simple statement of truth. I have had many talks with the wise men of the East. A little knowledge and a great love have opened many closed doors.

William Beebe is now on duty at the Tropical Research Station (at Kartabo, British Guiana) of the New York Zoölogical Society, of which station he is Director. **A. Clutton-Brock**, an English man of letters, lecturer, essayist, and lover of gardens, is art critic of the *Times*. **Frances Lester Warner** is connected with the English Composition Department of Wellesley College. **Samuel McChord Crothers** is minister of the First (Unitarian) Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts. **F. Jacquelin Swords** sends this first contribution to the *Atlantic* from New York City. **Elizabeth Madox Roberts**, a student in the University of Chicago, writes concerning her poems—of which we propose to print others in January—that they are autobiographical, and that the people in them belong to the old Kentucky town which is her home.

* * *

The letters of **Alice G. Masaryk** from her prison in Vienna were written in German and have been translated by Miss Fjeril Hess, of the Young Women's Christian Association Unit in Czecho-Slovakia, which was responsible for the acquisition, translating, and editing of the letters. Strictly speaking, Professor Masaryk has not been chosen President of the Republic for life; but the new Constitution significantly provides that only the first president may be selected for more than two consecutive terms. The letters referred to in the November Column as having been published recently in Prague were those written by Miss Masaryk to Miss Kotikova. We were in error in stating in the introduction to the letters that Miss Masaryk was in residence at Hull House. She received her training

in social work at the University of Chicago Settlement under Mary McDowell. **Charles S. Brooks** is a familiar American essayist, author of *Pippins and Cheese* and other volumes full of the flavor of a pleasant and contented leisure. The paper on 'The Wild West,' by **Edward Townsend Booth**, of Plainfield, New Jersey, is based on personal experience.

My first job [he writes] was rough carpentering and concrete work, and lasted until the first cutting of alfalfa, which I weathered as a 'shocker,' spike-pitcher, and weigh-master. When the hay was baled and shipped, I found work as an irrigator, and irrigated until the second cutting. I went through the second cutting in the terrific heat of midsummer, and had to rest for ten days at Mount Rainier, where I had interesting experiences traveling as a 'working stiff' in overalls and with an untrimmed beard. Finally, I went through the wheat harvest as a shocker.

* * *

Harriet A. Smith, as a member of a Red Cross Unit organized to accompany the Near East Relief Commission to Asiatic Turkey, arrived in Urfa in full time to share the discomforts and anxieties of the two-months' siege of that city in the spring of this year. The tragedy that followed the raising of the siege is described in the concluding installment of her diary, to appear in January. **James Park** is a practising attorney of San Antonio, Texas. **Laura Spencer Portor**, story-teller, essayist, and poet, whose name has long been familiar to our readers, is on the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*. **William G. Landon**, of Heath, Massachusetts, discusses the problem of the 'Soaring Hawk' from the standpoint of one who has had experience as a 'bird-man.' **Lucy Elliot Keeler** is the accomplished librarian of the Fremont (Ohio) Public Library.

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Charlotte Kellogg (Mrs. Vernon Kellogg) has recently returned from a trip which took her on the adventurous course that she describes in this paper. **Henry Walsworth Kinney**, a graduate of Copen-

hagen University, was long editor of the *Hilo Tribune*, and later Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Territory of Hawaii. He is now on the staff of an English-language magazine in Tokyo, and correspondent of American papers. **Bernhard Knollenberg** is a practising lawyer in New York City, associated with the firm of Root, Clark, Buckner and Howland. **P. W. Harrison** has been for many years working in Arabia, as a member of the staff of the Arabian Mission of the Reformed Church.

* * *

Is Boston really the Boston of Legend? Is education there gross to the sense, and culture palpable? A letter in this column a month or two since has evoked widespread testimony, which even the idol-breakers should find conclusive. Here we can adduce but fragments of it.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Twice a year, a Brookline junkman visits me to collect old rubber. In the days when we still had resident grand opera in Boston, he came to me one afternoon in spring. While I waited for him to finish his business, I whistled Verdi. Suddenly I was asked, 'Do you like opera?' — 'Wha-at?' — 'Do you like grand opera?' I stepped close to him, so as to lose no syllable. 'Do you mind saying that again; what did you ask me?' — 'Why, I asked you if you liked grand opera.' Assuring him that I 'liked opera,' I inquired how he happened to ask me the question. 'Oh, I heard you whistling *Rigoletto*, and I thought that perhaps you went to the opera. You see, in winter I'm assistant stage-manager at the Boston Opera.'

HAROLD W. DANA, M.D.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I add two small anecdotes of our beloved Boston to your September tale? The first is peculiarly apropos, for it concerns a policeman.

A friend of mine, desiring to cross Tremont St., gazed anxiously upon the flood of gas-driven vehicles, stepped forward, hesitated on the brink, then stepped timorously back. A burly Hibernian, clad in the majesty of the law and a policeman's blessed blue, waved his hand encouragingly and shouted, 'Come on, you doubting Thomas!'

The other experience is my own. I had drifted into Shreve, Crump and Low's one morning, to pass a quarter of an hour and cheat the flight of time by looking at some antiques, tapestries, and the like. A polite high-school boy followed us about, to answer questions and incidentally, no doubt, to make sure that we did not remove a carved chest or a grandfather's clock. As we neared the elevator, we stopped to look at some ancient muskets with inlaid stocks, which he said were Swiss. With a mild intention of seeming interested and filling a conversational pause, I

said, 'I suppose William Tell might have used one of these.' Fatal error, or happy inspiration! He struggled for a moment with his excellent manners, which hesitated about correcting a lady, then gently reminded me, 'I *think* William Tell used a cross-bow.'

After that, the messenger boy reading Dickens and the plainly dressed business woman who advised me one day to go to see Mr. Sargent's rhododendrons seemed 'undeniably to fit.'

C. H. T.

'A LITERARY POLICEMAN'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Neither from Gath, nor from Askelon — only from Ohio, the state of Buckeyes and Presidents. Three of our icemen left us in turn — one to enter the Case School of Applied Science, two to enter the University. Can Boston do better? E.

And one Scoffer more: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Three anecdotes of Boston culture that I am fond of telling cap H. J. H.'s letter in your September Contributors' Column.

The Cambridge car was crowded one winter's afternoon, but by squeezing up I made room beside me for a heavy, square, florid, plain woman in an elephant-colored dress. Altogether too plain for a cook, was my mental comment — more like a practical nurse. Her companion, more lady-like, — to use the old-fashioned word, — found a perch on the edge of the seat directly opposite. Strap-hangers swayed before us, the conductor climbed over our feet, the wheels ground on. After she had got her breath, the large lady beside me leaned forward between the strap-hangers, and slightly raising her voice, addressed her friend across the aisle, 'What do you think of Bergson?' The crowning grace of the story to me has always been that, told in Boston, it never struck anyone as funny.

Number two. My friend, peering up through her lorgnette at a decoration over a door in an obscure corner of the Public Library, demanded of a soft-stepping guardian, 'Can you tell me, please, is that fresco or bas-relief?' 'I don't know what kind of leaf it is, madam, but I will inquire at the desk,' was the courteous reply. And the particular joy of this tale was the exclamation of the Boston lady to whom it was told that evening: 'O Anna, in our Library? Not really!'

And number three has been my trump card for a dozen years. I was in hospital, and used to watch for our orderly in his white suit, with his beaming Irish mug, reddish-haired, clean-skinned, a merry smile of gleaming teeth, and strong, trusty arms — a very presentment of health. Tim told me he was born in Boston, and had lived there all his life. One day the nurse asked me to save my New York *Times* picture supplement for Tim, 'and tell him about the pictures, for he can't read.' Can't read!!! Lived in Boston all his life! 'His mother could n't keep him in school when he was a kid, and as he grew older he was so ashamed that he could n't read, he would n't let anyone know. Now his

wife says she is going to teach him.' And my Boston friend greeted this with, 'If you had n't told me this, I would n't believe it.' S. M. I.

* * *

A philosophic anecdote will not be lost on readers of this Column.

On reading Mr. Bartlett's 'The Newer Justice' in your September number, I was strongly reminded of the reply of a professor in the Harvard Law School, to my contention that a certain ruling of the courts, a well-settled precedent, was not just. Said the eminent jurist with a sigh, 'If you want *justice*, go to the Divinity School. We study *law* here.' W. G. R.

* * *

Few Americans there are returning from work abroad, who have not in their minds some such thoughts as these.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Had the editor of the *Atlantic* received a letter from a certain 'admirer' from Erivan, the Caucasus, he would, unless better informed geographically than many fellow editors, doubtless have reached for his atlas and become interested in the contents of that communication.

This reader was impelled more than once during her six-months' stay in the shadow of Mount Ararat, as a worker in Near-East Relief, to write a letter to the *Atlantic*, chiefly in sheer gratitude that postal obstacles seemed always to be overcome by the essential magazine. Though often two months late, it was the only magazine that could be counted on to arrive. But countless demands of fifty thousand hungry orphans and refugees made the pleasures of 'joy-writing' out of the question.

However, the last paragraph from the diary of Lieutenant Weeden, who wrote so entertainingly in the September *Atlantic* of the Sixty-two-day Siege of Urfa, seemed to call for a further word from the Near East. One cannot help wondering if Lieutenant Weeden has yet returned to the America he loves, and which has grown peculiarly dear to him because of his enforced stay at Urfa. If he has not, it would seem a good and wise thing for him to remain at his work in the Near East, because America seems to look better from a distance of six thousand or more miles than close at hand, just at present. If he has returned, does he feel that America is doing and being 'all that is just and Christian,' as he and many other returned workers want her to do and be?

Of course we love our home-land, as we love our dear ones, in spite of their faults. But when our dear ones fall down on some big principle, it hurts. We go on loving them and hope for better things next time. But we love more ardently while hoping than while smarting from the hurt.

A letter sent out by aeroplane from a worker undergoing similar experiences in the siege of Adana says, 'I can't see America keeping this up indefinitely. Something bigger and stronger than anything which has been tried in Turkey yet will have to settle it all.'

Does the *Atlantic* know what America is going

to do to redeem herself in the eyes of the world, and make it possible for those who may choose to be of service in lands more needy than ours, not to feel always on the defensive for the selfishness and ingrown-ness of an America-for-Americans?

CLARA LIVERMORE CARRUTH.

* * *

Most of us can see further into a mill-stone than we can into German minds, but speculative readers will be interested in these extracts from the letters of a distinguished South German professor, before and after our entrance into the war, as concrete examples of German psychology.

September 29, 1914. — It is too ridiculous to read that America likes and reveres the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe and so on; but that it hates the Germany of Bismarck and Moltke and Ballin and Siemens and Krupp; as if the Germans, who have lost 200 years of their development in consequence of the Thirty Years' War, had no other mission on this planet than to make philosophy and poetry for other nations, which meanwhile conquered all good things of the world for themselves. This is the very naïve idea of the English; and there was the cause of their hatred and ignominious envy of modern Germany! But it is a pity that free Americans follow willingly this selfish and senseless way of thinking!

There is nothing more stupid than this outpouring of wrath and anger against German militarism. . . . The nation in arms — this is no furious blatant militarism; this is the consequence of the sacred conviction of every German, that his nation, which is the most cultured, the most learned, and the best administered in all five continents, that his nation is surrounded by the bitterest envy and hatred of all those nations who sit around him, big and small ones. Therefore the German has to make himself the most feared in the world, for he knows that all love is lost as far as Germany is concerned.

One of the most curious mistakes is the idea, lately uttered so often in England and America, that there is any difference of feeling and of nature between Prussia and the other Germans. This is a hopeless idea! Prussia and Germany are one and the same thing!

July 1, 1915. — The best thing is this: our armies are victorious everywhere. . . . This is the real situation, which in vain the hateful liar press from England, and its victims in America, try to conceal from the masses on both sides of the Atlantic. I say in vain, for the truth is necessarily making its way everywhere. The world will be obliged to acknowledge the strength and the good right [*Macht und Recht*] of the German Nation, and the sooner it is acknowledged, the better for the world.

May 15, 1920. — I think you must have known the position which since more than thirty years I have taken opposite modern Germany, for you knew how . . . I had remained a German of that old type which begins with Herder and Goethe

and finds its political expression in the German Democracy of 1848. . . . All my friends in England knew . . . that I had remained the old faithful pupil of Anglo-Saxon Democracy during the war, and my public work for the peace from the beginning had not been unnoticed by them. . . . Therefore I understand entirely your feelings toward Imperialism, Militarism, and Prussianism. I think we have been both on the same line all the time.

A very different note is struck in this letter from a young German woman, who was formerly an instructor at Smith College.

DEAR '97, —

From the *Bulletin*, which our dear Emma Porter sent me, I learned that '97 is to have a reunion on Ivy Day, June 16. I once belonged to you — spent, as you did, the same four years in dear old Smith. As I look back upon all the years spent in America those four years are particularly dear to my heart. For that reason I should like to send you a greeting. It comes from a land that once upon a time had a good reputation everywhere in the world; now it is different. But, dear '97, with my greetings to you I should like to tell you that in this land ever so many men and women are working hard to build up that reputation again.

Knowing the American people as well as I do, I am convinced, as time goes on, more and more will begin to trust our people again, after they begin to realize how misled and misruled they are! Of you '97 'girls,' — 'my class,' — I should like to ask: begin to trust, to believe in some of my countrymen *now*; give us a chance; in due time the whole nation will stand upright again before the world.

As for me, I am leading a very busy life. If there is any one of you who would like to have an *Einblick* in my life I shall be delighted to give it.

With good wishes and *einen herzlichen deutschen Grüss*, I am in thought with you on Ivy Day.

BERTHA J. BARTELMANN SCHACHT.

* * *

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR, —

In a pleasant letter in the Contributors' Column, Mr. Erich A. O'D. Taylor of Newport, Rhode Island, says: 'The author of "The Whimsical Goddess" seems to be under the impression that the 'possum is capable of feigning death to escape its enemies, much in the same way as the man in the story feigned death to escape the bear. Such is not the case.' Mr. Taylor then reviews Fabre's experiments with beetles and scorpions, demonstrating that these creatures, while apparently feigning death, were really in a state of hypnosis or in a faint brought on by shock or fright. Mr. Taylor also points out that birds can be hypnotized. He infers that the 'possum, while 'playing 'possum,' is not feigning death, but has been rendered unconscious by fear or nervous shock. 'The shamming of the 'possum,' he asserts, 'is no more a trick than that of the bird, beetle, or scorpion, or the fainting of a

woman on hearing of her husband's sudden death.'

The great trouble with Mr. Taylor's theory is this — it is in conflict with thoroughly established facts. Among these the most important is the fact that the 'possum, while 'playing 'possum,' knows what is happening around it. Give it a good opportunity, and it will scramble to its feet and make off. Unlike Fabre's beetle, which woke up slowly and gradually, like 'one returning to consciousness after a faint or deep sleep,' the 'possum 'wakes up' cautiously but in full possession of its faculties. In short, it has never lost consciousness at all. Mr. Taylor, in discussing Fabre's beetle, says that 'if it was shamming, when the danger had passed it would at once turn over and escape.' True; and that is exactly what the 'possum will do, if you give it the chance.

If you come upon a 'possum on a fence or on the limb of a tree, it will not 'play 'possum' no matter how much you prod it or threaten it with your stick. Why? Because if it did so, it would fall from the fence or the limb. If the 'possum's 'playing 'possum' were a state of hypnosis or a faint induced by fright, would n't one discovered on a fence be just as frightened and just as apt to faint as one discovered on the ground?

As for Mr. Taylor's statement that the 'possum cannot possibly feign death because 'in order to imitate something one must have some idea of the thing one would imitate,' nature provides many illustrations of the fallacy of this reasoning. Thus there are insects which imitate the twig of a tree, not only in form and color, but also in the attitudes they assume. The larva (generally known as inch-worm) of the geometrid moth attaches one end of its body to the branch of a tree and, when disturbed, holds its body stiffly out from the branch at an acute angle, so that it resembles exactly a short twig projecting from the branch. Unquestionably it is imitating a twig; but nobody supposes that the individual larva has reasoned the whole process out and understands exactly what it is doing and why its action may save its life.

Probably the live 'possum's imitation of a dead 'possum has become through ages of repetition a purely instinctive action; but it is a real imitation, and not a faint or a state of hypnosis or an 'exhibition of nerves.'

HERBERT R. SASS.

* * *

We have recently received from Paris a textual copy of a decision of the courts which shows that, in the paper entitled 'German Corruption of the Foreign Press,' by 'Lysis,' printed in the June, 1918, *Atlantic*, we were mistaken in reporting that La Société Européenne de Publicité had a financial interest in the German company. The latter, as our article explained, stretched its tentacles like an octopus across many countries; but in a recent law-suit, this French company has been officially exculpated, and we are glad to make this announcement.







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